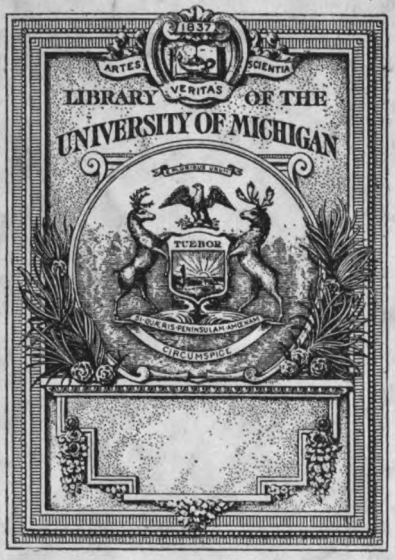
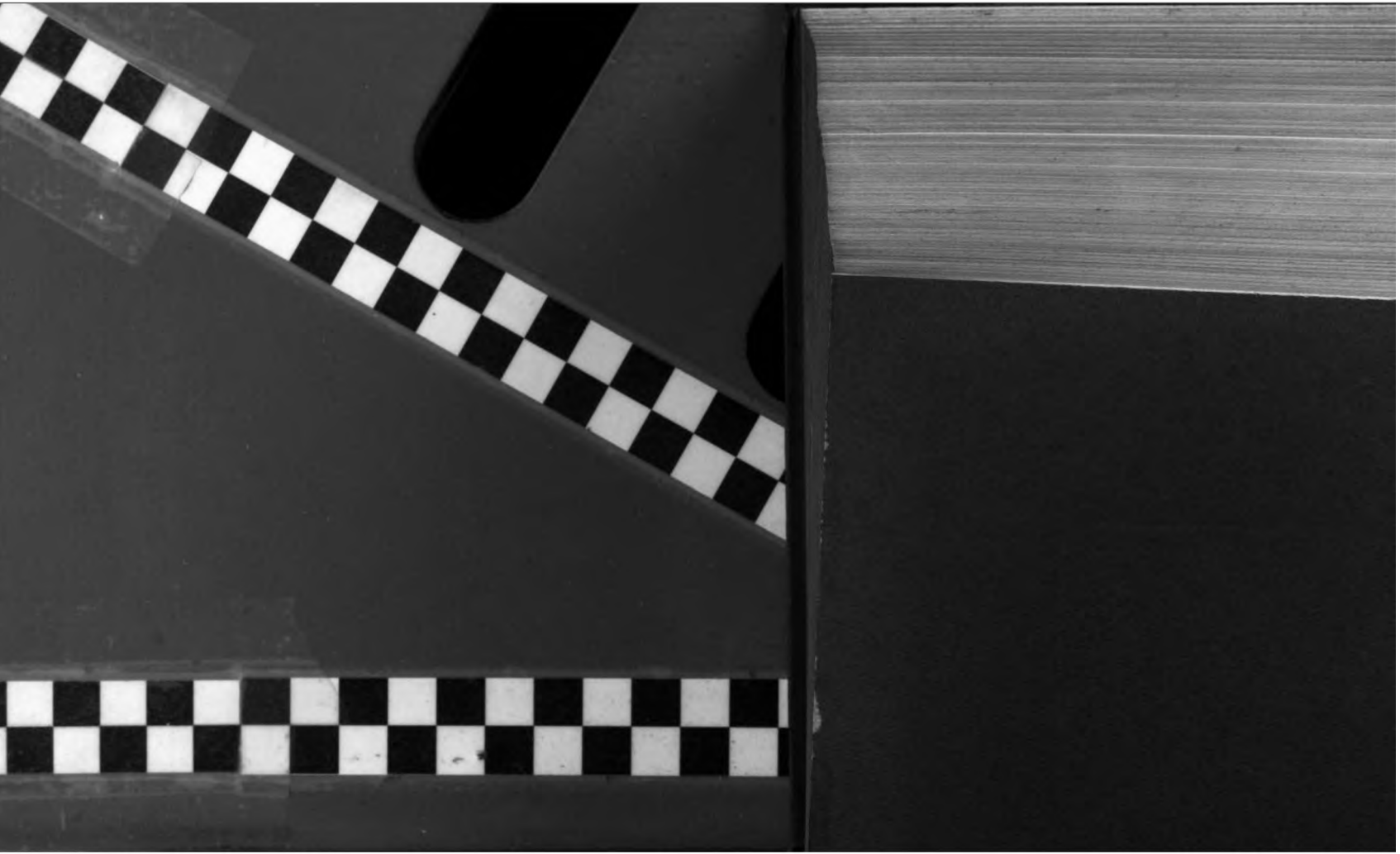
B 402598


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE



AP
4
.C44

Chambers's Journal

Sixth Series

Vol. XII

December 1908 to November 1909

LONDON: 38 Soho Square, W.
W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited
EDINBURGH: 339 High Street
1909

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.

INDEX.

TALES AND STORIES.

PAGE

ANTOINE MARCOURT & COMPANY. By Andrew W. Arnold 145, 169, 185

AWAKENING OF JOHN HAVISHAM, THE. By T. W. Hanshew 313, 330

Between Two Fires 493

BLACK FLAG, THE. The Story of an Escape from Portland Prison. By F. C. V. Harcourt 667, 681

BLUNDERERS, THE. By Lady Alice Fergusson 337, 360, 376, 397, 407

BOY BRIGHT. By Lloyd Osbourne . . 385, 413

CASE OF CAPTURE, A. By Arthur H. Henderson 570, 586

Disillusioned. By A. Fraser Robertson . . 251

Dog in the Pulpit, A. By Coulson Kernahan . 353

Ex-Artilleryman's Yarn, An. By M. A. Richardson Jones 428

FIELD-GUNS—BY THE 'GOLDEN CRESCENT.' By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N. 600, 617

Garden, In a. By S. Ballard 524

Grip in Deep Hole, The. By Charles G. D. Roberts 94

GUARDING OF A GOD, THE. By Brew Molohan

HOUSE OF WHISPERS, THE. By William Le Queux 45, 62

I. The Laird of Glencardine . . . 1
II. From out the Night 3
III. Seals of Destiny 19
IV. Something concerning James Flockart 36
V. The Muries of Connachan . . 53
VI. Concerns Gabrielle's Secret . . 70
VII. Contains Curious Confidences . 84
VIII. Casting the Bait 101
IX. Reveals a Mysterious Business . 116
X. Declares a Woman's Love . . 135
XI. Concerns the Whispers . . . 151
XII. Explains some Curious Facts . . 164
XIII. What Flockart Foresaw . . . 179
XIV. Concerns the Curse of the Cardinal 196
XV. Follows Flockart's Fortunes . . 216
XVI. Shows a Girl's Bondage . . . 228
XVII. Describes a Frenchman's Visit . 245
XVIII. Reveals the Spy 260
XIX. Shows Gabrielle Defiant . . . 278
XX. Tells of Flockart's Triumph . . 292
XXI. Through the Mists 308
XXII. By the Mediterranean . . . 324
XXIII. Which shows a Shabby Foreigner . 344
XXIV. 'When Greek meets Greek' . . 355
XXV. Shows Gabrielle in Exile . . 371
XXVI. The Velvet Paw 391
XXVII. Betrays the Bond 404

HOUSE OF WHISPERS, THE—*continued.* PAGE
XXVIII. The Whispers again 424
XXIX. Contains a Further Mystery . . 434
XXX. Reveals Something to Hamilton . 455
XXXI. Describes a Curious Circumstance . 468
XXXII. Outside the Window 485
XXXIII. Is about the Maison Lénard . . 488
XXXIV. Surprises Mr Flockart . . . 500
XXXV. Discloses a Secret 502
XXXVI. In which Gabrielle tells a Strange Story 515
XXXVII. Increases the Interest . . . 537
XXXVIII. 'That Man's Voice!' 547
XXXIX. Contains the Conclusion . . 549

HUMPBACK, THE. By J. J. Bell . . 449, 473

Incident of the Yangtse, An 206

INVISIBLE MARQUIS OF GALLANTREVE, THE. By Robert Barr 8, 24, 41, 56, 75

JOHN MAINWARING, FINANCIER. By Molly Elliott Seawell 417, 440

KING'S HUNTING-HORN, THE. By H. A. Bryden 625, 650

Love-Affair, An Old. By Lady C. Milne Gaskell 636

LUCK O' THE SPEY, THE. By John Foster 65, 89, 106

Macallister's Big Bluff. By Robert M. Macdonald 729

Piracy of the 'Chacabuco,' The. Told to Louis Becke by one who took part in it . . 285

PRIMROSE-TIME, IN THE. By C. Edwardes 209, 232

Red Cross, The. A Story of the Plague of London. By Lady Rolleston 122

Revealing of the Duke, The. By C. Edwardes 746

RIVETT'S WHEAT. By A. R. Rose-Soley . 529, 554

SECRET OF THE SEBHAH, THE. By Alfred Colbeck 481, 506, 520

SEÑORITA DOLORES, THE. By J. Morton Lewis 769, 789, 804, 821

SEQUEL OF A TRAGEDY, THE. By T. W. Speight 273, 297

Some Shares in Nimpim 237

TUTOR OF TYNDRACH, THE. By H. Halyburton Ross. . . . 689, 713, 724, 740, 756

'Unfortunate.' An Episode in the American War of Independence. By A. C. Campbell Swinton 511

VANESSA. A Motor Idyll. By Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., LL.D. 561, 579, 595, 613, 630, 644, 661, 676, 694, 708

WHITE POODLE, THE. The Story of a Romantic Will. By W. Shaw Sparrow . . 777, 795

Winning Hazard, A 606

YARLSIDE ROMANCE, A. By Theodore Wilson Wilson 189, 199

339532

ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

PAGE

Africa, The Lion in. By H. A. Bryden . . 716
Air-Ship in Germany, The. By Richard Thirsk 657
Alberta, Farming in. By P. B. Gregson . . 702
Algeria, Impressions of. By Captain P. Blair Oliphant 212, 300, 394
Aluminium Works at Kinlochleven—A Gigantic Scottish Undertaking 86
American Tobacco War, The. By William D. Allen 103
Apparitions, Concerning Certain. By Frances M'Laughlin 12
Archæology in Italy, The Reawakening of. By Salvatore Cortesi 633
Army, The Duty of the Nation to those who have Served in the. By E. Bruce Low, M.A. 388
Article, The Leading. By Michael Macdonagh 497
Art of the Orator, The 110
Arts, How to Improve the Household. By Walter Shaw Sparrow 421
Australia, The Coast of. By F. G. Aflalo . 384
Australian Never-Never, Life in the . . . 808
Australians, More about Notable 113
Banking Experiences 798
Beach, Blazing 463
Beggar, The Spanish. By John D. Leckie . 727
Bequests, Some Curious Existing 589
Birds as Travellers. By the Hon. Gladys Graham Murray 282
Blackie (John Stuart), The Letters of . . 737
Blazing Beach 463
Blue-Bottle, The Physical Energy of the . . 496
Bone-Hunter, The. By Day Allen Willey . 158
Bridge and Castle, The Oldest, in the World. By Captain F. W. von Herbert . . . 742
Brittany, A Cheap Holiday in 357
Bush, Looking Back on the. By Will H. Ogilvie 347
Canada, An Impression of. By James Milne . 275
Canadians, The New; or, the Process of Canadianisation 153
Caravan Bridge, Smyrna, the Oldest Bridge in the World 742
Castaways: Ancient and Modern. By William Allingham 326
Castle and Bridge, The Oldest, in the World. By Captain F. W. von Herbert . . . 742
Celebrities I have Known, Some. By A. Stodart Walker . . . 33, 97, 161, 281
Celestial Smugglers 703
Charles I., The Executioner of. By J. B. Williams 573
Charon's Fee. By G. L. Apperson, I.S.O. . 236
Cheviots, The Charm of the 317
China, Old. By Francis B. Cooke 584
Christmas Fruit. By Eustace Miles . . . 793
Chronicle, Notes from an Old Dutch . . . 137
Coal, Transforming Peat into. By Frederick A. Talbot 517
Coffee, About Tea and 691
Colombia, The Emerald-Mines of. By Miss M. Watson 38

PAGE

Comet, Halley's. By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale 710
Customs Tariff in Action, The 310
Cuttle (Captain), Leaves from the Note-Book of 616
Dagenham Breach, The Stopping of . . . 14
Dangerous Fish. Some Marine Bad Characters. By T. C. Bridges 73
Death Valley 509
Deep-Sea Life. By the Hon. Gladys Graham Murray 783
Derelict, The. By Captain H. Magill, F.R.G.S. 31
Diarists of Our Day. By T. H. S. Escott . 364
Dorsetshire Industry, A—The Manufacture of Tiles 127
Duel, A Three-Cornered. By F. G. Aflalo . 303
Du Maurier, Tenniel and. By Henry W. Lucy 241
Dumfries, The Literary Associations of. By G. M. Fraser, Librarian, Aberdeen . . . 289
Dunlop (Tiger), an Ontario Pioneer . . . 539
Dutch Chronicle, Notes from an Old . . . 137
Duty of the Nation to those who have Served in the Army, The. By E. Bruce Low, M.A. 388
Edinburgh, Oxford and: A Contrast . . 247
Egg-Gathering in Russia. By James Cochrane, B.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E. 374
Egypt, A Budget of Old Letters from. By Dr George Milligan 221
Elba, A Visit to. By A. Francis Steuart . 350
Emerald-Mines of Colombia, The. By Miss M. Watson 38
Etive, Loch. By F. G. Aflalo 592
Executioner of King Charles I., The. By J. B. Williams 573
Exile, Repatriation or 92
Farming in Alberta. By P. B. Gregson . . 702
Fee, Charon's. By G. L. Apperson, I.S.O. . 236
Fish, Dangerous. Some Marine Bad Characters. By T. C. Bridges 73
Folkestone, The Warren at. By F. G. Aflalo . 445
Friendly Society Facts and Figures . . . 55
Fruit, Christmas. By Eustace Miles . . 793
Galloway Lochs, Some. By the Rev. C. H. Dick 470
Gas-Mantle, The Romance of the Incandescent. By Frederick A. Talbot 695
German Navy, The 460
Glass-Painters and their Works, The Old. By Sarah Wilson 830
Gold Train, A 781
Grand Mujik, The 437
Greta Hall. By R. H. Brewer 446
Gun-Running, The Humours of. By Louis Becke 177
Halley's Comet. By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale 710
Health and Common-Sense 513
Heart of Things, The. By Henry Leach 49, 129, 193, 257, 321, 401, 465, 545, 609, 673, 753, 817
Hercules, The Pillars of. By Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A. 577

PAGE

Holderness, The Pit-Camp Dwellings of. By R. A. Gatty 108
Holiday in Brittany, A Cheap 357
Holland House Circle, The 198
Holyrood, Royal: Some Recollections. By an Ex-Custodian 81
Household Arts, How to Improve the. By Walter Shaw Sparrow. 421
Household Waste 166
House of Lords, Minute Minutes of the. By F. Bayford Harrison 721
Incandescent Gas-Mantle, The Romance of the. By Frederick A. Talbot 695
Indian Liner, Incidents on an. By an Officer . 598
Industry, A Dorsetshire 127
Intelligence Departments. By an Ex-Intelligence Officer 629
Italy, The Reawakening of Archæology in. By Salvatore Cortesi. 633
Kashmir, Products of. By Madame L. M. Bourbel 638, 664
King Charles I., The Executioner of. By J. B. Williams 573
King's Foreign Service Messenger, The . . . 43
Kinlochleven, Aluminium Works at—A Gigantic Scottish Undertaking 86
Leading Article, The. By Michael Macdonagh 497
Letters from Egypt, A Budget of Old. By Dr George Milligan 221
Letters of John Stuart Blackie, The 737
Life, Deep-Sea. By the Hon. Gladys Graham Murray 783
Liner, Incidents on an Indian. By an Officer . 598
Lion in Africa, The. By H. A. Bryden . . . 716
Literary Associations of Dumfries, The. By G. M. Fraser, Librarian, Aberdeen . . . 289
Literary Scotsmen in London, Illustrious. By E. Beresford Chancellor 705
Loch Etive. By F. G. Aflalo 592
Lochs, Some Galloway. By the Rev. C. H. Dick 470
Loire, By the Brimming. By George Dodds . 225
Looking Back on the Bush. By Will H. Ogilvie 347
Mahi-o-Marátib (The Fish and Dignities). By Colonel Hugh Pearse, D.S.O. 593
Malaya, Wax-Gathering in. By D. W. O. Fagan 567
Marbles (Ancient) used in Modern Times. By Mary Winearls Porter 457
Marksmanship, Tyrolese. By Reginald Wyon . 443
Martyrs to Science. By T. C. Bridges . . 380
Messenger, The King's Foreign Service . . 43
Mexico, Glimpses of. By Frank H. Shaw . 305
Migration of Birds—Birds as Travellers. By the Hon. Gladys Graham Murray . . . 262
Milk, Pure 294
Mines of Colombia, The Emerald. By Miss M. Watson 38
Minute Minutes of the House of Lords. By F. Bayford Harrison 721
Mogador: A Potential Winter Resort. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S. . . . 191
Money, The Meaning of. By William Graham 641
Money Waiting Owners 700

PAGE

Monte Carlo Experiences 28
Motoring To-Day. By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., LL.D. . . 340
Mujik, The Grand 437
Nature at Night. By F. G. Aflalo . . . 133
Navy, The German 460
Never-Never, Life in the Australian . . . 808
New Caledonia: Should it become British. By John Gaggin 255
Ontario Pioneer, An—Tiger Dunlop . . . 539
Orator, The Art of the 110
Orchid-Hunting, The Perils of 430
Oxford and Edinburgh: A Contrast . . . 247
Pagus (Mount), Smyrna, The Oldest Castle in the World 742
Palais-Royal, The—Origin, Splendour, and Decadence 785, 813, 825
Peat into Coal, Transforming. By Frederick A. Talbot 517
Penguin-Egg Collecting 654
Pilgrim Fathers, The. A Tablet and a Reverie. By Herbert Russell 406
Pit-Camp Dwellings of Holderness, The. By R. A. Gatty 108
Poison-Land, In 47
Porcelain, Old Worcester. By Francis B. Cooke 749
Postal Derelicts 504
Poultry-Farming, The Snare of. By Horace W. C. Newte 219
Power-Vehicle, The Road and the. By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., LL.D. 533
Products of Kashmir. By Madame L. M. Bourbel 638, 664
Protests and Survivals. A Study in Popular Lore. By Lauchlan MacLean Watt . . . 369
Public-House Reform, Pioneering in. By the Lord Bishop of Chester 772
Refrigeration, The Progress of. By J. Raymond 22
Repatriation or Exile 92
Riel (Louis), Lord Strathcona and. By Norman Murray, Montreal 453
R. L. S., A Reminiscence of. By a Lantern-Bearer 188
Road and the Power-Vehicle, The. By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., LL.D. 533
Romance of Hidden Wealth, The. By W. A. Atkinson 230
Romance of the Incandescent Gas-Mantle. By Frederick A. Talbot 695
Roslin Glen, The Threefold Victory in. A Neglected Page of Scottish History. By E. Bruce Low, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.) . 156, 174
Royal Holyrood: Some Recollections. By an Ex-Custodian 81
Rumford (Count)—A Successful Scheme for the Unemployed. By S. Baring-Gould . 734
Russia, Egg-Gathering in. By James Cochrane, B.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E. 374
Sacai People—In Poison-Land 47
Salt, The Virtues of Common. By F. N. Burn, Rangoon 719

	PAGE
Santa Fé Trail, The	679
Santos Past and Present. 'Give a Dog a Bad Name, and'——	79
Science, Martyrs to. By T. C. Bridges	380
Scotsmen in London, Illustrious Literary. By E. Beresford Chancellor	705
Scottish Undertaking, A Gigantic	86
Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower	118
Sicily, Something about. By George Pignatorre, late British Vice-Consul at Messina	182
Simple-Life Slavery. By Eustace Miles	484
Smugglers, Celestial	703
South-West, Beyond the Great. By Grenville Holms	490
Spanish Beggar, The. By John D. Leckie	727
Spot, A Lovely. By Lady Napier	767
Strathcona (Lord) and Louis Riel. By Norman Murray, Montreal	453
Suburban Sea, A. By W. E. Cule	565
Success, The Secret of	148
Suffragette, Pioneers of the Modern. By T. H. S. Escott	759
Survivals, Protests and. A Study in Popular Lore. By Lauchlan MacLean Watt	369
Tariff in Action, The Customs	310
Tarpon-Fishing in Florida—A Three-Cornered Duel	303
Tax-Payers, Of Interest to	266
Tea and Coffee, About	691
Telegraphy, Long-Distance	427
Tenniel and Du Maurier. By Henry W. Lucy	241
Terror, An Episode of the White. By Miss Betham-Edwards	17
Tiles, The Manufacture of—A Dorsetshire Industry	127
Tobacco War, The American. By William D. Allen	103
Tolstoy, Count Leo—The Grand Mujik	437
Train, A Gold	781
Tramps whom I have Met. Being Experiences of a Professional Philanthropist	603
Travellers, Birds as. By the Hon. Gladys Graham Murray	262
Treasure-Seekers of South America. By Oswald H. Evans, F.G.S.	647
Turk at Home, The. By Robert L. Jefferson, F.R.G.S.	433
Tyrolese Marksmanship. By Reginald Wyon	443
Unemployed, A Successful Scheme for the. By S. Baring-Gould	734
Volcanoes and Volcanic Disasters. By Day Allen Willey	542
Wall Street, Behind the Scenes in	551
Warren at Folkestone, The. By F. G. Aflalo	445
War, The Custom of	801
Waste, Household	166
Waste, Western Want and Wanton. By Eustace Miles	6
Waste, Wilful	68
Wax-Gathering in Malaya. By D. W. O. Fagan	567
Wealth, The Romance of Hidden. By W. A. Atkinson	230
Western Want and Wanton Waste. By Eustace Miles	6
White Terror, An Episode of the. By Miss Betham-Edwards	17
White Woman in West Africa, A. By Mary Gaunt	671
Worcester Porcelain, Old. By Francis B. Cooke	749
Zanzibar	522

POETRY.

Bend of the Road, At the	336	'Peace Wears a Green Gown'	448
Chimes	816	Pot-Pourri	352
Cloud-Flocks, The	608	Priscilla's Psalter	16
Comedian, The	640	'Rest-and-be-Thankful,' at the Head of Glencoe	624
Dream, To a	656	Sea, At	192
Face of an Angel, The	784	Sea-Fog	832
Fairy Tunes	800	Secret Voice, The	576
Fields at Home, The	272	Snowdrop's Message, The	144
From India: May	288	Song	81
Good-Bye, Summer!	672	Song of the Scandinavian Women, A	528
Great Magician, The	768	Sonnet	592
Her Coming—Her Going	224	Spring Day in Sark, A	720
Ivory Miniature, An	96	Springtime: An Australian Idyl	368
I Wonder	64	Summer	512
Line of Gold, A	432	Summer Evening, A	480
Love in a Garden	560	Summer Idyll, A	544
Love, To	256	This was a Rose	496
Moonrise	752	Twilight on the Heights	704
My Dream	160	Unknown Love, The	48
Nanga Parbat Mountain at Dawn	208	Until we Meet	112
Nocturne	688	Wallflowers	320
Old Home, The	416	Wider View, The	176
Pantoum of the Morning Watch	464	Woods, In the	240
Past and Present	32		

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

	PAGE
Adulterated Butter, Simple Test to Determine	477
Aerated Water, The Food-Value of	142
Aeronautical Exhibition in Germany	477
Agriculture, Electricity in	480
Alcohol, Converting Natural Gas into	686
American Excavation in Egypt	687
Army Kitchens for Field Use	558
Australia, Handbook of South	411
Anæsthetophone, The	765
Baby-Carriages, A Novelty in	408
Bacon, Sea-Cow Oil and	687
Baths, Municipal Cottage	59
Bleaching-Process, An Electrolytic	827
Blindness and Sense, Relationship between	409
Boiler-Furnace, Novel Smokeless	143
Boot-Soles, Pressed Steel	766
British Industrial Triumph, A	61
Building System for Cheap Dwellings, New	333
'Business Man's Handbook,' The	144
Butter by Rail, Conveying	560
Butter, Simple Test to Determine Adulterated	477
By-Product, A New	687
Calcium Chloride as a Dust-Layer	623
Calculator, Ingenious Wage and Cost	60
Cameras, New Development in Plate	478
Cinder-Sifter, A Novel	205
Cistern, Ingenious Dry	479
Cleaning-Process for Fabrics, New Chemical	140
Cloak-Room Thief, Frustrating the	410
Clocks, Self-Winding	685
Clothing for Tropical Use, Non-Actinic	270
Coal and Gas Cooking-Range, Combined	60
Cocoa-Nut Husks, Paper from	270
Concrete House, The Edison	763
Conveyers, Something New in	622
Cooking-Range, Combined Coal and Gas	60
Cottage-Baths, Municipal	59
Cottage Planning for Towns	144
Crochet-Work, A Time-Saving Device in	271
Decay and Vermin, Wood-Preserving from	204
Disease, Fasting and Fruitarianism in the Cure of	413
Disease, Fighting Tropical	623
Disinfectant, A Powerful	557
Drinking-Water, Lurking Danger in	410
Dulcitone, The	206
Dust-Layer, Calcium Chloride as a	623
Edison Concrete House, The	763
Egg-Powder	143
Electrical Energy from the Wind	409
Electricity in Agriculture	480
Electricity, Wind for Generating	203
Electrolytic Bleaching-Process, An	827
Excavation in Egypt, American	687
Fabrics, New Chemical Cleaning-Process for	140
Fasting and Fruitarianism in the Cure of Disease	413
Fibre-Decorticator, A New	556
Field-Gate, An Ingenious	764
Finger-Stretcher for Pianoforte Practice	142
Fish-Incubator, Novel	141
Fish, New Method of Packing	620
Floor-Board Lifting-Tool, Handy	61
Flowers, Preservation of, by Refrigeration	269
Fog-Signalling for Railways, Automatic	827
Food-Value of Aerated Water, The	142
Forecasting the Weather	560
Fruitarianism and Fasting in the Cure of Disease	413
Fruit-Preservation by Vacuum	621
Fruit-Preserving at Home	558
Gas Made at Home	410
Gas-Mantle, A New Ingenious Incandescent	58
Glass-Polisher, A New	479
Gloves, A Specialist in	686
Grease-Stains, How to Remove	764
Handlooms Worked by Electric Power	144
Hat-Holder, A Ladies'	685
Honour to whom Honour is Due	828
House Decoration, Reaction in Artistic	684
Household Cleaning by Vacuum	620
House, The Edison Concrete	763
House-Warming System, Ingenious and Economical	271
Ice-Making Machine, A Simple	477
Ice-Making Machine for Domestic Use	59
Ice Tumbler for Cooling Drinks	332
Incandescent Gas-Mantle, A New Ingenious	58
Incandescent Petrol Gas-Lamp, A Serviceable	335
Industrial Triumph, A British	61
Iron Vessels, Durability of	624
Irrigation-Tunnel, A Six-Mile	828
Kinematographs for the Table	556
Lantern, Picture Post-Card Projecting	203
Leather, Rat-Skin	557
Level, A Handy	765
Libraries, Metal Shelves for	686
Life-Saving Experiments between Ship and Shore	206
Life, To Attain Long	766
Liquorice, Stick	272
Metal Ribbon, Manufacturing	335
Mineral Waters at Home, Making	622
Moth-Traps	143
Motor-Attachment for Yachts, A Handy Auxiliary	411
Motor-Boat Design, Important Development in	685
Motor-Cycle Attachment, A Novel Sociable	335
Motor-Cycle Trailer, A Safe	142
Motor-Vehicles, Speed-Controller for	62
Motor-Wheel, The 'Panflex' Spring	829
Moving Pictures in Colours	271
Municipal Cottage-Baths	59
Municipal Slaughter-Houses	621
National Prosperity and Vital Statistics	333
Natural Gas into Alcohol, Converting	686
Noise, The Evils of Unnecessary	205
Non-Actinic Clothing for Tropical Use	270
Oilskin, A New Method of Manufacturing	412
Panamá Canal: Will it Pay?	141
'Panflex' Spring Motor-Wheel, The	829
Paper from Cocoa-Nut Husks	270

	PAGE
Pasteurisation of Bottled Liquids	830
Pearl-Fishery of Ceylon—Modernising a Three-Thousand-Year-Old Industry	204
Peat, Sulphate of Ammonia from	688
Petrol Fumes, Effect of, upon the Human System	60
Petrol Gas-Lamp, A Serviceable Incandescent	335
Photograph-Mounting Process, A Dry	205
Photogravure-Printing in Colours	269
Pianoforte-Playing, Sight Method of	334
Pianoforte Practice, Finger-Stretcher for	142
Picture Post-Card Projecting Lantern	203
Pictures in Colours, Moving	271
'Porhydrometer,' The	829
Portmanteaus, New System of Packing	477
Rabbit-Farming	336
Rabbits, The Scientific Extermination of	623
Radium, Healing Power of	269
Railway-Latch, Safety	61
Railway Methods, British *v.* American	620
Railway-Ticket Printing-Machine, Ingenious	334
Rat-Destruction by Electricity	764
Rat-Skin Leather	557
Raw-Meat Juice-Press, An Ingenious	203
Razor, How to Sharpen a	269
Reading-Glass, An Ingenious Night	685
Refrigeration, Preservation of Flowers by	269
Rule, A Novel Flexible	828
Safety-Window, Improved	61
St Lucia, British West Indies, Life in	559
Sash-Window, A 'Safe'	559
Sea-Cow Oil and Bacon	687
Shelves for Libraries, Metal	686
Sherwood Forest	272
Slaughter-Houses, Municipal	621
Smoke Abatement, Ingenious Means for Securing	411
Smokeless Boiler-Furnace, Novel	143
Spanish Estate, The Duke of Wellington's	479
Speed-Controller for Motor-Vehicles	62
Steel Boot-Soles, Pressed	766
Stick Liquorice	272
Stores, Scientific Packing of	559
Sulphate of Ammonia from Peat	688
Summer Colonies for City People	412
Superphosphate Sacks, Improving	333
Table-Fruits, New Tropical	557
Tea-Fanner, A New	335
Teeth Decadence and Food	766
Telephone, Novel Attachment to the	479
Thief, Frustrating the Cloak-Room	410
Timber Resources, The World's	558
Tin, An Ingenious Type of	478
Tinol: A Soldering Paste	621
Tire for Cyclists, Efficient Non-Slipping	142
Trailer, A Safe Motor-Cycle	142
Tropical Disease, Fighting	623
Tropical Medicine Research in the Sudan	765
Wage and Cost Calculator, Ingenious	60
Weather, Forecasting the	560
Wind, Electrical Energy from the	409
Wind for Generating Electricity, Harnessing	203
Window, A 'Safe' Sash	559
Window, Improved Safety	61
Wood-Preserving from Decay and Vermin	204
Yachts, A Handy Auxiliary Motor-Attachment for	411

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER CONTENTS.

HARRIS OF THE MOUNTAIN	By Captain Cecil North	1
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN	By Kate Mellersh	14
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO	By R. L. Mackie	15
THE LOST LAND OF FAERIE	By Maria Steuart	18
LONE WOLF	By C. G. D. Roberts	19
NINE YEARS OLD	By Edith L. Elias	25
THE KLOOF OF THE CRYING CHILD	By H. A. Bryden	26
NELSON'S MONUMENT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE	By E. G. Moore	31
WHEAL CATHERINE OF TRENCROM	By Alfred Colbeck	32
THE INVISIBLE NUN	By W. Shaw Sparrow	44
COLLEGE WATER	By Will H. Ogilvie	48

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER I.—THE LAIRD OF GLENCARDINE.

'WHY, what's the matter, child? Tell me.'

'Nothing, dad—really nothing.'

'But you are breathing hard; your hand trembles; your pulse beats quickly. There's something amiss—I'm sure there is. Now, what is it? Come, no secrets.'

The girl, quickly snatching away her hand, answered with a forced laugh, 'How absurd you really are, dear old dad! You're always fancying something or other.'

'Because my senses of hearing and feeling are sharper and more developed than those of other folk perhaps,' replied the white-bearded old gentleman, as he turned his sharp-cut, gray, but expressionless countenance to the tall, sweet-faced girl standing beside his chair.

No second glance was needed to realise the pitiful truth. The man seated there in his fine library, with the summer sunset slanting across the red carpet from the open French windows, was blind.

Since his daughter Gabrielle had been a pretty, prattling child of nine, nursing her dolly, he had never looked upon her fair face. But he was ever as devoted to her as she to him.

Surely his was a sad and lonely life. Within the last fifteen years or so great wealth had come to him; but, alas! he was unable to enjoy it. Until eleven years ago he had been a prominent figure in politics and in society in London. He had sat in the House for one of the divisions of Hampshire, was a member of the Carlton, and one year he found his name among the Birthday Honours with a K.C.M.G. For him everybody predicted a brilliant future. The Press gave prominence to his speeches, and to his house in Park Street came Cabinet Ministers and most of the well-known men of his party. Indeed, it was an open secret in a certain circle that he had been promised a seat in the Cabinet in the near future.

Then, at the very moment of his popularity, a terrible tragedy had occurred. He was on the platform of the Albert Hall addressing a great meeting at which the Prime Minister was the principal speaker. His speech was a brilliant one, and the applause had been vociferous. Full of satisfaction, he drove home that night to Park Street; but next morning the report spread that his brilliant political career had ended. He had suddenly been stricken by blindness.

In political circles and in the clubs the greatest consternation was caused, and some strange gossip became rife.

It was whispered in certain quarters that the affliction was not produced by natural causes. In fact, it was a mystery, and one that had never been solved. The first oculists of Europe had peered into and tested his eyes, but all to no purpose. The sight had gone for ever.

Therefore, full of bitter regrets at being thus compelled to renounce the stress and storm of political life which he loved so well, Sir Henry Heyburn had gone into strict retirement at Glencardine, his beautiful old Perthshire home, visiting London but very seldom.

He was essentially a man of mystery. Even in the days of his universal popularity the source of his vast wealth was unknown. His father, the tenth Baronet, had been sadly impoverished by the depreciation of agricultural property in Lincolnshire, and had ended his days in the genteel quietude of the Albany. But Sir Henry, without betraying to the world his methods, had in twenty years amassed a fortune which people guessed must be considerably over a million sterling.

From a life of strenuous activity he had, in one single hour, been doomed to one of loneliness and

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

inactivity. His friends sympathised, as indeed the whole British public had done; but in a month the tragic affair and its attendant mysterious gossip had been forgotten, as in truth had the very name of Sir Henry Heyburn, whom the Prime Minister, though his political opponent, had one night designated in the House as 'one of the most brilliant and talented young men who has ever sat upon the Opposition benches.'

In his declining years the life of this man was a pitiful tragedy, his filmy eyes sightless, his thin white fingers ever eager and nervous, his hours full of deep thought and silent immobility. To him, what was the benefit of that beautiful Perthshire castle which he had purchased from Lord Strathavon a year before his compulsory retirement? What was the use of the old ancestral manor near Caistor in Lincolnshire, or the town-house in Park Street, the snug hunting-box at Melton, or the beautiful palm-shaded, flower-embowered villa overlooking the blue southern sea at San Remo? He remembered them all. He had misty visions of their splendour and their luxury; but since his blindness he had seldom, if ever, entered them. That big library up in Scotland in which he now sat was the room he preferred; and with his daughter Gabrielle to bear him company, to smooth his brow with her soft hand, to chatter and to gossip, he wished for no other companion. His life was of the past, a meteor that had flashed and had vanished for ever.

'Tell me, child, what is troubling you?' he was asking in a calm, kind voice, as he still held the girl's hand in his. The sweet scent of the roses from the garden beyond filled the room.

A smart footman in livery opened the door at that moment, asking, 'Stokes has just returned with the car from Perth, Sir Henry, and asks if you want him further at present.'

'No,' replied his blind master. 'Has he brought back her ladyship?'

'Yes, Sir Henry,' replied the man. 'I believe he is taking her to the ball over at Connachan to-night.'

'Oh yes, of course. How foolish I am! I quite forgot,' said the Baronet with a slight sigh. 'Very well, Hill.'

And the clean-shaven young man, with his bright buttons bearing the chevron *gules* betwixt three boars' heads erased *sable*, of the Heyburns, bowed and withdrew.

'I had quite forgotten the ball at Connachan, dear,' exclaimed her father, stretching out his thin white hand in search of hers again. 'Of course you are going?'

'No, dad; I 'm staying at home with you.'

'Staying at home!' echoed Sir Henry. 'Why, my dear Gabrielle, the first year you 're out, and missing the best ball in the county! Certainly not. I 'm all right. I sha'n't be lonely. A little box came this morning from the Professor, didn't it?'

'Yes, dad.'

'Then I shall be able to spend the evening very well alone. The Professor has sent me what he promised the other day.'

'I 've decided not to go,' was the girl's firm reply.

'I fear, dear, your mother will be very annoyed if you refuse,' he remarked.

'I shall risk that, dear old dad, and stay with you to-night. Please allow me,' she added persuasively, taking his hand in hers and bending till her red lips touched his white brow. 'You have quite a lot to do, remember. A big packet of papers came from Paris this morning. I must read them over to you.'

'But your mother, my dear! Your absence will be commented upon. People will gossip, you know.'

'There is but one person I care for, dad—yourself,' laughed the girl lightly.

'Perhaps you 're disappointed over a new frock or something, eh?'

'Not at all. My frock came from town the day before yesterday. Elise declares it suits me admirably, and she 's very hard to please, you know. It 's white, trimmed with tiny roses.'

'A perfect dream, I expect,' remarked the blind man, smiling. 'I wish I could see you in it, dear. I often wonder what you are like, now that you 've grown to be a woman.'

'I 'm like what I always have been, dad, I suppose,' she laughed.

'Yes, yes,' he sighed, in pretence of being troubled. 'Wilful as always. And—and,' he faltered a moment later, 'I often hear your dear dead mother's voice in yours.' Then he was silent, and by the deep lines in his brow she knew that he was thinking.

Outside, in the high elms beyond the level, well-kept lawn, with its gray old sundial, the home-coming rooks were cawing prior to settling down for the night. No other sound broke the stillness of that quiet sunset hour save the solemn ticking of the long, old-fashioned clock at the farther end of the big, book-lined room, with its wide fireplace, great overmantel of carved stone with emblazoned arms, and its three long windows of old stained glass which gave it a somewhat ecclesiastical aspect.

'Tell me, child,' repeated Sir Henry at length, 'what was it that upset you just now?'

'Nothing, dad—unless—well, perhaps it 's the heat. I felt rather unwell when I went out for my ride this morning,' she answered with a frantic attempt at excuse.

The blind man was well aware that her reply was but a subterfuge. Little, however, did he dream the cause. Little did he know that a dark shadow had fallen upon the young's girl's life—a shadow of evil.

'Gabrielle,' he said in a low, intense voice, 'why aren't you open and frank with me as you once used to be? Remember that you, my daughter, are my only friend!'

Slim, dainty, and small-waisted, with a sweet, dimpled face, and blue eyes large and clear like a child's, a white throat, a well-poised head, and light-chestnut hair dressed low with a large black bow, she presented the picture of happy, careless youth, her features soft and refined, her half-bare arms well moulded, and hands delicate and white. She wore only one ornament—upon her left hand was a small signet-ring with her monogram engraved, a gift from one of her governesses when a child, and now worn upon the little finger.

That face was strikingly beautiful, it had been remarked more than once in London; but any admiration only called forth the covert sneers of Lady Heyburn.

'Why don't you tell me?' urged the blind man. 'Why don't you tell me the truth?' he protested.

Her countenance changed when she heard his words. In her blue eyes was a look of abject fear. Her left hand was tightly clenched and her mouth set hard, as though in resolution.

'I really don't know what you mean, dad,' she responded with a hollow laugh. 'You have such strange fancies nowadays.'

'Strange fancies, child!' echoed the afflicted man, lifting his gray, expressionless face to hers. 'A blind man has always vague, suspicious, and black forebodings engendered by the darkness and loneliness of his life. I am no exception,' he sighed. 'I think ever of the might-have-beens.'

'No, dear,' exclaimed the girl, bending until her lips touched his white brow softly. 'Forget it all, dear old dad. Surely your days here, with me, quiet and healthful in this beautiful Perthshire, are better, better by far, than if you had been a politician up in London, ever struggling, ever speaking, and ever bearing the long hours at the House and the eternal stress of parliamentary life?'

'Yes, yes,' he said, just a trifle impatiently. 'It is not that. I don't regret that I had to retire, except—well, except for your sake perhaps, dear.'

'For my sake! How?'

'Because, had I been a member of this Cabinet—which some of my friends predicted—you would have had the chance of a good marriage. But buried as you are down here instead, what chances have you?'

'I want no chance, dad,' replied the girl. 'I shall never marry.'

A painful thought crossed the old man's mind, being mirrored upon his brow by the deep lines which puckered there for a few brief moments. 'Well,' he exclaimed, smiling, 'that's surely no reason why you should not go to the ball at Connachan to-night.'

'I have my duty to perform, dad; my duty is to remain with you,' she said decisively. 'You know you have quite a lot to do, and when your mother has gone we'll spend an hour or two here at work.'

'I hear that Walter Murie is at home again at Connachan. Hill told me this morning,' remarked her father.

'So I heard also,' answered the girl.

'And yet you are not going to the ball, Gabrielle, eh?' laughed the old man mischievously.

'Now come, dad,' the girl exclaimed, colouring slightly, 'you're really too bad! I thought you had promised me not to mention him again.'

'So I did, dear; I—I quite forgot,' replied Sir Henry apologetically. 'Forgive me. You are now your own mistress. If you prefer to stay away from Connachan, then do so by all means. Only, make a proper excuse to your mother; otherwise she will be annoyed.'

'I think not, dear,' his daughter replied in a meaning tone. 'If I remain at home she'll be rather glad than otherwise.'

'Why?' inquired the old man quickly.

The girl hesitated. She saw instantly that her remark was an unfortunate one. 'Well,' she said rather lamely, 'because my absence will relieve her of the responsibility of acting as chaperon.'

What else could she say? How could she tell her father—the kindly but afflicted man to whom she was devoted—the bitter truth? His lonely, dismal life was surely sufficiently hard to bear without the extra burden of suspicion, of enforced inactivity, of fierce hatred, and of bitter regret. So she slowly disengaged her hand, kissed him again, and with an excuse that she had the menus to write for the dinner-table, went out, leaving him alone.

When the door had closed a great sigh sounded through the long, book-lined room, a sigh that ended in a sob.

The old man had leaned his chin upon his hands, and his sightless eyes were filled with tears. 'Is it the truth?' he murmured to himself. 'Is it really the truth?'

CHAPTER II.—FROM OUT THE NIGHT.

THERE are few of the Perthshire castles that more plainly declare their feudal origin and exhibit traces of obsolete power than does the great gaunt pile of ruins known as Glencardine. Its situation is both picturesque and imposing, and the stern aspect of the two square baronial towers which face the south, perched on a sheer precipice that descends to the Ruthven Water deep below, shows that the castle was once the residence of a predatory chief in the days before its association with the great Montrose.

Two miles from the long, straggling village of Auchterarder, in the centre of a fine, well-wooded, well-kept estate, the great ruined castle stands a silent monument of warlike days long since forgotten. There, within those walls, now overgrown with ivy and weeds, and where big trees grow in the centre of what was once the great paved courtyard,

Montrose schemed and plotted, and, according to tradition, kept certain of his enemies in the dungeons below.

In the twelfth century the aspect of the deep glen was very different from what it is to-day. In those days the Ruthven was a broad river, flowing swiftly down to the Earn, and forming, by reason of a moat, an effective barrier against attack. To-day, however, the river has diminished into a mere burn meandering through a beautiful wooded glen three hundred feet below, a glen the charms of which are well known throughout the whole of Scotland, and where in summer tourists from England endeavour to explore, but are warned back by Stewart, Sir Henry's Highland keeper.

A quarter of a mile from the great historic ruin is the modern castle, built mainly of stone from the ancient structure early in the eighteenth century, with oak-panelled rooms, many quaint gables, stained glass, and long echoing corridors—a residence well adapted for entertaining on a lavish scale, the front overlooking the beautiful glen, and the back with level lawns and stretch of undulating park well wooded and full of picturesque beauty.

The family traditions and history of the old place and its owners had induced Sir Henry Heyburn, himself a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, to purchase it from Lord Strathavon, into whose possession it had passed some forty years previously.

History showed that William de Græme or Graham, who settled in Scotland in the twelfth century, became Lord of Glencardine, and the great castle was built by his son. They were indeed a noble race, as their biographer has explained. Ever fearless in their country's cause, they sneered at the mandates from impregnable Stirling, and were loyal in every generation.

Glencardine was a stronghold feared by all the surrounding nobles, and its men were full of valour and bravery. One story of them is perhaps worth the telling. In the year 1490 the all-powerful Abbot of Inchaffray issued an order for the collection of the teinds of the Killearns' lands possessed by the Grahams of Glencardine in the parish of Monzievaird, of which he was titular. The order was rigorously executed, the teinds being exacted by force.

Lord Killearn of Dunning Castle was from home at the time; but in his absence his eldest son, William, Master of Dunning, called out a number of his clansmen, and marched towards Glencardine for the purpose of putting a stop to the abbot's proceedings. The Grahams of Glencardine, having been apprised of their neighbour's intention, mustered in strong force, and marched to meet him. The opposing forces encountered each other at the north side of Knock Mary, about two miles to the south-west of Crieff, while a number of the clan M'Robbie, who lived beside the Loch of Balloch, marched up the south side of the hill, halting at the top to watch the progress of the combat. The fight began with great fury on both sides. The Glencardine men, however, began to get the upper hand and drive their opponents back, when the M'Robbies rushed down the hill to the succour of the Killearns. The tables were now turned. The Grahams were unable to maintain their ground against the combined forces which they had now to face, and fled towards Glencardine, taking refuge in the Kirk of Monzievaird. The Killearns had no desire to follow up their success any farther, but at this stage they were joined by Duncan Campbell of Dunstaffnage, who had come across from Argyllshire to avenge the death of his father-in-law, Robert of Monzie, who, along with his two sons, had a short time before been killed by the Lord of Glencardine.

An arrow shot from the church fatally wounded one of Campbell's men, and so enraged were the besiegers at this that they set fire to the heather-thatched building. Of the one hundred and sixty human beings who are supposed to have been in the church, only one young lad escaped, and this was effected by the help of one of the Killearns, who caught the boy in his arms as he leaped out of the flames. The Killearns did not go unpunished for their barbarous deed. Their leader, with several of his chief retainers, was afterwards beheaded at Stirling, and an assessment was imposed on the Killearns for behoof of the wives and children of the Grahams who had perished by their hands.

The Killearn by whose aid the young Graham had been saved was forced to flee to Ireland, but he afterwards returned to Scotland, where he and his attendants were known by the name of 'Killearn Eirinich' (or Ernoch), meaning Killearn of Ireland. The estate which he held, and which is situated near Comrie, still bears that name. The site of the Kirk of Monzievaird is now occupied by the mausoleum of the family of Murray of Ochtertyre, which was erected in 1809. When the foundations were being excavated a large quantity of charred bones and wood was found.

The history of Scotland is full of references to the doings at Glencardine, the fine home of the great Lord Glencardine, and of events, both in the original stronghold and in the present mansion, which have had important bearings upon the welfare of the country.

In the autumn of 1825 the celebrated poetess Baroness Nairne, who had been born at Gask, a few miles away, visited Glencardine and spent several weeks in the pleasantest manner. Within those gaunt ruins of the old castle she first became inspired to write her celebrated 'Castell Gloom,' near Dollar:

> Oh Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone,
> The green grass o'er thee growin';
> On Hill of Care thou art alone,
> The Sorrow round thee flowin'.
> Oh Castell Gloom! on thy fair wa's
> Nae banners now are streamin';
> The howlit flits amang thy ha's,
> And wild birds there are screamin'.

Oh, mourn the woe! oh, mourn the crime
Frae civil war that flows!
Oh, mourn, Argyll, thy fallen line,
And mourn the great Montrose!

The lofty Ochils bright did glow,
Though sleepin' was the sun;
But mornin's light did sadly show
What ragin' flames had done!
Oh, mirk, mirk was the misty cloud
That hung o'er thy wild wood!
Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,
And all was solitude.

A volume, indeed, could be written upon the history, traditions, and superstitions of Glencardine Castle, a subject in which its blind owner took the keenest possible interest. But, tragedy of it all, he had never seen the lovely old domain he had acquired! Only by Gabrielle's descriptions of it, as she led him so often across the woods, down by the babbling burn, or over the great ivy-covered ruins, did he know and love it.

Every shepherd of the Ochils knows of the Lady of Glencardine who, on rare occasions, had been seen dressed in green flitting before the modern mansion, and who was said to be the spectre of the young Lady Jane Glencardine, who in 1710 was foully drowned in the Earn by her jealous lover, the Lord of Glamis, and whose body was never recovered. Her appearance always boded ill-fortune to the family.

Glencardine was scarcely ever without guests. Lady Heyburn, a shallow and vain woman many years younger than her husband, was always surrounded by her own friends. She hated the country, and more especially what she declared to be the 'deadly dullness' of her Perthshire home. That moment was no exception. There were half-a-dozen guests staying in the house, but neither Gabrielle nor her father took the slightest interest in any of them. They had been, of course, invited to the ball at Connachan, and at dinner had expressed surprise when their host's pretty daughter, the belle of the county, had declared that she was not going.

'Oh, Gabrielle is really such a wayward child!' declared her ladyship to old Colonel Burton at her side. 'If she has decided not to go, no power on earth will persuade her.'

'I'm not feeling at all well, mother,' the girl responded from the farther end of the table. 'You'll make nice excuses for me, won't you?'

'I think it's simply ridiculous!' declared the Baronet's wife. 'Your first season, too!'

Gabrielle glanced round the table, coloured slightly, but said nothing. The guests knew too well that in the Glencardine household there had always been, and always would be, slightly strained relations between her ladyship and her stepdaughter.

For an hour after dinner all was bustle and excitement; then, in the covered wagonette, the gay party drove away, while Gabrielle, standing at the door, shouted after them a merry adieu.

It was a bright, clear, moonlit night, so beautiful indeed that, twisting a shawl about her shoulders, she went to her father's den, where he usually smoked alone, and, taking his arm, led him out for a walk into the park over that gravelled drive where, upon such nights as that, 'twas said that the unfortunate Lady Jane could be seen.

When alone, the sightless man could find his way quite well with the aid of his stick. He knew every inch of his domain. Indeed, he could descend from the castle by the winding path that led deep into the glen, and cross the narrow foot-bridges of the rushing Ruthven Water, or he could traverse the most intricate paths through the woods by means of certain landmarks which only he himself knew. He was ever fond of wandering about the estate alone, and often took solitary walks on bright nights with his stout stick tapping before him. On rare occasions, however, when, in the absence of her ladyship, he enjoyed the company of pretty Gabrielle, they would wander in the park arm-in-arm, chatting and exchanging confidences.

The departure of their house-party had lifted a heavy weight from both their hearts. It would be dawn before they returned. She loved her father, and was never happier than when describing to him things—the smallest objects sometimes—which he himself could not see.

As they strolled on beneath the shadows of the tall elms, the stillness of the night was broken only by the quick scurry of a rabbit into the tall bracken or the harsh cry of some night-bird startled by their approach.

Before them, standing black against the night-sky, rose the quaint, ponderous, but broken walls of the ancient stronghold, where an owl hooted weirdly in the ivy, and where the whispering of the waters rose from the deep below.

'It's a pity, dear, that you didn't go to the dance,' the old man was saying, her arm held within his own. 'You've annoyed your mother, I fear.'

'Mother is quite happy with her guests, dad; while I am quite happy with you,' she replied softly. 'Therefore, why discuss it?'

'But surely it is not very entertaining for you to remain here with a man who is blind. Remember, you are young, and these golden days of youth will very soon pass.'

'Why, you always entertain and instruct me, dad,' she declared; 'from you I've learnt so much archæology and so much about medieval seals that I believe I am qualified to become a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, if women were admitted to fellowship.'

'They will be one day, my dear, if the Suffragettes are allowed their own way,' he laughed.

And then, during the full hour they strolled together, their conversation mostly consisted of questions asked by her father concerning some improvements being made in one of the farms

which she had visited on the previous day, and her description of what had been done.

The stable-clock had struck half-past ten on its musical chimes before they re-entered the big hall, and, being relieved by Hill of the wraps, passed together into the library, where, from a locked cabinet in a corner, Gabrielle took a number of business papers and placed them upon the writing-table before her father.

'No,' he said, running his thin white hands over them, 'not business to-night, dear, but pleasure. Where is that box from the Professor?'

'It's here, dad. Shall I open it?'

'Yes,' he replied. 'That dear old fellow never forgets his old friend. Never a seal finds its way into the collection at Cambridge but he first sends it to me for examination before it is catalogued. He knows what pleasure it is to me to decipher them and make out their history—almost, alas! the only pleasure left to me, except you, my darling.'

'Professor Moyes adopts your opinion always, dad. He knows, as every other antiquary knows, that you are the greatest living authority on the subject which you have made a lifetime study—that of the bronze seals of the Middle Ages.'

'Ah!' sighed the old man, 'if I could only write my great book! It is the pleasure debarred me. Years ago I started to collect material; but my affliction came, and now I can only feel the matrices and picture them in my mind. I see through your eyes, dear Gabrielle. To me, the world I loved so much is only a blank darkness, with your dear voice sounding out of it—the only voice, my child, that is music to my ears.'

The girl said nothing. She only glanced at the sad, expressionless face, and, cutting the string of the small packet, displayed three bronze seals—two oval, about two inches long, and the third round, about one inch in diameter, and each with a small kind of handle on the reverse. With them were sulphur-casts or impressions taken from them, ready to be placed in the museum at Cambridge.

The old man's nervous fingers travelled over the surfaces quickly, an expression of complete satisfaction in his face.

'Have you the magnifying-glass, dear? Tell me what you make of the inscriptions,' he said, at the same time carefully feeling the curious medieval lettering of one of the casts.

At the same instant she started, rose quickly from her chair, and held her breath.

A man, tall, dark-faced, and wearing a thin black overcoat, had entered noiselessly from the lawn by the open window, and stood there, with his finger upon his lips, indicating silence. Then he pointed outside, with a commanding gesture that she should follow.

Her eyes met his in a glance of fierce resentment, and instinctively she placed her hand upon her breast, as though to stay the beating of her heart.

Again he pointed in silent authority, and she, as though held in some mysterious thraldom, made excuse to the blind man, and, rising, followed in his noiseless footsteps.

(To be continued.)

WESTERN WANT AND WANTON WASTE.

By Eustace Miles.

IN England and America the real nature of the 'Yellow Peril' is as yet misunderstood. There have been books and articles written and speeches made to warn us of the certain swamping of the West by the millions of the East. Sometimes it is represented as a military invasion, the resistless hordes of China and Japan pouring over Europe and winning by sheer numbers, organisation, and carelessness of death. Sometimes it is represented as an equally resistless commercial invasion. But even those who have emphasised the latter danger have not put their finger upon the weakness of the West.

It is taken for granted that the Chinese and Japanese are strong commercially because they can live on next to nothing. Some people seriously assert that a tiny quantity of food will keep the Eastern worker hard at work for as many hours as he likes; that somehow the Eastern worker can do much more work, steadier work, better work, more persistent work, with less grumbling, than the white man, as though the Eastern worker were superior to the orthodox law of conservation of energy and could be at the same time underfed yet 'speeded up' indefinitely.

What are the facts?

Scientific investigations have been made by the United States Department of Agriculture. I do not know of any other statistical account of the sort. The conclusion reached is that the diet of the *average* Chinese and Japanese approximates very closely to that of the American standard, the American standard being slightly *higher* than the Eastern, as it is slightly higher also than the European. It must be understood that by 'standard,' when the word is used in reference to diet, theoretical food-value is meant, not price. The scientist considers that a man's 'standard' of food is higher, not because he has paid more for it, but because he has included in it more elements to build the body, repair its waste, give it energy and endurance, and so forth. That is to say, the conclusion reached is that the average Chinese and Japanese diet is rather richer in food-values than the average

American, the actual figures being: American standard men, when engaged in moderate work, one hundred and twenty-five grains of proteid and three thousand five hundred calories (or units of energy); Chinese laundry-workers, one hundred and thirty-four grains of proteid and three thousand five hundred and eighty-five calories.

I do not vouch for the correctness of these figures, nor for the statement that 46 per cent. of the total sum spent on food was paid for animal food. But similar figures applied also to the family of a Chinese dentist and to employés in a vegetable garden. Nor did the report of the United States department bear out the popular fallacy that the Chinese and Japanese live on rice. It appears, on the contrary, that these Eastern people had quite as varied a range of food as the Americans, using thirty-five different food-materials.

It is needless to say that among the extremely poor inhabitants of China and Japan, and among many thousands of others as well in times of famine, this standard is not found. But the report seems to show that this standard is found, and is a typical one, in China and Japan, wherever Chinese and Japanese workers are called upon to show results in work that can be compared with the results of European workers. It seems that, if the report is accurate, the Eastern workman who underfeeds is likely to lessen his output of work, and be unable to compete with the European workman.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding, it will be best to take a concrete example—Japanese beans as against Anglo-Saxon beef. In price beans are far cheaper than beef; in food-value they are—at least theoretically—far superior to beef. They contain more proteid, more material for fat and heat and energy, more calories, when weighed against beef, in their uncooked and unprepared forms. The Anglo-Saxon may get his food-elements from beef, and pay more than a shilling a pound, and yet—again theoretically and by chemical analysis—fare no better than if he got his food-elements from beans, and paid less than twopence a pound.

When the above facts are clearly realised, it is seen how foolish is the talk about the Chinese living on next to no food at all, and doing more work on starvation rations. If the American statistics are correct, the Chinese who work hard do not live on starvation rations. The Chinese and Japanese have an advantage over Western peoples—at least over most of the 'civilised' Western peoples—not so much because they eat less as because they *waste* less. And under the heading of 'waste' we must include not only the use of what might be thrown away, but also the choice of a cheap thing in preference to an expensive thing of similar food-value. It is the thriftiness of the Eastern working-man that so seriously threatens the economical supremacy of the wasteful West.

In the above American investigations, for instance, the actual waste in food in one Chinese family group averaged only 3 per cent., whereas the waste in English and American homes of a like status averaged from 10 to 12 per cent. Not only is there less waste in the garbage-pail, there is more care in the selection of cheap food-bases. Even with the high percentage of animal food, the diet only cost 17·3 cents (less than ninepence) a head per day, mainly because cheap kinds of fish and cheap (but equally nourishing) cuts of meat, &c., were used. This amount—17·3 cents—is 'about 50 per cent. of the sum which has been found in the average of the dietary studies of whites of the same class in the States.' It is only when we see it in contrast to this Oriental thriftiness that we realise clearly the wanton and foolish wastefulness of the West.

It is true that we find wonderful economy practised, for example, by the peasants of France and Germany; but in Europe generally the waste is bad enough. In America it is still worse. The story of the American settlement and 'progress,' if one reads it in this light, teems with stories of wanton waste. Outside the immediate sphere of diet, we hear of forests felled till whole areas were made treeless; more timber was wasted than utilised, brooks were thus dried up, and the country rendered colder and less healthy. Italy under the Romans had the same story to tell, though the waste here was less wanton. And the Americans by slovenly and reckless cultivation also exhausted acres of once productive land. We and they have squandered, and are still squandering, the natural fertilisers of the soil, turning the nitrates into the watercourses, so that—in Victor Hugo's phrase—'pestilence springs from the stream and hunger from the furrow.' It has been said of more than one great empire that it perished for want of men. It would be truer to say that most empires have fallen because of waste of men and materials, the waste being partly due to prosperity and the bad habits which it has bred.

Probably no country has been so absolutely compelled to settle the problems of labour and food-supply by close and pressing necessities as China; and this, which has seemed her curse for centuries past, will prove her blessing in centuries to come. Millions have starved that posterity might be made to think and devise and prevent. Nor are England and America likely to think and devise and prevent till they know what it is to starve. The situation in China has made such questions not merely interesting but literally vital. The problem suddenly and repeatedly pressed home to them for consideration and adjustment has been, 'How may a given amount of work and food be so divided and subdivided as to produce the barest needs of life for the greatest number of human beings?' The Chinese have studied it, Government and people, with more and more success. They have never reached the point where, to millions of human beings, a day's idleness did not mean a day's

abstinence from food. The indescribable and unmentionable horrors of famine, caused commonly by drought over large areas, and repeated with sickening frequency, have indeed kept the poor and the starving always with them, and have made the Chinese among the most economical people in the world.

This is, in the main, the opinion of one who knew his subject well, and I have expressed most of it in his own words. Contrast this almost universal thrift and abhorrence of waste, among the working-classes at least, with the boast of more than one of our Western manufacturers that their fortunes were due to the wasteful habits of the Western people—the poor no less than the rich. Coleman, who made so much money by the mustard that people left on their plates, is not the only instance. No Oriental merchant could say that, for in China and Japan there is remarkably little waste. The white workman spends a large amount of his wages in waste; the Chinaman wastes scarcely anything at all. I can give a pitiful example from what I have observed hundreds of times at the restaurant of which I am managing director. We take great care not only with our cookery, but also with our choice of foods, so that the various dishes shall be nourishing as well as pleasant. In the hurry of business we are bound to serve many helpings direct on the plates. And we have no time to find out exactly how much or how little this or that customer will eat; to be on the safe side we make our helpings rather large. The result is that a customer who is a small eater probably leaves on his plate some of what he was served with. The remains are practically as clean as the part was which he or she ate. The remains almost certainly have not been touched by the fork, and it would not have polluted them to have been touched by the knife. Yet they must, by convention, be regarded as waste. Not one of our employés will touch these remains. We must not use them to make up into other dishes, though we can often use what is left in the large vessel from which the helping was served. What happens to the food left on the plates? It goes into the waste-tub. The poor do not care for it. At the end of the week we can tell to some extent how much food is wasted thus. And I believe that, with proper organisation of the kitchen, the amount that is wasted in this way on plates is ten times as great as the amount wasted in any other way. In some Italian restaurants I know that the food left on plates is regularly made up again, and put into the stock-pot. But in our business, even though we know that the food left on plates may be quite good and clean, we simply dare not use it. There is enough to feed many starving people, but they will have none of it.

It is senseless and wanton waste, careless choice of food, careless use of food, careless destruction of food, prejudiced refusal to eat food, that are the gravest danger to Western civilisation. And the agencies in our midst that are trying to combat it by teaching all about food—its properties, its economical purchase, the cheapest method of preparing it, and so forth—are doing sound and useful service. Such agencies need to be supplemented by a strong ethical crusade to insist on the essential immorality of waste, and by the wisest economic teaching that the future must surely rest with those who use all things wisely and well, and waste only the irreducible minimum.

THE INVISIBLE MARQUIS OF GALLANTREVE.

By Robert Barr.

CHAPTER I.

N a squalid attic on the heights of Montmartre, whose only advantage was the magnificent view over Paris offered by one dingy window, the gay Marquis of Gallantreve lay dying, yet making a joke of death, as he had made a joke of life. If years alone were to be taken into account, the Marquis should have been but little beyond the prime of manhood; but he had well earned his title of 'gay,' had overdrawn his balance at the bank of vitality, and now the foreclosure had come.

Near the head of the bed stood a youth of eighteen, whose eyes were moist, and whose nether lip quivered a little now and then, despite his evident determination to maintain his self-control. His serious expression of countenance showed in striking contrast to the cynical grin which marked with ghastly and incongruous impropriety the pallid lips of the dying man. By the bedside a rough wooden table had been placed, on which stood several bottles of now useless medicine; but the most conspicuous object the table held was a black japanned metal case or box, similar to those in use by lawyers to hold separately the complete papers belonging to the client whose name appears in white lettering on the side of the receptacle. The lid had been thrown back, exposing numerous documents tied together in small bundles.

'Henri, in another hour you will be eleventh Marquis of Gallantreve.' The grimace became more accentuated, as if the man thought he had said something humorous. 'Luckily, it was not possible for me to pawn the title; otherwise, I fear, dear boy, it would have followed the property, leaving you plain Henri Francet.'

'That would not have mattered in the least, father,' murmured the boy. 'I intend to be known hereafter as Maurice Armelin.'

'Ah, you adopt the name of your maternal grandfather, then?'

'Yes, father.'

'After all, Henri—excuse my calling you Henri; you cannot teach old dogs new tricks, especially when the last sands are running—after all, I do not wonder you are ashamed to bear mine.'

'It is not that at all, father. I shall need to work for my bread, and a title would be a hindrance, not a help. Henri Francet has always been associated with the Marquisate of Gallantreve, so I shall abandon both, and take my grandfather's name.'

'I am not so sure, my son, that it is best to throw over the title. It is doubtless of social, and probably of commercial, value, even though it may produce no gold if offered to a pawnbroker. Still, you were always wiser than I, Henri, even when a very small boy. You are like your poor mother in disposition, though you possess the features of the Gallantreves. Do you intend to continue your law-studies after I am gone?'

'If I have money enough I shall do so.'

'Well, my boy, I don't envy you. There won't be much money. If there were a hundred thousand francs still at my disposal, I think I should rise from this bed and enjoy another fling with it. My unfortunate lad, Nature has played a cruel trick on you. The House of Gallantreve has heretofore been preserved because of Providence arranging that every second Marquis should be reasonably sane. The misers and the spendthrifts were alternated with almost mathematical regularity. The revenues of our estate were so great that the saving Marquis always retrieved the errors of the spendthrift Marquis who had preceded him; then, by another law of Nature, the wastrels died young, as I am doing, while the prudent Marquises lived to a good old age. You should have been born in my place; but, alas! two prodigals came in succession. My father quickly squandered all my grandfather had saved, and I believe he alone would have completed our ruin without any aid from me had he not died in a drunken brawl at the age of thirty. I have managed to live fourteen years longer than he did, but I have made the ruin complete. The château in which you were born, and the broad lands over which you rode as a lad, are in the hands of strangers.

'Now, it is about my estate, and about that old scoundrel, Gastyn Maillot, who thinks he owns it, that I wish to speak. Maillot, when a youth, was apprenticed at those ironworks ten miles from the château, and was one of their most skilled mechanics. He was sent to the château to execute some repairs which were to occupy him for a month or six weeks. They tell me he was a very presentable young chap, and must have been about twenty-three or twenty-four years old. I did not see him till long afterwards. I suppose I was rioting in Paris at the time. Among those living at the castle was a girl, a distant cousin of my own, fourth or fifth removed. She was a fool whom your mother had invited, and she fell in love with this scamp of an apprentice. She had a little money of her own, and I suppose that is why Maillot married her, thinking that her gold and the honour of an alliance with our House, even though it was a remote alliance, would help him in business—which it certainly did. The family disowned her, of course, and I understand that Maillot swore picturesquely, like the villain on the stage, that he would encompass our ruin; and doubtless I proved a valuable assistant to him in the game. They tell me he is a very ingenious person, having invented several useful things in iron, and, in the usual novelette fashion, he became a partner in the works, and finally their sole owner. To-day Gastyn Maillot is one of the richest men in France. Quietly he bought up the Gallantreve mortgages, and when his grip was complete he crushed us quite ruthlessly, and now occupies the Château de Gallantreve, and lords it over all the domains thereof.

'And now I come to the point that I wish to impress on you. Our old family *avocat* urged me to take action against Gastyn Maillot. He said there was a flaw in the title; but I was always too indolent or too busy to trouble further about the matter, and when the *avocat* died I was too poor to engage another. I suppose the particulars are all in that box, and perhaps it contains the *avocat's* written opinion regarding the flaw, for he was a methodical old chap, and you will probably find everything arranged there in the most precise order. I have kept the box by me, always intending to examine its contents, but never having the energy to do so.

'Well, Henri, this is a long story, and my breath is growing short; but in any case there's nothing more to tell. There may be enough in that box to wrench the whole estate from the old scoundrel; but even if there's merely ground for an action at law, you may frighten some useful gold out of him in time of need. The wretch got the property for the amount of the mortgages—a mere fraction of its value—and therefore by rights he is in your debt many millions of francs. I hope you will succeed, whether your name is Henri or Maurice.'

. . . . . .

After his father's death the young Marquis set himself resolutely to the task of saving some remnant from the wreck of his father's fortune. At first it seemed that there was no remnant; but a more minute investigation disclosed a certain transaction carried out by his father which filled the young man with both pain and anger. Henri had been gratified to learn that there were no debts, and this almost annulled the disappointment at finding there were no assets. Since the château and land had gone under the hammer, the late

Marquis of Gallantreve found that he could obtain no credit. Henri was too young and too inexperienced even to wonder how his father managed for many years after the *débâcle* to enjoy the splendours of Paris, with apparently ample resources up to the last year of his life. Once or twice the elder man, conscience pricking him perhaps, had explained airily that the jade of Chance, after luring him to his ruin, had now relented, and his great gift as a gambler provided him with an income. This statement proved to be fiction. Henri now learned that his mother, whom he could not remember, had left him an ample fortune, to be paid over to him on the day he was twenty-one. His father and the family *avocat* were joint-trustees of this fund, and until the latter's death it had remained not only intact, but was continually augmenting. The spendthrift Marquis of Gallantreve, finding himself sole trustee, formed an alliance with a money-lender as unscrupulous as himself, a financier well acquainted with the shady corners of the law, and these two now proceeded to make ducks and drakes of the son's legacy. First a nominee of the money-lender was appointed trustee in succession to the *avocat;* then these two, under direction of the financial shark, obtained an order from the court to use a portion of the legacy for educating the lad in accordance with the high position he was to occupy in the world. The two trustees then placed the securities in the hands of the financier, and drew money against them which furnished funds for the continued profligacy of the gay Marquis of Gallantreve.

Young as Henri was, he believed that this transaction would not bear the light of day. He sought and obtained an interview with the money-lender, whom he found to be a very cool, shrewd old villain. The ancient money-lender listened with quiet attention to the case as set forth by the youthful Marquis of Gallantreve. The small, keen eyes of the veteran seemed to probe the inner consciousness of the speaker, who began in tones vibrant with indignation, which under the imperturbable scrutiny gradually calmed down to a more colourless statement of claim, enunciated finally with that precision of language which he knew must be adopted if success were to be expected in the profession of law which he had chosen. He realised instinctively that he was in the presence of a consummate scoundrel, and yet as he went on he saw a glimmer of admiration light up the old man's eyes, although his pallid, wrinkled face remained as inscrutable as ever. The money-lender listened without even a motion of interruption, apparently undisturbed by the terrors of investigation with which this youth threatened him. When he was quite assured that his visitor had completed all he had to say, the old man spoke in a voice of quiet incisiveness:

'I think it likely your action would fail. So far as I am aware, every step taken has been strictly legal. I hold receipts signed by your two trustees for every franc paid over to them. The securities are completely at your disposal the moment you reimburse me of the money I have advanced, with the accruing interest, and the proper costs for making the transfer.'

'Sir, you know that is impossible, as my father has left me penniless. But you also know that there has been a conspiracy to which you will probably be adjudged a party. However accurate your documents may be, and however genuine the signatures attached to them, there are, nevertheless, as you are aware, courts which will probe behind all this, and see that substantial justice is done. The patrimony intended for me seems to have been largely squandered through your connivance, and I shall appeal to the proper tribunal for justice.'

'You make a very serious charge against me, my lord Marquis,' said the ancient usurer, quite unmoved—'a charge which, if unsupported by sufficient proof, would place you in great jeopardy, even in peril of your liberty. Let me tell you, however, so that we need not waste further time in fruitless discussion, that even were the proof in your hand you would not use it. I have not the slightest fear that you will bring an action against me.'

'Why?'

'Because, to succeed, you must first prove that your father was a despicable swindler.'

A flush overspread the countenance of the lad, and he sat there for a few moments in silence. Then he rose to his feet. 'You are quite right, sir,' he said slowly, 'and perfectly safe. I wish you good-morning.'

'One moment, Monsieur le Marquis. Your father made to me a promise which he did not keep. Are you prepared to cancel his obligation?'

'I told you, sir, I was penniless.'

'It is not a question of money, but of a signature. I undertook to pay your father in cash one quarter of the legacy, and this I paid with the exception of twenty-three thousand francs. I withheld that sum, informing him that it would be paid the moment he kept his promise, but this he never did.'

'What was the promise?'

'The late Marquis undertook the explanation of our bargain so far as you were concerned, and guaranteed that you would sign a certain document which has long been prepared for your inspection. If you sign it now I shall hand you my cheque for twenty-three thousand francs.'

'It would be a foolish expenditure of money, sir. I, being a minor, can execute no document which would possess legal value.'

'I am well aware of that; nevertheless, this instrument would be evidence that I had insisted on your knowing what was going forward. Will you redeem your father's promise, Marquis?'

'Yes.'

The money-lender touched a button, and his assistant appeared, received a curt order, withdrew, and returned, accompanied by another man. He placed a legal-looking paper before his master, who, adjusting his spectacles, read it carefully.

'Will you examine it, Marquis?' he asked after he had finished the perusal.

'It is not necessary,' said the boy. 'I will sign anything that will keep my father's name out of this business.'

He attached his signature, and the two others signed as witnesses; then the capitalist offered him a cheque which, for a moment, the young man hesitated to accept; yet, after all, it was but a minute portion of a sum that had rightfully been his, so he took it, placed it in his pocket, and withdrew.

Henri Francet left the house of the money-lender more than ever determined to abandon the name that was legally his. The Marquis of Gallantreve must disappear, and Maurice Armelin, student-at-law, should exist in his stead. So far as he knew, there were no relatives on either father or mother's side to make inquiry for him, and the world at large cared nothing for the personality of a pauper. Whatever fame he might achieve, or wealth acquire, would be due to his own exertions. Neither ancestry nor influence should count in his future career. The twenty-three thousand francs, he estimated, would see him through his legal studies. He removed himself from the hateful memories of the attic in Montmartre, and took an equally frugal chamber near the Sorbonne. Here he economised and worked hard, acquiring a training in the process such as none of his race had ever before received. He learned slowly, but what he got he kept, and his instructors were unanimous in prophesying for him a safe but not a brilliant career when the time came to make use of his knowledge.

Several years passed before he opened the iron box which contained the documents that formed the only legacy left him by his father. He had determined not to touch these papers until his acquaintance with law was advanced far enough to ensure the discovery of the flaw, if such flaw existed. Maurice studied the case for months until he was familiar with every intricacy of the situation. Towards the end of his investigations a personal crisis began to call attention to itself with such insistence that it soon obliterated all thoughts of future actions at law. He began to see that, in spite of economy, the money would be exhausted before his legal studies were finished. He must have another two thousand francs, possibly three thousand, and during all his years of work he had made no acquaintances from whom he could borrow a gold piece. Every man he knew was as poor as himself. If he could not get money, and that immediately, all chance of a career was at an end. He pondered bitterly on his own inability to do any useful thing for which people would pay. It was true that, stalwart as he knew himself to be, he could earn a pittance as a farm-labourer, the most poorly paid occupation in all France, and yet the very occupation on which its prosperity is founded. As a lad, motherless, thrown on his own resources in a huge and lonesome château, his father absent in Paris, the boy had worked with great vim on Josslyn's farm. Josslyn was a young man himself at that time, newly married, although he seemed a veteran to the boy. The large farm had been tilled by a Josslyn for almost as far back as the lords of Gallantreve had held the property. The Josslyns were a thrifty, hard-working race, reputed to be wealthy as peasants go. Maurice, as he sat pondering in the dark, smiled sadly to think that, if the worst came to the worst, Josslyn might engage him as a helper on part of the land that the Gallantreves had owned. To his work on that farm his rude health was largely due. The wholesome outdoor life and the exercise had given him a physique which boys of his age had not acquired by bending over desks in schools. He sighed as he remembered Josslyn and his farm, and an overpowering longing to see the scene of his youthful activities overcame him: the broad, fertile fields, the well-stocked barns, the wooded valley through which the clear little river ran, the comfortable homestead, and the glorious meals made memorable by sharp hunger. Madame Josslyn had been assistant-cook at the castle before she married the young farmer, and the abundance of the farm-cuisine, together with its excellence, made strong appeal to one who was half-starving in Paris.

Then like a flash there came to him the knowledge that he had something to sell, and that something a vendible article that the rich man concerned would be most eager to buy once he knew of its existence. He (Maurice) had signed away his mother's patrimony to bring him thus far with his studies. To complete them he would sacrifice all hope of recovering the home of his fathers. He would take to that old ironmaster, who now inhabited the château, the letter which the family *avocat* had written years before to his careless father, assuring him of success if he brought action against the present holder of the Gallantreve domain. He would say to Gastyn Maillot, 'There is the danger in which you stand. Give me Josslyn's farm, a mere fraction of the province you own, and I will assure you a quiet possession and a clear title to all the rest.'

The more he thought of this plan the more it appealed to him. The rent Josslyn paid would secure board and lodging for him until he finished his course, and support him in reasonable comfort during the first barren years of practice. If he succeeded in his profession he would give to Josslyn and his wife this farm for their own. If he failed utterly, the property would be a haven of refuge when Paris had cast him out, a failure.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING CERTAIN APPARITIONS.

By Frances M'Laughlin.

THE word occultism has been a bugbear to many persons, has terrified many others, and has, so to speak, been shuffled past on the other side by a multitude who cared neither to deny nor affirm manifestations they admitted they could not understand. Yet it is worth while to note that centuries ago the authors of the Nicene Creed professed their belief in 'one God, the Father Almighty, Maker . . . of all things visible and invisible;' while Shakespeare, speaking long afterwards by the mouth of Hamlet, declared:

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But at last the time seems to have come when certain things which have never been set down in print before may stand a chance of being treated less cavalierly than has often been the case; and these things I may venture to call personal experiences, because they have either come within the direct cognisance of the writer or have been received from intimate personal friends to whom they occurred. Thus, whatever else may be urged against them, they are, at any rate, first hand; though I offer them not so much as dogmatic facts—which in a certain sense they are—but as a small contribution to a subject which is agitating many persons' minds, and as factors which may contribute something to our knowledge of it.

Now, when people speak of an apparition they usually refer to some more or less materialised object which manifests itself to consciousness by the sense of sight. Thus we popularly speak of seeing—not of hearing, or tasting, or smelling—a ghost; but this, surely, is a very limited definition, and a little reflection will show that, if we are prepared to admit such appeals to one sense, we must in fairness extend the possibility of them to other senses; and of this extended appeal there do in fact exist many instances. Some of my instances, indeed, tend to show this, though at the same time there is no doubt that the commonest kind of occult manifestation is an appeal to the sense of sight, in the form of the appearance of some friend or relative recently dead or on the point of death. There exists so much evidence on this point that even sceptical persons hesitate altogether to deny the possibility of such manifestations; and as each added link tends to lengthen a chain, so each fresh instance of abnormality helps to confirm the examples already recorded.

Now, some years ago the writer was attending morning service in a well-known church near Manchester, where a popular evangelical preacher then drew large congregations. He was concluding his sermon before proceeding with the Communion service, when a sudden commotion arose in the pew immediately in front of the one where the writer sat. There were pews in churches in those days—pews with cushions, and tall hassocks, and doors opening on to the aisle, shutting up each little family in its special bit of privacy. The family in question then consisted of a father, mother, and two daughters, who simultaneously glanced at one another and at the pew-door; and while the father rose and stepped out into the aisle, holding the door open, the others moved up closer together, as though to make room for some one to enter. These proceedings attracted the attention of all the neighbouring worshippers, who were puzzled by them, because they saw nothing to account for the unwonted stir, and they wondered still more when, presently, the father stepped quietly back and resumed his seat.

Later came the explanation. There was a son in the navy, whose ship had been ordered home from the West Indies, and who in his last letter had mentioned the date of his departure, adding that he should be at home before another letter could reach his parents. He told them that he expected to land about a certain date, and if it were Sunday when he arrived, and he did not find them at home, he would come on to church and join them at the Communion service. Thus, half expecting and half not expecting him, the entire family suddenly saw him standing at the pew-door as though waiting to enter, so real being the illusion that his father actually got up to let him in. But alas for the anticipated reunion! By-and-by arrived news that the young man had been stricken down by fever just before his ship sailed, had been left behind in hospital, and had died at the same hour, allowing for the difference in time, as he appeared to his family.

Again, in the Lowlands of Scotland stood an old manor house where the owner's wife was on her deathbed. The ancient furniture still remained in the room, so the invalid lay in a four-post bed, with curtains all round it, wherein many generations of the family had been born and died. The curtains were drawn at its foot and on the side nearest the wall, but they were open on the other to a blazing fire, before which sat an attendant nurse. A tall screen on her left hand shielded her from the draught from a door, whose top was visible above it; and as the nurse sat there she became conscious that the door was opening, and that a hand seemed to rest for a moment on the top of the screen. Presently, as she watched, half-paralysed with fear, a figure appeared from behind the screen—the figure of a young woman clothed in a sacque of rich brocade, over a pink silk petticoat, and wearing a head-dress of the time of Queen Anne. This figure

advanced with a gentle undulating movement to the bed, and bent down over it. Then the nurse jumped up and stretched out her hand to the bell-pull; and, lo! when she looked again the figure had vanished, and her patient lay there dead, with an expression of rapturous content on her sunken face.

Later, when the last sad rites had been accomplished, this nurse wandered into the picture gallery in company with the housekeeper, and, pausing before a certain portrait, exclaimed that there was the original of the unknown lady. 'Ah!' came the answer, 'that lady lived here when Queen Anne was on the throne. They say she had a sad life with her lord, and died young. Ever since she is believed, when the mistress of the manor dies, to appear beside the bed, and—and'—— 'You need not tell me more,' said the nurse, 'for I also have seen her.'

There is an element in my next instance which renders it still more extraordinary. Four ladies, well known to the writer, women of exemplary life and sincere piety, trained in experience of life, prone to take things soberly and seriously, and quite unlikely to allow their imaginations to run away with them, started some few years ago on a tour in Germany. They were at the Dom Hotel at Cologne when the following experience befell them. They occupied two double-bedded rooms *en suite*, communicating by a door, which they left open; and, being tired after their journey, they went to rest early, and were soon asleep. In the early morning hours one of the ladies was awakened by a bright light that seemed to shine across the foot of her bed, which stood in one corner of the room, between the window and the wall; and as she collected her senses, dulled by sleep, she became conscious of a small window high up, near the ceiling, through which the light that had awoke her appeared to be streaming. Yet she felt sure that no window was visible when she went to bed. The light, however, was steady and persistent, and presently she woke her friend, who, of course, saw it also. Their whispered questioning roused their friends in the next chamber, and presently all four travellers were contemplating the mysterious light. After a time one bolder than the rest volunteered to mount on the foot of the bed and try to discover whence the illumination came. The window was described to me as being like one of those casements filled with tiny squares of glass which may sometimes be found still in ancient houses lighting a room from a staircase or passage. Standing on the bed on tiptoe, she could just manage to peep through it, and to see far below a large baronial hall, carpeted with rushes, and with long trestle tables running from end to end, on which still lay the remains of a rude feast. In the centre, between the tables, stood a stained and dirty pair of a men's heavy jack riding-boots. But of human life there was no trace; neither was there any visible source of the light which illuminated the hall and poured through the small window in their room. Time passed. Still the light shone; still the hall remained empty. At last the lookers-on decided it was useless to keep longer vigil. They woke in the morning, to find a blank wall where all four could certify a window had been during the night, and nothing whatever abnormal in their surroundings.

A year or two afterwards there appeared a paragraph in *Modern Society* which ran somewhat as follows: 'The old Dom Hotel at Cologne is about to be pulled down. Now, perhaps, we shall arrive at a solution of the mystery which has always attached to it.' I forget the exact date of this paragraph, and it will be noticed that the supposed mystery is but vaguely referred to; still, I have always wondered whether it was in anywise connected with my friends' experience, and if so, what could have been its cause and origin. It would be most interesting to know whether or not theirs is a unique experience, or whether other visitors to the Dom Hotel have had a similar one.

I pass on now to a case where appeal was made to the ear as well as the eye. It occurred at the deathbed of a lady very well known to me. This lady had lost the husband of her youth years before, and after a period of widowhood had married a second time when fairly advanced in life. Yet, whereas she had lived but nine years with her first husband, she had overpassed her silver wedding with the second. He predeceased her by six months only, and then she, herself worn out by a lingering illness, approached the brink of the grave. She had lain, apparently unconscious, for some days, so weak that she could not raise herself in bed. Suddenly—it was one bright July Sunday, and the sun was streaming into her room—she sat upright, staring with a fixed and absorbed expression at one corner of the ceiling. Then she spoke clearly and distinctly, and for the last time, 'Yes, James, yes! I am coming,' and with that joyous cry sank back on her pillows and died. And the children gathered round her bed knew she had seen and answered to the husband of her youth, who had passed from her so many years before.

But the following experience is even more remarkable, inasmuch as the apparition, if such it were, was seen by two persons separated by a considerable distance, at almost the same time, and not only manifested itself to the eye but addressed itself also to the sense of hearing.

A lady, who had been a widow for some years, suffered from a severe illness which required the services of a nurse, and brought her almost to death's door. She lay thus one evening, too weak to care what happened to her, too lonely in spirit, even, to dread the loneliness of the great change. The nurse had left the room for a moment, when the invalid's attention was attracted by steps coming along a passage running the entire length of the house, which seemed to pause at her door. It opened

slowly, and her husband, who had died fifteen years before, came in. He stood beside the bed, looking down at her; then, to her amazement, he spoke. 'Don't feel lonely,' he said; 'remember I am always near you. I am always watching over you. You are never alone.' Then he seemed to lay his hand on hers, which hung listless outside the counterpane; but when she recovered from her surprise, and would fain have spoken more with him, he was gone.

Now follows the most curious part of the story. An old servant, dating from the lady's married life, who had been summoned to help with the nursing, was sleeping at the other end of the passage. She awoke from her first sleep with a start, to recognise the figure of her old master standing beside her bed. 'Take care of the mistress, Mary; take care of the mistress,' were the words which fell distinctly on her ear. And then she also watched the figure fade away, and heard retreating steps along the passage.

When mistress and maid met next morning they looked searchingly at one another before the mistress spoke. 'Did you—hum—see anything last night, Mary?' came the question at last. 'Well, marm, since you press me, I thought I saw the old master; but I dare say it was fancy, for—for'—— 'No, it was not fancy,' came the unexpected answer; 'for I saw him also, and heard his voice, and felt his touch.' This story, however, has a happy ending, showing thereby that an apparition does not necessarily mean disaster, for the invalid recovered from the depths of despair through this knowledge of an ever-watchful love which could endure beyond death and the grave.

But the writer has heard also of a couple of instances where supernatural manifestations were made to the sense of hearing alone; and as both were on almost identical lines, the record of one is in all essential points the record of the other.

In an old book, not so well studied nowadays as it used to be, we read of 'a voice in heaven which was as the voice of harpers harping with their harps;' and this idea of the existence of celestial music has long been interwoven with religious belief. But it does not fall to the lot of every one to be acquainted with two people who claim to have actually heard it. One of them tells the story as follows: A woman lay on her deathbed, a good old woman of lowly rank, who had humbly and faithfully striven to do her duty in that station of life in which it had pleased God to place her. A like-minded friend sat by her bedside. It was midsummer, the day had been hot and sultry, and Nature, listless and exhausted by the warmth, was preparing for her night's repose. Through the open window came the hushing sound of her myriad voices; but mingling with them came also a faint, very faint, strain of music indescribably sweet and melodious. Yet, as it drew near and nearer, it was like no music known on earth, and it grew louder while the woman listened, the watcher hearing it as distinctly as she who lay on the bed. The music appeared to float gradually on, increasing in volume as it came, until it filled the chamber, seeming for a space to hover above it. In that space the invalid, with a deep sigh of contentment, passed away; and accompanying, as it were, her spirit went the music, fading soft and softer into the distance, until it faded quite away. 'Angel music' my friend called it; and when I pressed for fuller information she replied, 'Well, it was more like the music of harps than anything I can compare it to, and yet it was far above and beyond any harp-music I ever heard. Such music I never even imagined before.'

Finally, I have cognisance of certain cases, though rare ones, where nothing could be seen or heard, and the appeal seemed wholly to the sense of smell. I know of a faint yet distinct odour of lavender clinging about a room where many generations have been born and died, yet where no lavender has ever been known to be; of another chamber where a scent of musk can frequently be appreciated; of a third where violets might once have hidden themselves. And all these essences are fugitive and intermittent, and not recognised by every visitor. Who can tell, in the passage of years, how they first became frequent? for the houses they haunt are all old, and their full story unrecorded.

But, indeed, who knows how or by what means any of the things I have set down could happen? Who as yet can explain them? Explain them! 'Ay,' as Hamlet says, 'there's the rub!'

THE STOPPING OF DAGENHAM BREACH.

DURING the last few months the passing of a historic river-side hotel, the 'Ship,' at Greenwich, has called forth many reminiscences concerning the celebrated Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at the end of each session, with which its name was intimately associated for a long period of years. All accounts, however, appear to have missed the true genesis of those defunct festivals, which—originally purely gastronomic meetings—by degrees assumed, in consequence of the long reign of the Tories, a political or semi-political character. They are said to have begun at the end of the eighteenth century through a princely merchant inviting Mr Pitt and his colleagues to dine at Dagenham, in Essex, where the host had a fishing-cottage. This is true enough, but it does not explain the origin

of the Dagenham dinners. It may be news to many to learn that the latter were the outcome of a notable engineering achievement accomplished in the reign of George I., a feat that then made as much noise as any great engineering work of our day. Therefore, the Whitebait Dinner owed its existence to the work in question—the stopping of Dagenham Breach.

In the sea-wall that protected the marshes of Essex, near the villages of Dagenham and Havering, a very destructive breach was set up by the violence of the wind and tide on the night of the 17th December 1707. The mischief originated with the blowing up of a small sluice which had been made one hundred and twenty years previously for the drainage of the land-waters; and this having been at first neglected, an opening was formed in some places twenty feet deep and one hundred yards wide. Through this channel the rush of waters was so great that upwards of one thousand acres of rich land, worth three pounds per acre, in the Dagenham and Havering levels were inundated, and one hundred and twenty acres washed into the Thames, where a sandbank was formed about a mile in length and reaching nearly across the river. The expense of repairing this breach was at first laid upon the landowners, who indulged in various costly and fruitless attempts, extending over a number of years. The danger, however, resulting to the navigation of the river eventually occasioned an application to Parliament, and in the twelfth of Queen Anne an Act was obtained to continue the work, a small tax being at the same time laid on every vessel coming into the port of London, for a period of ten years from the 10th July 1714, for the purpose of defraying the expense.

The trustees appointed by the Act for the superintendence of the work invited tenders. An engineer named John Perry offered to undertake it for twenty-five thousand pounds, but the contract was given to a Mr Boswell, who asked only sixteen thousand three hundred pounds. The latter found his task impossible, and failed within a year. The work was then entrusted to Perry in 1715, who completed it successfully in five years' time.

This John Perry was a remarkable man in his way. He started his career as an officer in the navy, where his engineering talents soon asserted themselves, for he invented a kind of floating dock which was used at Portsmouth in the repair of men-of-war. In 1690 he lost the use of his right arm in action. In September 1693 he was in command of a fire-ship attached to the frigate *Diamond* when both vessels were captured by two large French privateers off Cape Clear. Concerning the blame of this affair mutual recriminations ensued between Captain Wickham, of the *Diamond*, and Perry. The latter was court-martialled on charges of cowardice and disobedience, found guilty, and sentenced to a fine of one thousand pounds and ten years' imprisonment. He was, however, released in 1698, and introduced by Lord Carmarthen to the Czar Peter, then on a visit to England. Peter, hearing of Perry's engineering aptitude, engaged him to go out to Russia to superintend the naval and engineering works then under progress in that country. Perry constructed a canal between the rivers Volga and Don, and built quays, docks, and arsenals in St Petersburg. During the fourteen years he served the Great Peter he received only one year's salary. His return home in 1712 was actuated by the circumstance of his life being in danger, owing to his importunity in demanding his arrears of salary.

Soon after he reached England, Perry became greatly interested in the Dagenham Breach problem. He visited the scene of operations, and has left an amusing account of the landowners' unskilful efforts to stop the breach. Their *modus operandi* was to sink old warships in the river just outside the breach—not a piece of which vessels was to be seen at the next ebb of the tide—and to dump bags filled with chalk and earth in the channel itself. It was common for men to stand in great numbers day and night upon every reflux of the tide up to the middle in water, which resulted in the loss of many lives. Once, by a special effort, a wooden caisson eighty feet in length was constructed, filled with chalk and stones, and sunk across the breach. But the tide worked strongly underneath the caisson, and up it came, its violent plunges causing it to be considerably lightened. It then broke loose and floated down the river, alternately sucked below the surface of the water and rising high above it, to fall over with a great crash. In the caisson's mad career it played havoc among the small craft lying off Gravesend.

Boswell's scheme was to dam the influx of water some little distance above the breach by means of loaded chests, sixty feet long, thirty feet broad, and twenty feet deep, having flat bottoms and prow-shaped ends. The chests were put together at Vauxhall. Boswell went bankrupt within a year, and his scheme was foredoomed to failure. Perry's original contract was accepted on the 26th January 1715, at which period the breach had been worn into several large branches, like the natural arms of a river, by the force of the reflux water from the marshes at every turn of the tide. The longest of these branches extended upwards of a mile and a half, and was in some places from four hundred feet to five hundred feet broad, and from twenty to forty feet deep. The contractor stipulated to repair the breach and make good the river-wall for two hundred yards on each side before the 1st November 1717; and within eighteen months, to commence from the 23rd April 1718, to remove the sandbank. The crux of Perry's plans was the formation of a dam across the breach itself, the body composed entirely of good clay, with a row of dove-tailed piles of fir-timber, which his Russian experience had taught him would swell and grow tight, driven

through the middle to secure the foundation. Among his other expedients were a network of channels and an elaborate system of sluice-gates to carry off the flood-water.

By the foregoing methods this indomitable engineer, after extraordinary exertions, at length succeeded in stopping the breach, but not before the works had been three times nearly destroyed and washed away by the strength and rapidity of the tides. The first catastrophe, on the 10th September 1717, and the last, on the 30th September 1718, both appear to have been due to the stupidity or treachery of the watchmen at the sluice-gates during Perry's enforced absence owing to illness. He had, indeed, many difficulties to contend with. Bad clay was imposed upon him, and his decision to pay his men by piecework instead of by the day or tide caused an endless succession of strikes, though many of the navvies were earning from thirty to thirty-six shillings per week. In the summer of 1719 the dam was finished, its dimensions being as follows: width, one hundred and eighteen yards; breadth at bottom, one hundred and fifty feet; breadth at top, thirty-six feet; height from foundation to low-water mark, one hundred and four feet; height from the bottom of the breach at its deepest place, forty-two feet. Perry then turned his attention to the sandbank, the removal of which was accomplished in two years. The expense of the entire undertaking amounted to forty thousand four hundred and seventy-two pounds eighteen shillings and eightpence three-farthings, only twenty-five thousand pounds of which was allowed by original contract; but the sum of fifteen thousand pounds was afterwards voted by Parliament to Perry, who was thus ungenerously left to defray a part of the charges and without any remuneration for upwards of five years' anxiety and care. However, Perry had his reward in the prestige which the feat brought him. During the remainder of his life he found profitable employment as consulting engineer to important harbour and drainage works. He died at Spalding, while acting as engineer to a company formed for draining the Lincolnshire Fens, in February 1732.

Within the Dagenham Embankment is yet a lake of between forty and fifty acres, where the earth had been carried off by the tide. This portion of unreclaimed land, which is known as Dagenham Reach, is much frequented by anglers.

For many years after Perry had brought the stopping of the breach to a successful issue, the body of commissioners created by the Act of Parliament continued to hold a meeting on the spot once a year for the purpose of seeing how the work stood the test of time. For their accommodation a small circular thatch building, called the Breach House, was built near the lake, which could not be drained. Nothing is done in England without a dinner, and so the visitation of the Board came in time to be concluded with one, the fare being mainly composed of the excellent fresh-water fish which Dagenham Reach produced. Towards the close of the eighteenth century this annual Board-meeting had become merely a perfunctory affair from the business standpoint, whereas the dinner had developed from a kind of picnic into a banquet, the commissioners having taken to contributing wines, fruit, turtle, venison, &c., to add to the original service of fish. Eventually Sir Robert Preston, Bart., member of Parliament for Dover, who succeeded to the chairmanship, conceived the idea of inviting Mr Pitt to dine with them at the Breach House. The Premier accepted, and was so well pleased with his reception —they were all two, if not three, bottle men—that on taking leave he readily accepted an invitation for the following year. For a few years the Premier continued a visitor to Dagenham; but as the distance was considerable, the going and coming were somewhat inconvenient for the First Minister of the Crown. Sir Robert Preston, however, had his remedy, and he proposed that they should in future dine nearer London. Greenwich was suggested. We do not hear of whitebait in the Dagenham dinners, and its introduction probably dates from the removal to Greenwich. The circle now became wider, and assumed the character of a Ministerial festival, strictly Tory. Pitt's death did not interrupt these festive meetings. When the Whigs came into power they too decided to have an afternoon of whitebait and gaiety, and adopted this measure from their political opponents.

The last of the celebrated Ministerial whitebait dinners, whose origin can thus be traced back to the engineering achievement known by the name of the stopping of Dagenham Breach, was held under the presidency of Lord Rosebery in August 1894.

PRISCILLA'S PSALTER.

It lies within a box of lumber old—
Books, samplers, prints—
A red-bound psalter, tooled and edged with gold
Which faintly glints.

'The Psalms of David, Set for those who Sing.
One, seven, six, eight.
By Doctor Brady, Chaplain to the King,
And Nahum Tate.'

So runs the title-page. And on the marge,
In faded ink,
'Priscilla Preece,' in letters round and large—
Her own, I think.

Just as I think, though why 'twere hard to say,
That she was fair;
And, since the book 's a psalter, gravely gay,
With braided hair.

I cannot deem that she was Mistress Preece
Of strident tongue,
Who found in Tate and Brady righteous peace
The more she sung.

Nay, she was fair! Let that be fact, since we
Will have it so,
To add a beauty to the psalter she
Used long ago.

F. W. Saunderson.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

AN EPISODE OF THE WHITE TERROR.

By Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE early years of the Restoration afford melancholy reading. Delations, espionage, merciless reprisals, were the order of the day. Vainly we search these annals for the faintest trace of magnanimity or even of moderation. Gouty, infirm, ever under the influence of others, Louis XVIII. allowed the reactionaries or so-called ultras, headed by the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., to have their way. The White Terror followed. From end to end, the country was terrorised by a rigorous state of siege. So-called Cours Prévôtales were established, empowered to condemn and summarily execute any citizen accused of conspiring against the Government. Drumhead courts-martial, fusillades, imprisonments, exile, recalled the war waged against Protestants a century before.

Sparsely indeed did the better side of humanity glimmer amid prevailing deterioration. Napoleon, as he found to his cost—and curiously enough to his surprise—had morally perverted the French character. When, after Waterloo, one by one, the men he had heaped with wealth and honours deserted him he could not conceal his astonishment and disgust. I say curiously enough, because from so colossal an intellect might have been expected more knowledge of human nature. The sycophants flocking around his successor could hardly be expected to display heroism. Few, very few, instances of nobleness or self-sacrifice light up these dreary annals. One victim after another, his only crime being reckless devotion to a fallen chief, was abandoned alike by kinsmen and friends. Ties of blood were disregarded. Lifelong friendships were cast to the winds. Craven self-interest held sway. Nevertheless, here and there we meet with shining exceptions to the rule, instances of purest devotion and endurance.

Among the condemned of that blood-stained year 1815 was the Comte de Lavalette. Charged with conspiracy, his real offence had been the taking over of postal administration in Napoleon's name during the Hundred Days. More fortunate than most accused persons of the White Terror, Lavalette was not selfishly abandoned to his fate. Every effort was made alike to soften the ordeal of long imprisonment, to obtain his acquittal, and, after condemnation, his pardon.

Here it must be explained that the Revolution had modified prison régime. As in the days of which Helen Maria Williams has told us, political prisoners could follow their avocations and for many hours of the day receive their friends. Later such privileges were withdrawn. Thus Ney, 'the bravest of the brave,' was deprived of his flute, sole distraction whilst awaiting trial. Lavalette, on the contrary, was allowed the company of a faithful friend named Sainte-Rose, the pair amusing themselves with chess, and each day Madame de Lavalette shared her husband's dinner. The death-sentence having been pronounced, another devoted friend, the Duc de Duras, entreated Louis XVIII. to grant Madame de Lavalette an audience. The petition was granted, and here we read of a scene recalling Lord Macaulay's famous page, that description written, in scriptural phrase, 'with a pen of iron, with the point of a diamond,' of Monmouth at the feet of James the Second.

Full of hope, the poor wife flew to the Tuileries, and by the Duke himself was ushered into the royal presence.

In callousness Louis XVIII. equalled his predecessor. 'Madame,' he said, 'I consented to receive you as a mark of personal interest.' So saying, he turned away. Sobbing and murmuring prayers, the unhappy woman remained on her knees. The king uttered no word more. The death-penalty was, therefore, to take effect.*

* In the case of the youthful wife of General Labédoyère, a similar and even more terrible scene had taken place. 'Madame,' said Louis XVIII., 'I can only do one thing for your husband. *I will have masses said for his soul.*' The widow was condemned to pay three francs to each of the firing-party told off to shoot her husband (see Vaulabelle, *La Restauration*, vol. iv. p. 60).

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

Lavalette's friends next sent his case before the Cour de Cassation (Court of Appeal). This step proving equally infructuous, they determined, if possible, to effect his escape. The initiative was taken by a brave *habituée* of the Court, the Princesse de Vandemont, and in the short space of a day—Lavalette was to be shot on the following morning at five o'clock—every detail had been arranged. Besides this lady, several friends were in the plot, one and all, be it remembered, hazarding their lives on the prisoner's behalf. The principal rôles, however, devolved upon Madame de Lavalette and her daughter Joséphine, a child of twelve; and here we come to the most remarkable feature of our story. Not infrequently we read of childish heroism, of juvenile efforts to save some comrade or pet animal from drowning or other catastrophe. Instances in the very young of sustained composure and emotion long suppressed under terrifying conditions are rare indeed.

Picture, then, a convent-bred child suddenly introduced to scenes so strange—instead of classrooms and gardens, soft-voiced nuns and joyous companions, confronting prison walls, iron gratings, and armed jailers, all the while having a part to play, feeling herself the arbiter of her father's fate! It is this situation that renders the little drama of exceptional interest and poignancy.

The plot decided upon was as follows: After the supposedly final farewells, husband and wife were to change outer clothes, the matter being facilitated by various circumstances. In the first place, the season being midwinter, Madame de Lavalette's daily visits were paid in a long fur-lined cloak and hood; secondly, the pair were of similar height and proportions, Lavalette's bulkier size having been reduced by long incarceration and suspense; thirdly, the cell was furnished with a screen behind which Lavalette performed his toilet; and, lastly, perpetual watch was only kept in the corridor on which the door of his cell abutted. For a few minutes from time to time the prisoner daily escaped surveillance. Madame de Lavalette's part would be comparatively easy, as the changing of dress would take place secretly; little Joséphine's part was much more hazardous, each step being beset by pitfalls. Between her father's door and the portal of the Conciergerie several courtyards and passages had to be traversed, each guarded by warders and gendarmes.

It was especially impressed on the little girl that she must change her position on passing from one portion of the prison to another, always contriving, and as if quite naturally, to place herself between her father and his guards.

The fateful evening arrived. Accompanied by an aged woman-servant and the child, Madame de Lavalette visited her husband, as was supposed, for the last time. Just before she retired behind the screen an incident threatened betrayal. Overcome by emotion and the heat of the cell, the old woman began to sob audibly.

'No weakness!' whispered the almost frenzied wife. 'The least noise may cost your master's life. Inhale these salts; in a few minutes you will be in the open air.'

Then, no guard being outside the grating, quick as lightning she passed behind the screen. In a few seconds Lavalette reappeared alone, so completely disguised that the little Joséphine hardly recognised him. On the usual signal being given, the door was opened; and, leaning on his daughter's arm, his head bowed as if overwhelmed with grief, a handkerchief pressed to his eyes, and enveloped in furs, he passed out.

The narrow, ill-lighted corridor offered no difficulties. They next passed into a vast guard-room where five turnkeys were always stationed, their position being to the left. Not forgetting her lesson, Joséphine here took her father's left arm, thus screening him from close observation. Here came a second moment of agonised suspense. The jailers ranged on the opposite side let the pair pass without notice; but as they approached the other end a warder came up and touched Lavalette on the arm.

A cry, a start, on the part of Joséphine would now have proved fatal, but the child's nerve stood her in good stead. Lavalette, although, as he afterwards wrote, convinced that all was lost, also remained calm.

'You are retiring in good time, Madame la Comtesse,' the man said. That was all. We are not told, but probably the interruption arose from self-interest. Perhaps this man, who had seen Madame de Lavalette on former occasions, looked for a parting gift; otherwise, even the most hardened prison official would hardly have reminded a woman so situated of his presence.

Yet another and equally paralysing ordeal forthwith confronted the fugitives. Behind the iron grating leading from the guard-room to the outer courtyard sat another turnkey whose business it was to open the door, and who now eyed the pair without raising his keys. All now seemed lost, but again, remaining outwardly unmoved, Joséphine proved her father's deliverer.

Lavalette had forgotten that it was the custom for his wife to say, 'Open.' Becoming aware of the omission, and summoning all his courage, instead he inclined his head. The heavy door with its iron grating swung back, and father and daughter passed into the courtyard. Here were ranged a score of gendarmes who had witnessed the Countess's arrival two hours before. Remembering her swiftly conned lesson, the child here took Lavalette's right arm, once more being between him and his watchers.

And now the portal was reached, a whiff of fresh air from the open street and the sight of the sedan-chair making the prisoner's heart leap. But just as the last danger seemed overcome, again came a last moment of fearful suspense. True enough there stood the sedan-chair, but both lackey and bearers had disappeared! Incredible

as it may seem, the two apparently interminable minutes that followed did not overcome Joséphine's constancy. Never moving a muscle, the twelve-year-old girl again and for the last time stood her father in good stead. The two agonised minutes seemed hours, but they passed. Man-servant and newly hired porters appeared—presumably tired of waiting, the first pair had gone away—and the chair moved off. Joséphine's mission was accomplished.

. . . . . .

At the corner of an adjacent street Lavalette found himself thrust into a cabriolet and driven away at a furious pace. As soon as he began to breathe freely he recognised in his companion an old friend, the Comte de Chassenon.

'You here?' he asked with surprise.

'Ay; and here are two double-barrelled pistols, of which I hope you will make good use in case of need.'

'Nay,' Lavalette replied, 'I will not prove your destruction.'

'You will just follow my lead,' the other retorted coolly.

In the vehicle Lavalette again disguised himself, this time putting on a groom's livery. By a tortuous route they reached the Rue de Bac; here they alighted, another friend now taking the Count's place. Proceeding on foot, and protected by the obscurity of night, they arrived at the first hiding-place, more than one gendarme in hot pursuit of the fugitive dashing past them on the way.

Meantime all Paris was astir; the city gates were closed; couriers and orders were despatched in every direction. The news of Napoleon's escape from St Helena could hardly have caused more commotion or awakened more violent passions. Not only among Ministers and in political circles, but in society, the most vindictive spirit was displayed. Court ladies, even young girls, frequenters of royal *salons*, cried, 'Is it possible—Lavalette allowed to escape?'

When, after her six weeks' incarceration, Madame de Lavalette returned to her home, she found that the little Joséphine had been expelled from her convent-school. On learning what had happened, alike nuns and their pupils avoided her; parents of pupils informed the Superior that their children would be immediately withdrawn if Joséphine de Lavalette were allowed to remain. We must go back to the lamentable Dreyfus episode a few years ago for an example of similar vindictiveness and class-hatred.

Lavalette's long odyssey was finally brought to an end through English agency. After three weeks' hiding in the house—strange to say—of a Government official, three English officers lent their services. Wearing the uniform of a guardsman and accompanied by two of the Englishmen, he safely crossed the frontier, reaching Bavaria. In 1822 the refugee was pardoned and permitted to return to France. He died in Paris a few years later. His *Mémoires* were published in two volumes in 1833. Less happy than her husband, Madame de Lavalette never recovered from the tension of that terrible night and the six weeks' rigorous imprisonment that followed. Her reason became affected. The after-fortunes of her brave little daughter have not been chronicled.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

CHAPTER III.—SEALS OF DESTINY.

TEN minutes later she returned, panting, her face pale and haggard, her mouth hard-set. For a moment she stood in silence upon the threshold of the open doors leading to the grounds, her hand pressed to her breast in a strenuous endeavour to calm herself. She feared that her father might detect her agitation, for he was so quick in discovering in her the slightest unusual emotion. She glanced behind her with an expression full of fear, as though dreading the reappearance of that man who had compelled her to follow him out into the night. Then she looked at her father, who, still seated motionless with his back to her, was busy with his fingers upon something on the blotting-pad before him.

In that brief absence her countenance had entirely changed. She was pale to the lips, with drawn brows, while about her mouth played a hard, bitter expression, as though her mind were bent upon some desperate resolve.

That the man who had come there by stealth was no stranger was evident; yet that between them was some deep-rooted enmity was equally apparent. Nevertheless, he held her irresistibly within his toils. His clean-shaven face was a distinctly evil one. His eyes were set too close together, and in his physiognomy was something unscrupulous and relentless. He was not the man for a woman to trust.

She stepped back from the threshold, and for a few seconds halted outside, her ears strained to catch any sound. Then, as though reassured, she pushed the chestnut hair from her hot, fevered brow, held her breath with strenuous effort, and, re-entering the library, advanced to her father's side.

'I wondered where you had gone, dear,' he said in his low, calm voice, as he detected her presence. 'I hoped you would not leave me for long, for it is not very often we enjoy an evening so entirely alone as to-night.'

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

'Leave you, dear old dad! Why, of course not!' She laughed gaily, as though nothing had occurred to disturb her peace of mind. 'We were just about to look at those seals Professor Moyes sent you to-day, weren't we? Here they are;' and she placed them before the helpless and afflicted man, endeavouring to remain undisturbed, and taking a chair at his side, as was her habit when they sat together.

'Yes,' he said cheerfully. 'Let us see what they are.'

The first of the yellow sulphur-casts which he examined bore the full-length figure of an abbot, with mitre and crosier, in the act of giving his blessing. Behind him were three circular towers with pointed roofs surmounted by crosses, while around, in bold early Gothic letters, ran the inscription:

✠ S . BENEDITI . ABBATIS . SANTI . AMBROSII . D' RANCIA ✠

Slowly and with great care his fingers travelled over the raised letters and design of the oval cast. Then, having also examined the battered old bronze matrix, he said, 'A most excellent specimen, and in first-class preservation, too! I wonder where it has been found. In Italy, without doubt.'

'What do you make it out to be, dad?' asked the girl, seated in the chair at his side and as interested in the little antiquity as he was himself.

'Thirteenth century, my dear—early thirteenth century,' he declared without hesitation. 'Genuine, quite genuine, no doubt. The matrix shows signs of considerable wear. Is there much patina upon it?' he asked.

She turned it over, displaying that thick green corrosion which bronze acquires only by great age.

'Yes, quite a lot, dad. The raised portion at the back is pierced by a hole very much worn.'

'Worn by the thong by which it was attached to the girdle of successive abbots through centuries,' he declared. 'From its inscription, it is the seal of the Abbot Benedict of the Monastery of St Ambrose, of Rancia, in Lombardy. Let me think, now. We should find the history of that house probably in Sassolini's *Memorials*. Will you get it down, dear?—top shelf of the fifth case, on the left.'

Though blind, he knew just where he could put his hand upon all his most cherished volumes, and woe betide any one who put a volume back in its wrong place!

Gabrielle rose, and, obtaining the steps, reached down the great leather-bound quarto book, which she carried to a reading-desk and at once searched the index.

The work was in Italian, a language which she knew fairly well; and after ten minutes or so, during which time the blind man continued slowly to trace the inscription with his finger-tips, she said, 'Here it is, dad. "Rancia, near Cremona. The religious brotherhood was founded there in 1132, and the Abbot Benedict was third abbot, from 1218 to 1231. The church still exists. The magnificent pulpit in marble, embellished with mosaics, presented in 1272, rests on six columns supported by lions, with an inscription: '*Nicolaus de Montava marmorarius hoc opus fecit.*' Opposite it is the ambo (1272), in a simple style, with a representation of Jonah being swallowed by a whale. In the choir is the throne adorned by mosaics, and the Cappella di San Pantaleone contains the blood of the saint, together with some relics of the Abbot Benedict. The cloisters still exist, though, of course, the monastery is now suppressed."'

'And this,' remarked Sir Henry, turning over the old bronze seal in his hand, 'belonged to the Abbot Ambrose six hundred and fifty years ago!'

'Yes, dad,' declared the girl, returning to his side and taking the matrix herself to examine it under the green-shaded reading-lamp. 'The study of seals is most interesting. It carries one back into the dim ages. I hope the Professor will allow you to keep these casts for your collection.'

'Yes, I know he will,' responded the old Baronet. 'He is well aware what a deep interest I take in my hobby.'

'And also that you are one of the first authorities in the world upon the subject,' added his daughter.

The old man sighed. Would that he could see with his eyes once again; for, after all, the sense of touch was but a poor substitute for that of sight!

He drew towards him the impression of the second of the oval seals. The centre was divided into two portions. Above was the half-length figure of a saint holding a closed book in his hand, and below was a youth with long hands in the act of adoration. Between them was a scroll upon which was written: 'Sc. Martine O.P.N.,' while around the seal were the words in Gothic characters:

✠ SIGIL . HEINRICHI . PLEBANI . D' DOELSC'H ✠

'This is fourteenth century,' pronounced the Baronet, 'and is from Dulcigno, on the Adriatic—the seal of Henry, the vicar of the church of that place. From the engraving and style,' he said, still fingering it with great care, now and then turning to the matrix in order to satisfy himself, 'I should place it as having been executed about 1350. But it is really a very beautiful specimen, done at a time when the art of seal-engraving was at its height. No engraver could to-day turn out a more ornate and at the same time bold design. Moyes is really very fortunate in securing this. You must write, my dear, and ask him how these latest treasures came into his hands.'

At his request she got down another of the ponderous volumes of Sassolini from the high shelf, and read to him, translating from the Italian the brief notice of the ancient church of Dulcigno, which, it appeared, had been built in the Lombard-Norman style of the eleventh century, while the campanile, with columns from Pæstum, dated from 1276.

The third seal, the circular one, was larger than

the rest, being quite two inches across. In the centre of the top half was the Madonna with Child, seated, a male and female figure on either side. Below were three female figures on either side, the two scenes being divided by a festoon of flowers, while around the edge ran in somewhat more modern characters—those of the early sixteenth century—the following:

✠ SIGILLVM . VICARIS . GENERALIS . ORDINIS . BEATA . MARIA . D' MON . CARMEL ✠

'This,' declared Sir Henry after a long and most minute examination, 'is a treasure probably unequalled in the collection at Cambridge, being the actual seal of the Vicar-General of the Carmelite order. Its date I should place at about 1150. Look well, dear, at those flower garlands; how beautifully they are engraved! Seal-making is, alas! to-day a lost art. We have only crude and heavy attempts. The company seal seems to-day the only thing the engraver can turn out—those machines which emboss upon a big red wafer.' And his busy fingers were continuously feeling the great circular bronze matrix, and a moment afterwards its sulphur-cast.

He was an enthusiastic antiquary, and long ago, in the days when the world was light, had read papers before the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House upon medieval seals and upon the early Latin codices. Nowadays, however, Gabrielle acted as his eyes; and so devoted was she to her father that she took a keen interest in his dry-as-dust hobbies, so that after his long tuition she could decipher and read a twelfth-century Latin manuscript, on its scrap of yellow, crinkled parchment, and with all its puzzling abbreviations, almost as well as any professor of palæography at the universities, while inscriptions upon Gothic seals were to her as plain as a paragraph in a newspaper. More than once, white-haired, spectacled professors who came to Glencardine as her father's guests were amazed at her intelligent conversation upon points which were quite abstruse. Indeed, she had no idea of the remarkable extent of her own antiquarian knowledge, all of it gathered from the talented man whose affliction had kept her so close at his side.

For quite an hour her father fingered the three seal-impressions, discussing them with her in the language of a savant. She herself examined them minutely and expressed opinions. Now and then she glanced apprehensively to that open window. He pointed out to her where she was wrong in her estimate of the design of the circular one, explaining a technical and little-known detail concerning the seals of the Carmelite order.

From the window a cool breath of the night-wind came in, fanning the curtains and carrying with it the sweet scent of the flowers without.

'How refreshing!' exclaimed the old man, drawing in a deep breath. 'The night is very close, Gabrielle dear. I fear we shall have thunder.'

'There was lightning only a moment ago,' explained the girl. 'Shall I put the casts into your collection, dad?'

'Yes, dear. Moyes no doubt intends that I should keep them.'

Gabrielle rose, and, passing across to a large cabinet with many shallow drawers, she opened one, displaying a tray full of casts of seals, each neatly arranged, with its inscription and translation placed beneath, all in her own clear handwriting.

Some of the drawers contained the matrices as well as the casts; but as matrices of medieval seals are rarities, and seldom found anywhere save in the chief public museums, it is no wonder that the bulk of private collections consist of impressions.

Presently, at the Baronet's suggestion, she closed and locked the cabinet, and then took up a bundle of business documents, which she commenced to sort out and arrange.

She acted as her father's private secretary, and therefore knew much of his affairs. But many things were to her a complete mystery, be it said. Though devoted to her father, she nevertheless sometimes became filled with a vague suspicion that the source of his great income was not altogether an open and honest one. The papers and letters she read to him often contained veiled information which sorely puzzled her, and which caused her many hours of wonder and reflection. Her father lived alone, with only her as companion. Her stepmother, a young, good-looking, and giddy woman, never dreamed the truth.

What would she do, how would she act, Gabrielle wondered, if ever she gained sight of some of those private papers kept locked in the cavity beyond the black steel door concealed by the false bookcase at the farther end of the fine old, restful room?

The papers she handled had been taken from the safe by Sir Henry himself. And they contained a man's secret.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF REFRIGERATION.

THE CONGRESS AND A RETROSPECT.

By J. RAYMOND.

IF an international assembly can set a hall-mark on an industry, the first International Congress of the Refrigerating Industries recently held in Paris should not fail to register the world-wide importance of commercial refrigeration, for forty odd states in both hemispheres and in torrid and temperate zones have, by sending their representatives, recognised mechanical refrigeration as a factor of their industrial life.

It was, perhaps, fitting that the premier congress should have been held in the French capital. London, of course, as the Metropolis of the world and of the country where refrigerating engineering has advanced to a higher stage than in France, might well have seen this gathering; but circumstances favoured Paris. The actual financial support of a Government and the personal patronage of its Ministers are best calculated to act as a good send-off to any international congress, and these were forthcoming from France; while Russia, a natural ally of that country, also lent financial assistance. The example set in these high quarters was well responded to by the trades of the various countries; the British Colonial Governments, with few exceptions, appointing official delegates and making grants in aid of the congress.

The passing of the congress has marked an epoch in mechanical refrigeration. The lessons learnt have been many. Several countries with good agricultural and pastoral prospects, hitherto not prominent in the great food-export industries, have learnt that an intelligent and enterprising application of refrigeration to the production and transport of their resources will put them beside the great producing nations of the world. Dealers in foodstuffs have found how without reproach they may prevent waste and conserve their profits by cold storage, while manufacturers of refrigerating plants have accordingly learnt through the congress of new fields for future enterprise.

The present aim of the writer is by a brief review, not of the congress itself but of the many directions in which refrigeration has been utilised, to show how permanent a force and vital a factor mechanical refrigeration has proved itself to be. Incidentally, of course, a study of all the papers submitted to the late congress—and their name is legion—gives a kaleidoscopic view of artificial cold, as it is called.

The spirit of commercially applied refrigeration is essentially versatile. Generated, paradoxically enough, in the first place by the burning of coals or the expenditure of other heat-energy, the cold produced by the refrigerating-machine is put to the most diverse uses. Hundreds of ships' holds are at the present moment being cooled to enable the hundreds of thousands of carcasses of dead meat to be safely brought to England from equatorial regions and beyond. It is not the fact that so much of Britain's meat-supply is given to her by refrigeration that strikes one so forcibly as the remarkable truth that it was hardly more than a brief twenty-five years ago—when electrical science had already grown out of its infancy—that a few enterprising engineers were struggling with a newly invented apparatus in the engine-room of a ship at an Australian port. The machine in question was a cold-air compression refrigerating-machine, and the vessel the *Strathleven*, the engineers being Messrs Bell & Coleman of Glasgow, a firm which did much to lay the foundations of our present-day cold-storage plant. The *Strathleven* was fitted with an insulated chamber of four thousand cubic feet capacity, and brought over to this country a pioneer cargo of colonial meat amounting to nearly forty tons, and consisting of about equal quantities of beef and mutton. The engineer who accompanied that early consignment on behalf of Messrs Bell & Coleman was Mr M. T. Brown, B.Sc., who is now honorary treasurer of the Cold Storage and Ice Association. Four years before this—that is, in 1879—the first cargo of chilled beef had been brought to this country from the United States on the Anchor Line steamer *Circassia*, cooled by a machine made by the same firm of refrigerating engineers.

I am not going to be drawn into a controversy as to the actual beginnings of refrigerative science. Various claims are put forward as to who were the first inventors of refrigerating appliances. Perkins, a patentee of 1834, takes a very early place, while half-a-dozen other names of prominent chemists and engineers of the last generation might be at once mentioned as being the pioneers of frigorific practice. In America the earliest record of the invention of an ice-making machine was in 1826, the patentees being two brothers of the name of Rodman, of Baltimore. In 1841 an engineer named Twining, of Hudson (Ohio), perfected the first compression-system refrigerating-machine. Some of the pioneers of refrigeration are still with us; and in Australia several of the earliest advances in the science were made, notably by the late James Harrison and the Hon. T. S. Mort. Mention of these and other names was not omitted at the recent congress, for the refrigerating industry is young enough to remember its heroes.

It was the early eighties which saw the dawn of the new era in the world's produce-trade. Argentina, which had been recognised as a promising

region for the investment of British capital, had in 1884 the first meat-freezing works established on the banks of the River Plate; the first company to kill, freeze, and export mutton from that republic being the River Plate Fresh Meat Company. To-day nearly a dozen companies are busily occupied in this work, and no less than 41 per cent. of the half-million tons of refrigerated meat that entered the United Kingdom last year came from South America. So important is Argentina regarded as a prospective supplier of chilled meat that the American Beef Trust has already bought one of its most favourably situated works, that of the La Plata Cold Storage Company, and it is said to have designs upon other establishments in that country. The Argentine contingent at the Paris congress was, naturally, an important one, and probably no country offered more loyal support to the movement, as many as a thousand members of the industry subscribing to its funds.

The refrigerating-engineer—that is to say, the supplier of refrigerating-machinery—claims to play the chief part in the successful maintenance of the overseas trade in chilled meat. The United States exporters, who send by far the greatest amount of chilled beef to this country, nearly a hundred and twenty thousand tons being last year's total consignments, manage in the short journey of under twenty days (total reckoning) to keep their meat safely at merely a chilling temperature—that is, with a soft surface. It is only with extreme care over the longer journey of nearly thirty days from the River Plate that this can be achieved, and its importance as regards market value is of the greatest. It is entirely due to high-class refrigerating-machinery, which maintains the temperature of the cold-storage holds at an even chilling level with great precision, that the River Plate is able to get beat prices for her chilled mutton.

To speak of the refrigerated dairy produce industry, which was referred to at the congress in a number of papers, is to mention another trade reckoned in millions sterling. The imports of refrigerated dairy produce into Great Britain in the year ending 30th June 1908 amounted to nearly seventy thousand tons of butter and close on one hundred thousand tons of cheese. Six countries, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Argentina, Russia, and the United States, are engaged in this great industry, and refrigeration maintains the whole of the trade. An example of the money-value of cold-storage to an industry is afforded by Canada, which in 1880, before the introduction of refrigeration, exported eighteen million five hundred thousand pounds of butter at a value of only about six hundred thousand pounds; while in 1890, the export having fallen to one million nine hundred and fifty thousand pounds owing to greater local consumption, the sum realised for this much smaller quantity was seventy thousand pounds sterling. In 1906 the total Canadian butter-export was thirty-four million pounds, valued at nearly one and a half millions sterling.

The frozen-rabbit export industry which has sprung up in Australasia is one of the most striking instances of refrigeration actually creating a trade. In this case mechanical refrigeration has achieved something more—it has turned a pest into a big source of revenue. The annual export of frozen bunnies from Australia last year was eight hundred and forty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-three crates (twenty-four rabbits in a crate), and from New Zealand ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-three crates. Victoria alone has during the last five years shipped nearly forty-one and a half million rabbits.

Tasmania, the smallest of the Australian states, has so far been the only one to specialise in fruit-growing, sending the mother country half a million cases of fruit last season, every case of which was carried at a low temperature on board ship by means of refrigerating machinery. The fruit is not frozen, however, a temperature of about three degrees Fahrenheit above freezing-point being maintained. Cape Colony is becoming famous as a plain and fancy fruit-exporter, the refrigerated holds of vessels having brought during the past season one hundred and seventy-two thousand cases of different kinds, from the comparatively hardy apple to the delicate nectarine and grape, or twice as much as any previous season's consignments. Covent Garden has already seen Victorian and South Australian apples and pears, and the Colonial Courts at the Franco-British Exhibition recently exhibited these fruits to the public. Before many seasons are past, Canada and the United States, the great apple-producers, will probably have to face the competition of Australia in the European fruit-market. Cape fruit, of course, has a season all to itself—the early months of the year, when there is little or no fruit in the English markets, proving a good opportunity for the Cape produce, thanks to refrigeration.

It would take much space to deal fully with all the other food-industries which artificial cold assists. Canadian and even Australasian poultry is enabled to compete with home stock and that from the continent of Europe. Fish, the most perishable of food, is preserved, and the modern steam-trawler equipped with refrigerating machinery is able to venture out to the distant fishing-grounds, a thousand miles and more away, to tap new sources of fish-wealth, and to bring home huge catches in perfectly fresh condition. The rest of the long line of food-producers who now lean on refrigeration are the biscuit-maker, the sweetmeat manufacturer, the dairyman, the sugar-refiner, the bacon-curer, the cheese-curer, the brewer, and the aerated water manufacturer—all have learnt to rely on its assistance.

But the food industries are only a few of those to which refrigeration is applied. The seasons of flower-bulbs, roots, and plants are altered to the

fancy of the horticulturist; chronometers are timed in a machine-controlled temperature; cigars are stored in cool chambers; wines are condensed and stored under refrigeration's care; iron-smelting is carried on more economically in furnaces whose air is dried over refrigerating coils; hops are kept with their full aroma from year to year; explosives are made and kept integrate in cold storage; candles, oils, and stearine are manufactured more efficiently with refrigeration; margarine-works are equipped with cooling machinery; photographic processes are facilitated by it; even mines are sunk in flooded soil by aid of mechanical freezing; and furs and textiles are kept where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt—in a cold store.

Cold-storage will become universal in its applicability to food industries when means are perfected for employing it constantly from the moment of the preparation of produce to the time of consumption. At present, although the harmful effects of preservatives are well known, it must be admitted that their application is easier, and in some cases, for this reason, more effective. The tendency of intelligent legislation, however, is more and more to curtail the use of preservatives in food preparation, and when the time comes for their supersession refrigeration will doubtless have been practically applied to every stage of the handling of perishable products.

As to the results which may be expected from the Paris congress, great importance must be attached to the permanent international commission, which, it has been decided, shall foster refrigerating interests, both commercial and scientific. If the example previously set by several educational centres, and the urgency claimed for the subject at the congress, be any indication, refrigerating engineering instruction will soon be included in many more college curricula. This, however, is but a small portion of the seed sown; and Vienna in 1910, and either Chicago or New York in 1913, will see refrigerating congresses dealing with a greatly advanced industry.

THE INVISIBLE MARQUIS OF GALLANTREVE.

CHAPTER II.

IT was now the most charming period of the year, and Josslyn's farm would be looking its best. The omens all seemed propitious. The schools were closing for the summer vacation. Maurice would not need to set foot on the hard pavements of Paris before the autumn, and he would work with Josslyn on the farm until the date arrived when he must return. So, putting in his pocket the remnants of the money his dead mother had intended for his use, he set out on foot for this old homestead, determined to waste no part of his store on railway fare, but to save his sous for food, or perhaps for a night's lodging when he could not find an unguarded barn to sleep in.

The journey consumed four days, and it was dusk on the fourth evening when he stood, tired and dusty, a veritable tramp in appearance, struck to a standstill with admiration of the beauties that graced the sculptured gatehouse which gave entrance to the château grounds. Education had broadened him in other directions than that of law, and this ornate specimen of medieval architecture, which had been so familiar to him as a boy that it seemed quite in the usual order of things, now appealed to the enlightened eyes of the man as a monument of which France had reason to be proud.

He gave the name of Maurice Armelin, and desired to see Monsieur Maillot, if that gentleman would excuse the untimeliness of the hour. If not, he would be glad to return next day at any time Monsieur Maillot would appoint. The ironmaster, who had been a workman himself in his day, received all sorts and conditions of men with less inquiry than the former owners of the château would have used. Until recently the name Armelin had belonged to a good family in the adjoining parish, and the young man's language being much superior to his appearance, he was admitted, and his message carried to the master of the house. Within ten minutes he found himself in the library of the mansion, standing before a hard-faced old man who sat in an arm-chair, with a flask of after-dinner brandy at his elbow.

'You say your name is Armelin,' began the old man harshly. 'Do you belong to the Armelins of Montivilliers?'

'I am a distant connection, sir.'

'H-m, a very good family, I am told. I understood they were extinct. Well, sir, what is your business with me?'

'I am a law student in Paris, sir. There have come quite legitimately into my possession certain documents which it is very necessary you should possess, as if they fell into the custody of the former owners of this property you would run the peril of an action at law which might prove your title invalid.'

'Ah! Are you a stranger in this neighbourhood, sir?'

'I belong to Paris.'

'Did you bring the documents with you, or are they in Paris?'

'I brought with me, sir, only a letter from the legal adviser to the late Marquis of Gallantreve. It gives his opinion regarding the outcome of such an action as I have referred to.'

'Show me the letter.'

Maurice handed it to him, and Monsieur Maillot scrutinised it carefully.

'Am I right in surmising that you offer these documents for sale?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well, if you beg of me to take this subject under consideration I shall give you an answer.'

'Beg of you, sir! You must not judge from my appearance that I have come to beg. You are a business man, and I am here to propose to you a business transaction.'

'You are probably aware that I am very wealthy. A wealthy man transacts business under whatever conditions he is pleased to impose. The needy man must accept those conditions, or go elsewhere. I have given you your choice. If you humbly beg of me to entertain your proposal I shall do so; not otherwise.'

Maurice Armelin blushed like a girl and kept silence for a few moments; then he spoke respectfully and quietly, as he had done from the first. 'Sir, you are in the right. The needy man must cringe if he is asked to do so. I humbly beg of you, sir, to entertain, and if possible accept, the very reasonable offer I am prepared to make.'

The stout Monsieur Maillot was breathing with increased heaviness. His hand trembled as he conveyed a liqueur-glass of brandy to his lips. 'What is your price?' he asked thickly.

The young man, taken unawares, answered impulsively, 'The title-deeds of Josslyn's farm.'

'If you are a stranger here,' cried the old man, his voice vibrating with anger, 'what do you know of Josslyn and his farm?'

The face of Maurice paled, and he found no words with which to reply.

Monsieur Maillot rose to his feet, trembling with ill-suppressed rage. 'You blackmailing scum of a profligate race, do you think to deceive me? I swore I would make the Gallantreves beg at my door, and I have done it; and now, Henry Francet, eleventh Marquis of Gallantreve, I'll show you how I treat one of your name.'

He smote a bell on the table, and a footman noiselessly entered the room. 'Bring two or three of the scullions and stablemen, and throw this whining beggar from the door. Give him one minute to reach the gatehouse, and then let loose the dogs.'

The footman bowed, and departed on his belligerent mission.

Armelin laughed.

'Has it not occurred to you, sir, how easily I could strangle you before your scullions come?'

The old man made a motion towards the bell, but Maurice deftly whisked it from the table. Monsieur Maillot, who in his anger had overlooked his own danger, moved craftily towards the door, and Armelin laughed again as he saw a cunning expression come into his face. He made a rather panic-stricken dash at the last, got outside, and locked the young man in.

'Good!' said the Marquis to himself. He walked directly to the farther end of the library, seized the middle compartment of bookshelves, gave two or three stout jerks, and the section came rustily away, disclosing a narrow stone stairway. Next instant the room was empty and the column of books back in their place again. Maurice chuckled as he descended into the ample cellar and struck a match, shoving back into its place a section of the bin which contained bottles instead of books, and effectually concealed the entrance to the secret stair.

'Now for the underground route to the boathouse, and then the river-path to Josslyn's farm.'

Achieving at last the interior of the boathouse, he found himself a prisoner. The stout door was stoutly padlocked on the outside. Again he laughed joyously. Everything seemed a joke this enchanted night. The rebuff he had received, the insults levelled at him, mattered not the snap of a finger. He was a boy again; his foot was on his native heath, and some mysterious, exultant virtue from the soil permeated the being of this son of the soil. Imprisoned? Not likely.

The boathouse was no longer the dilapidated semi-ruin it had been in his day. In the murk on either side he saw the shadowy forms of long and elegant boats slung by ropes above and broad canvas bands beneath, and suspected that there existed the newest of tackle for hoisting them from the water. Heavy doors closed the entrance from the river, but underneath them glittered a silver band of water where the young western moon struck the boathouse doors. He stood on a platform, and heard underneath it the gentle lapping of water along the edges of the deep bay into which the boats could be lowered, its surface invisible in the darkness. Impetuously he threw off his dust-laden clothes, and plunged, shoulder foremost, into the dark gulf, diving under the doors and out into the open, coming up shaking his head like a shaggy water-dog. Here the little river was both broad and deep, because of the dam half a mile lower down, where the crumbling water-mill was still not too old to grind corn, and from this spot, up through the quiet air, came the sweet ripple of the living water over the rocks and the subdued roar of the fall by the mill-wheel. Oh, but this was glorious! All the dust of the highway, all the weariness of the road, vanished in the cool, crystal embrace of his own river.

'Oh, dear river Rille!' he cried, like a young lover burying his face in her bosom, 'the world cannot hurt while you clasp me to yourself. Ah, little unsophisticated Rille, how often have I yearned for you when I stood beside that flaunting, unclean drab, the Seine!'

He struck sturdily out, and made for the old mill, half a mile there and half a mile back, then clambered on to the grassy bank, and stood a gleaming marble statue of Apollo, clothed only in moonbeams. He looked across towards the ancient château on the heights, its hundred turrets silhouetted against the star-sprinkled sky, the faint moonlight on its

gray stones making a mystery of every nook and cranny of its irregular surface. It was an enchanting picture that should have filled the beholder with romance and reverence; but this young fellow, who seemed to have washed away all care as if he had bathed in the sacred rivers of Damascus, no clearer nor more beautiful than his own Rille, placed hands on his naked hips and bent himself with laughter, for window after window of the château flashed into light and darkened again. In tower and in turret, in the long galleries and in rooms upstairs and down, lights appeared and vanished. They were hurriedly searching for the fugitive, and the ample building had cut out their work for them. Then there occurred to him the ironmaster's threat of letting loose the dogs, and he remembered that some person in ancient times, in similar classic guise to himself, had been torn by hounds; so he resolved suddenly to depart. They might at any moment send out another search-party through the grounds, and in that case he would be safer at the distant Josslyn farm. Luck stood his friend in that he found the big padlock of the boathouse door unlocked. He entered, dressed himself hurriedly, left the door precisely as he found it—for he was anxious to leave no trace that would elucidate the mystery of his escape—and so strode down the path by the river towards Josslyn's farm, three miles away. Although weariness had departed, hunger had increased, and he recollected that in times gone by the Rille had played that same trick upon him, making him hungry as one of the greedy trout that swam in competition with him. There was no pursuit, so far as he could gather, and no baying of hounds to the rear of him. Indeed, the château, with its innumerable rooms, offered opportunities for search which might well occupy the investigators till broad daylight beamed in at the eastern windows.

The farm of Josslyn was, in its humble way, no less attractive than the château itself. It too was decorated with conical-capped turrets, and it was built like a fortress round a great courtyard, whose heavy gates, when shut at night, closed the inmates from all the rest of the world as snugly as nuns in a convent. The thick walls had in their time withstood more than one siege, and could again if the necessity arose. 'Early to bed' was the motto of this thrifty homestead, and the place was silent as a deserted town when the young master of Gallantreve approached it, coming up through the forest from the river.

'Ho, Josslyn! Ho, Josslyn!' sang out Maurice lustily. 'Wake up, thou sleepyhead! Why dost thou slumber when a weary traveller begs shelter and food at thy gates? Rouse thée, Josslyn! Ho, Josslyn! Ho, Josslyn!'

And now came the sound of dogs. Half-a-dozen savage cries from the interior of the courtyard made the night air vibrate; but the young man knew that, if he could not get in to them, they could not get out to him.

'Ho, Josslyn!' he cried. 'Ho, Josslyn! Wake up, thou seventh sleeper! Eighth, ninth, tenth, thou art, rolled into one! Rouse thee, sluggard! Ho, Josslyn! Ho, Josslyn!'

A window was raised, and out into the moonlight came the nightcapped head of Josslyn, but he held a blunderbuss in his hand. 'What now, marauder, disturber of honest men! Get thee gone, or I'll put a score of slugs in thee!'

'Thou wilt shoot me, Josslyn? Braggart! Well I know thou couldst not hit the château at a hundred yards! Thou wilt fill me with slugs? Not so, Josslyn. Thou shalt fill me instead with one of those inestimable omelettes which thy worthy spouse maketh. And why does the adorable Marie Angelique, princess of cooks, keep silence while her dullard of a husband threatens his former overlord and labourer?'

A joyful cry made itself heard over the deeper bayings of the dogs.

'*Mon dieu! Mon dieu!*' vociferated the unseen. 'It is the young master, and none else! Fling away the foolish gun, numskull! Down with you at once, and open the gate.—Henri! Monsieur Henri!' cried she, appearing for a moment at the open window. 'Is it indeed thyself?'

'Oh Marie Angelique, not Juliet on her balcony was more welcome and beautiful than thou at thy window! Marie Angelique, I am famishing. Are there any eggs in the house?'

'Yes, in scores, Henri, and thou shalt have an omelette as soon as the twigs are alight, and meanwhile plump cold *poulet* and *salade*, white bread and golden butter, with the best of wine from the cellar. Get thee round to the front; the dogs have ceased, and Josslyn has opened the gates. I see thou hast not come to us by the highway, but along thine old lovers' walk by the river.'

'True, Marie Angelique, thou blessed one, the better to serenade thee with the cry of a hungry man, a plaint thou didst never yet ignore, kind-hearted Marie Angelique.'

Marie Angelique disappeared, suddenly recollecting that she was in deshabille. The young man strolled round the enclosure, and found the small door open that was part of the huge medieval gate, bolt-studded and strong. Josslyn, a greatcoat on his shoulders, stood at the entrance harshly warning back the dogs, who were eager for combat, but who quickly knew that this was a valued friend, and sniffed round him when he entered, giving little yelps of approval.

'Monsieur le Marquis de Gallantreve,' said the old peasant solemnly, bowing profoundly, with hand on heart, 'you are welcome to this house.'

Monsieur le Marquis laughed joyously, and smote the elder lovingly on the shoulder.

'Welcome, indeed, Josslyn! Ay, a welcome at the mouth of a blunderbuss.'

'My eyesight is dimmer than when I saw thee last, and the moonlight was in my face and on thy back. Then thou art grown, Henri—grown out of

all recognition. Thou art a larger man than thy father was.'

The small door in the big gate having been fastened, the two, surrounded by the cavorting dogs, made across the stone-flagged courtyard to the main house, from whose windows a ruddy light now shone, betokening the blaze on the ample hearth that the young Marquis knew so well. There was no formality in Marie Angelique's greeting, and no mention of titles save those of affection. She flung her arms around his neck and kissed him, as she had kissed him when he was a baby. She wept a little, remembering former grandeur when she was a servant in the great house, and now the last representative of it tramped the roads and was hungry.

'By all the saints, Marie Angelique! it is good to know that at least one hearthstone on this earth of strangers brightens up at my approach. I have often been lonesome for you, Marie Angelique. No other woman has usurped the place you've held in my heart since I could walk. Talk of the beauties of Paris! There is no woman in all that great city to compare with thee, Marie Angelique!'

Maurice tried to speak jocularly, but his voice trembled and his eyes were moist. No one had given him welcome in all the years that intervened between that night and the day when, a lad, he had left the Josslyn farm.

'Sit thee down, sit thee down, Henri. Ah, some day the flattery will please a beautiful young girl, but not so much as it pleases a rugged old woman. How thou art grown! La, la! the years do pass, improving thee, and pushing Josslyn and me down the hill. And now to the chicken and salad, Henri. The omelette will be done when thou art ready for it.—Josslyn, the wine from the locked bin. Here is the key.'

The old man descended to the cellar, and brought up a bottle as dusty as his visitor, and older. Josslyn sat silent for the most part, gazing at his guest. Marie Angelique talked and talked, plying the young man with good things to eat, filling his glass before ever it became empty.

'Oh!' said the young man, 'I have never done anything to deserve this. It is a pleasant world after all!'

The Marquis of Gallantreve slept well that night in the best bedroom of the farmhouse. The next day he lounged lazily about the place, resting from his long walk, loafing under the trees, and dreaming by the side of the river. He saw that he would need to change his plan of spending the summer here. The ironmaster had regarded his attempt at settlement merely as an effort at blackmail; and, as the Josslyn farm was mentioned, inquiry would doubtless be made, and his presence could not be concealed. So bitter was Monsieur Maillot's hatred of the name Gallantreve that the ironmaster was likely to do something drastic if he learned his whereabouts, and an arrest for blackmail, at the instance of so important and wealthy a personage as Gastyn Maillot, might not only prove serious in the present, but would also tend to prejudice an action at law in the future, making it seem like a motion for revenge.

To his host he said nothing of his visit to the château, but cautioned him not to speak of his excursion into the district of his birth. Josslyn worked hard in the fields, grumbling a good deal because the ironmaker, as he called him, had raised his rent, and for two years he had been paying more than he considered just. Marie Angelique was desolated, as she said, because Maurice insisted on returning to Paris. That shrewd and kindly woman talked volubly to him about his prospects, and made many inquiries regarding his mode of life in the great city, finally worming from him the full particulars of his financial situation. Doubtless she would have learned of his visit to the château and his treatment there had she not been perfectly confident that the trip was taken solely for the purpose of seeing herself and Josslyn's farm.

When Maurice Armelin returned to Paris, this time by train, he carried with him five thousand francs that these frugal people insisted on lending to him, and thus not only was the question of his education settled, but he had money in hand after his admission to the Bar to tide over some period of his waiting until professional returns began to come in.

All in all, it was nearly three years after this visit to Josslyn's farm that he was in a position to begin his great action at law. He was enabled to do this by getting into communication with the successors of the family solicitor who had been his own guardian, and who for so many years held in his hands the declining fortunes of the House of Gallantreve. They were amazed to learn that the Marquis of Gallantreve, supposed to be sojourning in Italy, had placed so important a case in the hands of a young, inexperienced, and unknown man, and were inclined at first to take offence that the Marquis had not communicated direct with them; but Maurice Armelin explained that he was by way of being a relative of the Marquis, and they knew that the Gallantreve and Armelin families had intermarried; so, when the diplomatic young man added that it was by the Marquis's own instructions he had communicated with them, they agreed not only to lend their legal assistance in bringing forward the case, but to venture financial aid as well. They studied carefully the letter of their predecessor which Armelin had shown to Gastyn Maillot, and also the well-thought-out documents containing his plans for the presentation and fighting of the case. He wrote that such an action would probably be decided in the defendant's favour in the lower court, but that the plaintiff would win before the judges on appeal. The final verdict would turn upon a point of law—a matter, strictly speaking, for the judge's decision; and the old man advised that the best lawyer obtainable, as distinct from the best orator, should present the case to the

judge, and call for a decision, using his utmost efforts to prevent an appeal to the jury, as a jury was apt to favour the man in possession, and in this case, where one of the people, although a millionaire, was defendant, there was a chance that prejudice might prevent strict justice being meted out to an aristocrat. The plaintiff could win in the lower court only through the judge's decision, which would prevent his case coming before the jury. If, in spite of all, the jury were asked to decide, then the most eloquent speaker of the Paris Bar should be secured, and this man should keep the aristocracy of the plaintiff as much as possible in the background. The old man pinned his faith, however, to the Court of Appeal, where good law was to be expected, and no taint of prejudice. Nevertheless, let the utmost be done in the first court as well. Sometimes astonishing things happened in law.

(To be continued.)

MONTE CARLO EXPERIENCES.

By J. M.

THOSE people who have doubts that 'truth is stranger than fiction' should try Monte Carlo. There they will find plenty of material to confirm the old adage. That, at least, has been my experience.

Going for a day to do the Casino, I remained six weeks, and even then the human interest in the place was unexhausted. The beautiful setting of this favoured spot charmed me; the mountains, the rocks, the ever-blue sea, grim old Monaco, with the Italian shore in the distance, all conduce to give it an air of distinction and romance. The colour and movement of the cosmopolitan, well-dressed crowds, the fine orchestra, the beautiful pigeons, afternoon tea in the Café de Paris, the music in the moonlight, the palatial Casino (with its daily supply of newspapers from all parts of the world free to visitors), are all attractions for the tourist, the student, and the man of the world.

To the student of human nature the greatest attraction of all is the stream of humanity constantly surrounding the gaming-tables. Here they come and go all day long; certain faces appearing regularly at 10 A.M., when play begins, while others are seen trying their luck to the last moment of closing-time, 11.30 P.M. No matter what time you choose, you find play briskly going on, and during the height of the season it is often impossible to get near enough to see clearly what is taking place.

Where do the players come from, and what are they? Why do they play, and then what after? To answer these queries requires an intimate acquaintance with the gaming-rooms and their habitués. Everybody becomes so democratic here! You may sit beside a Grand Duke or a millionaire, while your *vis-à-vis* may be a Parisian actress or a London shopkeeper. All sorts and conditions are represented, from inoffensive schoolmasters on holiday to *blasé* plutocrats and professional gamblers. Many look in to see the crowd and 'how it is done,' and do not play; but most who enter try their hand with roulette, the minimum stake for which is five francs.

When players are tired they adjourn to the beautiful tea-room, or lounge on one of the luxurious sofas with which the hall and saloons are studded. Here one may hear curious snatches of conversation in many tongues, and observe the development of petty intrigues.

I was sitting one morning in a quiet corner, when two elderly men sat down beside me. One was evidently a Scotchman, and the other, I gathered, was from Yorkshire. The former remarked, 'I have just managed it.' This, I discovered, meant a win of twenty francs. Their daily routine was to appear at the same roulette-table at an early hour, and play the lowest stake of five francs on even chances—that is, on black or red, or on the odd or even numbers. They would lose and win, and win and lose; but they remained calm and self-contained, and persevered until they had each twenty francs to the good. I observed them daily; some mornings they scooped in the amount in twenty minutes, and at other times it was a tough struggle until lunch-time before they managed it. I never saw them fail once, and I learned that they had pursued the same plan for four months. One thing was clear: nothing could tempt them to go beyond the modest stake, and they had the will to stop when they won the stipulated amount. It was really one of the best illustrations of will-power I have ever seen; for few indeed who enter the portals of the Casino are able to resist the compelling atmosphere of the tables to play on if losing and to plunge if winning.

When these two old philosophers were not at play they might be seen in the reading-room, in the gardens, or sitting in the lounges discussing problems of all kinds with other visitors. One day I heard the Casino and gambling discussed from all points of view, and a more exhaustive, fair, and candid consideration of a subject I have seldom listened to. This to happen within the walls of the Casino was a curious experience. Another day the subject was vegetarianism, and it was really laughable to listen to a heated discussion of the 'simple life' in what many people consider the wickedest place on earth, where everything is on a scale of unstinted luxury and extravagance, and money is scattered about in handfuls.

I had always pictured Monte Carlo as a centre of

debauchery and villainy; but I found the frequenters for the most part were quite ordinary people, and there was really less appearance of vice and disorderliness than could be seen in any city of the world. There is certainly a considerable sprinkling of high-class criminals hovering around, but these are closely watched by a large force of secret police.

Every visitor must fill up a paper in his hotel or *pension* giving particulars as to identity, and after ten days a permit must be applied for at a cost of half-a-franc. I omitted to go through this formality, and one morning received a visit from an armed policeman with a summons to attend court at Monaco for residing in the principality without permission. During the season many British and American visitors are fined for this omission; but, if civil to the officials, they get off cheaply. A passport is important here, especially in seeking entrance to the Casino and at the post-office.

The keenest players spoke very little, and were mostly sad-faced men and women. Even the usually animated Italian and Frenchman sat silent and serious. In fact, the loudest people were some Englishmen, who, having dined not too wisely, shouted to the croupiers at the top of their voices in English; it was plain the patience of the officials was sorely tried, and one could not but admire their courtesy, tact, and firmness in trying circumstances. One of these young Englishmen came in late one evening, and was almost incapable, but his play and his luck were something extraordinary. He spread handfuls of twenty-franc coins all over the table, and his winnings were piled up before him until it was a case of *embarras des richesses*. His tongue rattled on all the time, and at last an official expostulated, when he retired in high dudgeon, muttering something about fair-play and his good money.

A curious study was an Englishman of about seventy, who was always one of the first to enter the *salon* to secure a favourite seat at a favourite table. In appearance he reminded me of Lord Roberts; he was grim and concentrated, and only spoke in undertones to the nearest croupier. There he was to be seen sitting every day until one o'clock, Sundays included, his eyes never off the wheel or the table. Before him lay an old-fashioned wallet well filled with gold, and in a loose heap a supply of five-franc pieces. Sometimes he would sit for hours without undoing his purse-strings or venturing a single piece; at other times he seemed to find his game or think his luck had come, and he would play deliberately, like an old chess-player. Of hundreds I observed, I think he was the most successful and steadiest gambler in the Casino during my time. I noticed he waited about twenty spins of the wheel before venturing, and if he lost three times he stopped for a considerable interval, resuming if certain numbers appeared. He seldom played on the even chances, but generally on favourite combinations of numbers, especially the second dozen—13 to 24. Of single numbers, 7 was his favourite, and one morning it turned up twice in succession, when he scooped in one hundred and seventy-five francs each time. At the same sitting he put large stakes on the second dozen, and in a short time made five thousand francs. Many players carry and consult elaborate note-books containing average sequences of numbers; but this man carried everything in his head. He was a professional gambler, and spent his time between Monte Carlo, Nice, and Ostend. He seemed very lonely, and to have no friends.

There were many terribly reckless players. A Russian nobleman, an Italian Count, a wealthy American, an aristocratic French lady, and another mysterious Britisher were among those who made things hum. Each had a system which they backed daily with thousands of pounds, only to see their money shovelled away by the inexorable croupiers. After some of these had lost heavily, evidently all they could risk, they gave one the impression that they had finished some important necessary task, and looked on at the game in a wistful, melancholy way. I heard one of them borrow twenty francs to pay for his lunch, though only the day before he started with a pocketful of thousand-franc notes.

A pretty Parisian actress attracted my attention; she had come for a month, and was evidently well known to the officials, and a favourite. She also had her favourite table. Day after day she lost at roulette, so she changed to another table, when good fortune came to her. Seated with a wooden disc before her, with 17 carved on it, she played a varied, complicated system, and in three days she won back all her losses and two hundred and fifty pounds to the good; and, wise woman, she smilingly bade adieu to her acquaintances, giving a good douceur to some of the croupiers. These men are above suspicion, and, besides, they are changed every half-hour; but some players give little presents to officials, who are often helpful to new-comers, the short-sighted, and the absent-minded.

One day a commotion was caused, and all rushed to the table I happened to be sitting at. A stout, military-looking German stood with great bundles of large notes in both hands, and at every turn of the wheel he played the maximum stakes on the even chances. Eight times black came up, and eight times he won; and when he changed to red so did the wheel. This man must have won many thousands of pounds that day, but he never appeared again.

Very different was another plunger, who, carrying all before him during his first week, continued his reckless course until I saw him latterly playing with the minimum five francs. Like others, he took it as a matter of course, and so long as he had money could not resist the temptation to try fickle fortune.

Frau X. was an attractive Austrian lady, whose husband left her at Nice a year before with the promise to return and take her and the children home. But he never came. He lost a fortune at

Monte Carlo, and, his affairs getting into serious confusion, he absconded. So the wife and children removed to the vicinity of Monte Carlo, and each month when the remittance came bills were paid and the balance used for gambling. The excitement was part of her life, and a sort of consolation she said she could not resist. Sometimes she made a tidy sum, with which the family had a tour or a visit to Paris; but oftener it was a case of waiting in penurious anxiety for the next remittance.

One day while I was at lunch the waiter brought me the card of a stranger who wished an interview. He was a young gentleman from Berlin who had got into sore trouble. His tourist-ticket was a circular one, taking him round half Europe, but he had only covered a quarter of the tour before getting 'stuck' in Monte Carlo. It was his first visit, and, winning a little at first, he lost his head and his money too. He then telegraphed for cash, and again he played and lost all. He next borrowed from a friend by letter, as he wished to conceal his doings, and when the next hundred pounds came he could not resist the temptation to try to repair his losses, so he spent another day alternately winning and losing, but by evening he had parted with his last franc. He now wished to sell his ticket and part of his luggage; but I counselled him to ask the Casino bureau to pay his expenses to an Italian town (which they did handsomely), and there await the help of his friends. There was no use getting more money sent here, I said. He took my advice. I fear that month's holiday was the least pleasant in his experience; but, as he remarked on departing, he had learned more of human nature there than was possible in any university.

A good-looking young lady, evidently of good family, appeared one morning. She was unaccompanied, and properly reserved, but feverishly watched the play. Then, in a shy and timorous way, she placed her silver piece on the cloth, and it won an equal amount. Again she tried, and won, and I saw her eyes grow big and her cheeks flush with nervous excitement. She certainly had luck that day, and she came again, this time with a supply of gold. Like others, she already imagined she knew how to do it, and had some rough idea of playing certain numbers as likely to follow others. But she was making no headway, and, as if in desperation, she pushed the heap of money in front of her, and emptied the contents of her purse on to red, and red won. What an expression of triumph came over her countenance! But she turned deadly pale, and with an effort reached the tranquillity of the tea-room. There she was followed by one or two old roués, who tried to attract her attention, but in vain. Next day she took her seat, looking confident and at ease. She got change for a thousand-franc note, and forthwith commenced to play high; but soon her stock of notes and gold was gone. She left the table hurriedly, but in half-an-hour returned with more money, with which she maintained a desperate three hours' play, when she gave in, looking vexed and exhausted. At this point one of the insinuating roués referred to offered her some gold, saying he would be glad to be of service to her, but she turned from him without replying; and a good thing for her, too. I observed him and his cronies following her out of the Casino to the railway station. I could not feel sorry when I learned that two of this gang were excluded from the Casino that very evening, the secret police having discovered they were old offenders, and wanted elsewhere.

Needless to say, gamblers are the most superstitious of people, and a very small sign indeed will often cause them to change their plans. You will see them examining the number of their cloak-room checks and begin their play with it, or it may be the number of their bedroom, the date of the month they were born in, or some chance-mention of a number that gives them the cue to start from. A story is told of Colonel Z., who had lost heavily, and, in fact, was waiting a remittance from London to meet his hotel-bill. He went to church on Sunday morning, and the number of the last hymn was 36, the words of which seemed to haunt him. Sauntering aimlessly into the Casino, the first thing he heard was 36 shouted by a croupier at the first table; and, taking that as a good omen, he put down his last five-franc piece, which he kept for luck; again 36 turned up, and he won one hundred and seventy-five francs, and before he left he had made enough to pay his bill ten times over.

A young Frenchman confided to me that 32 was his lucky number, and said that he would show me how he played. Well, it so happened that although he backed his favourite forty times in succession it did not turn up, and when it did come at the forty-first turn of the wheel and won he was out of pocket. But now he quadrupled his stake, and his number coming out on the third, seventh, and tenth rounds, he made a large sum. His rule was to stop when he made five hundred francs at a sitting, and his wife, who carried the purse, got the winnings. They had a small business in a provincial town, and this was how they spent their monthly week-end holidays.

The week-enders are numerous, and come mostly from the northern Italian towns and the southern French provinces. They are generally of the smaller fry, who gamble and are content if they get an outing at the expense of the Casino. One old Frenchwoman of at least seventy came almost weekly, and it was pathetic to see her sit ruefully regarding her silver pieces as they rapidly disappeared. She only played zero and *quatre premier* (first four—0, 1, 2, 3), and although now and again she won, I fear each visit resulted in dead loss.

Some players alternate between roulette and *trente-et-quarante*, a card-game of pure chance; but the latter is never popular with new-comers, as the minimum stake is a twenty-franc piece,

and is not so interesting as the former, which furnishes ample scope for the subtle and imaginative gambler.

Some go to Monte Carlo hoping to make money, and among these are adventurers of all types from every country in the world; but the majority of players are there on pleasure bent; and, while winning adds zest to the game, they go prepared to lose their money, and they are generally successful in doing so. The atmosphere of the place is that of suppressed excitement, and the state of mind engendered creates a craving for fresh sensations. Many are like the Japanese gentleman I made friends with, who on his departure remarked, 'I need the rest-cure badly after my two months' play, and I am going to Germany for it.'

THE DERELICT.

By Captain H. MAGILL, F.R.G.S.

SILENT and unseen in the darkness of night lie these dread enemies of the seafarer, studding the ocean-tracks, and accountable for a long list of missing ships and people. It does not require a very powerful imagination to conceive the great danger these floating wrecks are to all kinds of vessels, and the horrible catastrophes collision with them may cause, especially to those large and swift passenger-ships literally loaded with human beings. While the majority of shipmasters engaged in the Atlantic service report all the derelicts and wreckage that they see to the Hydrographic Offices of the United States or Great Britain, and they are duly charted and otherwise advertised, still comparatively little is done to remove them by the Governments of either country, notwithstanding the vast commercial interests involved and the common humanity which should exist between us. Occasionally, when one of these derelicts is reported close to the American coast, a warship is despatched to destroy it, and (less often) this is also done on our own coasts; but those far out at sea are allowed to drift whither the winds and currents list, working havoc that may never come to light.

I have at different times and in divers ways advocated a more lively interest in the destruction of these death-dealing nomads of the watery waste. What better use could a warship be put to in time of peace than in destroying these dangers to life and property? The gunnery and torpedo practice would, I think, be more valuable than that gained in the usual way at targets and in smooth water. Also, there would be good opportunity for the study of winds and currents while searching for these wrecks from their last-reported position, and the study of meteorology and deep-sea sounding between times.

The majority of these unfortunate vessels are American schooners, constructed of timber and laden with the same material; others are European vessels of the same construction and lading. In the hurricanes of the summer months from July to October, and the severe gales prevailing along the American coast and in the Atlantic during the rest of the year, these vessels become waterlogged and unmanageable, but are kept afloat by the buoyant nature of their cargoes. If the crews are not washed overboard, or perish from starvation or exposure, they are usually rescued by a passing vessel, and their late home left to drift aimlessly, a monument to their misery and a menace to mankind. Merchant-vessels are not equipped with the means of blowing up these wrecks; and setting fire to them does little good, as the flames take little or no effect on the sodden planks.

Many interesting cases of these wrecks have come to my notice in the course of a long experience, a few of which I will relate in due course. To tell all would require too much space.

The track usually traversed by these derelicts is along the Gulf Stream, skirting the American coast from Florida Strait to Cape Hatteras, then trending north-eastward to the Banks of Newfoundland, impelled by the current and prevailing westerly winds. At the Banks the Arctic current is encountered; and this, with the north-westerly winds, carries these derelicts again into the influence of a 'spur' of the Gulf Stream setting to the south-east, and thus brings them into the region of the north-east trade-winds and to the equatorial current setting to the westward, and will in time bring them back to the vicinity from which they started their 'voyage to nowhere.' Others, from a long continuance of westerly winds and currents, drift across to the shores of Great Britain, France, Portugal, and Spain. The majority, I believe, make the circular tour, however; but when they enter the Sargasso Sea they are liable to be unheard of for long periods, owing to the stagnation and absence of traffic at this part of the ocean.

In the winter of 1891 the American schooner *Fannie E. Wolston* was abandoned near Cape Hatteras, and started on her drift along the Gulf Stream, describing the circle as above stated, and, according to Hydrographic Reports, crossing and recrossing her own track many times. This vessel was, I think, the most remarkable on record, having drifted about the ocean for about four years and covered over nine thousand miles. During the winter of 1898 I sighted her in the vicinity of Bermuda, and bore down on, examined, and set fire to her. An invalid friend who was with me was very much interested in her destruction, and kindled the blaze, and when last we saw her the

flames were playing merrily, and I was hopeful that she would be destroyed; but, alas! she outlasted my sick friend, who died a few weeks later, and the *Wolston* did not break up until two years after, on the New Jersey coast. I reported the firing of this derelict on my arrival at New Orleans, and learned from the Hydrographic Office that I had done so exactly two years from the time she was abandoned.

Another derelict, which by a strange chance I sighted twice in her wanderings, was the *Twenty-one Friends*, abandoned about twenty years ago near the American coast, where I first saw her, and to the best of my recollection I again saw her about a year later two hundred miles from the Irish coast.

I have before me a large number of records of the driftings of derelicts, a few of which I will mention in brief. The schooner *Alma Cummings* was adrift for a year and a half, and covered about five thousand miles. The crew, after suffering great privations for a week, had been rescued by the Liverpool steamer *Queensmore*. The *Hyaline* was abandoned in the early part of 1896, and in the course of seven months had drifted one thousand miles; she had been unsuccessfully fired some time previous to her last appearance. The barque *Florence E. Edgett*, during a hurricane in the Caribbean Sea in the fall of 1902, was dismasted and became a battered, helpless wreck; yet the captain, his wife, and crew remained on the wreck for nearly a month, hoping for succour. Eventually they were reduced to bread-and-water rations, and were obliged to take to their only remaining boat and make for Grenada, Windward Islands, a distance of over a thousand miles, which they reached after eleven days. Nothing was known of the ultimate fate of the hulk.

Another derelict, not a wooden one, which many on this side of the Atlantic will remember, was the steamship *Loch Maree*, abandoned about ten or twelve years ago some distance west of our coasts; and, although she presented grave danger to shipping while adrift, she eventually proved a rich prize to the man who towed her into Belfast Lough. This steamer had run short of fuel, and had been drifting about for some time when the crew left her, but was practically undamaged, and laden with a very valuable cargo. This class of derelict is very uncommon, however.

Some years ago an intimate friend of mine was forced to abandon his vessel much against his will. He had been making heroic efforts to bring her into port even in her waterlogged condition; but when a chance of being taken off by a passing vessel presented itself, the crew, who were exhausted by their pumping and other operations, refused to remain longer with him. Before leaving the ship he was anxious to save his pet cat, but pussy had become alarmed at the unusual commotion, and refused to be captured, and so succeeded her master in command of the ship. Some weeks later the *Charger* drifted ashore on the west coast of Ireland, and was boarded by the coastguard, who were met at the gangway by pussy in the manner usual with all polite commanders.

Another old friend of mine, long since dead, was forced to abandon his vessel, the *Norton*, in the Atlantic, she being full of water and the provisions all used up or destroyed by salt-water. The crew were taken on board of a sailing-vessel bound to Falmouth for orders, but delayed in getting there by adverse winds. The story is told of his pacing the poop, from force of habit, as if he were himself in command, while entering Falmouth. As he looked ahead his gaze became fixed, and then he put the telescope to his eye, and exclaimed in his rich Dublin brogue, 'Bedad, if I did not know that I left the ould *Norton* outside I'd say that was her at anchor.' And so it was. She had reached port before her captain and crew, having been towed in by a steamer; but she was condemned forthwith, I believe.

Many sad and weird tales are told of the lonely derelicts, and the death, disaster, and privations of their crews and victims, but few are the humorous tales. While our country and learned and scientific societies are ever ready to promote exploring and surveying expeditions, or anything else for the public good, surely a greater interest should be taken, especially by the Government, in the destruction of the derelict, as much the enemy of the passenger as of the seaman. I trust that this article may at least cause those who have the power to influence a move towards the prompt destruction of these dangers as soon as possible after they are reported. It is unlikely that it would materially increase the cost or expenditure of the British or United States navies to detail one or two vessels to police the ocean for this purpose. These ships could receive reports from passing vessels, and also by wireless telegraphy from and to their bases, thus keeping the path clear for the commerce which supports them.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Though all the Singers of old time
Sang in perfection long ago
The mast'ries of their varied rhyme,
Shall, therefore, we be silent? No!
The sun still shines, still falls the dew,
Then take your lute and touch the string.
The world to Youth is always new;
We still can laugh! we still can sing!

Though all the Lovers of old time
Loved in their glory long ago,
And left us memories sublime
Of passion and of glorious woe;
Yet now, as in the days of old,
We still can our devotion prove.
Let no man say our hearts are cold;
We still can weep! we still can love!

MARIA STEUART.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

SOME CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

By A. STODART WALKER.

PART I.

JOHN RUSKIN, WILLIAM MORRIS, WILKIE COLLINS, ROBERT BROWNING, LORD TENNYSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A RECENT purveyor of humour who earned considerable notoriety by his paradoxes and inverted maxims, and less fame for his genuine distinction as a man of letters, declared that memoirs were generally written by persons without any memories and about people who were not worth remembering. There can be little hesitation in affirming that 'Reminiscences' are, in the main, the pastimes of old age, and as such there must always be the danger of the figure-subjects of the retrospective survey being blurred by the mists of years. An old man's backward glance must of a necessity take in much that is nebulous, resulting in his observation showing a marked deviation from a normal and sane perspective. This fact may count as an apology, as it has served as a suggestion for a series of impressions which the present writer has been asked to record of a few notable figures, now deceased, with whom he was privileged to come into personal contact during the last two decades. He cannot claim one qualification for the task. He is unable to class himself legitimately as a contemporary, for the majority of those with whom he proposes to deal had already made their mark on the history of their time before the writer's sex had even been determined, and the rest before he had passed much beyond the 'hare and hounds' period of life. Frankly, then, these impressions are of those who counted by one who did not. If the writer can put forward a claim for hearing, it will be that he was, if anything, overgifted with that quality of hero-worship which must always be admirable to the man who cares more for appreciation than discriminate criticism. He was brought up to believe in a respect for authority, and even, it must be admitted, for mere names. Finally, however inadequate his recollections, yet he is able to plead that the space of time between the impression and the record is so short that the distinctness of the former is in each case sharp, and innocent of that nebulosity which seems to be the inevitable outcome of years. He admits one great handicap. Being the impressions of youth, they are naturally bald and unilluminative, inasmuch as they cannot claim that completeness which can only spring from the intelligent interrogation of a man capable of meeting his fellows with practised weapons on their own ground.

I was a mere boy when I was first privileged to stay in the same house with John Ruskin. The period of life was fortunate in one way, for susceptible youth is a disciple of enthusiasm, and Ruskin, like his master Carlyle, was first and foremost an enthusiast. As such he earned my adoration; but as a guide he seemed to me hopeless, for he usually answered one question by a disquisition on another. If, with the forgivable boldness of youth, I ventured to make some casual reference to art, he forthwith talked on morals; if I suggested ethics, he delivered a homily on political economy; if I touched on literature, he assailed me with eloquent periods on the evils of sport. But an absence of relevancy in speech seemed to me more than balanced by the inordinate richness, the eloquent freedom, and the unusual daring of his generalisations; and the fact that these were not quite usually to the point did not seem to matter much at the time. There was little compromise about him. Like Carlyle, he shot his friends and his enemies into moral and artistic pigeon-holes, and no argument would convince him of the unfairness of his method in any particular instance. He gave his dog a bad name and immediately proceeded to hang him. His method of instruction was excellently demonstrated on one memorable occasion. After my first interview with him, I was anxious to make a systematic study of his writings, and on his own invitation wrote

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

him a letter, not, I hope it will be believed, without great mental diffidence, for I had come to believe that he, again like Carlyle, had a desire to consign all young men under twenty-five to the cover of a glass case where he would grant them the privilege of being seen but certainly not heard. My first request was that Mr Ruskin might indicate to me some method by which I could approach the study of his writings; in other words, I was anxious to know if his contributions to literature were to be read in the systematic way in which one would attack the works, say, of Mr Herbert Spencer. Ruskin's reply was characteristic. There was no reference at all to the matter that specifically concerned me at the moment, not a single word relative to his own works and my admittedly ingenuous and quite sincere request. 'For a Scotsman, next to his Bible,' he wrote, 'there *is* but one book—his native land; but one language—his native tongue, the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe. Study your Burns, Scott, and Carlyle—Scott in his Scottish novels only, and of these only the cheerful ones, with the *Heart of Midlothian*, but not the *Bride of Lammermoor*, nor *Legend of Montrose*, nor *Pirate*. Here is a right list: *Waverley, Guy Mannering, Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, Monastery, Abbot, Red Gauntlet, Heart of Midlothian.* Get any of them you can in the old, large-print edition when you have a chance, and study every sentence in them. They are models of every virtue in their order of literature, and exhaustive codes of Christian wisdom and ethics. I have written this note with care; I should be glad if you sent a copy of it to any paper read generally by the students of the University of Edinburgh.' The reference to the large-print edition was truly Ruskinian, for he abhorred cheap editions, and he detested circulating libraries. The warning as to the *Bride of Lammermoor* struck me at the time as a curious contrast to the opinion expressed by Mr Gladstone to the effect that *this* novel was Scott's masterpiece. I somehow believe that I quoted that opinion to Mr Ruskin, and was under the impression that it accounted in some way for his spirit of opposition. Well, Ruskin took advantage of my correspondence to ease his mind on the question of Scott, but left me to my own resources in discovering the guide-book to his philosophy. And to my boyish view (and I hope I have retained some of that vision which served its purpose well enough 'in the spring-time of life, at the golden gates of morning') what a philosophy it was! The hot flame of enthusiasm for 'all things lovely and of good report' was more than a mere passing beacon to me; and, of all writers, he, more than any other, gave me 'eyes' to see. That to-day I do not see with him as I did matters little, at least to any one but myself. Even to-day his intolerance seems to me to have something of the picturesque about it. As far as my experience went, he narrowed the philosophy of life down to the truth as he preached it. He rose in anger against those who did not see eye to eye with him. He was supersensitive, overdelicate, ignorant of a vast side of human life, and the natural outcome was his superb intolerance. But his purpose was towards the stars, and as he was eminently capable and uniformly brilliant he was readily forgiven.

I remember on one occasion Ruskin threw a large quarto at my head because, with the enthusiasm inspired by the ignorance of youth, I dared to question the artistic excellence, in the matter of proportion, of Michelangelo's 'Moses' in Rome. After the throwing was over, he asked, 'How often have you seen it?' 'Oh, half-a-dozen times,' I answered, with confidence on my side as to the result of such a reminder. 'Good heavens!' he cried, 'no man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months;' adding, after a pause, 'and even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used them.' Forthwith he dragged me out to the National Gallery, and compelled me to give an opinion off-hand on every picture I saw. I confess I felt proud of that quarto, and I think for some time I expected every great man I met to assail me with a handy weapon, only hoping use would not be made of any of the family china, of which we were rather proud! The sequel to this story is of interest. Some time afterwards I heard Ruskin arguing the matter from the very opposite standpoint, and depreciating the 'Moses.' Being very young and ingenuous, and not trained in diplomacy, I reminded him of this discrepancy in his consistency, and was told that the fault lay not in the point of view, but in the age of the person who possessed it. Which, after all, is not an uncommon method of criticism; for to what man of authority is not youth an unforgivable sin?—unless indeed it be given to appreciation and adulation, which latter practices, it must be admitted, are not to be despised even in the aged, and even although they lead to the perpetuity of error and to swollen heads, for it is better to go astray in admiration than in depreciation.

I remember at another time Mr Ruskin came into my room and looked at a small—and to me insignificant—drawing of flowers by a friend in Edinburgh. That very morning we had been together to the Scottish National Gallery, and this fact served to emphasise the sweeping nature of his criticism. He looked at the trifle for a moment—it was a study in autumn leaves, carried out with that faithfulness to detail which pleased him so much—and then said, 'That is the finest picture in Edinburgh.' It was a typical piece of Ruskinian estimation. On another occasion I was reading Sir John Lubbock's pamphlet on *The Best Hundred Books.* He took it out of my hand, and cried in a tone of fiery indignation, '*The Best Hundred Books!* Was such nonsense ever

uttered since men were born on earth? Have you ever read one good book thoroughly?' I remember I was rash enough to admit that I had. 'How often have you read it?' he asked. 'Oh, two or three times,' I answered. 'You can never know a book until you have read it at least twenty times,' was his final dictum.

The last time I saw Ruskin I showed him a photograph of himself which I had bought, and asked him if he would be so good as to write his name upon it. He looked at the picture for a moment, and then, without hesitation, tore it up and threw it into the fire. 'It does not do me justice,' he said. 'It does not show the good that is in me—I mean, the capacity I possess for the work that I do. I shall send you another one.' This valued picture, though not so pleasing as the one that had inspired my purchase, vividly recalls the rugged yet sensitive face of the æsthetico-ethical philosopher, who saw little good in the academic philosophies; who declared that any bank-clerk could have written Grote's *History of Greece*, and that no one should read Darwin's *Origin of Species*, for the simple reason that it is man's duty to know what he is, not what he was; and who held that it was a crime to read Gibbon, as no one should be concerned with the decline and fall of anything, but about its birth and renaissance. As I have said, he seemed to me altogether a splendid rouser if an impossible guide.

Another man given to what appeared to me at the time as rash generalisations was William Morris, a poet who was one of my earliest stimulators in the region of the decorative arts. I have in my possession a letter he wrote to me in the summer of 1886. I was writing at the time an essay on eighteenth-century literature for one of the University societies, and having talked with the poet on the subject of Sterne and Steele, I wrote to him in regard to certain criticisms which he had made in my hearing. Part of this letter is worthy of quotation: 'Macaulay I conclude to be a big-wig merely. Johnson as a literary man is not worth a moment's consideration. Burke I have not even looked at. Boswell I look on with some respect, but to class him with serious authors would be absurd. In short, except for Defoe, the eighteenth century is absolutely devoid of works of art, and it is only from that point of view that I care to look on the subject.'

In contrast to this criticism on the author of *Rasselas* I must place a letter I received from Wilkie Collins, that genial-souled, clear-visioned novelist, who at one time commanded a position in literature that would startle a generation that has almost forgotten the author of *The Woman in White*. Mr Collins was very kind and courteous to me when I visited him, and my anxiety to see more of him was turned to the deepest regret by his death. 'I am very much pleased,' he said, 'to hear that you like what I wrote to *The Pall Mall Gazette* about books. There appeared to me to be such a large infusion of cant, conceit, and claptrap in many of the letters offering advice to readers that I wrote rather to protest good-humouredly than to offer a formal list of books of my own devising. If, however, it had been within the scope of my design to do this, my unfeigned admiration and respect for Johnson, both as a man and a writer, would have put him in a foremost place. I should specially have ventured to recommend the noble poem called *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and that masterpiece of profound criticism and vigorous English style, *The Lives of the Poets*.'

I remember very distinctly the day, when travelling from Birkenhead to London, the train stopped at some wayside station—I cannot remember which—and an alert, soldier-looking figure entered, whose vigorous movements immediately attracted my attention. A few moments after the train had resumed its progress south he spoke to me, and the frankness of his speech, the general commonsense of his observations, and the straightness of his critical blows gave me more the impression of a clear-sighted, tolerant man of the world than that of the poet who wrote *Sordello* and *Sludge the Medium*. At the time I had no idea that I was talking to Browning; it may be of interest to observe that not once during the journey was literature mentioned. He treated all my immature opinions on affairs with a splendid patience and a kindly sympathy, although he was not averse to some splendid strokes straight from the shoulder at certain contemporary characters that need not be mentioned. He struck me as remarkably level-headed, free from cant, humbug, and tittle-tattle. He gave me the impression of something very virile and very sane, a man who 'saw life steadily and saw it whole,' one who, as George Meredith in a letter to me said of John Stuart Blackie, 'took the healthy view of life.' Somehow I am rather glad that I did not know that I was speaking to Browning; the fact would have inspired so great an awe—for there is no snobbery so powerful as intellectual snobbery—that I should have been paralysed with fear and respect, and that would have lamed our free and frank intercourse. Of one thing I am certain—of all railway journeys that one seemed the shortest and the most full of human sunshine. I lived for a few hours basking in the blaze of a splendid optimism—a hatred of cant, of pose, of literary and intellectual affectation. In recalling our conversation I contrast the simplicity of Browning's speech and outlook on life with the intellectual and literary complexities of his art. The man and his 'shop' were two different things, except in so far that he conveyed in his conversation the 'All's well' doctrine of his poesy. Before we parted he asked for my name and address. The diffidence of youth prevented me from returning the compliment, so when we parted I was left in ignorance as to the personality that had so fascinated me. A few days afterwards, however,

the secret was revealed, for the post brought me a photograph of Robert Browning, the poet, enclosed in a sheet of paper on which was written the following extract from *In a Balcony:*

> I count life just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on, educe the man
> Who keeps one end in view, makes all things serve.

As Browning was an intimate friend of the family, I had hopes that I might be privileged to meet the poet again; but shortly afterwards death intervened to make impossible what was not, I hope, mere idle curiosity.

Browning's great contemporary, Tennyson, I was not privileged to meet; but I remember well passing him in a lane near to Farringford, and it struck me how much he resembled a woman of the harem as he turned his head away and drew his cloak closer about him, as if only too conscious that I was about to observe him minutely, for in his later days he grew curiously morbid in his distaste of being scrutinised by an admiring world, and took every precaution to protect himself against such observation.

Matthew Arnold was unknown to me except through correspondence, but it is pleasant for me to recall that he went out of his way more than once to advise me on matters pertaining to research on educational matters. All his recommendations were to the point and of great value, and all he did was done with a rare grace and, I could not doubt, at considerable pains to himself; he was generous enough not only to point out authorities but to forward copies of his educational reports to assist me in the work I had on hand.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER IV.—SOMETHING CONCERNING JAMES FLOCKART.

IN the spreading dawn the house-party had returned from Connachan and had ascended to their rooms, weary with the night's revelry, the men with shirt-fronts crumpled and ties awry, the women with hair disordered, and in some cases with flimsy skirts torn in the mazes of the dance. Yet all were merry and full of satisfaction at what one young man from town had declared to be 'an awfully ripping evening.' All retired at once—all save the hostess and one of her male guests, the man who had entered the library by stealth earlier in the evening and had called Gabrielle outside.

Lady Heyburn and her visitor, James Flockart, had managed to slip away from the others, and now stood together in the library, into which the gray light of dawn was at that moment slowly creeping.

He drew up one of the blinds to admit the light; and there, away over the hills beyond, the glen showed the red flush that heralded the sun's coming. Then, returning to where stood the young and attractive woman in pale-pink chiffon, with diamonds on her neck and a star in her fair hair, he looked her straight in the face and asked, 'Well, and what have you decided?'

She raised her eyes to his, but made no reply. She was hesitating.

The gems upon her were heirlooms of the Heyburn family, and in that gray light looked cold and glassy. The powder and the slight touch of carmine upon her cheeks, which at night had served to heighten her beauty, now gave her an appearance of painted artificiality. She was undeniably a pretty woman, and surely required no artificial aids to beauty. About thirty-three, yet she looked five years younger; while her husband was twenty years senior to herself. She still retained a figure so girlish that most people took her for Gabrielle's elder sister, while in the matter of dress she was admitted in society to be one of the leaders of fashion. Her hair was of that rare copper-gold tint, her features regular, with a slightly protruding chin, soft eyes, and cheeks perfect in their contour. Society knew her as a gay, reckless, giddy woman, who, regardless of the terrible affliction which had fallen upon the brilliant man who was her husband, surrounded herself with a circle of friends of the same type as herself, and who thoroughly enjoyed her life regardless of any gossip or of the malignant statements by women who envied her.

Men were fond of 'Winnie Heyburn,' as they called her, and always voted her 'good fun.' They pitied poor Sir Henry; but, after all, he was blind, and preferred his hobbies of collecting old seals and dusty parchment manuscripts to dances, bridge-parties, theatres, aero shows at Ranelagh, and suppers at the Carlton or Savoy.

Like most wealthy women of her type, she had a wide circle of male friends. Younger men declared her to be 'a real pal,' and with some of the older beaux she would flirt and be amused by their flattering speeches.

Gabrielle's mother, the second daughter of Lord Buckhurst, had been dead several years when the brilliant politician met his second wife at a garden-party at Dollis Hill. She was daughter of a man named Lambert, a paper manufacturer, who acted as political agent in the town of Bedford; and she was, therefore, essentially a country cousin. Her beauty was, however, remarked everywhere. The Baronet was struck by her, and within three months they were married at St George's, Hanover Square, the world congratulating her upon a very

excellent match. From the very first, however, the difference in the ages of husband and wife proved a barrier. Ere the honeymoon was over she found that her husband, tied by his political engagements and by his eternal duties at the House, was unable to accompany her out of an evening; hence from the very first they had drifted apart, until, eight months later, the terrible affliction of blindness fell upon him.

For a time this drew her back to him. She was his constant and dutiful companion everywhere, leading him hither and thither, and attending to his wants; but very soon the tie bored her, and the attractions of society once again proved too great. Hence for the past nine years—Gabrielle being at school, first at Eastbourne and afterwards at Amiens—she had amused herself and left her husband to his dry-as-dust hobbies and the loneliness of his black and sunless world.

The man who had just put that curious question to her was perhaps her closest friend. To her he owed everything, though the world was in ignorance of the fact. That they were friends everybody knew. Indeed, they had been friends years ago in Bedford, before her marriage, for James was the only son of the Reverend Henry Flockart, vicar of one of the parishes in the town. People living in Bedford recollected that the parson's son had turned out rather badly, and had gone to America. But a year or two after that the quiet-mannered old clergyman had died, the living had been given to a successor, and Bedford knew the name of Flockart no more. After Winifred's marriage, however, London society—or rather a gay section of it—became acquainted with James Flockart, who lived at ease in his pretty bachelor-rooms in Half-Moon Street, and who soon gathered about him a large circle of male acquaintances. Sir Henry knew him, and raised no objection to his wife's friendship towards him. They had been boy and girl together; therefore what more natural than that they should be friends in later life?

In her schooldays Gabrielle knew practically nothing of this man; but now she had returned to be her father's companion she had met him, and had bitter cause to hate both him and Lady Heyburn. It was her own secret. She kept it to herself. She hid the truth from her father—from every one. She watched closely and in patience. One day she would speak and tell the truth. Until then, she resolved to keep to herself all that she knew.

'Well?' asked the man with the soft-pleated shirt-front and white waistcoat smeared with cigarette-ash. 'What have you decided?' he asked again.

'I've decided nothing,' was her blank answer.

'But you must. Don't be a silly fool,' he urged. 'You've surely had time to think over it?'

'No, I haven't.'

'The girl knows nothing. So what have you to fear?' he endeavoured to assure her.

Lady Heyburn shrugged her shoulders. 'How can you prove that she knows nothing?'

'Oh, she has eyes for nobody but the old man,' he laughed. 'To-night is an example. Why, she wouldn't come to Connachan, even though she knew that Walter was there. She preferred to spend the evening here with her father.'

'She's a little fool, of course, Jimmy,' replied the woman in pink; 'but perhaps it was as well that she didn't come. I hate to have to chaperon the chit. It makes me look so horribly old.'

'I wish to goodness the girl was out of the way!' he declared. 'She's sharper than we think, and, by Jove! if ever she did know what was in progress it would be all up for both of us—wouldn't it? Phew! think of it!'

'If I thought she had the slightest suspicion,' declared her ladyship with a sudden hardness of her lips, 'I'd—I'd close her mouth very quickly.'

'And for ever, eh?' he asked meaningly.

'Yes, for ever.'

'Bah!' he laughed. 'You'd be afraid to do that, my dear Winnie,' added the man, lowering his voice. 'Your husband is blind, it's true; but there are other people in the world who are not. Recollect, Gabrielle is now nineteen, and she has her eyes open. She's the eyes and ears of Sir Henry. Not the slightest thing occurs in this household but it is told to him at once. His indifference to all is only a clever pretence.'

'What!' she gasped quickly; 'do you think he suspects?'

'Pray, what can he suspect?' asked the man very calmly, both hands in his trouser-pockets, as he leaned back against the table in front of her.

'He can only suspect things which his daughter knows,' she said.

'But what does she know? What can she know?' he asked.

'How can we tell? I have watched, but can detect nothing. I am, however, suspicious, because she did not come to Connachan with us to-night.'

'Why?'

'Walter Murie may know something, and may have told her.'

'If so, then to close her lips would be useless. It would only bring a heavier responsibility upon us—and'—— But he hesitated, without finishing his sentence. His meaning was apparent from the wry face she pulled at his remark. He did not tell her how he had, while she had been dancing and flirting that night, made his way back to the castle, or how he had compelled Gabrielle to go forth and speak with him. His action had been a bold one, yet its result had confirmed certain vague suspicions he had held.

Well he knew that the girl hated him heartily, and that she was in possession of a certain secret of his—one which might easily result in his downfall. He feared to tell the truth to this woman before

him, for if he did so she would certainly withdraw from all association with him in order to save herself.

The key to the whole situation was held by that slim, sweet-faced girl, so devoted to her afflicted father. He was not quite certain as to the actual extent of her knowledge, and was as yet undecided as to what attitude he should adopt towards her. He stood between the Baronet's wife and his daughter, and hesitated in which direction to follow.

What did she really know? he wondered. Had she overheard any of that serious conversation between Lady Heyburn and himself while they walked together in the glen on the previous evening? Such a contretemps was surely impossible, for he remembered they had taken every precaution lest even Stewart, the head gamekeeper, might be about in order to stop trespassers, who, attracted by the beauties of Glencardine, tried to penetrate and explore them, and by so doing disturbed the game.

'And if the girl really knows?' he asked of the woman who stood there motionless, gazing out across the lawn fixedly towards the dawn.

'If she knows, James,' she said in a hard, decisive tone, 'then we must act together, quickly and fearlessly. We must carry out that—that plan you proposed a year ago!'

'You are quite fearless, then?' he asked, looking straight into her fine eyes.

'Fearless? Of course I am,' she answered unflinchingly. 'We must get rid of her.'

'Providing we can do so without any suspicion falling upon us.'

'You seem to have become quite white-livered,' she exclaimed to him with a harsh, derisive laugh. 'You were not so a year ago—in the other affair.'

His brows contracted as he reflected upon all it meant to him. The girl knew something; therefore, to seal her lips was imperative for their own safety. She was their enemy.

'You are mistaken,' he answered in a low, calm voice. 'I am just as determined—just as fearless—as I was then.'

'And you will do it?' she asked.

'If it is your wish,' he replied simply.

'Good! Give me your hand. We are agreed. It shall be done.'

And the man took the slim white hand the woman held out to him, and a moment later they ascended the great oak staircase to their respective rooms.

The pair were in accord. The future contained for Gabrielle Heyburn—asleep and all unconscious of the dastardly conspiracy—only that which must be hideous, tragic, fatal.

(To be continued.)

THE EMERALD-MINES OF COLOMBIA.

By Miss M. Watson.

THE emerald is a stone justly prized for its beauty and durability, and on account of its rarity it is to-day one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, of the precious stones. The attempt to make emeralds by artificial means has hitherto been a failure, for in all the experiments the green colour has been lost at a certain temperature.

The emerald is a six-sided prism, with basal planes; it is found in all shades, from a very pale to an almost black-green. Emeralds are classified according to their colour; their value depends upon their colour, size, freedom from flaws, transparency, spark, and general lustre. First-class stones seldom exceed one hundred carats in weight, but much larger stones have been found which were of great value although not of the very first quality. Some twenty years ago a valuable stone was discovered weighing two thousand five hundred carats (one pound of sixteen ounces), and again eight years ago another of similar weight was found; but as a rule these stones are not of good quality.

Emeralds are found in horizontal veins running through the rocks and conforming to no known law or order. Miners come suddenly upon a nest or pocket of stones embedded in calcite veins, but they are quite unable to locate their position beforehand. No other precious stone is found with them. But in one mine, at Muzo, a very rare crystal of amber tint has been discovered, very brittle and of little value as a cut stone, but praised by mineralogists; it is seldom larger than a filbert, and has been named parisite, after its discoverer, Señor Paris.

Aquamarines, so called from their resemblance in colour to sea-water, are of the same composition as emeralds, and hence has arisen a common belief that emeralds are extracted from the bottom of the sea. A certain mystery may have surrounded their origin, because they are only found in two or three places in the world, and their occurrence is so capricious. A mine may be worked in vain for years, and then, with no change in the surrounding strata, the miners may come all at once on a rich pocket containing precious stones enough to repay many times the wasted time and labour.

The first emeralds of which we have any account came from mines known to have existed in Egypt and the borders of the Sudan; but about these stones there has been some controversy; and it has been asserted that they were not true emeralds, but green sapphires. Be that as it may, beautiful emeralds from South America were first introduced into Europe at the end of the sixteenth century, and

from this period up to the year 1830 all the emeralds which came into the market were brought from Colombia, then called Nueva Granada, and from 1830 to the present day 90 per cent. still come from that country, the remaining 10 per cent. being obtained from mines in the Ural Mountains and from Norway.

What a marvellous, fabulous, magnificent tale is that of the conquest of South America by the Spaniards, when they swooped down on the treasure-house of gold and silver and precious stones, and loaded their galleons with them! The demon of greed must have had a merry time. But, after all, the danger and the adventure, the risk of life and limb, nourished a less ignoble demon than is his modern representative, who concerns himself in peaceful England with the rise and fall in the price of shares in those mines whose wealth was fought over more than three hundred years ago by Englishmen and Spaniards in hand-to-hand mortal combat. Emeralds from these very Colombian mines may have been in the laden treasure-ships so triumphantly towed into Plymouth harbour by Drake, and he may have presented them to his royal mistress to cool the fear-inspired anger with which she was prepared to receive him after his bold defiance of the king of Spain.

There are no known emerald-mines in Peru or Mexico, but at the time of the Spanish conquest many large and beautiful emeralds were found in the possession of the natives of those countries. These probably came from Colombia, where the rich mines from which the natives obtained the rough stones were easily discovered. The name 'Peruvian emerald' came into general use, but it is inaccurate.

The Spaniards first learnt of the existence of Colombian emeralds on 3rd March 1537, through a gift of emeralds which was offered to the Spanish conquerors by the Indians, who at the same time pointed out the source from whence the stones were derived. This spot, known as Somondoco, lies about one hundred and twenty-five miles distant from Bogotá, the capital of the country, on the eastern slopes of the eastern range of the Andes mountains, and from the heights of the mines can be seen the vast plains which stretch clear to the Atlantic, threaded through by the river Upia, a tributary of the great Orinoco River, which winds its way, shining like a silver ribbon in the sunlight, across the tremendous expanse. Here the Indians brought their conquerors, and they had that reward which a weak man reaps when he reveals his treasures to one stronger than himself.

Old records describe minutely the journey of Captain Pedro Fernandez de Valenzuela to the mines of Somondoco: how he was carried on the backs of Indians all the way, and how he and his soldiers extracted emeralds from the veins running through the rocks. We can see to-day the very workings where the first white men sought for the precious jewels, for the mine has been recently rediscovered by a Colombian explorer; the quarries and the reservoirs cut in the rock for holding up the water-supply are in excellent preservation, large sections of a very long ditch are still standing after being abandoned for nearly two hundred years, and it is generally believed that these mines, when properly reopened and worked, will produce large quantities of stones.

There is another deposit about two miles distant on the western slope of the same eastern range, situated in the country of the wild Muzo Indians. These Indians for a long time resisted successfully the Spanish attempts at conquest. They were partially subdued in 1555 by the Spanish under Louis Lancheso, who founded the present Muzo village. In spite of the continued hostility of the Indians, the mining of emeralds was commenced in 1558 at an old mine in the mountains of Itoco, of which all trace is at present lost.

The Spaniards were not content with taking the accumulated treasure of the Indians, with stretching greedy hands over their mines, but they enslaved the Indians themselves, and made them work by forced labour under cruel treatment to extract the wealth of which Spain could never have enough—wealth which she squandered in vain attempts to establish a religious despotism in Christendom. Service in the mines was made compulsory for the neighbouring Indians, and one of the methods employed in order to prevent them from running away from the mines was to make them dig a deep pit at the mouth of each tunnel too wide for any one to jump across. Four Indians were placed in each of these self-made prisons and forced to tunnel deeper into the rock in search of emeralds. Food was handed in to them across the pit, and they handed emeralds out in the same way. By this method one Spanish sentinel could patrol a great number of Indians; this was most important, as the Spanish soldiers were always insufficient in numbers to subdue the neighbouring tribes and guard the mines at the same time in those early and strenuous days.

The Indians were quite unaccustomed to this hard, continuous work. They had mined for themselves at their own sweet will; they found it a very different matter to serve the Spanish taskmaster, and whenever they could they moved out of the Spanish sphere of influence. This resulted in so serious a depopulation of the country that the priests, who had begun the work of Christianising the Indians, sent up a memorial to the king of Spain representing the cruelties to which the Indians were subjected, and the hardship it was on a free people to drive them to forced labour to which they had never been accustomed. The king listened, since it was priests who spoke—in a good cause this time. He gave his royal approval to the memorial, the Indians were set at liberty, and the mines abandoned—so wholly abandoned that they were lost sight of till 1825, when they were rediscovered by Señor Paris, who held a lease of them for many years

under the first President, General Simon Bolivar, at the termination of the War of Independence.

Until two years ago the Government had not given much support to the mine-owners. For instance, the selling and purchasing of stolen emeralds was not a criminal offence, and this being so, it was considered quite the right thing to do to buy as many stolen stones as possible—that is to say, public opinion had no condemnation for men who made profit out of the thefts of the miners. However, during the last two years the Government has changed its policy and supported the present lessees in many ways, and the buying and selling of stolen emeralds is now a punishable offence. And so the old mines are once more busy with thronging workers as in the days when the Spanish first took possession of that treasure-house of gold and jewels; and lovely emeralds, holding in their hearts a lustre and brilliancy unsurpassed by the emeralds of the days of Philip II., still stir the pulse of the seeker.

The method of emerald-mining was unchanged from the early days of the Spaniards until recent years. The mines were exploited by means of tunnels and galleries; but now open workings have been adopted in order to render possible a stricter supervision of the works and to avoid loss from thieving, and it has proved also a more remunerative process. It is rather similar to quarrying. The walls of the mine are very steeply inclined; the rock in which the emeralds are found is loosened from the wall of the mine, and allowed to fall to the bottom, where it is smashed by the force of the impact. It is then washed away through a canal by a sudden discharge of water from the reservoirs above the mine. Great care is exercised not to bar away the calcite veins until the emeralds have been taken from them. The rock in which the excavations are made is a dark, bituminous limestone; this rests on clay slates, and contains ammonites, showing it to be of Lower Cretaceous age.

The miners are of the same race as those who were so cruelly driven to work by their conquerors in the sixteenth century, but they have come back to the long-disused mines under very different conditions. They are Indians, only half-civilised according to our ideas, but excellent fellows in many respects. They have been Christianised by the Roman Catholic priests, who have a great influence over them for good. The Indians hold the priest in great respect at all times and in all places. The arrival of '*el Señor Cura*' at a mine on the occasion of a special feast or to bless the works at the mine is an affair of considerable importance. His intended visit is announced a day or two ahead, and certain preparations are made. The road or bridle-path is cleared of vegetable growth on either side, fallen trees are removed, and frequently the best horse or saddle-mule is sent and placed at the priest's disposal—a big white mule or horse is most appreciated—and a large white umbrella is procured for his use. The priest is almost always accompanied by some notable civil servant, and Indian runners go ahead to announce his approach. The blessing of a mine is an extremely solemn affair, and not a word or a sound is heard among the audience even when as many as five hundred workers are on the ledges of the mine which is receiving the blessing.

The Indians mingle a considerable amount of superstition with their faith, and have not yet grasped the why and wherefore of modern inventions. They still look with terror on the telephone, and associate the electric sparks which may be seen proceeding from it in a dark room with the devil. Work in the mines commences at five-thirty A.M. and terminates at five-thirty P.M. There is one hour for breakfast, nine to ten A.M.; another for drinking, from one to two P.M. Every Indian is allowed to eat and drink as much as he sees fit, but only in these hours; and a fine is imposed if any Indian is found carrying drink to his work. Their beverage consists of fermented black sugar and water, and sometimes a little ground maize-meal mixed into it. It is not injurious if drunk at a proper stage of fermentation, and the brewer in charge is responsible for it. The food allowance is two pounds of beef and soup made of ground maize-corn and the beef-broth. There is very seldom any change from week to week. Vegetables consist of the cassava and banana. A steer is consumed at the breakfast meal, and another at the five o'clock dinner.

The Indians have very strong objections to working on a feast-day, and many superstitions prohibit their doing so; these feast-days are rather too numerous to suit serious undertakings, but they have to be observed. June is the month most fruitful in days of festivity, and about eight days are lost to work. The feast consists of drinking *ad libitum*, some chanting of songs, and some monotonous chords on a sort of mandoline.

No women are allowed in the mines, and the parting of the Indian from his squaw takes place at the gates. The term of service is three months, at the end of which time he can ask for all his earnings and go to the mountains to his mud-walled hut and acre of land, which his squaw has tilled and planted to the very last foot of ground with every sort of grain, vegetable, and herb, whilst pining for the return of her mate. There are some forty or fifty going, and about the same number returning, every month from the Royal Mines. This title of 'Royal' has been preserved from the time when these mines were worked for the benefit of the Spanish Crown. It is considered a great privilege to be a miner at the Royal Mines.

So the days are gone of wild romance, of Spanish conquest, and the rivalry of England, of the exploits of Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh, and the treasure-ships laden with untold gold and jewels; and still there is treasure hidden in those rugged mountains, and still men's lives are spent in the seeking of it. If the glamour of romance is colder than it was, if trade and trade principles have taken the place of

the high-handed methods of the sixteenth century, these days are yet not without the thrilling excitement of the moment when the pick breaks into a pocket of precious stones, and the old English qualities of pluck and resource and endurance are still called into play before these stones are all secured and conveyed safely to the coast and shipped for Europe.

THE INVISIBLE MARQUIS OF GALLANTREVE.

CHAPTER III.

THE solicitors demurred a good deal when Maurice Armelin announced to them that he intended to present the case to the judge, and, if he failed there, also to address the jury. This, they held, was contrary to the advice of the old solicitor who had been so familiar with the estate, and who had made so close a study of the facts; but Maurice pointed out to them that the ultimate opinion of this learned man was that the Court of Appeal must decide, therefore he could lose the case in the lower court as well as any, and he was determined to take his chance, showing them a letter from the Marquis of Gallantreve expressing a wish to this effect; so they gave way, reluctant and unconvinced, to this determined youth who proved so immovable when once he had made up his mind.

The Paris papers made much of the coming lawsuit, not only because of the vast interests involved, but also on account of the mystery surrounding the eleventh Marquis of Gallantreve. He was said to be residing in Italy; but no one knew where, and the most enterprising of the journals failed to find a trace of him. He had completely disappeared, and nobody in Paris had ever seen him, nor could anything be learned of him since he was a lad. It was said that the young *avocat* who would plead his case was a cousin; but even of him very little was known, except that he had entered the law-schools of Paris, had made no brilliant mark there, but, on the other hand, had led a blameless, studious existence until now, through favour of his aristocratic relative, this great opportunity had been given him, and public curiosity was aroused to know what he would do with his chance.

Maurice Armelin greatly pleased the lawyers, but disappointed the public in his address to the presiding judge. The readers of the newspapers considered his discourse dry and uninteresting; but lawyers saw he had suppressed all rhetoric, if he were gifted in that way, and knew that very few men could have explained so intricate a subject with equally close reasoning, placing the facts in such an irresistible array that for the moment they thought he must be victorious. He claimed judgment for the plaintiff, but did not receive it. The judge wavered, and, having the right of leaving decision to the jury, evaded responsibility, saying the case must go on.

Although at first the Maurice Armelin who addressed the jury was the same as the Maurice Armelin who had presented the points of law to the judge, he perceptibly changed as he went on with his speech after setting out with great plainness the illegal devices by which Gastyn Maillot came into possession of the property at a tithe of its value. The jury seemed rather sleepy and absent-minded up to this point, but by-and-by they woke up. He pictured this young Frenchman in exile, cheated through no fault of his own of everything he should have possessed. He dwelt with tender pathos on Henri Francet's love for the place where he was born, by whose streams he had wandered as a child, through whose forests he had rambled as a lad. He touched the sentiment that lurks in the heart of every Frenchman—the love of the land. He played on this as a skilled artist plays on a harp; he gave them a living picture of the rivulets, the woods, the streams, the meadows, the little lakes, until all within sound of his voice wished they were out of the stifling room and wandering in the delightful region he described; and it was not a young nobleman for whose rights he pleaded, but a friendless, penniless lad, who dared not set foot on the ground his forefathers had owned. Some women sobbed, and the applause of the men was sternly suppressed by the officers of the court. It was expected that he would draw a vivid, personal sketch of the grim ironmaster, a millionaire over and over again, a raiser of rents, a grinder of the faces of the poor, for at his works some years before a bitter strike, still unforgotten, had been suppressed by the military, and all readers of newspapers knew the determined character of Gastyn Maillot. But the young *avocat* never mentioned him, and he seemed to know instinctively the right moment to stop.

'Gentlemen,' he concluded, 'this is a case where law and justice coincide,' and so sat down.

And now the courtroom rang with cheers that could not be suppressed. The crowd was not thinking of the absent Marquis of Gallantreve, but of the young *avocat* who in a week had leaped from the unknown into fame.

'He'll never need starve for lack of cases,' was the general opinion of the men in the street. The jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff on all counts, and judgment was given accordingly.

It was not as a dust-covered tramp that Maurice Armelin appeared the second time before the ancient gatehouse, but in the newest creation of a Parisian automobile factory; the machine driven by a smart chauffeur, attired in the Gallantreve livery. The

wrought-iron gates were thrown open, and the noiseless autocar glided up the avenue, and swung round to a precise stop in front of the château steps. Armelin presented his card to the footman, and asked audience with Monsieur Maillot.

'Monsieur Maillot,' said the menial, with polite surprise, 'has been dead this year and a half.'

'Dead!' echoed his astonished enemy. 'I did not know that. Who, then, fought the action in Paris?'

'It was his daughter, Mademoiselle Maillot. But we think little of the action in Paris, monsieur,' said the servant, with quite superior scorn. 'Mademoiselle agrees with the verdict, but she will buy the estate from the Marquis de Gallantreve.'

'Oh, indeed! Well, as I represent the Marquis de Gallantreve, perhaps mademoiselle would be good enough to receive me.'

Maurice Armelin was shown into a drawing-room, and, being left alone there, smiled to think what sublime confidence rich people showed in the ability of unlimited wealth to accomplish whatever they wished. Buy the estate! She might as well speak of buying her way into heaven. He would not sell a foot of the land for all the wealth of all the ironmasters in Christendom. Josslyn's farm he would give to Josslyn and to Marie Angelique; but love, not wealth, would accomplish that transfer. He pictured to himself the purse-proud old maid, hard daughter of a hard father, who boasted she would buy the estate; and yet that did not coincide with what the lady had said about the verdict. Agreed with it, did she? Well, that was rather a unique attitude for a defeated suitor.

And now there entered to him, with a certain impulsiveness of graceful action, a beautiful girl of eighteen, who advanced swiftly towards him, holding out her hand.

'Ah, monsieur, you are the young and clever *avocat* who represents Monsieur le Marquis? Monsieur, I am pleased to greet you.'

He took the small hand.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'I accept the word "young," but disclaim the other adjective. I tried to do my best for my client.'

'And you did! and you did! I heard your address to the jury, and it made me weep. You did not know it, but you appeared for both plaintiff and defendant, monsieur. All you said of that poor, wandering young man's love for this place I myself have felt. I love every foot of this ground. I thought sometimes you were talking for me, instead of against me.'

'Ah, mademoiselle, I had not met you then.'

'No,' she replied brightly; 'and that is what makes it so strange that you should have described my thoughts just as if I had confided in you. There—in noisy, terrible Paris, which frightens me—I closed my eyes while you were speaking, and saw instead the lovely river Rille, so quiet and peaceful. I suppose the Marquis himself told you all about it.'

'Yes, mademoiselle.'

'Have you known him all your life?'

'We were boys together.'

'Ah, he chose a good interpreter! We thought, with all our array of great men, that we would sweep you into oblivion, but it was David and Goliath over again, wasn't it?'

Maurice laughed a little.

'Mademoiselle, you cover me with confusion.'

'Oh no, I do you but justice! I am your most enthusiastic admirer, and I assure you if I had known what was to be brought out in court—if I had heard your side of the question—I never would have permitted the case to be defended, and I am sure my father would have come to the same conclusion had he been alive.'

The young man bowed. He was not quite so confident of the ironmaster's sense of fairness, but he said nothing.

'Has the Marquis returned to Paris?'

'Yes; I am here in his automobile.'

'Why did he not come himself?'

'I suppose, mademoiselle, he thought it better to wait until all preliminaries were arranged by me.'

'Ah yes, I see; until I was turned out,' said the girl, resting her elbow on the table and her dimpled chin in her open palm. Her clear, innocent, intense gaze the young man found somewhat disconcerting. He had had no experience with women, except so far as Marie Angelique was concerned.

'Then let us talk business,' said the girl with a sigh. 'As I suppose you know, I am very rich; and, as I told you, I love this old château and all that belongs to it. I beg you to make Monsieur le Marquis an offer for the domain. I will pay whatever value he sets upon it.'

'Mademoiselle, I should be sorry to leave you under any illusion in this matter. The Marquis will not part with the property.'

'Not for any price?'

'Not for any price, mademoiselle.'

Mademoiselle bent her eyes in silence on the carpet; her bosom rose and fell with an emotion she strove to conceal. Disappointment brought her to the verge of tears.

Maurice Armelin clenched his hands nervously together as he looked at her—they two, as it were, alone in the world.

At last she glanced up again, having resumed control of her feelings. She smiled rather waveringly, and said, 'Does Monsieur le Marquis not recognise that I have some claim to the Château de Gallantreve?'

'Your claim, mademoiselle, was settled in the Paris courts.'

'Ah, I do not mean that. You may not know, of course; but my mother, whom I am proud to say I resemble very much, was a distant relative of the Gallantreve family. In this château she first met my father. They loved each other, and married. The House of Gallantreve never recognised her again. She was, according to them, an

outcast. Their action, I think, was cruel. My father it embittered, all because of his love for my mother; but she—she never cared. I remember her very well—I was fourteen when she died. Always a serene, gentle lady, completely happy in her marriage, not once regretting it, for my father, counted harsh by many, never said anything but kind words to her. 'Oh dear!' cried the girl, springing impulsively to her feet, 'I must not talk of this. Come with me, monsieur, I beg of you. I shall show you something.'

(To be continued.)

THE KING'S FOREIGN SERVICE MESSENGER.

ALTHOUGH the emoluments are not great, and the duties are fatiguing, while the latter grow after a period somewhat monotonous as well, the post of King's Foreign Service Messenger is highly prized. There are two branches of the King's Messenger Service—namely, home and foreign. The duties of the former being merely to convey despatch-boxes and letters to and from the Palace and from house to house of various officials, they are naturally on an entirely different footing from the Foreign Service Messengers, who are entrusted with the conveyance of despatches to and from His Majesty's embassies and legations in certain capitals and the Foreign Office. Nominations to these latter appointments rest with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, subject to a qualifying examination in a foreign language (either French, German, or Italian), arithmetic, horsemanship, and bodily health. Candidates, who must be between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, are invariably gentlemen of good social position and standing, but it was not ever thus. The service was anciently performed by officers of the College of Arms, from whose hands it drifted into those of nominees of the nobility—their valets, butlers, or sons of such domestics. When Canning assumed the premiership in 1827 he very properly put a stop to this latter practice, which had been attended by some shameful breaches of trust. In consideration of the confidential relations necessarily existing between the King's messengers and the members of the diplomatic service abroad, and of the fact that the bearers of important despatches are of necessity admitted to the presence of the highest personages in their own and other countries, he took every opportunity of filling up the vacancies as they occurred with a very superior class of young and intelligent men—proficient linguists, accustomed to good society, and capable of acting in any emergency with the spirit and discretion that usually accompany such advantages. It is, indeed, strictly necessary that they should be gentlemen of whom something is known, and not the chance winners of an open competition.

The number of King's Foreign Service Messengers has varied from time to time, from sixteen towards the close of the eighteenth century to eighteen during the period of international difficulties culminating in the Crimean war. Since then the number has been gradually reduced to seven, which is the present strength of the corps. It was eight prior to the death of a messenger in the recent wreck of the *Berlin*, after which it was announced that the vacancy thus created would not be filled up, and that, owing to the ever-increasing facilities of communication, the staff might undergo still further reduction as posts fell vacant in the future. The movement towards effecting economies in all Government departments, and particularly in those which enjoy a certain amount of social prestige, has also been largely responsible for the dwindling strength of the corps. Where our embassies and legations are located in foreign cities accessible by sea, it is now customary to consign the despatch-bags, provided that they do not contain missives of urgent importance, by His Majesty's warships. Consequently capitals like Lisbon and Constantinople have been almost completely struck off the fixed routine of the Foreign Messenger Service. Then, for the same reason, the pay is not as good as it was. Formerly the messengers enjoyed salaries of from four hundred pounds to six hundred pounds per annum; to-day only the head-messenger receives as much as four hundred pounds, the remaining six two hundred and fifty pounds apiece. However, there is an allowance of one pound per diem for subsistence whilst they are on active duty, all travelling expenses being, of course, defrayed by the Government. A messenger is rarely in active employment for more than one hundred and fifty days in the year; hence the average sum-total of the emoluments of office may be set down as four hundred pounds per annum.

The regulations enjoin a special uniform—namely, 'dark-blue cloth double-breasted frock-coat, with turn-down collar; blue single-breasted waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, with edging of gold lace; trousers of Oxford mixture, with a scarlet cord down the side-seams; gilt buttons, embossed with the royal cipher, encircled by crown and garter, and having a greyhound pendant; blue cloth cap with leather peak, and band of black braid, and royal cipher and crown in front.' Nevertheless, a long period has elapsed since last a King's Foreign Service Messenger went forth on his travels attired in this kit—a glorified postman. But if the uniform is honoured in the breach, the regulation as to the wearing of the badge of office, a silver greyhound, suspended from the neck by a dark-blue ribbon, is religiously observed, albeit the insignia is tucked away under the coat; for this

badge proclaims the King's messenger as the servant of the Ambassador, for the time being clothed with his master's diplomatic immunity. It is the magic passport which renders him exempt from every species of visitation and search in passing through foreign territories; holds him inviolable from all actions, suits, writs, and processes; and ensures his person and despatches being considered sacred. The badge must always be worn by messengers when travelling, but not at any other time, not even at levees or State entertainments.

It is wrong to suppose that a King's messenger is liable to be packed off at a moment's notice to any spot on the face of the earth. He is now only called upon to perform journeys on a fixed routine, recurring at regular intervals, and to certain capitals only, principally Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St Petersburg. When he returns to London from foreign service he is placed at the bottom of the list of those at home available for duty. He must not, however, count upon any precise period of leisure with too much certainty, as some foreign crisis may suddenly arise to denude the roster. A story is told of a messenger who, having according to schedule a clear fortnight of leisure, decided to spend it on the Riviera. Hardly had he arrived there when he was astonished by receiving the following cryptic telegram from the chief clerk of the Foreign Office: 'You are fast and dirty. Return at once.' He promptly obeyed the instruction, and found that sudden and unexpected pressure of affairs of State had brought his name to the top of the roll of messengers in waiting. The telegram had been mauled by foreign telegraph-clerks in transit; it should have read, 'You are first on duty,' and not the opprobrious epithets which prefixed the summons as it reached him.

Before the advent of the railway system on the Continent the life of the King's messenger was one of real adventure, and many are the tales of hardship and peril which have been told of the journeys in those days when lengthy and adventurous rides on horseback were common incidents. In 1850 Colonel Townley rode from Belgrade to Constantinople, through a country teeming with brigands, during which he was for three consecutive days and nights in the saddle without quitting it. Sir Henry Layard performed the same journey a few years later, when the country was in a hardly less unsafe condition, galloping day and night without stopping in relays of post-chaises. Except in times of war, the King's messenger's adventures are now reduced to the possible chance of a railway smash or shipwreck.

The *Berlin* disaster was accompanied by the loss of a junior member of the distinguished corps, Mr Arthur Herbert, and it may be noted that the only prior case of a fatality on active service occurred a century previously. This latter, however, forms one of the great unsolved mysteries of modern times. The victim was Mr Benjamin Bathurst, who was carrying His Majesty's despatches from the Court of Vienna. On November 25, 1809, he arrived at Perleberg, a small German town, at midday, and halted at the post-office for refreshments and fresh horses. In the evening he ordered the horses to be ready for the next stage to Leuzen, *en route* for Hamburg. He stood outside the inn watching his luggage being placed on the carriage, stepped round to the heads of the horses, and was never seen again. Every effort was made by the civil and military authorities to trace Bathurst. Bloodhounds were employed to track the lost man, but in vain. Every well was explored and river dragged, every suspicious house in Perleberg was examined from attic to cellar, woods were searched and gardens turned up, but all to no purpose. A month later two poor women found on the road to Quitzow a pair of gray trousers with two bullet-holes in them, but no traces of blood. In the pocket was a half-finished letter from Bathurst to his wife, stating that he was afraid he would never reach England, and that his ruin would be the work of French spies. Mrs Bathurst went to Paris and obtained an interview with Napoleon, who laid his hand on his heart and gave her his word of honour as an Emperor that he knew nothing of her husband's fate. So rests the disappearance of Mr Bathurst, King's messenger, an unsolved mystery.

Two curious stories are told of attempts to kidnap messengers with their despatches. A messenger was proceeding to Athens by steamer. When the vessel was on the point of entering the harbour of Piræus, a British man-of-war's boat was observed pulling towards the steamer and hailing her to stop. The messenger concluded that the boat was sent to convey him ashore, and requested the captain to heave to. Suddenly another British man-of-war's boat appeared from the opposite quarter, the crew of which were signalling violently, whereupon the first boat turned and rowed away rapidly. On the arrival of the second boat it transpired that the former was a plant, engineered, it was supposed, by Russian emissaries. She was a bogus man-of-war's craft, manned by men masquerading in British uniform and flying the British flag.

Some years ago a King's messenger found himself benighted at a hospice on one of the Alpine passes, owing to the somewhat mysterious breakdown of the sleigh by which he was travelling. In the course of the evening a stranger halted at the hospice for refreshment, and hearing of the messenger's anxiety to proceed, offered him a seat in his sleigh. The messenger eagerly accepted the invitation, and the pair set off. They had not gone far when a figure jumped out from behind a rock, the horses shied across the road, the sleigh was tilted over, and the messenger was flung out on to a snowdrift. Picking himself up and collecting his scattered senses, he saw, greatly to his amazement, the sleigh tearing back the way it had come, the driver flogging the horses. His despatches were in the sleigh. The messenger plodded back to the hospice, and there ascertained that the sleigh had stopped

for a few seconds, the owner explaining that he had met with a slight accident, and had transferred his companion to an overtaking vehicle. The despatches were never recovered.

And what are the despatches which the King's Foreign Service Messengers are entrusted to convey 'safely and expeditiously by whatever means they may have occasion to travel'? The major portion of them consists of 'private letters,' so called, passing between the Secretary of State on the one hand and our Ambassadors and Ministers abroad on the other. In the ordinary sense, these missives are not private letters at all; they relate to public affairs. Yet they are private property, and not State papers. They are the outcome of the system by virtue of which public correspondence may be called for by Parliament. They contain matters which could not appear in the Blue Books. These 'private letters' play a most important rôle in the working of our diplomacy; they are the real source of the information which our Government possesses as to the secret doings and intentions of another. And among the 'private letters' there are always a few which relate to such momentous secrets that they dare not be entrusted to the sealed despatch-bags. The messenger must never lose sight of the latter, though owing to their bulk and weight they may be handled by porters. The 'very private letters of very private letters' he, however, carries on his person, and his instructions are to destroy them immediately in the event of his personal safety being endangered.

Thirty or forty years ago, perhaps even more than now, the King's Foreign Service Messenger was a personage of the first importance on the road. He was known and bowed down to by all as the bearer of His Majesty's despatches. In the present day, however, travelling, as he does, always in civilian attire by train or steamboat amongst the ever-increasing crowd of tourists, some of the comfort and more of the prestige of a journey with despatches have waned. Nevertheless, the King's messenger still claims the earliest attention from guards and porters, civility and expedition at the Customs-frontier, and the best places in the train and steamboat, where a strictly reserved compartment and private cabin respectively are placed at his disposal.

THE GUARDING OF A GOD.

By Brew Molohan.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE Resident moodily pulled at his cheroot. 'Personally, of course, I am very glad to see you, Butler,' he remarked; 'but I must tell you candidly that I have no use for special correspondents in Guzampore just now.'

The man addressed elevated his eyebrows quizzically, his lean brown face showing just the slightest trace of amusement. 'I guessed there was something in the air,' he replied; 'old Wetherall doesn't usually pay a special correspondent for merely descriptive matter. But I did not know that it was so serious. Anyway, Fletcher, you can comfort yourself with the knowledge that I know to a nicety what is good for the readers of *The Eastern Age* and what is not.—You will vouch for me, Carleton, will you not?' turning to a military-looking man who was perusing a long official document.

The latter looked up and laughed. 'Well,' he said, 'I really can't go as far as that; but I might warn you, Fletcher, that if there is anything you particularly wish to keep dark, Butler will find it out.'

'And in such a case,' supplemented the correspondent, 'I might think it my duty to the paper and the public to let the light of day shine on it.'

The Resident took a few turns round the room before resuming his seat. 'Your editor,' he said, 'may or may not have been right in supposing that the condition of affairs in Guzampore warrants the expense of a special correspondent; but what I am about to tell you must never figure in the columns of a newspaper. I am afraid that events are shaping themselves which may make the province a magnet for the public eye in the near future; but, until then, you will be conferring a great favour on me if you will regard the following information as confidential. I have your promise?' he asked.

The other nodded; and Carleton, laying down the report, looked at the speaker with interested eyes.

'On that map,' resumed the Resident, pointing to the wall, 'you will see that Guzampore is the most northerly of the semi-independent states lying along the border; and, from its position, you will understand that it is impossible for us to allow it to be governed by anybody not in sympathy with British rule. For some time now I have had suspicions that Ramzhan ed Din has been truckling to the emissaries of that Power which is ever a menace to the frontier; and when the papers announced that His Highness had sent the Viceroy a courteous invitation to be allowed the privilege of entertaining Her Majesty's Sixty-first Regiment for a month, I hoped that nobody outside the official circle would guess that this mark of loyalty was only brought about after much persuasive persistence. I seem to have been mistaken, however,' he added meaningly.

Carleton laughed outright. '*The Eastern Age* must be a particularly well-informed journal,' he observed. 'The first intimation that I was detailed to come along in advance to prepare for the troops came from Butler, with an offer of his society on the way up.'

'Having obtained the invitation,' continued the Resident, 'I hoped that the Rajah would also grant a seemingly unimportant concession. In this I was mistaken, however, and I greatly fear that this visit of our troops, which was intended to impress Ramzhan with a diplomatic show of force, will result in a serious blow to British prestige and a positive danger to the welfare of the men.'

Carleton started. Then a picture of the Sixty-first, now only half-a-dozen marches away, flashed to his brain, and he replied with a half-smile, 'I think, Fletcher, that a regiment of British soldiers has not much to fear from any force the Rajah of Guzampore can put in the field; and, as we shall be encamped a mile from the walls, you may take it from me that there will be no danger of a surprise.'

The Resident laughed bitterly. 'You mistake my meaning, Carleton,' he said. 'See that temple over there?' and he pointed to a graceful dome standing clear against the cloudless sky. 'Well, that is the danger you have to guard against.'

The soldier gazed at him blankly. 'What do you mean?' he asked.

'That temple,' replied the Resident, 'contains a sacred statue of Siva, and set in the forehead of the god is the most wonderful ruby the world has ever seen. What I fear is that some of the men will meet their death trying to steal that jewel. No, no! I'm not jesting,' he explained, noting the soldier's impatient movement; 'but I have sufficient acquaintance with Tommy Atkins to know that if a bait—and such a bait—is dangled before his eyes, with the invitation, "Take it if you dare," he is not slow in *daring*. Let me explain.

'A detachment of the Rajah's bodyguard is under arms in the compound during the day, but at night it is withdrawn and the temple left unguarded. When you consider how close we are to the wild hill-tribes you will see that there must be some reason that the jewel has never been stolen. That idol, Carleton, is possessed of some terrible power which instantly avenges every attempt at sacrilege, and so widely known is its reputation that there have been comparatively few attempts at robbery.'

'There have been attempts, then?' interjected Butler quickly.

'Only one in my time, by a gang of Dacoits. One night a band of these fierce spirits, maddened probably with *bhang*, raided the temple. When the Brahmans went in at sunrise to bathe the idol with the scented waters, they found no less than six bodies stretched on the platform in front of the god. Being sceptical of the supernatural powers attributed to the statue, I obtained permission to examine the bodies; but in no case could I ascertain the cause of death. There was not the slightest trace of a wound, and the features were as composed as if they were asleep.

'I am afraid,' he continued, 'that the men may try to steal the ruby out of pure dare-devilry. Strolling in the bazars, they will be told of the jewel by the Rajah's emissaries, and will be gulled with stories of its unguarded condition. It will be a constant temptation, and if they enter the temple at night their fate is sealed. I need hardly tell you what incalculable harm it would do us if any of the soldiers were to fall a victim to the god.'

Carleton nodded gravely. His ten years in the country had taught him that in out-of-the-way provinces the lesson of the great Mutiny is but a memory, and that the native mind at times needs but the slightest spark to set it aflame.

'I suppose,' he said, 'we couldn't place a guard round the temple at night?'

'No; it would cause an outbreak immediately; and, besides, it would give the Rajah grounds for complaint that we were interfering with the religious susceptibilities of his subjects.'

There was a long silence, broken at last by Butler. 'Is there a legend in connection with the ruby?' he asked.

'Yes; I had it from the Rajah himself. Many years ago the founder of the temple was prostrated in devout adoration before the god, when he was attacked by an evil spirit in the form of a lizard, and bitten in the left heel. Rather than be disturbed in his meditations, however, the holy man endured the wound in silence, until, exhausted by the loss of blood, he sank in a dead faint in front of the idol. Siva, in recognition of the fortitude displayed by his servant, caused the red drops to run together, and transformed them into the wonderful jewel which ever since has adorned the forehead of the statue. Whatever its origin may be, Butler, that stone is without a peer in the world, and holds the eye like a veritable ball of fiery radiance. When you look at it you realise the significance of its name: "The Life of the God."'

'And is it only at night that it is dangerous to enter the temple?'

'Apparently so. At sunset the worshippers leave, and a Brahman climbs to a platform on the great gateway, and, after reciting a prayer of adoration, calls: "Oh ye Faithful! enter ye not the Presence during the hours of darkness, or ye shall incur the anger of the God." At sunrise,' he continued, 'the Brahman again climbs to the platform to announce that the people may now enter the temple; and, as the idol has more than a local reputation, the place is crowded during the daytime.'

'I suppose,' remarked Butler, 'the Brahmans would not object to my entering the temple. I must do something for the paper, you know.'

'Oh no. I have been in there on several occasions. The best time is in the morning, just after sunrise, because there won't be many worshippers about. Sorry I can't accompany you, but

I have to point out the site of the camp to Carleton.'

. . . . . .

The sun was just making his appearance over the horizon on the following morning as Butler approached the great gate that opened into the compound. He was gazing curiously at the magnificent carving, when suddenly a shrill voice overhead burst into a long prayer of glorification, concluding with the summons: 'Lo, ye Faithful! the hours of danger are past, and Siva, the God of Gods, awaits your adoration.'

Four times the call was repeated as the white-robed priest turned to each point of the compass; and, as the summons died away, a body of native soldiery, about fifty strong, debouched from a side street and stationed themselves in various parts of the compound.

Arrived at the entrance to the temple itself, the correspondent was almost overcome by a wave of penetrating incense from the censers swung by the white-robed priests as they passed and repassed through the columns of pillars; and now and again, through the heavy blue smoke, came a faint, subtle aroma, awaking some half-forgotten memory as his eye followed the flitting figures.

The block for the offerings of the faithful was placed beside a pillar near the door; and, taking a couple of rupees from his pocket, he was placing them in the dish, when they clumsily slipped through his fingers just as a priest, droning an invocation to the god, was passing by. The Brahman involuntarily paused as the money clattered at his feet; and Butler, stooping to pick it up, shot a glance of apology at the grave, ascetic face bent upon him.

The altar was situated on a platform approached by a flight of wide steps; and, as he drew near, his eyes were caught and held by the monster ruby, glowing like a live coal in the forehead of the idol. For the moment it seemed an enormous eye, the scintillating flame of the solitary lamp which burned in front of the shrine imparting to it a curiously life-like effect.

The idol was squatting in the usual position, and over it a canopy, supported on four grotesquely carved figures, ran up to and through the low roof. As if the idol were secure in the knowledge of its power, the shrine was absolutely unenclosed; and Butler realised how terribly deadly that power must be to prevent the priceless jewel from being stolen.

Turning to the body of the temple, he examined the arrangement of the pillars, noting that the censer-bearers had disappeared and the blue smoke had almost cleared away. For a few moments he gazed casually round, and then quietly left the building, his mind busily revolving an idea as he strolled through the narrow streets towards the Residency.

'Well, what do you think of the ruby?' asked Fletcher.

'I could not have believed that there was such a stone in existence,' he replied; 'it ought to be worth a couple of columns in *The Eastern Age*. I can quite appreciate the temptation it will be to the troops.'

The Resident groaned.

(*To be continued.*)

IN POISON-LAND.

AWAY among the deep forests in the heart of the Malay Peninsula there dwell a singular people whose curious habits are only partially understood. An Italian explorer found them so interesting that he spent fifteen years in studying their habits and customs, and has some wonderful stories to relate about the Sacai. They live in a barbarous state, spending most of their time in gathering poisons from plants, which they prepare according to secrets known only to themselves, for protection against their enemies and for bringing down their quarry in the chase. Instead of living in villages, they build huts at a distance of several hundred yards from each other. As a result of this they are scattered throughout the country, yet they have a perfect system of communication by means of which they can assemble within a very short time to meet a common foe. They have everything in common, like one large family, and live so freely together that they come and go in each other's huts uninvited, eating and drinking and accepting hospitality for which they neither think of offering thanks nor are expected to do so.

Until he has won their confidence, the stranger who ventures among them is not permitted to share in this good-fellowship. On the contrary, unless he goes through various formalities, proving to the Sacai his friendly intentions, they greet him with a poisoned arrow, the effect of which is certain death. His surest passports are presents of tobacco, rice, and beads. With a sufficient supply of these, the traveller may wander at will, and if his quest be orchids he is sure to find sufficient rare varieties in those dark woods to repay the small outlay.

So accustomed are the Sacai to the life in the woods that the few who have been at various times induced to go down to the coast have almost invariably returned to their native wilds on the first favourable occasion. There they hunt game and birds and gather the fruits on which they subsist. Though life has its dangers, it has also its compensations. Nature is particularly rich in her bounty, and abundance of berries and food-stuffs is found on the bushes and giant trees, among which fly birds

of rare and gorgeous plumage. But what proves most attractive to the natives is the great variety of poisonous plants. They speak about the different poisons as familiarly and as often as we speak about the weather, and the discovery of a new kind or combination is hailed as an event of the greatest importance. The reason for this is because the poison is used in killing game and catching fish, and for the preservation of their independence; the various concoctions being mixed according to the resisting power of the object for which they are intended. Thus, for instance, the hunter would never think of wasting a strong poison on a small animal he considered unworthy of such an honourable distinction. Besides, he must study to bring down such game as he afterwards uses for food with poisons which will in no way affect him.

Poisons are not difficult to find. Growing among the rank grasses and on the trunks of trees, and mingling with creeping flowers, are so many poisonous plants that the traveller must be constantly on the lookout to avoid them. Some are so deadly that even the odour arising from them is overpowering, causing serious illness; others cause skin diseases and painful swellings of the body if their leaves chance to touch ever so lightly the hands or other exposed parts. For this reason the orchid-hunter cannot be too careful, since it is usually where these dreaded plants flourish most abundantly that the alluring white, red, purple, blue, and many-coloured orchids are found to thrive most luxuriantly.

In spite of his extraordinary passion for concocting poisons, the Sacai is a thorough gentleman in the chase and a worthy foeman to meet. He is a big-hearted fellow, having none of the barbarous methods of other inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, whose greatest pleasure is to torture a fallen foe. When he poisons an arrow his object is to cause death as quickly and as painlessly as possible. For this reason the Malays respect and fear him, and tell harrowing stories about his conduct in the constant skirmishes between these two irreconcilable peoples. Yet to the credit of the Sacai be it said that he scorns to send his poisoned arrow after a flying foe.

One curious feature of the Sacai—who, by the way, resent this designation, preferring to be called Mai Dazat—is that they have no form of government and no chiefs. The nearest approach to government is the respect they sometimes show to the old men in the districts, whose advice they seek on occasion, but do not always follow. There are instances, however, where the old men have formed themselves into a council and manage to exercise a certain influence over their immediate family connections. But that is merely local, for the race as a whole hates any form of ordered government as thoroughly as it dislikes all kinds of regular or hard work. They are primarily huntsmen, recognising no laws save those which Nature herself forces them to obey.

As might be expected, the Sacai's views of life are as simple as are his requirements. He seems to be particularly happy in his domestic affairs. Husband and wife live happily together, and quarrelling or ill-treatment is practically unknown among them. In the event of a mother-in-law upsetting the peace of the home by interfering with its arrangements, the young couple adopt the wise plan of pulling down their hut and building a new one at a respectable distance from the cause of disturbance. The children show much love and respect for their parents, who allow them unlimited freedom to amuse themselves and follow their own pursuits. Other admirable traits of this strange people are their care for the sick, their readiness to help their comrades in need, and their extraordinary love for all kinds of animals.

THE UNKNOWN LOVE.

When the evening sun is slanting,
When the crickets raise their chanting,
And the dewdrops lie a-twinkling on the grass,
As I climb the pathway slowly,
With a mien half proud, half lowly,
O'er the ground your feet have trod I gently pass.

Round the empty house I wander,
Where the ivy now is fonder
Of your memory than those long gone away;
And I feel a sweet affection
For the plant that lends protection
To the window whence you looked on me that day.

Was it love or recognition,
When you stormed my weak position
And made prisoner my heart for evermore?
For I felt I long had known you,
That I'd knelt before the throne you
Graced in Pharaoh's days or centuries before.

Though your face from me was hidden,
Yet the balm was not forbidden
On your coffin just to see the wreath I sent.
Though no word had passed between us,
Yet I felt that God had seen us
And had joined your heart to mine e'en as you went.

Let them talk of love and marriage,
Honeymoon and bridal carriage,
And the glitter of a wedding *à la mode!*
Could they understand the union
Of two hearts in dear communion
Who were strangers in the world of flesh and blood?

In my eyes the tears are welling
As I stand before your dwelling,
In my pilgrimage to where you lived, my fair.
And ere I return to duty
In this world of weary beauty,
To the stillness of the night I breathe my prayer:

When the last great trump has sounded,
When life's barque the point has rounded,
When the wheel of human progress is at rest,
My belovèd, may I meet you,
With a lover's kiss to greet you,
Where you wait me in the gardens of the blest!

R. T. CHANDLER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

ON the morning of New Year's Day, in offices and elsewhere, the covering page is torn off the block calendars that are to serve for the following twelve months, and the spectators feel not uncommonly some little thrill as the great time-marking sign-of-one is exposed: 'Friday, January 1, 1909.' People need to be of dull temperaments to be wholly indifferent to this occasion, even though it be so ancient and so regular of recurrence as are no others that do not belong to this same process of the passing of time, governed, not by man or machinery, but by the laws of the universe. If there is the leisure for it in the morning, and, if not, then at the lunch or dinner table later in the day, it happens frequently that, minds being turned naturally towards the contemplation of dates and calendars, the question is brought forward of the imperfection of our calendar system. Certainly it is imperfect, although those who have not given any attention to the matter may not have realised or understood to what extent they are constantly the sufferers in inconvenience by the circumstance. Much time that is spent in the searching for dates, many doubts that are dispelled, many mistakes that are expensive, and numerous irritations would be spared to a majority of the civilised population of the world if we had a calendar that was always even, exact, and regular. It has, indeed, been changed on a few occasions, but not for the better. There were the ten days which Pope Gregory cut out of the year 1582. Then Augustus Cæsar abolished Leap Year for twelve years. Before him, Numa Pompilius had tried the experiment of clapping two months on to the year. Even in recent times we have had some meddling with the arrangement of time, though only on a small scale. Thus, twice in the last twenty years has Capetown time been altered, once to the extent of sixteen minutes, and once to thirty. These latter were mere details of adjustment; as for larger schemes, they have mostly failed because of their own too obvious faults, and it does appear to many people that it is not until just lately that any sound sense has been brought to bear upon the question of reformation of the calendar. One of the best ideas in this respect that we have encountered was that suggested by Mr Alexander Philip, which received good commendation from Lord Avebury, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Ramsay, and other eminent persons whose opinion in such matters may be regarded as of special value. One of the greatest difficulties of the would-be reformer is that the year consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, and that this number cannot be divided into twelve equal months, or into any number of complete weeks of seven days. This trouble is accentuated by the system of adding an extra day to each fourth year. From these circumstances of the three hundred and sixty-five days and the odd one every fourth year all our troubles of the calendar spring. From year to year the days of the week and of the month in their relation to each other are jumbled up and changed as in a kaleidoscope, and anything in the nature of settled order is impossible. One of the features of the perfect calendar must be equality in divisions so far as it is possible to secure it; and the second feature, equally important, if not more so, is that the same day of the week should always fall upon the same day of the month—thus, if January 5 falls on a Tuesday in one year it should fall on a Tuesday always. The gain from the establishment of such a system as this, particularly in the matter of making forward arrangements, is seen on reflection to be far greater than at the first thought had been imagined. The first consideration, as it seemed to the reformer of whom we have spoken, was to get rid of one day from the annual reckoning, so as to bring the total down to three hundred and sixty-four, which is divisible by seven. This is done ingeniously by regarding the first day of the year as a day apart, and not counting it at all, giving it a special distinction in the calendar as thus: 'I. 1909.' It is not counted as a day of the week or as belonging to any of the twelve months,

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

and this change, according to the reformer, is a matter of less consequence than might be thought, because in most places, other than England, New Year's Day is already regarded as a holiday and is of little account in the general transactions of the world. Leap Year Day, on its occurrence, is to be extinguished in the same way. It is to come between the end of June and the beginning of July, and being observed as a quadrennial midsummer holiday, is to be distinguished as 'L. 1908' or 'L. 1912.' Thus we have the even three hundred and sixty-four days left for each year, with no small margin to upset the system every four years. Although the number will divide by seven it will not by twelve; but the three hundred and sixty-four days may be arranged into two even half-years of one hundred and eighty-two days each, and four quarters of ninety-one days each. Of course the day following New Year's Day would be January 1; and now, by taking one day from our present July and another from October, and giving them both to February, we raise that month to the full size of thirty days, and, moreover, have now in each quarter two months of thirty days and one of thirty-one. Finally, take a day each from May and August and add them to June and September, and we have the even and admirable arrangement of an equal number of days in each quarter, and of the two first months in each having thirty days and the third month thirty-one. So would time be much simplified. The scheme which Mr Robert Pearce, M.P., brought before Parliament about a year ago, so far as we can discover, is identical with this one. Perhaps nobody would deny that such a system is simpler and better in every way than the one we have, and an agreement among nations would bring about its adoption with very small trouble. But in all such matters as this the people are very conservative and very fearful lest for a day they should have some extra thinking imposed upon them. They prefer to bear with their inconveniences for all time rather than add one more to them for a brief space, with the full assurance that thereafter there would be an end of all trouble. It is the same in the matter of weights and measures.

* * *

There are some who have lately been saying that London is dull. They are Americans, who have just returned to Chicago, Boston, and other places after visiting the 'White City,' and having, as some of them put it, a good run round Europe. Then some Londoners have troubled to resent the imputation, and offered a thousand reasons why the great Metropolis is not and never can be in the least dull. But they should not have done that, for in such action they betray a hypersensitiveness which is sometimes taken as a token of fear for the good of their case. Let the Americans, if it please them, say that London is a dull city, and that we are a dull folk who live in it. The American temperament is necessarily considerably different from our own. The things that have happened since the *Mayflower* sailed across the Atlantic have inevitably created wide differences in the natural tastes of the people. They are the differences of the old and the new, and they are irreconcilable. The Americans, though they often display a taste which sometimes seems exaggerated for the things that the people of old countries like best, are for the most part worshippers of the new, and the newer the better, and so we come to freakish tendencies. Here we are not so fond of the new, but more so than ever of the old. Socialism may be rampant among the lower classes, motor-cars may be running us down, flying machines may be in the air, there are many things we cannot help; but still in the matter of our innate taste our cultivated people are more conservative than ever. Therefore, those who can best appreciate our London are ourselves, and those who are like us in most matters of taste—we might say the people of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna, who do not complain that London is dull. Now and then you may find an Englishman who is weary to the point of yawning and retiring to his rest at nine when in London town; but it is the weariness born of imperfection of knowledge and of strangeness to the capital.

A large proportion of the people prefer the open, pure, and restful life of the country, with all its delightful natural pursuits. That is a matter of temperament; but even these people, if they know London at all, do not find it too dull but rather too quick for them, and they like to visit it for a spell in each season. It seems London is essentially the one place in the whole world which is supreme for intellectual quickness. There is nothing like it, and, comparing it now with the many records that have been handed down to us of the brilliant times that were spent in London in past generations, and also receiving the testimony of the personal experience of many of the oldest townsmen who move about in the heart of the things of London, we are brought steadily and certainly to the conclusion that London is now, in the sense of its quickness and absence of dullness, better than ever it has been before. For in London there is everything. It is not one London, but a dozen, a score, yea a thousand Londons that we have in this space, and the man chooses that of them all which comes most exactly to his fancy. He fits his taste in all its complexity with the utmost precision; and, having what he needs, and being able to command that which satisfies every passing mood, how can there be dullness? It is just as Johnson said to Boswell, 'When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.' And Hazlitt was just in the sense of our own remarks when he declared that there was nothing deserving the name of society to be found out of London, and that you can pick your society nowhere but in London. It is the testimony of old Londoners like these, who were part of London itself, who loved it fiercely and resented the smallest aspersion upon it, that is the best worth taking.

We have them still. But Dr Johnson and Cyrus K. Higgins of Boston would have been poor company for each other. The one was and the other is a most excellent man, but they have been bred with different tastes and their view-points are not the same.

* * *

It is not often that a book of personal reminiscence, or indeed any other kind of book, reaches the reading public in the way that Lady Priestley's *Story of a Lifetime* has done, and still fewer are the times when the public is so fortunate as in this case. Lady Priestley was a daughter of Robert Chambers the elder, one of the founders of this *Journal*, and, among many other circumstances and accomplishments, the friend and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. At an early age she married a young doctor, who, as Sir William Priestley, achieved the utmost distinction in his profession before he died, a little more than eight years ago. During her very active and always very thoughtful lifetime, and particularly during the middle period of it when her husband had established his success, she was brought into contact with many of the most interesting people of the day, and we have anecdotes of them all the way through this book. Naturally, a large proportion of the people who are brought thus into our view belonged to her husband's profession, and such a bookful of rich doctors' anecdote we have not encountered before. The reader, in a retrospective mood, feels at the end of the book that, despite his entertainment, he has some cause for reproach against Lady Priestley in that virtually she only gave him this work under compulsion. The circumstances of its being written and published were, as she explains, simply these: that some five years ago it was written at the express desire of her children, and was put into print for them alone. The first small family edition soon ran out, and a few copies were reprinted for friends, and it so happened that this edition 'gradually spread into the borderlands of the unknown public,' and forthwith there were applications for it at the libraries, printers', and elsewhere. Journalists wrote to Lady Priestley asking for permission to review it. She resisted all importunities for some time; but at last, and with some misgivings and alarm, she has consented to the book being issued to the public in the ordinary way, as it has been, through Kegan, Paul, & Co. In the course of the small space that is available here it is not possible to do more than suggest by occasional pickings here and there the richness and variety of the contents. Of Lady Priestley's earliest recollections there are several that concern Sir Walter Scott. 'On one occasion,' she tells us, 'when my father was helping Sir Walter in his library at Abbotsford to arrange some papers and bills, Sir Walter was not satisfied with the method adopted for folding the bills. He therefore instructed the youth how to do it in a systematic way. In the course of a certain number of years I was helping my mother in a similar bit of work, and was in all probability folding the bills as my father had once done, when all of a sudden that dear parent pounced down upon me to show me how they ought to be done according to Sir Walter Scott. I have followed the plan ever since, history thus repeating itself in a curious way.' As all know, Robert Chambers anticipated the theories and methods of Darwin in his *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, published anonymously; but, though strongly suspected of the authorship in some quarters, even by Darwin himself, he kept the secret until his death. Upon his decease, but before the secret was broken, Darwin wrote to Lady Priestley's sister: 'Several years ago I perceived that I had not done full justice to a scientific work which I believed and still believe he [Dr Chambers] was intimately connected with, and few things have struck me with more admiration than the perfect temper and liberality with which he treated my conduct.' The anonymity, it should be mentioned, was necessary, owing to the state of religious feeling in Scotland at that time. The ideas presented would not have been tolerated, or at all events it would have gone hard with the man who presented them. To this Dr Chambers, in his capacity as editor, we have Thomas De Quincey writing a timid, hesitating letter, in which he expresses his desire, if (this with much emphasis) it is quite agreeable to the editor, to write a series of essays for the *Journal*, beginning with one on 'Conversation as an Art.' He had heard that the editor had been worried with the labour connected with essays written for the paper. 'Nobody,' he said, 'could have the presumption to press his aid upon so eminent a public instructor as yourself in any other character than that of one who happened to have disposable leisure, offering to relieve another who had too little. If, upon that footing, you really have any wish for aid'—— Times have changed since those methods of exaggerated urbanity availed De Quincey. At the end of his letter he said: 'I am at present, and for three or four months to come, condemned to fight off creditors with one hand, whilst with the other I furnish support to nine persons daily.' And then he again apologised for his intrusion.

In a later period of the book, when there are Dickens and Thackeray on the scene, there are many interesting tales about them, and Lady Priestley relates, on the authority and in the words of Sir Theodore Martin, the story of the reconciliation of those two. Thackeray and Sir Theodore (then Mr) were talking together in the hall of the Athenæum Club when Dickens passed on his way to the staircase and the library. 'Suddenly Thackeray broke away from me, and overtook Dickens just as he had reached the foot of the staircase. Dickens turned to him, and I saw Thackeray speak, and presently hold out his hand

to Dickens. They shook hands, a few words were exchanged, and immediately Thackeray returned to me, saying, "I am glad I have done this. I said," he continued, "'It is time this foolish estrangement should cease, and that we should be to each other as we used to be. Come, shake hands.'" Dickens, he said, seemed at first rather taken aback, but he held out his hand, and some friendly words were exchanged. "I loved the man," said Thackeray, "and could not resist the impulse." It was like his tender nature, to which the rupture of a once-cherished friendship was an unforgettable pain. A few weeks after, I was reminded of the incident by seeing Dickens standing by the open grave into which Thackeray had just been lowered, and looking down into it with a look of earnest sadness.' And Lady Priestley continues a sad sequence by relating that on Christmas Eve of that same year she went to join a family dinner-party in Kensington at which Thackeray was expected to be present. His place at the table had been laid, but only an hour before the news of his death had reached the house.

In their early days in London the young Doctor and Mrs Priestley had close association with that Dr Simpson who was afterwards Sir James, and who performed such a high service to humanity by his introduction, against great prejudice, of the use of anæsthetics. While canvassing for a certain professorial chair he found that his then single blessedness was against him, and on the question that he put to many hesitating voters as to whether they would vote for him if he were married being answered in the affirmative, he went off post-haste that night for Liverpool, plunged headlong into a peaceful abode of cousins, carried off his wife by capture the next day, and then proceeded to gather up the threatened votes. One time many years later, when he was in the depths of his interest in the powers and possibilities of chloroform, Lady Priestley says that she 'had the doubtful pleasure of crossing the Channel with him on a boisterous day *en route* to Paris, whither on hospital inquiry he was bent, and where he intended to join his friend, Mr Pender (later Sir John, M.P.), at the Hotel du Louvre. In a letter to my husband at the time,' she says, 'I see that I suffered considerably from his devoted attentions on board. When he saw me growing pale he took a box of chloroform-pills from his pocket, and, longing for a chance of trying an experiment, he said, "Take a pill, darling." As I could not swallow it without water, he sent his son Magnus downstairs to fetch some; then through the winds and the waves came the voice of the charmer, "Swallow one now, dear," and down it went. Alas, that terrible pill!' In another place it is said: 'The Professor used to try his experiments with chloroform on the girls. He was then just introducing it, and with some of the liquid simply poured on a handkerchief would have half-a-dozen of us lying about in various stages of sleep. Our mother feared nothing, and was only too delighted to sacrifice, if unavoidable, a daughter or two to science.' There is a pretty tale of Wilkie Collins, who was a friend of the family. Lady Priestley's twin-sister had written to him at the time that *The Woman in White* was appearing in parts, declaring her inability to wait any longer in anxiety about the fate of certain of the characters, and calling for a special divulgence of the same. The author wrote back: 'I beg to assure Miss Chambers, solemnly, that nobody about whom she is interested, and over whom the undersigned can exercise benevolent control, shall come to any harm. If she will look at the number published to-morrow she will see that Laura is *not* murdered, and in another week she will know that Anne Catherick *is* caught. In the same two numbers Miss Halcombe's whereabouts is satisfactorily ascertained, and Miss Halcombe's recovery positively asserted.'

Another good doctor-story is of the period when Sir William Priestley was rising on the flood-tide of his success. Sir Charles Locock one night gave a 'medical dinner,' to which he and other distinguished physicians and surgeons were invited. Sir William—he was not knighted at that time, but, for convenience, we are using the title throughout—riveted the attention of the company by giving them the riddle of the three-pint can to solve thus: A girl is sent to the well with a three-pint can and a five-pint can, and is told to bring four pints of water. How is it done? We are told that soon the leading physicians of London were lost in thought over the profound problem. Some were at work with pencils on their linen cuffs, others were elaborating on the back of their menus, when it dawned on the propounder that he had forgotten the answer! 'He felt there was no time to be lost—matters were getting serious; there was nothing for it but to send over to me for the answer. Accordingly, somewhere towards midnight I was aroused out of my first sleep to take in a letter marked "urgent." Messages coming to our house at all hours of the night caused no surprise; the house was accustomed to them; but on this occasion it was not a patient who was ill, but an assembly of doctors who were destined to spend the night, if necessary, at the other end of the street, in trying to find out how that girl contrived to get four pints of water out of the three-pint can and the five-pint can. I recognised at once the urgency of the case, but it took me some precious moments to clear my brain of sleep before I could send the answer. Mercifully, it arrived in time to save the situation and my husband's reputation among his brethren.' Sir William eventually came into the most intimate association with Pasteur, and many of the most interesting pages of the book concern him. Lady Priestley knew him well, and when he died she and her daughter were the only ladies outside the family who were bidden to the funeral. 'He was always exact,' she says. 'Discussing the religious opposition to science, he said very quietly, "Well, I always see God through science." He further remarked during

this conversation, "I could never work for money, but I could always work for science." This from a man who could have been the richest the world had ever known had he chosen to keep his secrets to himself!' Of how, with the perfection of tact, Lady Priestley after a dinner-party at her house once paid Pasteur a splendid compliment which caused various French Academicians who were present to go forward to thank her 'for the honour she had done France;' of numberless anecdotes concerning other celebrities, some still living; of some delightful travellers' stories about things seen and people met in different parts of Europe and America, the book must be left to tell its own tale. Knowing the circumstances under which the book was written, and for whom it was written, one is not quite sure how far it is proper to quote from certain parts of the narrative which are of an intimate domestic character; but as they are published we may take the risk. Miss Chambers was seventeen and young Priestley, hopeful for his career but only a beginner and exceeding poor, was twenty-five when they were betrothed. They waited two years before they were married. 'Looking back across the years that have since intervened,' she writes, 'I can see myself at that period anxiously trying to qualify myself to be the wife of a poor man. I began to make my own clothes, trim my bonnets, and even re-cover my white satin shoes! Strict economy was the order of the day, and the things I never thought of before I thought of now. I persuaded my mother to hand over the housekeeping to me, and for two years there was a régime of comfort, tempered with economy, never before known in that hospitable house.' And for the first two years of the married life, conducted most economically and thriftily, all the professional fees were put into a money-box that was opened annually, the original capital dwindling all the time. But at the height of his success Sir William Priestley was making ten thousand pounds a year as his professional income. There is something ineffably charming in the simple little story of the bride's beginning. One supposes that the same thing is happening every day still, and it is a pity that the cynical among us should feel the harsh contrast that is presented in such a large proportion of young womanhood of the time, even an educated and cultivated section, conceiving it to be the supreme duty to scream in public for fanciful rights, and to glory in being sent to prison therefor. The cynic is rather inclined to believe his aged grandmother when she mutters that girls now are not what they were in her young days.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER V.—THE MURIES OF CONNACHAN.

ELISE, Lady Heyburn's French maid, discovered next morning that an antique snake-bracelet was missing, a loss which occasioned great consternation in the household.

Breakfast was late, and at table, when the loss was mentioned, Gabrielle offered to drive over to Connachan in the car and make inquiry and search. The general opinion was that it had been dropped in one of the rooms, and was probably still lying there undiscovered.

The girl's offer was accepted, and half-an-hour later the smaller of the two Glencardine cars—the 'sixteen' Fiat—was brought round to the door by Stokes, the smart chauffeur. Young Gellatly, fresh down from Oxford, begged to be allowed to go with her, and his escort was accepted.

Then, in motor-cap and champagne-coloured dust-veil, Gabrielle mounted at the wheel, with the young fellow at her side and Stokes in the back, and drove away down the long avenue to the high-road.

The car was her delight. Never so happy was she as when, wrapped in her leather-lined motor-coat, she drove the 'sixteen.' The six-cylinder 'sixty' was too powerful for her, but with the 'sixteen' she ran half-over Scotland, and was quite a common object on the Perth to Stirling road. Possessed of nerve and full of self-confidence, she could negotiate traffic in Edinburgh or Glasgow, and on one occasion had driven her father the whole way from Glencardine up to London, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Her fingers pressed the button of the electric horn as they descended the sharp incline to the lodge-gates; and, turning into the open road, she was soon speeding along through Auchterarder village, skirted Tullibardine Wood, down through Braco, and along by the Knaik Water and St Patrick's Well into Glen Artney, passing under the dark shadow of Dundurn, until there came into view the broad waters of Loch Earn.

The morning was bright and cloudless, and at such a pace they went that a perfect wall of dust stood behind them.

From the margin of the loch the ground rose for a couple of miles until it reached a plateau upon which stood the fine, imposing Priory, the ancestral seat of the Muries of Connachan. The aspect as they drove up was very imposing. The winding road was closely planted with trees for a large portion of its course, and the stately front of the western entrance, with its massive stone portico and crenulated cornice, burst unexpectedly upon them.

From that point of view one seemed to have reached the gable-end of a princely edifice, crowned with Gothic belfries; yet on looking round it was seen that the approach by which the doorway had been reached was lined on one side with

buildings hidden behind the clustering foliage; and through the archway on the left one caught a glimpse of the ivy-covered clock-tower and spacious stableyard and garage extending northwards for a considerable distance.

Gabrielle ran the car round to the south side of the house, where in the foreground were the well-kept parks of Connachan, the smooth-shaven lawn fringed with symmetrically planted trees, and the fertile fields extending away to the very brink of the loch.

The original fortalice of the Muries, half a mile distant, was, like Glencardine, a ruin. The present Priory, notwithstanding its old-fashioned towers and lancet windows, was a comparatively modern structure, and the ivy which partially covered some of the windows could claim no great antiquity; yet the general effect of the architectural grouping was most pleasing, and might well deceive the visitor or tourist into the supposition that it belonged to a very remote period. It was, as a matter of fact, the work of Atkinson, who in the first years of the nineteenth century built Scone, Abbotsford, and Taymouth Castle.

With loud warning blasts upon the horn, Gabrielle Heyburn pulled up; but ere she could descend, Walter Murie, a good-looking, dark-haired young man in gray flannels, and hatless, was outside, hailing her with delight.

'Hallo, Gabrielle!' he cried cheerily, taking her hand, 'what brings you over this morning, especially when we were told last night that you were so very ill?'

'The illness has passed,' exclaimed young Gellatly, shaking his friend's hand. 'And we're now in search of a lost bracelet—one of Lady Heyburn's.'

'Why, my mother was just going to wire! One of the maids found it in the boudoir this morning, but we didn't know to whom it belonged. Come inside. There are a lot of people staying over from last night.' Then, turning to Gabrielle, he added, 'By Jove! what dust there must be on the road! You're absolutely covered.'

'Well,' she laughed lightly, 'it won't hurt me, I suppose. I'm not afraid of it.'

Stokes took charge of the car and shut off the petrol, while the three went inside, passing into a long, cool cloister, down which was arranged the splendid collection of antiques discovered or acquired by Malcolm Murie, the well-known antiquary, who had spent many years in Italy, and died in 1794. In cases ranged down each side of the long cloister, with its antique carved chairs, armour, and statuary, were cases of rare Etruscan and Roman terra-cottas, one containing relics from the tomb of a warrior, which included a sword-hilt adorned with gold and a portion of a golden crown formed of lilies *in relievo* of pure gold laid upon a mould of bronze; another case was full of bronze ornaments unearthed near Albano, and still another contained rare Abyssinian curios. The collection was renowned among antiquaries, and was often visited by Sir Henry, who would be brought there in the car by Gabrielle, and spend hours alone fingering the objects in the various cases.

Sir George Murie and Sir Henry Heyburn were close friends; therefore it was but natural that Walter, the heir to the Connachan estate, and Gabrielle should often be thrown into each other's company, or perhaps that the young man—who for the past twelve months had been absent on a tour round the world—should have loved her ever since the days when she wore short skirts and her hair down her back. He had been sorely puzzled why she had not at the last moment come to the ball. She had promised that she would be with them, and yet she had made the rather lame excuse of a headache.

Truth to tell, Walter Murie had during the past week been greatly puzzled at her demeanour of indifference. Seven days ago he had arrived in London from New York, but found no letter from her awaiting him at the club, as he had expected. The last he had received in Detroit a month before, and it was strangely cold, and quite unusual. Two days ago he had arrived home, and in secret she had met him down at the end of the glen at Glencardine. At her wish, their first meeting had been clandestine. Why?

Both their families knew of their mutual affection. Therefore, why should she now make a secret of their meeting after twelve months' separation? He was puzzled at her note, and he was further puzzled at her attitude towards him. She was cold and unresponsive. When he held her in his arms and kissed her soft lips, she only once returned his passionate caress, and then as though it were a duty forced upon her. She had, however, promised to come to the ball. That promise she had deliberately broken.

Though he could not understand her, he made pretence of unconcern. He regretted that she had not felt well last night—that was all.

At the end of the cloister young Gellatly found one of Lady Murie's guests, a girl named Violet Priest, with whom he had danced a good deal on the previous night, and at once attached himself to her, leaving Walter with the sweet-faced, slim-waisted object of his affections.

The moment they were alone in the long cloister he asked her quickly, 'Tell me, Gabrielle, the real reason why you did not come last night. I had looked forward very much to seeing you. But I was disappointed—sadly disappointed.'

'I am very sorry,' she laughed, with assumed nonchalance; 'but I had to assist my father with some business papers.'

'Your mother told every one that you do not care for dancing,' he said.

'That is untrue, Walter. I love dancing.'

'I knew it was untrue, dearest,' he said, standing before her. 'But why does Lady Heyburn go out

of her way to throw cold water upon you and all your works?'

'How should I know?' asked the girl, with a slight shrug. 'Perhaps it is because my father places more confidence in me than in her.'

'And his confidence is surely not misplaced,' he said. 'I tell you frankly that I don't like Lady Heyburn.'

'She pretends to like you.'

'Pretends!' he echoed. 'Yes, it's all pretence. But,' he added, 'do tell me the real reason of your absence last night, Gabrielle. It has worried me.'

'Why worry, my dear Walter? Is it really worth troubling over? I'm only a girl, and, as such, am allowed vagaries of nerves—and all that. I simply didn't want to come, that's all.'

'Why?'

'Well, to tell you the truth, I hate the crowd we have staying in our house. They are all mother's friends; and mother's friends are never mine, you know.'

He looked at her slim figure, so charming in its daintiness. 'What a dear little philosopher you've grown to be in a single year!' he declared. 'We shall have you quoting Friedrich Nietzsche next.'

'Well,' she laughed, 'if you would like me to quote him I can do so. I read *Zarathustra* secretly at school. One of the girls got a copy from Germany. Do you remember what Zarathustra says: "Verily, ye could wear no better masks, ye present-day men, than your own faces. Who could recognise you?"'

'I hope that's not meant to be personal,' he laughed, gazing at the girl's beautiful countenance and great, luminous eyes.

'You may take it as you like,' she declared with a delightfully mischievous smile. 'I only quoted it to show you that I have read Nietzsche, and recollect his many truths.'

'You certainly do seem to have a gay house-party at Glencardine,' he remarked, changing the subject. 'I noticed Jimmy Flockart there as usual.'

'Yes. He's one of mother's greatest friends. She makes good use of him in every way. Up in town they are inseparable, it seems. They knew each other, I believe, when they were boy and girl.'

'So I've heard,' replied the young man thoughtfully, leaning against a big glass case containing a collection of *lares* and *penates*—images of Jupiter, Hercules, Mercury, &c., used as household gods. 'I expected that he would be dancing attendance upon her during the whole of the evening; but, curiously enough, soon after his arrival he suddenly disappeared, and was not seen again until nearly two o'clock.' Then, looking straight in the girl's fathomless eyes, he added, 'Do you know, Gabrielle, I don't like that fellow. Beware of him.'

'Neither do I. But your warning is quite unnecessary, I assure you. He doesn't interest me in the least.'

Walter Murie was silent for a moment, silent as though in doubt. A shadow crossed his well-cut features, but only for a single second. Then he smiled again upon the fair-faced, soft-spoken girl whom he loved so honestly and so well, the woman who was all in all to him. How could he doubt her—she who only a year ago had, out yonder in the park, given him her pledge of affection, and sealed it with her hot, passionate kisses? Remembrance of those sweet caresses still lingered with him. But he doubted her. Yes, he could not conceal from himself certain very ugly facts—facts within his own knowledge. Yet was not his own poignant jealousy misleading him? Was not her refusal to attend the ball perhaps due to some sudden pique or unpleasantness with her giddy stepmother? Was it? He only longed to be able to believe that it might be so. Alas! however, he had discovered the shadow of a strange and disagreeable truth!

(To be continued.)

FRIENDLY SOCIETY FACTS AND FIGURES.

An election agent is said to have remarked in confidence to his candidate, 'If you'll tell me what you want to prove, sir, I'll get you the figures;' and the story has been perversely told with a touch of irony, which is unkind to the agent. Figures are often the best of facts, the only convincing facts. A case in point has been brought to our notice lately in reference to an article on 'An Ideal Friendly Society' which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in January 1906. It seems that four years before that article was published, the Holloway system of friendly society finance, which the writer of the article described, had been adopted by the United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' Association. Mr James Watmore, of 164 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh, hon. secretary of the Edinburgh and Leith branch of the society, writes: 'Its progress on the lines described has been remarkable, and testifies in the most practical manner that every statement made in that article regarding the Holloway system is based on fact. Your article did an immense amount of good.' Mr Watmore has forwarded to us a summary of the last balance-sheet of the society, supplemented by figures brought down to date. It may be remembered that the essence of the Holloway principle is this: Up to thirty years of age the member pays one penny per day per share. From thirty onwards the payments increase annually one halfpenny per share in order to meet the member's increasing liability to sickness.

This places all members, young and old, upon a basis of equality, each member paying for his risk of sickness at every age. Every member receives sick-pay in case of need, and the surplus of contributions remaining at the end of each year, after payment of sick-pay and management expenses, is apportioned to the members in the form of bank accounts, accumulating at compound interest. In case of death before the member reaches sixty-five years of age, the whole of his accumulated capital is paid to his relatives; if he lives until he is sixty-five it is paid to the member himself in a lump sum, or, if he prefers it, in the form of an annuity for life. The commercial travellers adopted the system in 1902, and at the end of their first year had six hundred and twenty-six members. Since then they have established fifty-three branches, and now have about two thousand three hundred members, all commercial travellers. Their accumulated fund—that is to say, the aggregate of the sums of money standing to the credit of members in the books of the society—has reached the large total of forty-three thousand pounds, after the payment of about ten thousand pounds in sick-pay during the past six years. The annual appropriation to each member has never fallen below one pound seven shillings and a penny—in 1907 it was one pound eight shillings and sixpence; and there is standing to the credit of members who have belonged to the society from its establishment to 31st December 1907, although they may have received sick-benefit: on one share, £8, 18s. 4d.; two shares, £17, 16s. 11d.; three shares, £26, 15s. 4d.; four shares, £35, 13s. 10d.; five shares, £44, 12s. 3d.; six shares, £53, 10s. 10d. A large proportion of the society's fund has been advanced to members by way of mortgage for the purchase of their houses. It should be pointed out that the members of the Commercial Travellers' Association are able to pay a higher rate of contribution than the ordinary members of a friendly society; hence the large accumulations of members holding from two to six shares. But this only illustrates the elasticity of the Holloway system, and its adaptability to the means and needs of thrifty men in varying conditions of life. The system is the essence of simplicity, and the experience of the commercial travellers—all of them shrewd business men—is one more proof of its financial soundness.

THE INVISIBLE MARQUIS OF GALLANTREVE.

CHAPTER IV.

SHE led him through corridors, up the stairs, and into the long portrait-gallery; made him stand at a certain point she indicated; then, crossing the floor, turned her profile to him. Above her head hung a beautiful portrait of a lady who had lived in the time of Henri IV.

'There!' cried the girl. 'Do you not see a likeness between us?'

'Yes, mademoiselle, a likeness very flattering to the original of that portrait.'

'Oh, monsieur,' she cried in child-like glee, 'you are pleased to compliment me! That is very nice of you. I am sure that if you had been my *avocat* I should have won my case. But let us keep to business. You say the Marquis will not sell, no matter what I offer?'

'No, mademoiselle.'

'You seem very positive about that.'

'I am, because he has confided completely in me. I know his mind as well as he does himself.'

'Then I have another plan, but I did not wish to propose that unless he refused obstinately to sell. Shall we talk here, monsieur, or go back to the drawing-room?'

'If you will take me, mademoiselle, to whatever room in the château is your own favourite, I should be pleased to see it.'

'Oh, of course; I wish I had thought of that myself. You will come to my boudoir on this floor. Madame Durfer is there, but we will send her away. She is my chaperon, you know; but when I talk business I cannot have her bothering about. You will understand, monsieur, that as well as being the child of the lady my mother, I am also my father's daughter, and he was a great business-man. You must not forget, monsieur, that while I chatter like a young girl with you, I am nevertheless head of one of the largest ironworks and cannon-foundries in France. I am like Fräulein Krupp in Germany. I have often thought of writing to the fräulein, and proposing to her that we two form a combination, and if France and Germany ever threatened war against each other we two girls should say, "No, we won't give you any cannon," and so stop that nonsense.'

Young Armelin laughed. 'An excellent idea!' he said.

'Isn't it?' she asked brightly, as she glided by his side; still, for all her boasting of business acumen, she was but a secluded little girl, newly from the convent, unawakened. 'Yes, Madame Durfer is rather stupid in matters of business, and I never consult with her; but she is an old dear nevertheless, and I don't know what I should do without her. She was selected by the Sisters of the convent I attended to be my companion, and has been with me ever since. Here we are, monsieur—a circular turret room giving views up and down the valley, and along the front of the château.'

'Ah!' he said, with a long breath. This dainty bower was vastly different from the bare room in which he had builded block-houses as a neglected

lad. The girl thought the exclamation was due to his admiration of the scene from the windows.

'Isn't the view splendid?' she cried. 'And yet in your speech to the jury you couldn't have described it better even if you had seen it before.'

The old woman in an easy-chair had risen.

'Madame Durfer, I introduce you to Monsieur Maurice Armelin, the representative of the Marquis de Gallantreve. We are engaged in a business conference regarding the transfer of this property.'

There was unconscious dismissal in the girl's tone, and for the first time Armelin detected a trace of her father. Madame Durfer bowed distantly, gathered up her needlework, and withdrew.

'Now, sit there,' cried the girl, with a sigh of relief, and he sank at her words into a very easy chair facing the west.

She took a similar seat. 'You see, monsieur, I must ask your advice.'

'But I am adviser to the Marquis de Gallantreve,' said the *avocat* with a smile.

She arched her brows. 'Daren't you give advice to any one else, then?'

'Oh yes; the Marquis wouldn't mind. Still, if the problem pertains to the property, it is your own solicitors with whom you should consult. They might resent my interference if they knew of it. They would call it unprofessional.'

'My problem is only remotely connected with the property; it is personal, and not a commission I could readily give to my solicitors. I am well aware, however, of the duty that devolves upon parents or near relatives in dealing with a matter of this kind; but I have no near relatives, so I must act for myself, and I must ask you not to betray my confidence to the Marquis of Gallantreve, which might cause me embarrassment in future. I wish you represented me alone, monsieur!'

'I wish I did,' fervently assented Armelin.

'I suppose it would be unprofessional if I offered you a larger sum than the Marquis can pay?'

'Oh, I don't know. I might shake off the Marquis, and I should be glad of you for a client when this case is settled.'

'I liked you from the first,' she said meditatively, gazing out to the westward. 'When I saw you, when I heard you speak, you seemed serious and trustworthy. I know my father would have liked you; yes, and my mother too,' she added.

'Mademoiselle, if I was untrustworthy before, I should become trustworthy under your commendation. Be quite frank with me, and I shall give you my best advice, Marquis or no Marquis.'

'Having, as I have told you, no near relative, I must, as a business-woman, take this matter in hand. I therefore empower you to approach the Marquis and tell him that my family makes to him a proposal of marriage between us.'

'What is that—what is that?' gasped Maurice Armelin, leaning forward.

The lady turned her serene face from the western window to himself. 'I propose to become the Marquise de Gallantreve, and will settle on my husband a vast fortune.'

'But, the saints preserve us! you've never seen him. You do not love him.'

Again the girl arched her pretty eyebrows and smiled. 'Love!' she said. 'Is it necessary?'

'Well, between man and woman I suppose there is often such a thing as—as—preference? I should not marry a girl I did not love.'

'Would you not? I thought a wife always loved her husband, and a husband his wife?'

'Doubtless that is true; but this man—this man may be a hunchback for all you know.'

'Is he?'

'No, as a matter of fact.'

'But it is our custom. A girl, except among the lower orders, has no choice regarding the man she is to marry. He is chosen by her parents or their representatives, and the man does not care, provided her *dot* is sufficiently large. The amount of my *dot*, monsieur, I shall leave to you. On behalf of the Marquis, monsieur, you cannot hope for a better offer than mine.'

'No, no, I quite perceive that, mademoiselle.'

'Then you will act as intermediary?'

'With pleasure, since it is your wish. I shall communicate by telegraph with the Marquis to-night, and receive his reply to-morrow morning.'

'Oh, thank you, monsieur! Do you think he will accept?'

'He'd be a fool if he didn't.'

'Ah! is that flattery, or is it the money?'

'I wasn't thinking of the money. At what hour may I see you to-morrow?'

'Whenever you receive the telegram, monsieur. I shall be here all day.'

Maurice Armelin rose.

'Must you go?' she asked.

'I think it would be better. I have stopped longer than I meant to.'

'May I offer you a room in the château?'

'Thanks very much, but I have already arranged for quarters at Josslyn's farm.'

'Ah, then you will be well taken care of! Marie Angelique is a famous housekeeper. You should hear her speak of the young Marquis de Gallantreve. I believe, by the way, that she thought the Marquis was in love with her, and I am quite sure she is in love with him. It nearly made me fall in love merely to listen to her.'

'And why should you not, mademoiselle?'

'Oh, my dear adviser, you know very well it would not be proper for a young girl like me to fall in love with any one. That would be most immodest. You must not say shocking things to me, monsieur;' but her smile took the sting from her reproof.

She accompanied him to the door, and exclaimed at the beauty of the automobile. 'Is that the automobile of the Marquis?'

'Yes.'

'How lovely! He must take me out in that—Madame Durfer and me, I mean.'

'I make no doubt he will be delighted.'

'Please write that telegram very carefully, Monsieur Armelin.'

'Be assured I shall do my best.'

'*Au revoir*, monsieur.'

'*Au revoir*, mademoiselle.'

And with that the automobile glided down the avenue, while the mistress of the château stood meditating, grown pensive suddenly. And here, indeed, was an unexampled state of things: the victor in the action at law sorry he had won, the defeated glad she had lost.

Armelin sped past Josslyn's farm without stopping, and ran on to a distant town, where he entered a telegraph-office and sent a despatch to himself, in care of Josslyn's farm; then, making inquiries, he learned who the fashionable tailor of the town was, and drove thither. The tailor received him with obsequious graciousness, flattered that so evidently fashionable an automobile should draw up at his door. Then his professional eye noted the Parisian cut of the chauffeur's livery, and all at once that eye lighted up and his obsequiousness perceptibly increased.

'Ah, monsieur,' he said, 'those should be the colours of the House of Gallantreve.'

'They are.'

'The automobile possibly belongs to the Marquis?'

'It does.'

'Have I, then, the honour of addressing'——

'Sir, you have the honour of addressing Maurice Armelin, *avocat*, of Paris, who happens at the moment to be in a hurry.'

'Will you step inside, sir?'

'I may add that the Marquis has kindly lent me his automobile for a special purpose, which is to obtain a suit of clothes in the shortest possible period of time. The costume is to be one for the country, with special inclination towards boating on a small river. The material is to be of white flannel cut *à l'Anglais*. You understand?'

'Perfectly, monsieur.'

'I shall want everything else to correspond: shoes, stockings, neckties, straw hat, everything; therefore, be so good as to send an assistant, and gather up whatever is necessary at the best shops where they are sold, and bring them here, that I may try them on.'

'Certainly, monsieur.'

'I now submit myself to your discretion for measurement.'

When the measurement was completed Armelin said, 'You will provide a dressing-room ready for me at seven o'clock to-morrow morning?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'And this costume must be quite completed at ten minutes to seven.'

'Oh monsieur,' protested the tailor, 'that is impossible!'

'Nothing, my dear sir, is impossible, as a man of your age should know by this time. The men will have to work all night; you shall lose sleep in order to superintend. The men will ask double pay. Well, you will give them treble. Your own compensation I leave entirely to yourself. It would be presumption in me to attempt computation of the worth of a man so eminent in his profession as you are.'

The tailor bowed almost to the ground. 'It shall be done, monsieur,' he said.

'Of course. Now, you understand that I wish this apparel to be the very best of its kind, as I am particular about my clothes, and I don't in the least care what I pay for them. Good-afternoon, sir;' and he stepped into the waiting automobile.

The tailor gazed after him. '*Mon dieu!*' he cried, 'that must be the Marquis himself, in spite of his Maurice Armelin. That is the way the Gallantreves lost their money. They never cared what a thing cost!'

The beauty of a good automobile is that it practically abolishes space so far as its owner is concerned. Maurice Armelin had ordered boating flannels at five o'clock, yet sat down to dinner at half-past six at Josslyn's farm, fifty miles away, and between the time of his arrival and the meal he had enjoyed a refreshing swim in the river Rille. All this he could not have done if he had depended on the railway. At eight o'clock next morning he was back at the farm again; no longer the formal, sombrely dressed *avocat* of Paris, but a young man of fashion, arrayed with a careless elegance that might have given hints on costume to Solomon at that period when he was in all his glory.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW INGENIOUS INCANDESCENT GAS-MANTLE.

THOUGH the invention of the incandescent gas-mantle has considerably popularised and economised gas-lighting systems, the fragility of the mantle is a pronounced defect. This is because cotton constitutes the foundation of the article; and, though continued efforts have been made to strengthen this substance so as to impart longer life and reliability, they have not been successful. Another drawback is that the present mantle steadily and surely depreciates in its lighting efficiency after it has once been raised to incandescence. These drawbacks have at last been removed by the ingenious achievement of another inventor, who has succeeded in producing a mantle which, with ordinary care, is practically indestructible. It is totally different in design and construction from the present mantle, the

principle being based upon the obtaining by fusion at a very high temperature radiant and unchangeable filaments composed of various oxides, which are so fashioned as to possess the appearance of solid glass or porcelain. There is a flat circular crown from which project, in the form of a brush, three rows of rods or needles of from twenty-three to thirty millimètres in length and eight-tenths of a millimètre in thickness. The mantle resembles a brush made of stout bristles; and, although comparatively thin, they are of great strength, and will not readily break when placed between the thumb and finger. The mantle is placed over the Bunsen gas-flame in the usual manner by means of a special supporting-rod, and when the filaments become incandescent they shed a brilliant light, the intensity of which varies according to their number and length. This mantle is capable of withstanding extreme differences of temperature, is perfectly rigid, and is unaffected by draughts, winds, or rain. Some idea of its strength may be gathered from the fact that the mantle may be removed when in a perfect state of incandescence, plunged into cold water, and replaced over the flame without sustaining any injury or deterioration in its luminous power. Moreover, any tint of light desired can be obtained, from a cold, brilliant white to shades of yellow or red, or soft shades of pink, merely by the introduction of certain colouring oxides in the manufacture of the filaments. The mantle can also be made up into a wide variety of forms, such as flat, round, star-shaped, flowers, or any other decorative design, and is applicable to any gas-system, whether coal, alcohol, petrol, acetylene, &c., as well as being adaptable to all kinds of portable lamps. It is economical in gas-consumption, and the light is quite as intense as that of the ordinary mantle, or possibly more so. With this mantle, a new weapon is available to gas companies for combating the competition offered by the new metallic filament electric incandescent lamps, one which is especially useful, as the mantle is practically everlasting, and retains its original lighting efficiency to the end.

MUNICIPAL COTTAGE-BATHS.

A new movement in the provision of bath facilities for the poor districts of our large centres is now in progress. The first town to initiate the scheme was Brighton, where a number of old buildings in the slum districts were purchased and fitted up for both sexes. A purely nominal charge is made, and for this the parents can participate in the pleasure of a bath together with their family. The latest city to adopt the idea is Birmingham, though similar establishments have been in operation in Liverpool, Manchester, and one or two other towns, but not quite upon the same lines. As the title implies, the principle is the erection or purchase of existing small houses situated in the poor neighbourhoods, and equipping them with baths. No swimming-bath is attached, but the ordinary slipper or other types are provided. Hot and cold water, together with soap and towels, are available for a humble coin, so that the luxury of a douche is brought within the reach of all. That the development is appreciated is borne out by the success that has attended the enterprises already in service, and it is an enterprise that might be advantageously extended to all our large centres to the welfare of the community in general. It involves but little initial outlay to acquire the necessary buildings or even to construct special establishments, which need be of the most formal description, and to equip them with the necessary fittings. Provided the fees are very low, the popularity of such institutions is assured, and they cannot fail to prove self-supporting.

ICE-MAKING MACHINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

A French scientist, Professor Audriffen of Paris, realising the difficulties attending the use of ice-making machines in the average home owing to complexity of the mechanism, has evolved a simple apparatus which can be controlled by a member of the household. It resembles the ordinary ice-making plant, but upon a much simpler scale, intricate gearing and pressure-gauges being eliminated. There are two chambers connected by a hollow shaft; one chamber is larger than the other, and through this the shaft extends, carrying at its outer extremity a small pulley by which it is driven. The arrangement is such that as the shaft revolves the drums rotate with it in much the same manner as a churn. On the shaft within the larger drum is mounted a small pump so arranged as to swing freely thereon, and maintained in a vertical position by a lead weight attached to its lower end like a counterweight. The piston of this pump is connected to a crank offset on the shaft, so that when the latter is rotated through the outer pulley the piston moves up and down, being kept vertical by its connection with the weight. In the machines designed for small houses the drums are charged with anhydrous sulphurous acid instead of ammonia. The pump draws the gas from the smaller drum through the hollow shaft, compresses it into a liquid, and discharges it into the larger drum, whence it flows back through a connection to the hollow shaft into the smaller drum, where the liquid evaporates and the gas is once more compressed into a liquid; this cycle of operations being repeated continuously. It will be seen that the entire work is carried out under seal, the drums being hermetically closed, so that no liquid or gas can escape. Pressure-gauges are unnecessary, for the simple reason that when excessive heating occurs the compressor-pump commences to revolve on its shaft, and ceases pumping until the temperature is reduced, when it resumes pumping. Consequently the pump-counterweight acts as a governor controlling the action of the machine. If required, the apparatus can be driven by hand (a crank-handle for which is provided) or

by a small electric motor. The large chamber is half-submerged in a tank of cold water, which absorbs the heat generated in the compressing operation. Liquids which it is desired to keep cool, such as milk, may be stored beneath the false bottom fitted to the tank in which the compression-chamber revolves, and drawn off perfectly cold as desired. The appliance may also be connected up to an ordinary ice-box, in which case a brine-tank is used in which ice slabs are made in metal containers filled with water, which is cooled and finally congealed by the circulation or agitation of the surrounding brine.

EFFECT OF PETROL-FUMES UPON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

Owing to the more extensive use that is being made of petrol for a variety of purposes, it is urgent that adequate ventilating facilities should be provided to prevent those working in the proximity thereof from suffering any injurious physical effects produced by the fumes. It is well known that a walk through a distillery will promote a certain condition closely akin to intoxication, arising from the respiration of the alcoholic fume-contaminated atmosphere. The same result attends inhalation of petrol fumes. As is well known, this liquid is extremely volatile, and the gas produces a nauseating, enervating feeling which, unless arrested in time, may result in a severe disturbance of the bodily system. Travellers in enclosed motor-vehicles frequently experience these peculiar sensations, especially if the petrol-fumes are strongly in evidence, and they can only be dissipated by recourse to fresh air, assisted by a stimulating drink such as tea or coffee. Even then it is some hours before a complete recovery is effected. In confined places the result may be far more serious, prolonged inhalation of the vitiated atmosphere terminating in collapse and insensibility, from which revival is somewhat difficult. Too much attention, therefore, cannot be devoted to the sufficient circulation of pure fresh air in those areas and buildings where large quantities of the spirit are stored or handled, to counteract the effects of petrol-vapour poisoning.

INGENIOUS WAGE AND COST CALCULATOR.

In these days of high-pressure working the dependence upon the human machine, which is apt to be hesitating, slow, and liable to error, is becoming more and more superseded by rapid, handy, and infallible mechanical appliances. One of the latest and most ingenious of these is a British wage and cost calculator, designed for both office and shop use. It is a small machine, measuring about two feet in length by five inches wide and four and a half inches deep. It can thus be placed in any convenient space, such as on the counter or desk, or even hung on the wall. In appearance it resembles an elongated typewriter, with its two rows of keys and a longitudinal slot above, with a central space, in the centre of which the total number of hours or weight is shown. At either side is a small high-speed wheel which visibly indicates the total of which the money value is required in the central slot. Suppose, for instance, it is desired to ascertain the wages due to a workman. The total working period is fifty-six and three-quarter hours, and his wage is ninepence farthing per hour. The side-wheel is turned, and almost instantaneously fifty-six and three-quarter hours appears on the dial. By pressing the wage-price key—that is, ninepence farthing—the amount due to the workman is immediately shown in the slot above the key—namely, forty-three shillings and ninepence. So simple is the system, and so rapidly does it work, that the task of calculating the wages of the whole of the employés in a huge factory can be accomplished by a boy within a few minutes, it only being necessary to manipulate the machine with the left, and write down the totals on the wage-sheet with the right, hand. At the extreme right is a cancelling key, which cancels the previous calculation made, and returns any depressed keys to the off-position. Should a wrong price-key be depressed, by merely tapping the correct key the erroneous calculation is corrected. For shopkeepers it is pre-eminently adapted, and it will reduce the labours of the staff to insignificance, especially in dealing with broken weights. For instance, suppose a customer purchases five and three-quarter yards of calico at sevenpence three-farthings. Instead of worrying out the total mentally, the assistant merely turns the handle until the measurement five and three-quarter yards appears in the central dial, and depresses the price-key sevenpence three-farthings. Instantly the total, three shillings and eightpence halfpenny, is shown; and, moreover, being in view of the customer, the total can thus be checked. The system is applicable to any shop, trade, or industry, and may be employed for a wide variety of calculating purposes, even where the most complex fractions are involved, with conspicuous facility. It will also be observed that the possibilities of losses over broken weights due to miscalculation are entirely obviated. While such loss in respect to an individual transaction might be insignificant, in the aggregate of the year's trade they constitute quite a formidable item. The application of a calculating system such as this to shops is quite a novel departure, and at the same time one which should meet with wide appreciation.

COMBINED COAL AND GAS COOKING-RANGE.

A novel arrangement which should appeal to the good *hausfrau* is the combined gas and coal-fire cooking-range which has recently been perfected. The oven is fitted with gas-burners such as are ordinarily fitted to gas-stoves, and the simple operation of turning on the gas opens air inlets to the oven to support combustion as well as an outlet for the fumes. By turning off the gas these inlets are closed, and the oven can be used in the ordinary manner with the coal-fire. This stove

solves the problem of cooking in comfort in hot weather when a coal-fire is not requisite, and at the same time provides the facility of the gas-oven without necessitating the acquisition of a special stove, as is now the case, which often occupies valuable space in a small kitchen, as well as being unsightly and an additional source of work.

HANDY FLOOR-BOARD LIFTING-TOOL.

Very often the removal of a floor-board to secure access to a pipe or electric wire beneath proves a troublesome task, especially if the board is swollen, when it proves exceptionally refractory. Invariably a withdrawal under these conditions irretrievably ruins the board, so that it cannot be relaid. Recently, however, a natty little tool has been devised, which, although so small that it can be packed into any tool-bag, will immediately lift the most obstinate board, without recourse to prising, cutting, or levering, noiselessly and with little effort. The tool comprises a cross-piece of metal which spans the board to be raised. This carries two small wood screws, while at either end is another small screw fitted with a foot at the bottom and a small handle at the top similar to a screw-jack. All that it is necessary to do is to place the tool across the board so that the extreme jack-feet secure a purchase on the adjacent board on either side. The inner screws are then driven into the board to be lifted by a screw-hammer to secure a firm purchase. By twisting the two miniature jacks at either end, the bridge of the tool is raised bodily for about two or three inches, lifting the board with it. No damage whatever is done to the board, and two little plugs will finish off the small holes left by the screws. For electrical, gas, and water engineers especially it is a useful, cheap, and labour-saving little appliance.

A BRITISH INDUSTRIAL TRIUMPH.

For years this country has been dependent upon America for typewriters and fountain pens. The late Colonel North attempted to establish typewriter manufacturing in this country; but, although an excellent article was produced, it failed to dispute supremacy with the American machine. A few months ago a similar effort was made to establish works for the manufacture of fountain pens, and in this direction the greatest success has been achieved; the result, in fact, completely surpassing the most sanguine hopes of the promoters of the enterprise, since it was thought that the public had become too firmly wedded to the excellently made and standardised foreign products. But a novelty was introduced—the pen was self-filling; and, furthermore, so many improvements were made in the process of production that the Americans soon found themselves outclassed. These works, which have been frequently extended, and are still undergoing considerable development, are a silent monument to a terrific commercial struggle that is being waged. It is the old, old story of merit and enterprise—those qualities which the cycle and shoe manufacturers displayed when they found the 'cute Yankee carrying the war into their own preserves, and the result of which promises to be repeated in connection with the fountain pen. Few people are aware of the multiplicity of stages through which a fountain pen has to pass before it is ready for use, albeit it looks so simple. In fact, at least sixty processes are requisite from the raw material condition to the finished article. From the sentimental point of view, there are some who will regret the development, since this industrial expansion has necessitated a metamorphosis in Bunhill Fields, the romantic atmosphere of which is rapidly becoming but a memory, as successive links with the past disappear to make room for commodious factory extensions. There is the sole satisfaction that such landmarks are making way for flourishing industries which furnish striking proofs of the fact that once the British working-man is properly guided into the requisite channel, in conjunction with inventive enterprise, he can hold his own with the best the foreigner can produce.

SAFETY RAILWAY-LATCH.

The frequent recurrence of accidents due to carriage-doors flying open while a train is travelling has resulted in greater attention being paid to their security. But the mechanical difficulties of the problem, combined with the regulations of the Government authorities, are so complex as to render it somewhat difficult of solution. The superintendent of one of our leading railway companies, however, has invented a safety-lock, the trials with which would appear to fulfil all requirements. It is of the slam-lock type. While it affords greater security than the ordinary pattern, the door can be opened a few inches and yet be held by the safety-catch. Consequently, should the door suddenly give way, the occupant is not precipitated on to the line; while at the same time, when necessary, the door can be easily opened in transit. For trains conveying children this device should prove eminently suitable.

IMPROVED SAFETY-WINDOW.

An ingenious improvement in window design suitable for both factory and private purposes has been completed. While it offers a ready escape in case of fire, it facilitates cleaning without necessitating leaving the interior of the room. The sashes, in addition to sliding up and down, are pivoted centrally on either side, allowing them to swing outwards, while the pivots themselves also slide similarly, so as to enable both windows to be pushed to the top in a horizontal position out of the way, leaving a clear open space below. A special casing is provided at the foot of the window, into which the bottom sash is lowered, and the upper one is brought down into the position normally occupied by the lower, for cleaning. The window can practically be converted when desired into an open door, and is adapted for the handling of pianos and large furniture which cannot be carried in and out *vid* the

staircase. The sashes can be swung at any angle, thereby providing the maximum of ventilation, which renders the window useful for sanatoria and factories.

SPEED-CONTROLLER FOR MOTOR-VEHICLES.

Of late increased animosity has been displayed towards all types of motor-propelled traffic by certain sections of the public, and urgent demands have been made upon the President of the Local Government Board to compel the adoption of devices for the mechanical control of speed. As that official, from his own engineering experience, is fully aware that any mechanical appliance can be easily tampered with by the unscrupulous, it is doubtful if any legislative relief will be obtained in this direction. That an effective method of achieving this end can be devised, however, the invention of two West of England engineers has demonstrated. There is a centrifugal governor mounted on or driven from one of the rotating shafts behind the gear-box, and its speed of rotation is always in fixed relation to that of the road-wheels. Overdriving is therefore rendered impossible. The device has been tested on a motor-bus and has proved very satisfactory.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor.

THE GUARDING OF A GOD.

PART II.

THE camp was pitched in the plain about a mile from the walls, and in their off-time the soldiers were daily in the city, strolling through the streets and chaffering with the shopkeepers in the bazars, being everywhere received by the people with the utmost cordiality. It was a significant fact, however, that the intercourse between the palace and the camp was confined to one formal call, there being none of the gorgeous banquets and nautch-dances with which the Eastern potentates delight to entertain their guests. Fletcher, however, had been an officer in the regiment before his appointment; and, thanks to his endeavours, the time passed fairly pleasantly, whilst Ramzhan sulked in his palace, longing impatiently for the time when his unwelcome visitors would depart.

One morning the Resident galloped to the colonel's tent with the startling intelligence that a couple of natives, said to belong to the camp, had fallen victims to the god during the night, and that the Rajah wished to have the bodies removed at once.

The colonel's face twitched with anger as the message, much softened by the diplomatic tongue of the Resident, was delivered. 'The treacherous scoundrel!' he muttered; 'if any harm happens to an English soldier I will batter his palace about his ears.'

Fletcher's face grew grave at the colonel's wrath. 'Hush, Kennedy!' he whispered; 'we can't blame the Rajah for this, and it might have been worse. Did not Carleton mention the warning I gave him about the idol?'

'Yes,' returned the other; 'and I issued orders that the troops must be confined to their quarters between sunset and sunrise; but you know how difficult it is to keep those camp-wallahs under control.'

Fletcher nodded. 'Where is Butler?' he asked.

'He went down to Amahabad a few days ago on some business connected with his paper, and told me not to expect him back for some time. I suppose I had better view the bodies,' he continued, 'in case of further developments.'

Preceded by the colonel, Fletcher, the doctor, and Carleton, a squad of bearers carrying a couple of stretchers made their way to the temple. The sudden cessation of chatter as they passed the bazars and the flashing of eyes from behind the latticed windows showed that the object of their march was already known, and as they approached the temple it was with difficulty that they made their way through the crowded streets. With a firm step the men entered the compound, and the commander of the Rajah's bodyguard immediately led them into the temple; Fletcher brushing aside the withered brown paw of a filthy mendicant as he entered.

The building was thronged from end to end with curious devotees, drawn there by the rumour that had flown through the city; but the bodyguard quickly cleared a path for the Europeans. The bodies were lying on the steps of the platform, where the mysterious fate had overtaken them; and, at a sign from Kennedy, the doctor dropped on his knees to examine them. At least twenty priests were prostrated in front of the idol, apparently oblivious of the presence of the Europeans; and, above all, the calm face of the god looked benevolently on the white man and the brown, the great ruby glowing with lambent flashes of radiance which were reflected from thousands of curious eyes.

Boyd's examination concluded, the bodies were placed on the stretchers, and, headed by the colonel, the procession made its way to the door, amidst a silence broken only by the solemn intonation of the priests as they sang the praises of the great Siva.

'This is a bad business,' whispered Carleton to Boyd as the grim cortège passed slowly through the streets. 'There is a good deal of grumbling in the regiment because the troops have to be in their quarters by sunset; and, although the guards have been doubled, the fate of those poor devils will arouse curiosity and probably lead to cases of breaking camp. I almost wish Kennedy would take it on himself to set a guard round the temple at night.'

'Daren't, me bhoy,' returned the doctor, who was fond of quoting—or rather misquoting—Shakespeare; 'we come to honour Cæsar, not to anger him.'

Next day Fletcher again came to the camp. 'There is something up, Kennedy,' he said hastily. 'I have just had an audience with the Rajah, who expressed his great sorrow that your camp attendants incurred the wrath of the god. He also desired me to inform you that he has made befitting arrangements for your entertainment during the time you honour Guzampore with your presence; and, finally, nearly knocked me off my feet by adding that, as a mark of the respect he has always borne to Her Supreme Mightiness the great British Raj, he has given orders that the temple is to be shut day and night whilst the troops are here. Of course I expressed my overwhelming obligation at this signal proof of his loyalty, and intimated that if the gates were shut at night it would suffice. But no! he replied that they will be shut night and day until you leave.'

The colonel whistled softly. 'Phew!' he said, 'I wonder what card Ramzhan has up his sleeve.'

'That is what is troubling me,' declared Fletcher. 'He is as dangerous as ever; of that I am convinced. It is some new scheme to disturb the peace of mind of the long-suffering Resident.'

. . . . . .

A fortnight slipped by, spent pleasantly by the officers in the enjoyment of hospitality which has rarely been equalled even in that land of lavish entertainment. Magnificent banquets were given in their honour; shooting expeditions were arranged, in which even the rhinoceros, hitherto sacred to the Rajah's rifle, was allowed to be shot by his guests; and, in fact, it seemed as if His Highness, by a display of the most prodigal extravagance, sought to atone for his former neglect.

Nor were the troops forgotten. Immense quantities of provisions were brought to the camp every morning for the use of the soldiers; and as, despite the growing turbulence of the mob, the temple still remained shut night and day, the Resident, uneasily wondering at the sudden *volte-face*, used every endeavour to get to the bottom of the mystery, but without success.

'It is worrying me into fiddle-strings,' he exclaimed to Carleton. 'I know Ramzhan is meditating some mischief, but what it is I can't find out.'

Carleton nodded gravely. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is very strange. I wish Butler were back! If anybody could get to the bottom of the mystery it is he.'

A few mornings later Fletcher called at the camp with a look of the most extraordinary perplexity on his bronzed face, and made his way to the colonel's tent, where he found the object of his search chatting with Carleton and Butler. The latter's eyes gleamed with amusement as the Resident involuntarily frowned on perceiving him. Special correspondents, as a rule, are not good confidants where State secrets are concerned, and the representative of *The Eastern Age*, knowing what was to come, thoroughly appreciated the situation.

'Like me to go, Fletcher?' he asked. 'I see you have something to tell the colonel.'

'Well, no,' he replied hesitatingly, 'if your promise to keep a secret still holds good.'

Butler nodded, biting his lips to conceal a smile.

'You know,' continued Fletcher, turning to the colonel, 'that I have been wondering why Ramzhan has lately shown such good intentions towards us. Well, Kennedy, I had an audience of His Highness last evening, and the murder is out.' He paused for a moment. 'His Highness Ramzhan ed Din, Rajah of Guzampore,' he continued, 'is the most cowed man within the borders of Hindustan at the present moment. For the first time he showed himself in his true colours; and, stripped of the mask of treachery and deceit, he, metaphorically speaking, grovelled at my feet for mercy. Fearing for his kingdom—ay! for his very life—he handed me the most absolute guarantees for his future good behaviour, witnessed by no less a personage than Azim Ullah, the high priest, and insisted that I should despatch them then and there by a special envoy to Calcutta. And you will never guess why!'

The officers had risen to their feet, staring at him in speechless amazement; whilst Butler, with lowered lids, carefully scanned the tips of his riding-boots.

'Colonel, "The Life of the God" is missing from the idol, and the Rajah's superstitious fears make him see in this a symbol of displeasure on the part of the god. It disappeared on the night after your camp attendants were killed, and in the outstretched hand of the god was found a scroll bearing the words, "Give honour unto thy guests." So much the Rajah let slip in his fright before the old high priest intervened, and this of course accounts for the entertainments he has provided; but where the ruby has gone, and why he gave me the guarantees, remain total mysteries.'

The quiet voice of the special correspondent broke the astonished silence that followed the Resident's statement. 'Not quite, Fletcher,' he said. 'Yesterday morning another scroll was found in the idol's outstretched hand, with the command: "Make Peace with the Unbeliever, that the Faithful may adore."'

The listeners wheeled round in astonishment,

staring at the speaker with faces in which amazement and incredulity struggled for mastery.

So intensely surprised was the Resident, indeed, that for the moment the polished speech of the courtier forsook his tongue. 'Well, I'm ——,' he said.

Butler permitted himself a smile. 'Sit down,' he said, 'and have a peg of the regiment's whisky whilst I tell you a curious story about "The Guarding of a God."

'You fellows are not aware,' he began, 'that many years ago, before the temptation of a big salary induced me to join the staff of *The Eastern Age*, I served a long apprenticeship in the Secret Service. My type of face'—touching his rather prominent cheek-bones—'readily lends itself to disguise; and, having a smattering of a good many languages, I can usually simulate any native character. It was when making some inquiries in a *suttee* case in Mysore that I was able to render some good offices to an old Brahman anchorite who had been grievously maltreated by some Mohammedan fanatics. I had, fortunately, assumed the sacrificial cord on this occasion, and, from my knowledge of native customs, had no difficulty in imposing myself on Ghotai as a worthy devotee. I remained a month with the old man, nursing him back to life, and he showed his gratitude by initiating me into the mysteries and telling me many of the secrets of the higher priesthood.

'As you know, the Brahmans have made extraordinary strides in the science of botany, and more particularly in the properties, medicinal and otherwise, of plants and flowers; and, amongst other weird secrets, Ghotai showed me a specimen of the mysterious Blossom of Death, the aroma of which is immediately fatal, and leaves no trace of its effects on the victim. He also gave me the antidote, certain essences with which plugs of cotton-wool are impregnated, to be stuffed up the nostrils when the plant is being handled.

'On the morning that I went to the temple I thought I recognised the peculiar aromatic smell, and contrived, by dropping some money, to look up at a Brahman's nostrils, observing that they were plugged. I also noticed faint circular marks on the steps of the altar, such as are made by flower-pots, and my suspicions became certainties when I saw that the canopy over the idol was nothing more nor less than a shaft to carry off the poisoned air of the temple.

'My first task was to find out if the troops were really in danger; and, by Jove, Fletcher! your suspicions were justified. I discovered that Azim Ullah, with the object of adding to the idol's already great reputation, had hatched a scheme to entice the men into the temple at night. Once inside, of course there was no hope for them.

'My observations and the preparation of the essences took a considerable time; and, in fact, my plans were only perfected on the morning when you came to the temple. By the way, Fletcher, you might have spared a pice for the poor old fakir at the door.'

The Resident started. 'Was that you?' he asked incredulously.

Butler nodded. 'The same evening,' he continued, 'when the devotees were leaving the building, I contrived to slip into a recess, and waited quietly until the voice of a priest, warning the people that the god was at peace, resounded from the gate.

'An hour passed by, and then what I had looked for happened. A door at the side of the altar opened, and a procession of white-robed priests, their faces carefully swathed in bands of cloth, filed into the temple, each carrying a pot in which was growing the extraordinary plant that I have described.

'In absolute silence, the deadly guard was placed round the steps of the platform; one by one the priests prostrated themselves in front of the shrine, and silently filed out again, leaving me alone with that magnificent ruby, glowing with a rosy blush in the light of the sacred lamp.'

Butler paused, enjoying the stupefaction depicted on his listeners' faces.

'But the second scroll?' gasped the Resident when at last he recovered his speech.

'Have I not told you that old Ghotai initiated me into the rites of the priesthood. Even in their confusion over the disappearance of the jewel, the Brahmans made welcome Jhal Saiz, the holy man from Benares; and, once inside the monastery, the rest was easy.'

. . . . . .

The same night a wizened old fakir might have been seen crawling on hands and knees towards the Brahmans' quarters; and when, on the following day, the gates of the temple were once more thrown open to the enormous crowd, 'The Life of the God' returned the adoring gaze of the worshippers with beams of crimson splendour.

I WONDER?

I WONDER if the damask roses blow
In one dear garden of 'The Long Ago'?
And if the pansies' wistful faces hold
The tender mystery that they did of old?

I wonder if the jasmine stars to-day
Along the hedgerow make a 'milky way'?
And if the little bed of sturdy thyme
Cradles its bees, with their low, lulling rhyme?

I wonder if the fountain's silver plumes
Still curve above the stately lily-blooms?
I wonder if the blackbird still doth break
The garden's hush for love, and love's sweet sake?

. . . . . .

Oh, rose of yesteryear! oh, last year's nest!
We may not hold the things we love the best.
I *wonder*, *wonder*—yet the while I *know*
'Twas only Youth that made 'The Long Ago.'

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE LUCK O' THE SPEY.

By Sheriffs Clarke.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ON a spring day a hundred years ago a man lay hidden in the heather on Speyside, his blue eyes fixed on the hillside across the lithe, gleaming river. He was a tall man of about thirty, finely built, with the lean flank and build of a hillman, a handsome head, straight nose, and eyes blue as the cornflower so often seen in the Scottish Highlands. He wore a kilt of the Grant tartan, and in his glengarry was a sprig of fir, the badge of his clan. His collie, Cù Math, lay beside him, concentrating the gaze of his brown eyes on nothing in particular, as only a dog can. The man kept quite still, his head in his hands, watching.

The day was clear and windless. The hill-tops and the pines were picked out against the sky in the crisp air, the sun shining with the rare and intense decision of a perfect spring day in the north. Far up the strath the river gleamed, a claymore in the brown moorland. A hundred feet below where the Highlander lay it passed singing to the gray North Sea at Garmouth, three miles down-stream. Plovers bickered over the lea. On the uplands a ploughman whistled behind his easy-swinging team, impudent gulls following him, their wings twinkling gray against the brown of the turned furrows. A stately brigade of pines lined the hillside, their crests tremulous against a hundred little clouds. From the earth and the air came the subtle sounds and signs of spring and youth and joy. And the man watched, evil in his heart, for two men loved one woman.

On the slope of the hill opposite to him a curl of peat-smoke marked a moorland cottage, and at the gate of its little garden stood the woman. The man in the heather watched her. Until last month, his Mary! Until last month, when the 'floaters' brought down the river from Badenoch the little, slight Lowlander, Watty Douglas. Until then, his Mary!

The Celt thought of her as his heart, his white love, his Spey pearl, the flower o' the strath, her eyes like the cairngorms of her own hills, her laughter a peal of merry bells. Then the accursed Sassenach came, with his songs, his wheedling voice, and his nimble tongue, and Mary's smiles were all for him. He, Alasdair Grant, son of the mountains and the Spey, was supplanted by a stranger—nay, worse, a Lowlander, a sapling whom he could break across his knee. The blood surged at his heart and he buried his face in his hands, for he was a Celt and a hillman, with a dreamer's sensitive blood and the traditions of his race, vain, highly strung, courageous. He could face the Spey in flood, or the cutlasses of the revenue cutter, but a thoughtless village jilt sent his senses quivering. There he lay watching, watching—fury in his heart.

The slight, girlish figure moved down the path. Alasdair winced. There he was, the Black Curse on him! A little, fair man sprang lightly up the slope, and reappeared among the trees at her side. Alasdair could see the welcome in her eyes. A half-sense of shame seized him as he lay hidden, but chains of jealousy and self-torture held him to his hiding-place. The girl's head was on Douglas's shoulder, her arms round him, his kisses on her mouth, her hair, her neck. Somewhere in the forest an early thrush burst into a mellow thanksgiving for life. The lovers listened, hand in hand. The Spey sang louder.

The man in the heather crept silently farther out of sight, until he reached a sheep-track in the brown moorland. Then he walked with white, set face, covering the five miles between him and his home in an hour, and came out on the right bank of the Spey near its mouth, opposite where a little, town lay, its whitewashed houses and the masts and yards of the clusters of ships in the harbour a pleasant picture in the bright sunshine. Across the river floated the hum of the town and the

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

shouts of workmen. The steady boom of the surf sounded clear in the still air.

Alasdair went down to the water's edge and unmoored a skiff. Three strong strokes took him out to mid-stream. He pulled up-stream for a stroke or two, shipped the oars, and then, stepping to the bow, drew his skean-dhu—the little, black knife of the Gael—from his right leg. The knife gleamed bright in the sun as he leaned over the thwart. He dipped the blade three times in the running water, bared his head, and, kneeling, made the sign of the cross. Then he repeated twice, in the Gaelic, the words:

'The Spey from the mountains knows the hearts of the Grants,
In our cradles she sang us to sleep.
Many are our years and claymores she remembers,
Round our graveyards softly she wails.
Keep my heart's secret, my hands from red blood,
Oh proud, singing river!'

He stood up, his face calmer, replaced the skean-dhu, and slowly pulled towards the harbour.

'Ah, Alasdair,' said a 'floater' as the skiff was being moored, 'the revenue men were far east last nicht, an' the free-traders got in as easily as whustlin' a tune. Come awa' to "The Norway Lass" an' we 'll drink.'

'That I will,' answered Alasdair, and the two men sauntered through the street to the sign of 'The Norway Lass.'

'If it 's a fair question, Alasdair, what micht ye ha' been doin' oot in mid-stream?' asked the 'floater,' over the glass.

The Highlander's blue eyes smiled, for his questioner was a good-natured Morayshire gossip.

'Maybe, Jock o' the Lugs, that I was saying my prayers,' said he. 'Maybe I was not. But I was minding my own business.'

CHAPTER II.

TWO or three sounds are faithful to the little town on old Speyside: the river's voice over the shingle, the halloo of the gale straight from the awful silences of the frozen North, the bass, plangent note of the eternal surf still clamour round the ghost of the old place. But on the day, long ago, when Alasdair and Jock o' the Lugs met, many heartening sounds arose from a harbour full of masts. Derricks clattered. A hundred strident mallets called to one another, for in those far-off days Garmouth was the centre of a now dead and gone industry—the building of wooden ships; but the 'Spey clippers,' once famous wherever the red ensign flew, now sail on phantom seas, along with the 'seventy-fours,' the stately East Indiamen, and the old-timers of Marryat.

Alasdair and his comrades belonged to the vanished band of Spey 'floaters.' From Rothiemurchus or Glenmore, from far green Highland forests, huge rafts, piled up with pine, fir, and larch, were floated down Spey to the river's mouth, manned and steered by the 'floaters.' It was difficult and dangerous work, for a Spey spate meant a sudden, sullen flood, the image of Death, silent, rapid, relentless. The 'floaters' were a bronzed lot, hard-worked, and earning good wages. Between spells they were jovial and free-living, for French brandy was cheap. Smuggling and deer-poaching were venial peccadillos, and many an anker of brandy was 'run' among the sand-dunes of the coast, many a gallon of pot-still brought over the hills from Glenlivet, without having paid His Gracious Majesty King George the Third any vexatious dues.

The Norway Lass Inn stood snugly tucked in the elbow of the narrow, bent street, a pleasant retreat in summer days for a cool tankard in the old-fashioned Scots garden; in the chill, sea-stung evenings the heartening blaze of its peat-fire in the big open hearth beckoning a welcome. On the sign was painted a square-rigged schooner in full sail, against a middle distance of aggressively large green waves and a sky of slate. She was apparently undermanned, for the crew consisted of one damsel whose long fair hair flew loose in the wind. The colours had run woefully, with a disconcerting effect, for one eye was a pensive blue and the other a truculent and impossible purple. No one knew what the sign meant or who the 'Lass' was. It may have been a relic of old times, when the Raven's flags or the Maid of Norway came over the sea, or perhaps it was only the whim of some soft-hearted sailor who had brought a fair wife from Norway or left his thoughts there. Who knows? There it had swung past memory.

Inside, in the kitchen, where Alasdair and the other 'floater' were seated, a wide open hearth held the glow of peats and hissing pine-cones. The room was long and low-roofed, with blackened rafters hung round with sides of bacon or kippered salmon waiting their turn to 'skirl' in the pan. A double row of shining plates lined the dark walls like the gleam of white teeth in an honest brown face.

The room was full. There were Highland 'floaters' from Strathspey or Upper Badenoch or far Lochaber, a Yorkshireman or two from the Kingston Shipbuilding Company, douce trading burghers from Elgin, a Spanish sailor gambling with a fat Dutchman who had just 'made' the harbour in an innocent-looking fishing-lugger—he had sunk his rich 'crop' of French brandy along the coast before the dawn. In a corner two or three tarry sailors, flushed with brandy, were singing snatches of the old East Lothian smuggling refrain:

Rin down the wynd, Willie Crunk!
Flee quick this night, John Arnit!
The Dutchman's lights are showing,
Just arrived direct from Flushing.
The coast is clear, get out the ankers,
And cheat the curst preventive jankers!

Alasdair rose to call for more brandy.

'Alasdair Grant! Alasdair, a song!' shouted a fat Elgin trader. 'You'll be gaun' up Spey the nicht, an' we'll no' see ye for a week. A song!'

'And indeed it is Alasdair that is the best singer in Strathspey, or in all the north,' said a Highlander.

'The young man Douglas sings very weel, though —very weel,' said the Elgin man.

'But it is the impudent tongue he has,' said the Highlander, loyal to his clansman.—'You will sing, Alasdair?'

Alasdair shook his head. 'I will not have the voice or the heart this day,' he said half to himself.

'Speak o' the de'il,' said another. 'Here is Douglas.'

The men turned and saw Watty Douglas, who had been standing unseen, listening.

'Good-evenin' to ye all, impudent tongue in me or no',' said he. 'Do ye want a song, even if it be a Lowlander's?'

Alasdair said nothing, but flushed dark as he heard the pleasant, clear voice, and ran his eyes over the Lowlander's slight figure.

'What is that you say, Walter Douglas?' said Ian from Rothiemurchus. 'Perhaps you can sing, but there are no Sassenach songs to compare with the songs of the hills and rivers of the glens.'

'That's jist a wheen Hieland blethers owre a dram,' retorted Watty coolly. 'Ye always say that, an' because ye dinna ken ony better. Ye've never been ayont the Strath.' He pronounced it 'Stra-ass,' in exaggerated mockery of their Highland accent. 'An' ye speak o' the Spey as if there was no river in the world like it.'

Alasdair sprang to his feet.

'And neither there is to a Grant. What can a nameless youth from the Lowlands know of our Spey? The river has taught our bards for hundreds of years, and the winds through the pines and over the dark lochs sing songs that no one but a Gael can hear, far less sing. As for the Sassenach'——

'Oh, Sassenach here, Sassenach there!' broke in the other. 'I'm fair sick o' the word. An' as for bein' nameless, let me tell you that the name o' Douglas was kent lang before Grant. I'm no' sayin' that the Grants are na as guid men in the field as their neebors, an' maybe afore them in snappin' speerits; but they fill their heids wi' havers about the winds an' the ghosts an' the hills an' the trees as if God's earth belonged to them an' the Gaels. An' as for their bards, I suppose ye'll never ha'e heard o' a chiel Robbie Burns, that dee'd jist the other day?'

The Highlanders sulked ominously, and Douglas smiled.

'I thocht as muckle. Man, Burns's sangs are worth a' your Hieland bards, as ye ca' them, put thegither! He never fashed wi' the sea an' the lochs an' sic like, but he aye went straught to fowk's hearts.' He laughed contemptuously.

'It's a wonder nane o' ye got up wi' the lee in your Hielan' throats and said ye kent a' aboot him.'

'What do ye mean, Lowland dog?' cried Alasdair, starting up, his voice trembling, the Highlanders instinctively gathering round him.

'Dog to yoursel'! Plain what I said, an' fine ye ken what I mean. Everybody kens to keep their sporrans steekit in the Hielan's an' believe nae-body west o' the Findhorn,' answered Douglas. 'They're a' sic leears that ye canna believe even the opposite o' what they say.'

The Highlanders' knives were drawn. The others clustered round the Lowlander, and for an instant a fight hovered in the air.

'Shame on ye all! Shame on ye! to let a drop o' French brandy send the wits to the skean-dhu!' An old woman stepped into the middle of the room, speaking rapidly to the Highlanders in the Gaelic.

'It is old Morag,' said one of the 'floaters.'—'What is it, mother?'

The old woman continued her high-pitched sentences in the Gaelic, until the Highlanders, led by Alasdair, sheathed their little black knives.

'Peace it is.' She turned to the others. 'See to it!—And you,' she turned again to the Highlanders —'you drew the skean-dhu in a poor quarrel in an alehouse, and would be fighting like butchers' dogs. You will be doing your duty to the Grants and Speyside by sending round the Candlemas-cup.'

'Weel said,' observed the peace-loving Elgin man in the corner, his head over his fourth tankard. 'I'm a man a' for the comforts o' life, an' nane o' the contentions like;' and his treble chin wagged assent.

Alasdair came forward and took off his glengarry. 'It is wrong we were, my clansmen and I, to draw this night. The blood was hot, but we were wrong, as Morag has told us, and we will have peace and the Candlemas-cup.—Hasten with it, lassie!'

The staring serving-wench disappeared, and came back with a huge steaming bowl filled with brandy-punch. Roasted apples floated in it, and two sprigs of fir, the badge of the Grants, were crossed over it.

The bowl was placed on the table in the middle of the room, old Morag standing beside it. Taking up the sprigs, she placed them in the form of a cross before the blazing hearth, and then chanted in the Gaelic:

> 'The Luck o' the Spey to the fighting Grants,
> Save to them who strike for a worthless cause.
> Stand fast, Craigellachie!'

A steaming tumbler was served out to all.

'The Sassenach will sing now one of the songs of this Burns he spoke of,' she said; 'for, if we quarrel on Candlemas Eve, black, black will be the year!'

A chorus of assent rose to the rafters, and Watty Douglas stood up and began to sing:

'Oh Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour.'

He had a rare tenor voice, full and resonant, and sang as naturally as a mavis. It was a curious scene. The motley audience listened to the rich, pure notes and the words, then new to the far north, in a tense silence. Douglas was in his own way an artist, and an artist singing to his lady-love. The simple words and the cadence of the air wrought like magic. The commonplace room took on new lights and shadows, as to each man the spell of the song brought forgotten visions — to some indefinable yearnings long forgotten, the land of dead dreams and well-nigh dead hopes, the march of wasted years, lost youth and innocence; to others it sang of present days, of high courage, of companionship, of sweet, sunlit ambitions, of bright eyes, calling up to all strange stirrings of the heart. They sought each other's eyes, half-ashamed, as men are, of their best instincts, and the rough crowd, five minutes before on the brink of blood, was transformed and humanised. Music is the greatest of all levellers, except one.

When the singer finished, the audience drew a long breath of delight, all except Alasdair, for his rival, intentionally or not, had chosen a song that sent his jealous nerves jangling.

One of the Grants came forward and took Douglas by the hand.

'It is the great pity that you are not a Highlander,' he said simply. He could think of no higher praise.

Song followed song, until the February moon was climbing the dark, mysterious woods.

'One song more, and from Alasdair,' said one, as Alasdair rose to go.

'No,' said Alasdair, and he went out into the quiet night. 'I cannot sing this day.'

The others gradually left in twos and threes, leaving only old Morag and a few of the more drouthy sailors and 'floaters.'

'Morag,' said Jock o' the Lugs, 'I saw Alasdair to-day in his boat in mid-Spey. He drew his skean-dhu and made the good sign. Then he washed the blade in the water. What could he have been after?'

'John of the Long Ears,' said Morag, 'you are like the blackbird, the busybody of the woods, always calling other folk's business. It was the Luck o' the Spey he would be asking, and it is this: If a Grant feels the call of the Evil One or of hatred or blood, he will go to mid-stream in the Spey, for the Spey is our mother, and he will do what you saw, saying a charm that only the Grants know. But the Spey will bring no luck, but will be an enemy, to any Grant who draws for a worthless man or woman. Listen!' She pointed out of the window to the moonlight on the mail-clad river. 'Listen! I can hear what the river says! Some of you laugh; but you do not laugh when your sheep go astray, or when you miss any peats from the stack. Then you come with fair speech to old Morag. I am an old woman, and you are young and no doubt clever men; but there are things on Strathspey that you or any one who has not the blood of the Grants never will understand, and one of them is the Luck o' the Spey.'

(To be continued.)

WILFUL WASTE.

SEEMINGLY, having passed safely through the various ages named by Hesiod, the United Kingdom has embarked upon a new period which future generations will describe as the 'waste age.'

It is rather difficult to get away from the subject of waste in this country. Waste is apparently rampant. Royal Commissions regard the wastage with dismay, and turn out reports that are in themselves provocative of waste of time.

Although most people, if put to it, can manage to waste after a fashion, to waste artistically is given to but few. Not many years ago, for example, a Berlin wine-merchant was found guilty of adulterating his wares. Justice rose up in her wrath, and through her police seized three thousand two hundred and fifty gallons of liquor, which were emptied into the gutter. Justice was then satisfied, but it is doubtful if any one else was. Indeed, from the common-sense point of view, Justice, by her inartistic and wilful waste, appears to have been as morally guilty as the dishonest wine-merchant. Such waste is quite indefensible.

In 1904 ten million cigars were consumed in a fire which broke out in a tobacco factory at Budapest. It would be rash to assume from the bare statement, and without particulars concerning the quality of the cigars, that the conflagration represented a form of waste, for it may have been a blessing in disguise; but the incident recalls a fact that is *à propos* of inartistic governmental methods of wasting—namely, that there was a time when confiscated tobacco was burned in a kiln, at the London Docks, which was called the Queen's Pipe. We have, however, altered all that, and to-day the smugglers' booty, to the value of eight thousand pounds per annum, is used at various public gardens for fumigating purposes, while the criminal lunatics at Broadmoor act as human kilns in respect to a fair proportion.

When, early in 1904, the Japanese squadron bombarded Vladivostock for fifty-five minutes, at a cost of twenty thousand pounds, with tangible

results represented by the three letters *nil*, the money was not altogether wasted, because of the moral effect that the bombardment had upon the inhabitants of the city; but when, through carelessness, a workman at the Smirnoff Distillery in Moscow, some six or seven years ago, emptied into the sewers the contents of a tank containing rectified spirit on which seven thousand pounds excise had been paid, temperance advocates and excise officials could alone derive any satisfaction from the occurrence.

To waste thoroughly and artistically is not given to all public bodies. Most of them can waste with wonderful thoroughness, but the artistic element is noticeable chiefly by its absence. For instance, some little time ago a cold-meat depôt was apparently required at Gibraltar. An ordinary man having such a requirement, and the wherewithal to satisfy it, would have built a cold meat depôt straight away, and been done with it. A Government official, however, works on different lines; he wanted a cold-meat depôt, so he built an ammunition-store at a cost of forty-two thousand pounds, and spent a further forty-seven thousand pounds in converting it into a cold-meat depôt. It is not every one who would have thought of such an admirable method of wasting money; but the Admiralty officials did their best to rival the effort when they built at the naval barracks at Chatham a magnificent apartment, to whose door was affixed a brass plate of great effulgence betokening that the room was to be used for the purpose of the 'Court-Martial.' When, in due course, it transpired that the naval regulations held that courts-martial must be conducted on the water, doubtless the brass plate was removed. Presence of mind, of course, is a characteristic national attribute.

In 1901, when two of the forts commanding Sandown Bay were remodelled and rearmed, two twelve-year-old eighteen-ton muzzle-loading guns gave place to modern twenty-five-ton breech-loaders, much to the satisfaction, doubtless, of the inhabitants whose property they defended. But the question arose, 'What is to be done with the effete ordnance superseded?' The ordinary man, with a mind trammelled by the conventions of commerce, would have cast round for some means whereby the many tons of steel contained in the guns could have been turned into coin of the realm for the relief of the indigent taxpayer; but the official mind seemingly recks not of economy, and the armament in question was dragged out of the fort, deposited on a piece of land outside, and buried beneath the débris caused by the excavation. However much he may regret this instance of official waste, the British taxpayer, mindful of the burden of war-taxes placed upon him in the not remote past, will most fervently remark, in respect to the buried treasure, '*Requiescat in pace!*'

That it is a rather dangerous practice to indulge in wilful waste is now in all probability realised by those cotton-planters of the United States who, in December 1904, indulged in bonfires of the staple commodity of the Southern States with a view to keeping up the prices. Some years ago the cotton-harvest was superabundant, but more recent crops have been as short of the world's requirements as that of 1904 was in excess of the demand; and although the farmers' threat to burn two million bales was in all probability never carried out in its entirety, the fact that one day alone saw twenty thousand pounds' worth of cotton burned proves that the amount wasted, which would have brought a good round sum, was not inconsiderable. Object-lessons in economics have, doubtless, a value of their own; but when the lesson performs a boomerang-like evolution and unexpectedly assaults the tutor, it is not unlikely to lose much of its popularity.

The amount of liquid that has been allowed to run to waste of late has been enormous. An ardent Rechabite and ex-senator for Missouri some little time ago descended to his wine-cellar with a number of other Rechabites, and cracked, not merely a bottle, but every bottle contained therein. This included a supply of Napoleon brandy, dozens of old burgundy and champagne, and other wines, that might have been put to a useful purpose at a hospital instead of being turned into the drains. Nearer home, six thousand gallons of beer were recently destroyed near Spalding when it was found that it had been brewed with water impregnated with salt, through the river Welland contaminating the river Glen in that respect; while not many months ago the emptying of a great reservoir in which a man had committed suicide entailed the wastage of over three thousand pounds' worth of water. When, some little time since, two barrels containing seventy-two gallons of beer fell from a dray and burst, the workmen employed on the Strand improvement scheme went to extraordinary lengths in order to prevent wastage, some men even sacrificing the cold tea in their cans, which they refilled at the flowing streams in order to save the malted liquor. At Grimsby, too, early in 1905, when a hogshead of port fell and burst, and the gutters ran red with fifty guineas' worth of wine, crowds armed with bottles, mugs, and cans worked with exemplary industry to prevent undue waste; but this enthusiasm is far from being general. Indeed, when fifty million gallons of water were allowed to run to waste from a London reservoir in the autumn of 1904, and by the bursting of a main at Scarborough about the same time over five hundred thousand gallons of liquid were wasted at that pleasure-resort, it is believed that not so much fluid was salved in either case as would suffice to bring about the obsequies of a kitten. The public is strangely apathetic at times, while at others it is exactly the reverse; indeed, the bursting of the huge vats of the Loch Katrine Distillery in 1906, when two hundred thousand gallons of whisky were lost, is understood to have plunged a whole country-side in gloom.

Some time ago the proprietor of a Newcastle hotel woke one morning to the fact that the buffet of his establishment was a lake of liquor. During the night two men had broken into the building, and had seemingly employed their time in turning on every tap in sight, with the result that these strenuous advocates of temperance succeeded in running to waste one thousand two hundred and ten gallons of beer, one hundred and thirty-six gallons of whisky, and one hundred and twenty bottles of various spirits. The feelings of the owner when this heartrending sight met his eyes could not have been more enviable than those of the manager of the Anglo-American Oil Company at Limerick, in 1906, when he discovered that some one had maliciously turned on the taps of the oil-tanks one Saturday night, with the painful corollary that seven thousand gallons of oil were wasted.

But the situation was scarcely so painful as that confronting a certain Mrs Schmidt, of New York, some few years ago. Into the possession of Mrs Schmidt there came a brewery. Some people could put up with any number of similar inflictions, but the new proprietress had no desire to brew. To stop brewing was obviously her best policy, but what was to be done with the stock in hand? The fate of eleven thousand barrels of good fresh beer depended upon the new owner's decision; and in due course eleven thousand barrels gushed out on the cement floors of the brewery, flooded the building, and eventually poured forth into the river, amid the lamentations of a vast crowd who appreciated to the full the unhappy state of one Tantalus on a certain famous occasion. It was a noble sacrifice, and one that but few people could have brought themselves to sanction. Waste it undoubtedly was, but it was a form of waste that brought joy to many thousands of homes—those of temperance advocates and rival brewers. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the heroine of this abnegatory exploit derived all the satisfaction obtainable from the knowledge that it was cheaper to run the beer into the sewers than give a bond of fifteen thousand pounds to the Government of the United States, who would also have claimed a tax on the beer of six hundred pounds had it been removed for the purpose of consumption. Apparent waste is not invariably real waste, notwithstanding the findings of a Royal Commission.

But when the subject of waste is considered, it must not be forgotten that man's efforts in that line, even when a full board of guardians has the task in hand, are puny in comparison to what Nature can do when pressed. Some little time ago Mr J. Brown, F.R.S., when lecturing at Belfast, gave a case in point *à propos* of the abnormal appetites of the two million gulls that frequent our coasts. Each gull, he estimated, during the herring season destroys two hundred fry per day, or twelve thousand during the two months of the season; and he further estimated that if these twenty-four thousand millions of fry were permitted to come to maturity they would be worth twenty-four million pounds, a sum almost sufficient to provide for the long-desired and now in effect old-age pensions. This interesting fact is mentioned here without prejudice to the provisions of the Wild Birds Preservation Act. Doubtless the pro-gullers, if the abolition of a close-time for gulls was seriously suggested, would quote statistics showing that if it were not for the gulls the ocean would become so overstocked with herrings that it would be impossible for the *Mauritanias* of a future generation to carve their courses through the super-herringated waters of the Atlantic. Nature may be wasteful, but she has her own methods, and it is dangerous to meddle with them.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER VI.—CONCERNS GABRIELLE'S SECRET.

ALONG the cloister they went to the great hall, where Walter's mother advanced to greet her. Full of regrets at the girl's inability to attend the dance, she handed her the missing bracelet, saying, 'It is such a curious and unusual one, dear, that we wondered to whom it belonged. Brown found it when she was sweeping my boudoir this morning. Take it home to your mother, and suggest that she has a stronger clasp put on it.'

The girl held the golden snake in her open hand. This was the first time she had ever seen it. A fine example of old Italian workmanship, it was made flexible, with its flat head covered with diamonds, and two bright emeralds for the eyes. The mouth could be opened, and within was a small cavity where a photo or any tiny object could be concealed. Where her mother had picked it up she could not tell. But Lady Heyburn was always purchasing quaint odds and ends, and, like most giddy women of her class, was extraordinarily fond of fantastic jewellery and ornaments such as other women did not possess.

Several members of the house-party at Connachan entered and chatted, all being full of the success of the previous night's entertainment. Lady Murie's husband had, it appeared, left that morning for Edinburgh to attend a political committee.

A little later Walter succeeded in getting Gabrielle

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

alone again in a small, well-furnished room leading off the library—a room in which she had passed many happy hours with him before he had gone abroad. He had been in London reading for the Bar, but had spent a good deal of his time up in Perthshire, or at least all he possibly could. At such times they were inseparable; but after he had been 'called'—there being no necessity for him to practise, he being heir to the estates—he had gone to India and Japan 'to broaden his mind,' as his father had explained.

'I wonder, Gabrielle,' he said hesitatingly, holding her hand as they stood at the open window—'I wonder if you will forgive me if I put a question to you. I—I know I ought not to ask it,' he stammered; 'but it is only because I love you so well, dearest, that I ask you to tell me the truth.'

'The truth!' echoed the girl, looking at him with some surprise, though turning just a trifle paler, he thought. 'The truth about what?'

'About that man James Flockart,' was his low, distinct reply.

'About him! Why, my dear Walter,' she laughed, 'whatever do you want to know about him? You know all that I know. We were agreed long ago that he is not a gentleman, weren't we?'

'Yes,' he said. 'Don't you recollect our talk at your house in London two years ago, soon after you came back from school? Do you remember what you then told me?'

She flushed slightly at the recollection. 'I—I ought not to have said that,' she exclaimed hurriedly. 'I was only a girl then, and I—well, I didn't know.'

'What you said has never passed my lips, dearest. Only, I ask you again to-day to tell me honestly and frankly whether your opinion of him has in any way changed. I mean whether you still believe what you then said.'

She was silent for a few moments. Her lips twitched nervously, and her eyes stared blankly out of the window. 'No. I repeat what—I said—then,' she answered in a strange, hoarse voice.

'And only you yourself suspect the truth?'

'You are the only person to whom I have mentioned it, and I have been filled with regret ever since. I had no right to make the allegation, Walter. I should have kept my secret to myself.'

'There was surely no harm in telling me, dearest?' he exclaimed, still holding her hand, and looking fixedly into those clear-blue, fathomless eyes so very dear to him. 'You know too well that I would never betray you.'

'But if he knew—if that man ever knew,' she cried, 'he would avenge himself upon me! I know he would.'

'But what have you to fear, little one?' he asked, surprised at the sudden change in her.

'You know how my mother hates me, how they all detest me—all except dear old dad, who is so terribly helpless, misled, defrauded, and tricked—as he daily is—by those about him.'

'I know, darling,' said the young man. 'I know it all only too well. Trust in me;' and, bending, he kissed her softly upon the lips.

What was the real, the actual truth? he wondered. Was she still his, as she had ever been, or was she playing him false?

Little did the girl dream of the extent of her lover's knowledge of certain facts which she was hiding from the world, vainly believing them to be her own secret. Little did she dream how very near she was to disaster.

Walter Murie had, after a frivolous youth, developed at the age of six-and-twenty into as sound, honest, and upright a young man as could be found beyond the Border. As full of high spirits as of high principles, he was in every way worthy the name of the gallant family whose name he bore, a Murie of Connachan, both for physical strength and scrupulous honesty; while his affection for Gabrielle Heyburn was that deep, all-absorbing devotion which makes men sacrifice themselves for the women they love. He was not very demonstrative. He never wore his heart upon his sleeve, but deep within him was that true affection which caused him to worship her as his idol. To him she was peerless among women, and her beauty was unequalled. Her piquant mischievousness amused him. As a girl, she had always been fond of tantalising him, and did so now. Yet he knew her fine character; how deeply devoted she was to her afflicted father, and how full of discomfort was her dull life, now that she had exchanged her school for the same roof which covered Sir Henry's second wife. Indeed, this latter event was the common talk of all who knew the family. They sighed and pitied poor Sir Henry. It was all very sad, they said; but there their sympathy ended. During Walter's absence abroad something had occurred. What that something was he had not yet determined. Gabrielle was not exactly the same towards him as she used to be. His keen sensitiveness told him this instinctively, and, indeed, he had made a discovery that, though he did not admit it now, had staggered him.

He stood there at the open window chatting with her, but what he said he had no idea. His one thought—the one question which now possessed him—was whether she still loved him, or whether the discovery he had made was the actual and painful truth. Tall and good-looking, clean-shaven, and essentially easy-going, he stood before her with his dark eyes fixed upon her—eyes full of devotion, for was she not his idol?

She was telling him of a garden-party which her mother had arranged for the following Thursday, and pressing him to attend it.

'I'm afraid I may have to be in London that day, dearest,' he responded. 'But if I may I'll come over to-morrow and play tennis. Will you be at home in the afternoon?'

'No,' she declared promptly, with a mischievous laugh, 'I sha'n't. I shall be in the glen by the

first bridge at four o'clock, and shall wait for you there.'

'Very well, I'll be there,' he laughed. 'But why should we meet in secret like this, when everybody knows of our engagement?'

'Well, because I have a reason,' she replied in a strained voice—'a strong reason.'

'You've suddenly grown shy, afraid of chaff, it seems.'

'My mother is, I fear, not altogether well disposed towards you, Walter,' was her quick response. 'Dad is very fond of you, as you well know; but Lady Heyburn has other views for me, I think.'

'And is that the only reason you wish to meet me in secret?' he asked.

She hesitated, became slightly confused, and quickly turned the conversation into a different channel, a fact which caused him increased doubt and reflection.

Yes, something certainly had occurred. That was vividly apparent. A gulf lay between them.

Again he looked straight into her beautiful face, and fell to wondering. What could it all mean? So true had she been to him, so sweet her temperament, so high all her ideals, that he could not bring himself to believe ill of her. He tried to fight down those increasing doubts. He tried to put aside the naked truth which had arisen before him since his return to England. He loved her. Yes, he loved her, and would think no ill of her until he had proof, actual and indisputable.

As far as the eligibility of Walter Murie was concerned there was no question. Even Lady Heyburn could not deny it when she discussed the matter over the tea-cups with her intimate friends.

The family of the Muries of Connachan claimed a respectable antiquity. The original surname of the family was De Balinhard, assumed from an estate of that name in the county of Forfar. Sir Jocelynus de Baldendard, or Balinhard, who witnessed several charters between 1204 and 1225, is the first recorded of the name, but there is no documentary proof of descent before that time; and, indeed, most of the family papers having been burned in 1452, little remains of the early history beyond the names and succession of the possessors of Balinhard from about 1250 till 1350, which are stated in a charter of David II. now preserved in the British Museum. This charter records the grant made by William de Maule to John de Balinhard, *filio et heredi quondam Joannis filii Christini filii Joannis de Balinhard*, of the lands of Murie, in the county of Perthshire, and from that period, about 1350, the family has borne the name of De Murie instead of De Balinhard. In 1409 Duthac de Murie obtained a charter of the Castle of Connachan, possession of which has been held by the family uninterruptedly ever since, except for about thirty years, when the lands were under forfeiture on account of the Rebellion of 1715.

Near Crieff Junction station the lands of Glencardine and Connachan march together; therefore both Sir Henry Heyburn and his friend Sir George Murie had looked upon an alliance between the two Houses as quite within the bounds of probability.

If the truth were told, Gabrielle had never looked upon any other man save Walter with the slightest thought of affection. She loved him with the whole strength of her being. During that twelve long months of absence he had been daily in her thoughts, and his constant letters she had read and re-read dozens of times. She had, since she left school, met many eligible young men at houses to which her mother had grudgingly taken her—young men who had been nice to her, flattered her, and flirted with her. But she had treated them all with coquettish disdain, for in the world there was but one man who was her lover and her hero—her old friend Walter Murie.

At this moment, as they were together in that cosy, well-furnished room, she became seized by a twinge of conscience. She knew quite well that she was not treating him as she ought. She had not been at all enthusiastic at his return, and she had inquired but little about his wanderings. Indeed, she had treated him with a studied indifference, as though his life concerned her but little. And yet if he only knew the truth, she thought; if he could only see that that cool, unresponsive attitude was forced upon her by circumstances; if he could only know how quickly her heart throbbed when he was present, and how dull and lonely all became when he was absent!

She loved him. Ah, yes! as truly and devotedly as he loved her. But between them there had fallen a dark, grim shadow—one which, at all hazards and by every subterfuge, she must endeavour to hide. She loved him, and could, therefore, never bear to hear his bitter reproaches or to witness his grief. He worshipped her. Would that he did not! she thought. She must hide her secret from him as she was hiding it from all the world.

He was speaking. She answered him calmly yet mechanically. He wondered what strange thoughts were concealed beneath those clear, wide-open, child-like eyes which he was trying in vain to fathom. What would he have thought had he known the terrible truth: that she had calmly, and after long reflection, resolved to court death—death by her own hand—rather than face the exposure with which she had that previous night been threatened?

(To be continued.)

DANGEROUS FISH.

SOME MARINE BAD CHARACTERS.

By T. C. Bridges.

THE idea of fish constituting a danger to human life or limb would hardly occur to the angler who has never cast net or line in tropical waters. Yet even in our own British seas and rivers we have at least two fish which possess the power to make themselves extremely unpleasant. There are several instances on record of bathers being attacked by pike, and an old writer, Crull, tells of a giant pike inside which was found the body of an infant. Not long ago a good-sized retriever which was swimming in the Thames just above Chitty's boathouse at Richmond was tackled by a pike, which bit one of its hind-legs so badly as to sever an artery. It was another Thames pike which attacked that well-known naturalist and fisherman, Mr Cholmondeley-Pennell. He had actually landed the fish, when it sprang from the ground and fixed all its sharp teeth into his leg just above the knee. The creature hung so fiercely to its hold that a stick had to be used to prise its jaws apart.

The other British fish which can truly be called dangerous is the conger-eel. The experienced sea-fisherman takes care to kill every large conger as soon as it is brought into the boat. The conger has not only extraordinary jaw-power—it can triturate shellfish, shells and all—but is also so abominably active that the fisherman's opinion of it coincides with that held of the Indian by the Western plainsman: 'No good conger except dead conger.'

Ugly and savage brute as the conger is, it is a lamb compared with its relative the green moray of Bermudian waters. This great eel is of an unnaturally brilliant green, and has an eye which is the very epitome of intense and malignant ferocity. It is voracious and savage beyond words. The negro boatmen have such a holy horror of it that they absolutely refuse to allow a moray into the boat. An acquaintance of the writer, a marine officer, fishing in a small boat off Bermuda, hooked one of these fish; but as soon as his boatman saw the hideous head above the water he whipped out his knife and made to cut the line. The officer shouted to him to stop, but had to threaten to throw the man overboard before he would put up his knife. When the great eel was pulled over the side the nigger went absolutely ashy with fright. As for the moray, no sooner was it in the boat than it doubled upon itself, and its jaws met with a clash in its own side, cutting out a chunk of white flesh as neatly as a scoop would cut cheese. That was enough for the officer. He picked up a boathook and forked the uncanny creature overboard. Five years ago last June a green moray twelve feet long came ashore after a storm at Atlantic City, and was found by a coastguard on the beach. The man took it for a sea-serpent, and thousands of holiday-makers came to stare at it. It is described in a local paper as having 'full red lips and a double row of teeth.'

Of course the great peril and pest of tropical waters is the shark. Never so long as he lives will the writer forget his first experience of a shark. Years ago he was staying at Ormond, on the Atlantic coast of Florida, the same beach where the great motor speed-contests are now held. Early on the first morning of his arrival he went down to bathe, and, passing through the breakers on the bar, swam out to sea. Suddenly the familiar triangular fin appeared not fifty yards away, and then the whole back of a shark showed through the broken water. It was not a very large shark, and probably quite harmless, but the writer broke his own and most other existing swimming records back to the bar. Yet a shark's bark, so to speak, is worse than its bite. There has never been a case of a man being taken by a shark on the Atlantic coast of Florida north of Biscayne Bay; and though the Gulf fairly swarms with the ugly brutes, it is safe enough to bathe in a crowd and near shore. But the authorities will not let you dive off the end of a steamship pier on that coast, and rightly so. Very large sharks are sometimes caught in British waters. Five years ago fishermen from Kinsale found in their nets a blue shark ten feet three inches in length, which had inside its stomach three smaller sharks, each about four feet in length. Occasionally a blue shark is seen or caught on the Cornish coast; but they are very rare, and certain alarmist letters which have appeared in London daily papers on the subject of sharks and bathers are quite unjustified by facts.

The strangest shark-story which ever came to the writer's ears was of a shark that charged a steamer. This was in Queen Charlotte's Sound, and an account of the incident appeared in a Vancouver paper. The captain of the steamer, which was a small craft of only fifty tons or so, saw the shark on the surface on the port bow, and could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at it with his rifle. He hit his mark, whereupon the monster—said to have been fully twenty feet in length—deliberately charged the steamer. The boat quivered from stem to stern, and the captain said afterwards that it was like striking a rock. After this display of temper Master Shark had had enough of it, and sank out of sight.

A fish that has a thoroughly bad name in West Indian waters and all along the shores of the Mexican Gulf is the barracouta. Certainly the barracouta is an unpleasant-looking customer. He is long and narrow, shaped like a torpedo, blue-black above and

gray below, and he can swim at most amazing speed. Where he lives he is known as the devil-fish, a name common to all marine bad characters. The negroes have a perfect horror of the barracouta, which they aver will attack bathers and inflict upon them a mutilation impossible to describe. But whether there is any ground of truth in this accusation, which is also made against a fresh-water fish found in the Amazon, the writer has never been able to ascertain.

Another so-called devil-fish which is common on American coasts from thirty degrees north latitude to about the same degree south of the line is the giant ray. This fish looks very like a skate, but grows to an enormous size. It lies on the sea-bottom, covering square yards of coral sand, and if attacked may prove not only nasty but most dangerous. It is said to use its mouth like a shark, but its most unpleasant weapon is the toothed spear in its tail. Fishermen aver that it is able to drive this jagged lance right through a man's thigh. Such a wound is extremely poisonous, and almost invariably fatal. In the southern part of the Gulf of Mexico specimens of the giant ray have been killed up to eighteen feet across. The ray has two horns, one on each side of its eyes, the latter being green, hideous, and cruel beyond compare. A curious habit of this fish is to break water like a whale, falling with a thunderous splash which is heard for miles.

Some years ago a most strange case of a fatal accident caused by a fish was reported in the *British Medical Journal* by Dr S. Osborne Browne, of British Honduras. A boy went out to fish at the island called Cross Caye, when a fish known as the long-guard rose from the water and struck him on the bare chest, causing a punctured wound which proved fatal. Such an occurrence would seem almost incredible, but full details are given by Dr Browne. The fish was two feet three inches in length, and weighed one pound nine ounces. It had a sharp snout three inches long. The long-guard has the power of rising from the water and flying with great velocity for many yards. Cases were previously known of specimens passing through the sail of a boat and even penetrating the side, but this was the first instance on record of human life being lost through the long-guard's agency.

In the British Museum may be seen a specimen of a heavy oaken plank, once part of the bottom of a stout vessel, which has been pierced by the sword of a sword-fish. The weapon remains fast fixed in the timber. Along the Atlantic coast of the United States sword-fish are hunted both for their flesh, which is palatable, and also in order to protect the schools of blue-fish and mackerel which they ravage. Usually a sword-fish when harpooned swims straight away, just as a whale would do; but sometimes a large specimen will turn nasty and attack the boat. As its speed is simply tremendous, exceeding even that of a dolphin, the impact of half a ton or more of bone and muscle will drive the great beak through almost any timber, and bad accidents are sometimes heard of. There used to be an elderly pensioner at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, who had lost a leg through a wound received when engaged in sword-fishing. Whenever the sword is driven through a boat the men invariably do their best to break it off; for it is an odd fact that, once deprived of its natural weapon, the sword-fish instantly loses all its natural savagery and becomes harmless as a herring. Sword-fish hunters say that there is a natural enmity between the sword-fish and the shark, and tell stories of desperate duels between the two antagonists. The superior agility of the former makes up for the greater power and weight of the shark.

Of all sea-monsters, that which possesses the most powerful fascination for the general reader is undoubtedly the octopus. Some of the finest descriptions ever penned in fiction have related to duels between man and this horrible denizen of the rock-caverns of the sea-bottom. Victor Hugo was the first great novelist to describe a duel of the kind, and another very fine description of a similar contest is to be found in a novel by a writer whose work is familiar to readers of *Chambers's Journal*—namely, *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, by John Oxenham.

Ghastly and blood-curdling as these adventures read, fiction in this case falls far behind fact. About eleven years ago—it was in September 1897—there was a note in *Chambers's Journal* concerning the remains of a dead octopus thrown up by the sea upon the Atlantic beach near St Augustine, Florida. These remains, which were only a part of the living animal, weighed no less than six tons, or, say, twice the weight of an average full-grown elephant. The living animal must have had arms seventy-two feet in length, which means that the creature, when alive, was able to stretch a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. We jeer at newspaper descriptions of sea-serpents. Could the most gruesome conception of the brain of excited journalist exceed in size or horror such a monster of the deep as this?

There are several varieties of the cephalopods, from the common octopus which is frequently caught off the Cornish coast, and of which there are some fine specimens in the Marine Laboratory at Plymouth, up to the *Octopus gigantsus*, of which the mass washed ashore in Florida was a portion. They are found in all seas except the far Arctic, and they need not be very large to be dangerous to man. There are some in Leghorn harbour with arms not more than four or five feet long, which yet inspire the utmost terror among the fishermen. In November 1879 a Government diver at work in the tideway of the river Moyne at Melbourne was seized by an octopus of similar dimensions, which fixed its horrible cup-like suckers on the back of his bare right hand and round his arm. For twenty minutes he hammered the loathsome brute with an iron bar which he managed to seize in his left hand; but it was not until he had almost cut the creature

to pieces that it relaxed its grip, and he and it were pulled to the surface together.

Some of the largest of these true devil-fish are found around the rocky shores of Newfoundland. In the museum at St John's is a portion of an arm of one of these monsters which in October 1873 attacked two fishermen off Great Belle Island in Conception Bay. The men saw the creature floating on the surface at some distance, and, taking it for wreckage, rowed up. When they caught sight of its huge glassy eyes staring up at them they were almost paralysed with fright, and, before they could turn, two rope-like arms fell across their boat and completely enveloped it. With the courage of despair, one man grasped a hatchet and slashed furiously at the tentacles. He cut them both through; and the creature, ejecting such a quantity of ink as to blacken the water for many yards around, sank back into the depths. The piece that was preserved measures nineteen feet in length, and it is estimated that it was cut off at least six feet from the body.

In April 1899 a terrible battle between man and devil-fish was waged in Neah Bay, on the western coast of the United States. A number of Tatoosh Indians were out in their canoes fishing with harpoons, when one caught sight of what he took to be a small whale rising and falling on the waves. The largest canoe was hurried forward, but as it approached the creature the harpooner uttered a cry of terror. 'Big devil-fish!' he yelled, and the crew backed with all their might. Too late! Next instant the immense tentacles of the sea-monster grasped their craft, and, though it was a forty-foot sea-canoe, cracked it like an egg-shell. All five occupants were flung into the sea, and as they fell two were grasped by the living ropes. One was caught round the throat and killed almost instantly; the second was pulled underneath and drowned. At this the other Indians paddled up, and a shower of lances were driven into the bloated, jelly-like body of the devil-fish. Between them they killed it and towed it ashore, where it was photographed by a local naturalist, Mr Frederick Edwards. From tip to tip of its outstretched arms this nightmare of the deep measured fifty-six feet, and its weight was two thousand five hundred pounds. On each arm were three hundred and fifty suckers running from the size of a saucer down to a mere pin-point.

According to Mr Bullen, the squid or cuttle-fish is the principal food of the sperm-whale. But apparently the game is not always one-sided. The same author relates a thrilling incident of a huge sperm-whale rolling on the moonlit surface of the sea enveloped in the mighty coils of an octopus far larger than any of which even fragments have yet been handled by man.

THE INVISIBLE MARQUIS OF GALLANTREVE.

By Robert Barr.

CHAPTER V.

EIGHT A.M. is too early an hour to make a call upon a young lady of position in the land, so Maurice Armelin strolled along the river-path, past the old mill and waterfall, and so to the margin of the lake that was in reality the mill-pond. As he approached the boathouse he stopped suddenly. Some one inside was singing, trilling like a happy bird, with no thought of audience. Maurice determined to retreat; but before he could even turn round the door of the boathouse opened, and mademoiselle stood there, flooded by the rays of the morning sun, looking delightfully fresh and new-made. She was very simply dressed, with collar open at the lovely throat, with glistening ringlets clustering round her shapely head.

'Oh!' she cried, pausing in her exit, and seemingly half-desirous of retreating again; but the nonchalant young man took no more notice than if this were the most ordinary encounter and he had been invited to attend. The influence of the eastern sun brought a delicate flush upon her fair face.

'Good-morning, mademoiselle,' said Armelin. 'Been swimming?'

She laughed a little. 'Yes; I dived under the doors; that is why my hair is so wet.' And she shook out her ringlets in a manner so distractingly charming that the young man bent his eyes to the grass at his feet lest she should see more in them than he intended.

'Ah,' he went on, 'I know that trick! Many a hundred times I have done it.'

'Not here?' she said, stepping forward.

'No, not here, of course; but I love to dive under boathouse doors,' he ended, somewhat lamely.

She looked upon him with wide-eyed admiration. Here was not the formal, sombrely clad *avocat*, but an Adonis who looked ten years younger. It flashed upon her that she might hesitate to ask guidance from a youth so plainly belonging to the gay world, so she brought this unexpected meeting at once to a business basis.

'Have you heard from the Marquis this morning?'

'Not this morning, mademoiselle. I received a telegram last night.'

'Really! He is very prompt. What does he say, monsieur?'

'I will show you his telegram by-and-by, mademoiselle. Meanwhile, let me ask a question. Have you breakfasted?'

'Oh, I enjoyed my *petit déjeuner* hours ago. I

shall breakfast at eleven, and the pleasure of looking forward to that meal will be enhanced if monsieur will condescend to be my guest.'

She made him a pretty, old-fashioned curtsey that seemed somehow to accord well with the simple gown she wore, and she reminded him of a painting by Watteau that he had seen in the Louvre. He placed his hand on the appropriate part of his white flannel coat, and bowed as perfectly as one of his most accomplished ancestors might have done.

'Mademoiselle, I accept with alacrity and great pleasure. Your invitation gives a touch of perfection to this glorious morning, which I had already thought perfect.'

Once more she laughed a little, and then sighed. Really the situation must not get out of hand. This, after all, was a conference relating to practical affairs.

'We shall have much to talk about, you know,' she said demurely.

'Undoubtedly.'

'Tell me what is the Marquis's decision.'

'Ah, the Marquis! I had forgotten him for the moment. Well, mademoiselle, I think it best to show you his telegram, which will place at your disposal all the information I already possess. As you remarked, we shall have much to talk about; therefore I propose to lower one of the boats.' He checked himself. 'Ah, I take it for granted that there *is* a boat within?'

'There are four of them,' she replied.

'Well, we will choose one, and make a voyage up the little river—that is, if the water is deep enough.'

'Oh, yes, the mill-pond makes it possible to ascend for five miles; farther if a canoe is taken. I shall be delighted to accompany you, monsieur. Pardon me while I run up to the château and find Madame Durfer.'

'Why bring Madame Durfer?'

'Oh monsieur, I must take my chaperon with me!'

She glanced admiringly at him, and the glance seemed to say, 'My dear sir, you are not to-day the solemn *avocat* of yesterday.'

'The boat I shall select, mademoiselle, on this occasion will hold only two.'

'I could not think of it, monsieur,' said the girl breathlessly.

'It is the order of the Marquis, mademoiselle.'

'The order of the Marquis! Does the Marquis de Gallantreve venture to subject me to his orders?'

The young man shrugged his shoulders, it seemed with a gesture of indifference. The lady had drawn herself up with some indignation, and her eyes flashed a look on him that differed from any other he had ever received.

'Really, mademoiselle, you balk at trifles. If yesterday you proposed to place yourself permanently under the orders of the Marquis, why should you hesitate to obey a command given to-day?'

'A command, monsieur! I am not one to be commanded.'

'Very well, mademoiselle,' said the *avocat* quietly, taking off his hat with a gesture of farewell. 'I have the honour to bid you good-morning.'

As the young man turned away, mademoiselle impulsively sprang forward and placed her hand on his arm.

'Wait, wait, wait!' she cried. 'You are not going to leave me like this?'

'Mademoiselle, what can I do? I represent the Marquis de Gallantreve.'

'But you represent me also! You promised yesterday to advise me,' she interrupted, speaking rapidly.

'Certainly; but you refuse to take my advice.'

'Oh, I don't! I don't! What is your advice, monsieur?'

'My advice is that you allow me to let down the boat.'

'Oh!' She seemed nonplussed, and stood there hesitating. Somehow this did not accord with convent instructions, with the custom of the country.

'You mean that I should go up the river alone with you?'

'Certainly, mademoiselle. If the Marquis de Gallantreve trusts me with his future wife, why should *you* object?'

'True, true! I had not thought of that. You put things very clearly, monsieur.'

'It's my profession, you know.'

'Yes, so it is; but Madame Durfer'——

'Oh, Madame Durfer! Madame Durfer has nothing to do with this. Saints preserve us! if I wished to buy sixteen large cannon from you, would you insist that Madame Durfer should be present during the negotiations?'

'No; but you would not buy the cannon from me. My business manager would attend to that.'

'Of course. I'm merely using an analogy. He wouldn't want Madame Durfer there. What I am desirous of pointing out is that this is entirely an arrangement looking towards the marriage, I representing both parties, as one might say. I must consult with each of them. When the Marquis telegraphs me to see Mademoiselle Maillot alone, and mademoiselle refuses to see me alone, there is nothing left for me but to return to Paris.'

'I see, monsieur. I have been most unreasonable. Pray forgive me. Shall I summon the servants to get ready the boat?'

'Oh, do not trouble, mademoiselle; I can manage it without assistance.'

The girl stood on the platform, and watched him open the wide doors that gave access to the river, then very deftly lower one of the boats into the water. He made a nest of cushions for her comfort, selected a pair of oars, placed them on the rowlocks, and with one hand holding the craft steady, raised the other to her with a smile. The girl stepped daintily into her place, and a touch of the oars sent

the boat far out from under cover. He turned the prow up-stream, and rowed with easy, skilful strength. The girl leaned back on her cushions, sometimes looking at him, sometimes watching the ripples made by her slim, trailing fingers in the water. The river narrowed and narrowed; the great château sank out of sight. At last they entered a tunnel of green, subdued light, trees arching overhead, complete silence everywhere. Neither had spoken since they left the boathouse. Maurice deftly drew in his oars, letting the boat progress with its own impetus.

'Here is the telegram of the Marquis, mademoiselle.'

'Oh,' she cried, waking from her reverie, 'I had forgotten him!'

She did not offer to take the telegram, so he bent forward and placed it on her lap. She took up the message rather listlessly, preparing it for perusal with indolent grace; but before the reading was finished mademoiselle was sitting up straight enough, and displeasure was indicated by two or three scarcely perceptible upright lines which marked her smooth forehead just above the nose. The telegram was a long one:

'*To* MAURICE ARMELIN, *at Josslyn's Farm.*

'The proposal interests me; but as I have given no thought to this matter heretofore, I beg you to act for me. Delay reply for a week at least, and during that time see the lady alone as much as possible. Ask her to show you the beauties of the estate. Discover her faults, if any, and report to me. I shall then do whatever you advise.—HENRI.'

'You don't seem to be pleased with the communication, mademoiselle.'

'No, I am not. It is such an order as he might send to his bailiff instructing him to choose a horse, kind, gentle, and well broken.'

'Which lady is speaking now?'

'Which lady?'

'Yes. You must not forget that you are two persons: one is a guardian, shrewd and business-like; the other is a prospective fiancée, just out of the convent, knowing nothing of these needful preliminaries. It was to the guardian I gave that telegram.'

'Indeed! I fear I shall find this duplicate personality somewhat embarrassing.'

'You did not do so yesterday.'

'No; I thought it a very simple matter yesterday; but to-day it seems to wear a different complexion. I thought perhaps the Marquis himself might appear.'

'Ah, guardian, you could hardly expect that. It would be rather awkward if at the last he was impelled to refuse. I think it much more delicate on his part to depute the investigations to me.'

'Perhaps you are right, and doubtless you have set down in your mental note-book petulance, impatience, and perhaps injustice as three bad qualities possessed by the young lady.'

'Oh no, no, no! Again you are mixing things up. The young lady knows nothing about all this. You as her guardian, I representing the Marquis, bring our negotiations, let us suppose, to a successful conclusion. Then the swain appears on the scene, is introduced to his inamorata, and from that time forward they are happy together. The petulance, impatience, and so forth belong to the guardian, not to the dulcinea. The Marquis and I have no interest in the personal qualities of the guardian.'

'I think I understand at last, and if stupidity is to be added to your list, please remember it is to be accredited to the guardian. Down at the boat-house you spoke of your position being difficult, but it is simplicity itself compared with mine.'

'Oh, you will soon get used to it. To make your problem easier, I shall, with your permission, always address you as "guardian" when we are attending to the business side of our conference, and "mademoiselle" when I am making the acquaintance of that charming young lady.'

'Very well, that is agreed, then; and now, will you turn the boat round, Monsieur Armelin? I recognise that the situation requires a little more thought than I have yet given to it. I can only think connectedly in my boudoir; and with your permission, monsieur, I shall shut myself up there for an hour.'

'A very good suggestion, guardian; but if you insist on returning to the château you must walk, for I am going to take the boat farther up the river.'

'Walk!' exclaimed the girl with indignation, her eyes ablaze.

'Yes; I suppose you know the way. Mademoiselle and I are going up the river together.'

Mademoiselle continued sitting bolt upright for a minute or two, then a smile came to lips and eyes as she reclined back lazily among the cushions, interlacing her fingers behind her head.

'You are a very bewildering person, Monsieur Armelin.'

'I have been with your guardian all the morning, and she is sometimes difficult to deal with. She has so bewildered me that it is no wonder you notice the effect. Have I your permission to take you farther up the river?'

'You may take me where you will,' answered the girl dreamily, looking at him from under half-shut eyelids.

'And now, mademoiselle, as this is the first time I have seen you to-day, may I give myself the pleasure of wishing you good-morning.'

'Good-morning, Monsieur Armelin.'

'I hope, mademoiselle, you slept well last night.'

'Excellently, monsieur. And you?'

'I regret to say I did not sleep, which was disappointing, for I wished to be very wide awake to-day, and observant.'

'Yes, and observant. What drove sleep from your eyes last night, monsieur? Thinking of that nice new suit of clothes?'

'How do you know it is new?'

'I judge from appearances only.'

'I was thinking of suits, but not of this one. I thought it strange that the Marquis de Gallantreve, merely because I won his case in a lawsuit, should think me competent to win his case in a lovesuit.'

'That sort of talk should be kept for my guardian. I know nothing of law, or—or of the other thing.'

Maurice smiled down upon her. 'The Marquis will teach you, mademoiselle.'

She gave a little wriggle of impatience. 'Oh, bother the Marquis!' she cried.

'With all my soul,' agreed Maurice. 'Let's talk about ourselves.'

'Yes, tell me how you became an avocat.'

But as we know all about that already, we may leave the young people to their discussion.

The week passed very quickly for both of them. They motored together, drove together, boated together, and for all that Marie Angelique saw of the young man he might almost as well have been living at the château. As the week sped on Maurice Armelin became more and more cheerful and brilliant in his conversation. He told himself he had never really lived before; but, on the other hand, Mademoiselle Maillot grew wistful and silent, until finally the morning of their last day dawned.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'I plead for a concluding walk together. May I have the pleasure of accompanying you to the forest on Josslyn's farm, and there, by the river-side, we will bid one another good-bye?'

She did not answer except with a bow of the head, and they walked side by side, with very little said between them, until they reached the spot he had indicated, and there they sat down together beneath the trees.

'Mademoiselle,' he began, 'this has been a week in Paradise.'

'Yes,' she replied indifferently, without looking up at him, 'the estate of Gallantreve is indeed a Paradise.'

'That was not precisely what I meant, mademoiselle. Perhaps you will understand my remark when I confess that I have found you absolutely faultless, and shall so report to the Marquis of Gallantreve.'

To his astonishment, the girl turned her face to the trunk of the tree beneath which she sat, and began to weep quietly.

'What have I said?' he demanded.

'Oh, you have said nothing.' Then she sprang to her feet, dashing away the tears, seemingly angry that he had been a witness of her emotion. When she spoke her voice was hard enough, and under sufficient control.

'The week has ended,' she said, facing him, as he too arose and stood before her. 'The Marquis will be quite within his rights if he rejects my proffer, in spite of your recommendation, will he not?'

'Within his rights—yes; but if he acted thus I should not call him a gentleman.'

'Then, possibly, you will not call me a lady. If one party to the compact has the right, the other party logically must have a similar remedy?'

'Certainly. You reason like a lawyer.'

'Thank you. I suppose you intend that for a compliment. I, therefore, announce to you, monsieur, that nothing on earth will induce me to marry the Marquis of Gallantreve!'

'What excuse can I make to the Marquis, mademoiselle?'

'Am I compelled to vindicate my action?'

'I think you owe that much to the Marquis, and also to yourself, mademoiselle.'

'In that case you may say that I do not love him, and will never marry a man I do not love.'

'There has been a radical change in your opinion since this day week.'

'Yes. I had imagined a man that does not exist.'

'The Marquis does not exist!' cried Maurice, apprehensive that she had discovered his duplicity.

'Does not exist as I had pictured him. The man I had fancied him to be was constructed from your speech in court and my imagination in the château. If the Marquis de Gallantreve had been the man whose feelings you described he would never have remained so long in Paris without visiting his own homestead. Have I given you sufficient reasons for my conduct?'

Armelin shook his head. 'I fear he will not think them sufficient.'

'I do not care in the least what he will think; but if he feels himself ill-used, tell him I have still another and a stronger reason in reserve, which I will confess to him, but not to you.'

'Thank God that between us we have eliminated the Marquis—a useless creature at best. Now, mademoiselle, he being out of the way, I do myself the honour of proposing for your hand in marriage.'

'You!'

'Yes, I.'

'Then I have the honour of declining your proposal.'

'Why?'

'Must I give reasons to you also?'

'Yes, if you can give the same reason.'

'What do you mean by that, monsieur?'

'I mean that if you tell me that you do not love me, and cannot love me, I shall bid you good-bye and never see you again.'

'Oh!'

'I am waiting for your reply, mademoiselle.'

'This has been all a joke to you, monsieur. You have angered me exceedingly time and again.'

'That is no answer.'

'My answer is that I refuse to marry a man who is not in love with me.'

'Mademoiselle, I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Did you not see how startled I was when you made your proposition for that worthless wretch the Marquis, when before you, quite unheeded, ignored, passed by, sat such an example of worth and affection as myself?'

The girl turned from him with impatience. 'You are pleased to joke again, monsieur.'

'I assure you I am not. I consider myself every whit as good as the Marquis.'

'What shall you tell the Marquis?'

'I shall tell him you fell in love with me.'

'Really? And you will add that at the end you took an effective means of curing me of my infatuation?'

'I shall add nothing of the sort. Your infatuation, like my own, cannot be cured, and thus I prove it to you.' Whereupon, in spite of her attempt to elude him, he clasped her in his arms, and, without encountering insurmountable obstacles, kissed her.

'Now, dear mademoiselle, to show you that I have loved you from the first, I came here not to evict you, as you suppose, but to bring to Josslyn and to Marie Angelique the executed deed which gives the freehold of their farm to them and their heirs for ever. I resolved not to present this parchment to them, but to cause it to reach them from your hands. Here it is, mademoiselle. Come with me to the farm, and make Marie Angelique nearly as happy as I am.'

'As *we* are, you should say. Why did I never think of giving them the farm myself while I owned it? I did lower the rent. How generous, after all, the Marquis must be! I fear I did him an injustice.'

'Oh, not a bit of it. He gives them the farm merely for his own selfish gratification.'

And so they walked together to the homestead, and were received by the cheerful Marie Angelique, to whom mademoiselle made a pretty speech before presenting the legal document.

'And now, Marie Angelique,' said Maurice, patting her on the huge shoulder, 'one good turn deserves another. Mademoiselle and I have never been introduced, and thus we have walked about together contrary to all French customs. Marie Angelique, introduce me to mademoiselle.'

'But surely by this time you need no introduction?' protested Marie Angelique.

'Woman, how dare you trifle with me thus? Introduce us, I say, and that speedily.'

'Mademoiselle Maillot, have I your permission to introduce to you Henri Francet, eleventh Marquis of Gallantreve?' said Marie Angelique.

THE END.

SANTOS PAST AND PRESENT.

'GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME, AND'—

IN an article entitled 'Why Boys Shun the Sea Career,' published in *Chambers's Journal* of December 1907, both Rio de Janeiro and Santos are referred to as 'death-holes.' In fairness to these two important seaports, and to the Brazilians themselves, it is very necessary to refute such an erroneous statement calculated to do very much harm to a friendly nation and to those interested in business with the ports referred to.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and the most beautiful city in the world, is not what it was many years ago, but is a very healthy place, well drained, and being wonderfully improved every year; in fact, old residents who have been away for a few years would not now recognise it.

It is of Santos, however, that I am better able to write, and I wish to show my appreciation of the hospitality extended to a foreigner, who has resided for nearly twenty years within a few hours of the port of Santos, by endeavouring to disabuse the minds of the British public of the strong belief, still prevalent, that Santos is even now the terrible hotbed of yellow-fever and malaria which it was eighteen and twenty years ago.

On 29th December 1890 I arrived at the port of Santos on board the old R.M.S. *La Plata*, and well I remember that day! It was overcast and very hot, just midsummer, hardly a breath of air stirring even away out in the stream, where we lay waiting for the visit of the port doctor and the Customs authorities, for no one could leave the ship until these 'visits' had been made.

The passengers who were to land were told to get their baggage ready, and the smaller things would be examined on board by the Customs officer. As soon as this ordeal was over we were allowed to hire a boat, of which there were a number alongside the steamer, the owners of which were all shouting at once to try to get a fare. Having listened to my friends haggling (in an unknown language) and then striking a bargain with a powerful-looking fellow, who brought his boat to the foot of the ladder and ran up to the deck to fetch my things, I went down into the boat, and, oh! the stifling atmosphere down there, with the heat reflected from the glassy water. About ten minutes' pull brought us to a rickety old pier, with slimy wooden steps, on which we landed, and through which I thought I should fall. The tide was out and the foreshore was nothing but black slime and filthy, stinking mud.

I stayed the night at the house of a friend at the suburb called the Barra, overlooking the sea; and the next day, after getting the rest of my luggage through the Customs, I went to the neighbouring city of São Paulo, about two and a half hours by rail from Santos. Of the summer season of 1890–91 I have little recollection, as, being then employed in a bank, I had little to do with Santos. A few months later, however, I joined a commercial

house with a branch in that port, and of the summer season of 1891-92 I have very vivid recollections. Yellow-jack was raging amongst the shipping and throughout the whole city. To make matters worse, there was a boom in trade, and the port was crowded with shipping of all kinds; sailing-vessels, coal-ships, and steamers with general cargo were anchored out in the stream, waiting there, amid the miasmas and mists from the surrounding swamps, for their turn to come alongside one or other of the few small private wharves to unload, not a few having been known to lie as long as six or eight months ere they were able to get a berth.

It became a regular thing to inquire, when we got to the office in the morning, 'What news from Santos to-day?' 'Who has got the fever?' 'How is So-and-so?' too often the reply being, 'Died last night;' 'X. is away ill to-day;' 'Captain, third officer, and three men died to-day, and four more men are down,' and so on; it being a rare thing to receive a more cheerful reply that some one had recovered. I have known of the whole crew of a ship being carried off, a new crew sent out from home, and the whole of them also dying in a few weeks. Things came to such a pass that several steamship firms made arrangements for the entire ships' companies to come up to São Paulo, or to a small village in the hills nearer to Santos, until the ships were ready for sea again. Many were the deeds of true heroism done in those days by men and boys who, in spite of all risks, nursed the sick.

Thank God! these are all now things of the past, and it is a fact that every year sees Santos more and more crowded with visitors from all parts of the state of São Paulo, who go there for their holidays, and by the doctor's orders, to take sea-baths. I myself have been going there for several years with my wife and children for two or three weeks' holiday.

The two principal reasons for this great change in the health of Santos are that the city is very much better drained, and has an excellent supply of very good water, and that the foreshore, which in the old days was nothing but stinking mud, is now covered for a distance of several miles with as fine a line of quays as can be found in any part of the world. These can berth the largest steamers (of over ten thousand tons) which come to South America. All the large steamship companies—the Royal Mail, Pacific Steam Navigation, Lamport and Holt, Prince Line, Hamburg-Südamerikanische, Nord-Deutscher Lloyd, Messageries Maritimes, two or three Italian lines, a Dutch line, a Spanish line, &c.—send their best boats regularly every week or fortnight to the once carefully avoided port of Santos.

The city is supplied with most excellent water brought in from the hills a few miles distant, there being no lack even in the hottest weather. A good tram-service exists, connecting the city with the sea-front called the Barra, where there are two good hotels, which are filled to overflowing with visitors for about six months in the year. Across the river from the Santos quays is the island of Santo Amaro, on the far side of which, on the open ocean, is a hamlet called Guarujá, composed of a hotel and a number of private residences, the permanent abode of some business men and their families, as well as the resort of many visitors during the cool season. The passengers in transit by all the large steamers outward and homeward bound generally visit one or other of these places while their steamer is in port.

Santos is the second port of Brazil, commercially speaking, the trade carried on being of world-wide extent. Its chief article of export is coffee, about three-quarters of the world's supply passing through the port, the total for the season ending on 30th June 1906 having attained the enormous figure of fifteen million bags, which were sent to all parts of the world.

The water-supply, lighting, and tramway services are in the hands of a very prosperous English concern called The City of Santos Improvements Company, and there are three banks—two English and one German—and many important export and import houses. The port is connected with the interior by the São Paulo Railway, a line famous in the annals of railroad enterprise as one of the most wonderful and best paying in the world.

Much could yet be said of the state of São Paulo, its capital of the same name (with its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants), and of the many enterprises, vast coffee estates, the mineral and agricultural wealth of this part of Brazil; but the object of this article will have been attained if it helps to convince the British public in general, and 'those that go down to the sea in ships' in particular, that the much-maligned port of Santos is to-day one of the finest and healthiest in South America.

SONG.

THERE is a dimple in her cheek,
Another in her chin:
Quicksands that lie in wait, and seek
To draw the heedless in.

They sparkle in the light that shines
From laughing lips and eyes;
And not the wisest man divines
That danger in them lies.

And him who comes in love or sport
In soft embrace they keep;
So that he sinks, in sight of port,
A thousand fathoms deep.

Wise if he knows his certain doom
To that smooth eddy drawn,
He finds in the sweet deeps a tomb
Well worth his freedom gone.

WALTER HOGG.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

ROYAL HOLYROOD: SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

By An Ex-Custodian.

'DEAR old Holyrood!' was a favourite and a frequent exclamation of the late Lord Leven, who for so many years held the position of Lord High Commissioner to our National Church. Of the many potentates and princes, great ones of literature, stars of Thespian fame, heroes of the battlefield, famous politicians who have found place in history—visitors to our 'dear old Holyrood'—there was ever an invariable absence of all symbols of greatness which one might expect from their exalted station and the record of their past. One exception only I remember. An African potentate—a tall, handsome, noble-looking, yet half-tamed black—returned my salute with all the dignity and grace of a true emperor.

It was a manifest pleasure to Lord Leven, whose love for and benefactions to Holyrood are well known, to stroll through the old towers and be shown the secret stairs with which the enormous walls are honeycombed, and the jail into which all these stairs converge. The prison of the original palace is still there, with its oaken, bolt-headed doors and jailers' peep-holes, as in the time of the fifth James, when both peer and presbyter passed many bitter days within its walls—curious nooks, the existence and purpose of which are still as a sealed book to the would-be historian and the illiterate guide. One little adventure which his lordship was fond of relating happened during the sitting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. There are of course at that time a large number of extra servants, men hired for the festivities, some of them of an unproved stamp. For the solace of these retainers a lorry-load of beer is requisitioned and dispensed with an unsparing hand, and it was over an escapade of one of these worthies that his lordship had a hearty laugh. Having a few quiet moments to spare on a Sabbath-day, he sauntered into his favourite haunt, the Chapel Royal. Alongside the south aisle there lie a few stone coffins found in the grounds in 1857, and when strolling along the Earl was amazed to see one of his extra servants lying fast asleep in one of these fourteenth century sepulchral relics, having evidently sat down to cool, fallen asleep, then slid gently into the stone coffin.

It has often been said that visitors from abroad sometimes know more about Holyrood and Scottish history than many natives. This was strikingly brought home to me one day when conversing with the Crown-Prince of Siam. His Royal Highness, small of stature, keen, yet self-controlled, was accompanied by part of his suite, and by all the party was displayed that searching, watchful power of scrutiny so characteristic of Eastern nations. In conversation his English, quietly delivered, was excellent, and his knowledge of Scottish history shamed some of our Irish and English officials. Going through the much-criticised Portrait Gallery, he showed that the story of Bruce and his Stuart descendants had been part of a well-studied history of European thrones; and the story of Mary Stuart and Holyrood, the Scottish descent of our reigning house from Elizabeth of Bohemia, and the line of Charles the First, her brother; and he alluded to Prince Rupert of Bavaria and his mother, with whom, he explained, he had become acquainted at the late Queen's Jubilee, all given as perfectly as if he had been a prince of our own dominions. Nor was the story of Charles Stuart and his deposed grandsire unknown, or the unfortunate risings of the Braes of Mar and the '45.

The Crown-Prince of Germany paying a private visit to the old Towers of James V. under the auspices of Lord Rosebery, I was in attendance, and was not only gratified with the pleasant—nay, gentle demeanour of the royal visitor, but was also both pleased and amused with his lordship's pawky remarks and guidance of his royal protégé. But when we reached Lord Darnley's Supping Room it became my somewhat risky duty to put a spoke in his lordship's wheel; for surely I had good cause when I saw and heard that he had mistaken the room as the scene of the murder. I interposed, 'Oh no, my lord; this is where they assembled; this is Darnley's Room, and that is the famous stair

[All Rights Reserved.]

they went up to Queen Mary's Room above.' With a good-humoured laugh he quickly said, 'Oh, indeed —then we must do just the same to carry out the whole spirit of the thing!' The key of the gate leading to the little turnpike-stair was kept by an ancient Highlander, who was caretaker at the time, and a painful search ensued before it was found; but the party waited patiently, then in single file followed the conspirators' route up to the Supping Room of the Queen.

Afterwards, when we came to the royal vault in the Chapel, his lordship again suggested that the Prince should enter and see the place where lay the bones of his Scottish ancestors, almost uncared for and unnamed; but the same difficulty here again barred the way, and the visit was abandoned. A short time after, when conversing with a smart young American lady about the party going up the conspirators' stair 'to carry out the whole spirit of the thing,' how quickly she nonplussed me by asking, 'Did they carry it out? Did they have a murder?'

Perhaps one of my most pleasant recollections carries me back to the genial, gifted Henry Irving. During an engagement in Edinburgh, he was off the boards suffering from an affection of the throat, and paid a visit to Holyrood. Sir Henry was the very pink of courtesy and good-humour, and I felt that I was highly honoured when in carriage-and-pair the great exponent of Shakespeare drove up to the Palace, inquiring for his old correspondent. I had been writing on old Edinburgh comedians, and had corresponded with Irving on the subject. I had also been suggesting a play on Holyrood in Queen Mary's time, with the character of John Knox for his rôle amplified. He doubted the experiment, as the play of Mary Queen of Scots had been so often tried with small success. I did my best, pointing out that in his hands the results would be different; but the matter, further than an outline of the subject, was closed by his tragic death.

We had a grand forenoon's ramble through the famous old Towers and Chapel Royal. It was not the petted, dignified favourite of the world we were dealing with, but the jocose, courteous gentleman, delighting to recount his early career in our city, and dealing with the Stuart history as a scholar and a patriot. Before the portrait of the misguided hero of fatal Flodden we were favoured with a taste of his quality. Pausing for a space, and with a quotation from *Marmion*, he turned to me, saying, 'Mr S., you have heard of John Coleman, the once-famous tragedian? One night on the stage he was declaiming, in his solemn, pompous style, on the power and might of the English arms, when a stray Scot in the gallery, unable longer to bear the English taunts, yelled out with an ugly oath, 'You ——, mind o' Bannockburn!' The whole was given, action as well, in the great artist's best style.

I don't forget how, when we reached the famous stair in Darnley's Supping Room, we were taken down a bit, as after a swift glance into the historic traitor's path—the relic of nigh five centuries agone —he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye, and in quite tragic tones cried, 'Ah, now we have the genuine!' So long as he lived Sir Henry never forgot his correspondent in Holyrood, and, alas! the last letter I received clearly presaged the speedy closing of a brilliant career.

One story concerning the famous blood-stains has long been told by the keepers of Holyrood. In the fifties, when the late Queen began to frequent the royal apartments, an old lady, either keeper or cleaner, was one morning showing Prince Albert up to Queen Mary's rooms. The Prince, as they reached the top of the stair, quietly asked where were the indelible blood-stains. The form of a lady peering at the stains barred the view, and the cicerone snapped out, 'They're there, if that wuman wad stand oot o' the wey!' It was the Queen, who had stolen a march on the Prince Consort.

In those times the keepers of the rooms had no little difficulty with the Rizzio stains. One day a Yankee was caught cutting out a splinter from the planking to carry across the Atlantic. At other times the vendors of washing-powders would be found on their knees testing the infallible powers of their wares on stains.

It was indeed a strange sensation when I stood in the Picture Gallery of Holyrood conversing with one whose forebear took fatal part in that historic scene witnessed by both armies on the eve before the mighty clash of arms on the field of Bannockburn. A fine, tall, aristocratic-looking gentleman, with a young lad of about sixteen, sought the portrait of the Bruce. I led them to the pitiful effort of De Witt, where, after a few moments' pause, the elder gentleman, turning to the youth, in full-voiced accents exclaimed, 'There's the fellow who cracked your ancestor's skull that night at Bannockburn!' Seeing my interest and surprise, he then courteously explained to me that the young gentleman was the direct lineal descendant of the unlucky Sir Henry De Bohun, whose encounter with King Robert will be an ever-remembered incident in Scottish history. My after-thoughts of this episode were precisely similar to those evoked by the visit of the German Crown-Prince, that they were not what one was prepared to expect as representatives of the fighting, warlike time, but rather mild, unassuming, young gentlemen of peaceful tastes.

Frank and affable, without the slightest shade of patronage, I found the Duke of Argyll. Our talk was of the forties, when his relatives, the Campbells, had apartments in the east side of the Palace, and the ducal Hamiltons almost the whole of the north and west wings, and of their almost daily visitors, John Sobieski Stolberg and Charles Edward Stuart, to whom, when a boy, I often touched my cap. These two gentlemen, who were usually in Highland garb, but also at times wore the cavalry braided frock-coat, were very frequent visitors to the Argyll residents

in the Palace, and no well-bred boy ever passed them without saluting the claimed descendants of Prince Charlie. The Duke, who was perfectly acquainted with the history of these gentlemen, was more particularly struck with the fact of so many of the paintings in James the Fifth's Towers belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, as he remembered that in the Argyll apartments there were only a very few, of no great account. Of course it will be remembered that when the Queen began to take residence in Holyrood the Argylls and Breadalbanes had to quit.

The Duke was too young to have known the Sobieski Stuarts at the time they frequented the Palace, but probably met them after they had left Edinburgh to reside on the island of Aigas, on the river Beauly, in a house built by Lord Lovat. In the adjacent hamlet of Wester Eskadale, they are interred in a Roman Catholic graveyard, where a large tomb of polished red stone, with crown and broken sword, now tells the story of their claims as Counts of Albany, the title adopted by Prince Charles when he went into retirement to his seat at Albano.

It was after a conversation with the Duke, and when he had reached Queen Mary's little chamber, that I was sent for to answer a query: 'Do you recollect the names of those present in this room when Rizzio was dragged away by the conspirators?' then he added, 'Of course we know the Countess of Argyll was here.' I replied, 'Yes, your Grace; and you are standing on the exact spot where she sat, at the foot of the table, opposite the Queen. There was Lord Robert Stuart, the French doctor, the Master of the Household, Arthur Erskine the Master of Horse, the gentleman-in-waiting, and the page Anthony Standen, the Queen and Lord Darnley in the double chair at the head of the table, with Rizzio at their back in the window recess;' giving, of course, for confirmation my authorities, including Mary's letters to her uncle of Guise, Lord Ruthven's confessions written in Newcastle (whence he fled and died), and others. The Duke's visit was quite unexpected. He was alone, in fine spirits, and entered into many racy reminiscences of the time when Holyrood was full of courtly life.

No item of Queen Victoria's Jubilee rejoicings gave greater satisfaction than the assemblage in our midst of native troops from the far-distant and varied tribes who own allegiance to the British flag. Not a few will remember the magnificent, stately—nay, majestic marching of these troops through our streets; and the sight of these men of every costume and almost every clime in the ballroom of the '45 brought to me a cloud of reflections. It was a strange sight to see the stalwart Mahratta, the mild, fine-featured Hindoo, the bare-footed African, the turbaned Asiatic, assembled in the Gallery of Kings. The hall where only about a century and a half ago the winsome Prince gave audience to crowds of the best and loveliest of the land was now the trysting-place of semi-barbarous soldier tribes, many of whom in his time were to the people of this country almost unknown. Not now was heard the bagpipe wail, but the language of Babel resounded, and the deadly rifle had relegated the broadsword to the halls of antiquity for ever.

From the fourteenth century, when Robert the Bruce reigned, and when Scottish history was one continuous battlefield, one eternal struggle to throw off the English yoke, the Wauchopes of Niddrie have proved one of our best and noblest of Scottish families. The late General Wauchope, standing in the old Towers of Mary Stuart's sire, in the little Supping Room of Lord Darnley, told us, as he peered into the dark, horrible stair: 'That is the stair by which Archibald Wauchope, one of my ancestors, went up with Bothwell to murder King James;' adding, 'He was a bad man.' This of course refers to the mad, illegitimate cousin of James VI. and his wild escapade in 1591, when Jamie fled down the back stair, 'breeks in hand.' On my mentioning this interview to the venerable Dr W. H. Gray, he made reply, 'When Andrew Wauchope told you that, depend upon it that it was both true and correct.' The good Doctor also told me that the famous soldier had been an elder in his church at Liberton; and in point of fact the family name had been for five hundred years on the members' roll of church and chapel of the parish.

There are but few who clearly remember the great battle of experts over the restoration of Rosslyn Chapel, and how the Earl gained his point and left us the loveliest little chapel in our land. More recently came the restoration of St Giles' by Dr William Chambers, and William Nelson's artistic restitution of the old Parliament Hall from the whitewashed hospital of the barracks. But in each of these cases the men of taste had more than the poor, shattered remnants of Holyrood upon which to show their skill; they had in St Giles' and the Parliament Hall entire structures only to be internally remodelled, and in the case of Rosslyn Chapel the grand florid carving was there ready to be picked out. Even in these instances the cost was known to be enormous. With our grand old Chapel Royal there would be but little of the old fabric to show, even after twice the amount bequeathed by Lord Leven had been expended. How much better a well-preserved ruin in which the pilgrim can conjure up visions of the long past, the kings who have here knelt in pious devotion; of Bruce's parliament, and of his son's tomb; of the line of the unfortunate Jameses and their queens; of Mary and Darnley; and of Charles, the last Stuart crowned within its walls!

J. S.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTAINS CURIOUS CONFIDENCES.

A WEEK had gone by. Stewart, the lean, thin-faced head-keeper, who spoke with such a strong accent that guests from the South often failed to understand him, and who never seemed to sleep, so vigilant was he over the Glencardine shootings, had reported the purchase of a couple of new pointers.

Therefore, one morning Lady Heyburn and her constant cavalier, Flockart, had walked across to the kennels close to the castle to inspect them.

At the end of the big, old-fashioned stable-yard, with gray stone outbuildings ranged down either side, and the ancient mounting-block a conspicuous object, were ranged the modern iron kennels full of pointers and spaniels. In that big, old, paved quadrangle, the cobbles of which were nowadays stained by the oil of noisy motor-cars, many a Graham of Glencardine had mounted to ride into Stirling or Edinburgh, or to drive in his coach to far-off London. The stables were now empty, but the garage adjoining, whence came the odour of petrol, contained the two Glencardine cars, besides three others belonging to members of that merry, irresponsible house-party.

The inspection of the pointers was a mere excuse on her ladyship's part to be alone with Flockart. She wished to speak with him, and with that object suggested that they should take the by-road which, crossing one of the main roads through the estate, led through a leafy wood away to a railway level-crossing half a mile off. The road was unfrequented, and they were not likely to meet any of the guests, for some were away fishing, others had motored into Stirling, and at least three had walked down into Auchterarder to take a telegram for their blind host.

'Well, my dear Jimmy,' asked the well-preserved, fair-haired woman in short brown skirt and fresh white cotton blouse and sun-hat, 'what have you discovered?'

'Very little,' replied the easy-going man, who wore a suit of rough heather-tweed and a round cloth fishing-hat. 'My information is unfortunately very meagre. You have watched carefully. Well, what have you found out?'

'That she's just as much in love with him as before—the little fool!'

'And I suppose he's just as devoted to her as ever—eh?'

'Of course. Since you've been away these last few days he's been over here from Connachan, on one pretext or another, every day. Of course I've been compelled to ask him to lunch, for I can't afford to quarrel with his people, although I hate the whole lot of them. His mother gives herself such airs, and his father is the most terrible old bore in the whole country.'

'But the match would be an advantageous one—wouldn't it?' suggested the man strolling at her side, and he stopped to light a cigarette which he took from a golden case.

'Advantageous! Of course it would! But we can't afford to allow it, my dear Jimmy. Think what such an alliance would mean to us!'

'To you, you mean.'

'To you also. An ugly revelation might result, remember. Therefore it must not be allowed. While Walter was abroad all was pretty plain sailing. Lots of the letters she wrote him I secured from the post-box, read them, and afterwards burned them. But now he's back there is a distinct peril. He's a 'cute young fellow, remember.'

Flockart smiled. 'We must discover a means by which to part them,' he said slowly but decisively. 'I quite agree with you that to allow the matter to go any further would be to court disaster. We have a good many enemies, you and I, Winnie—many who would only be too pleased and eager to rake up that unfortunate episode. And I, for one, have no desire to figure in a criminal dock.'

'Nor have I,' she declared quickly.

'But if I went there you would certainly accompany me,' he said, looking straight at her.

'What!' she gasped in quick dismay. 'You would tell the truth and—and denounce me?'

'I would not; but no doubt there are others who would,' was his answer.

For a few moments her arched brows were knit, and she remained silent. Her reflections were uneasy ones. She and the man at her side, who for years had been her confidant and friend, were both in eminent peril of exposure. Their relations had always been purely platonic; therefore she was not afraid of any allegation against her honour. What her enemies had said were lies—all of them. Her fear lay in quite a different direction.

Her poor, blind, helpless husband was in ignorance of that terrible chapter of her own life—a chapter which she had believed to be closed for ever, and yet which was, by means of a chain of unexpected circumstances, in imminent danger of being reopened.

'Well,' she inquired at last in a blank voice, 'and who are those others who, you believe, would be prepared to denounce me?'

'Certain persons who envy you your position, and who, perhaps, think that you do not treat poor old Sir Henry quite properly.'

'But I do treat him properly!' she declared vehemently. 'If he prefers the society of that chit of a girl of his to mine, how can I possibly

help it? Besides, people surely must know that, to me, the society of a blind old man is not exactly conducive to gaiety. I would only like to put those women who malign me into my place for a single year. Perhaps they would become even more reckless of the *convenances* than I am!'

'My dear Winnie,' he said, 'what's the use of discussing such an old and threadbare theme? Things are not always what they seem, as the man with a squint said when he thought he saw two sovereigns where there was but one. The point before us is the girl's future.'

'It lies in your hands,' was her sharp reply.

'No; in yours. I have promised to look after Walter Murie.'

'But how can I act?' she asked. 'The little hussy cares nothing for me—only sees me at table, and spends the whole of her day with her father.'

'Act as I suggested last week,' was his rejoinder. 'If you did that the old man would turn her out of the place, and the rest would be easy enough.'

'But'—

'Ah!' he laughed derisively, 'I see you've some sympathy with the girl after all. Very well, take the consequences. It is she who will be your deadliest enemy, remember; she who, if the disaster falls, will give evidence against you. Therefore, you'd best act now, ere it's too late. Unless, of course, you are in fear of her.'

'I don't fear her!' cried the woman, her eyes flashing defiance. 'Why do you taunt me like this? You haven't told me yet what took place on the night of the ball.'

'Nothing. The mystery is just as complete as ever.'

'She defied you—eh?'

Her companion nodded.

'Then how do you now intend to act?'

'That's just the question I was about to put to you,' he said. 'There is a distinct peril—one which becomes graver every moment that the girl and young Murie are together. How are we to avert it?'

'By parting them.'

'Then act as I suggested the other day. It's the only way, Winnie, depend upon it—the only way to secure our own safety.'

'And what would the world say of me, her stepmother, if it were known that I had done such a thing?'

'You've never yet cared for what the world said. Why should you care now? Besides, it never will be known. I should be the only person in the secret, and for my own sake it isn't likely that I'd give you away. Is it? You've trusted me before,' he added; 'why not again?'

'It would break my husband's heart,' she declared in a low, intense voice. 'Remember, he is devoted to her. He would never recover from the shock.'

'And yet the other night after the ball you said you were prepared to carry out the suggestion, in order to save yourself,' he remarked with a covert sneer.

'Perhaps I was piqued that she should defy my suggestion that she should go to the ball.'

'No, you were not. You never intended her to go. That you know.'

When he spoke to her this man never minced matters. The woman was held by him in a strange thraldom which surprised many people; yet to all it was a mystery. The world knew nothing of the fact that James Flockart was without a penny, and that he lived—and lived well, too—upon the charity of Lady Heyburn. Two thousand pounds were placed, in secret, every year to his credit from her ladyship's private account at Coutts's, besides which he received odd cheques from her whenever his needs required. To his friends he posed as an easy-going man-about-town, in possession of an income not large but sufficient to supply him with both comforts and luxuries. He usually spent the London season in his cosy chambers in Half-Moon Street; the winter at Monte Carlo or at Cairo; the summer at Aix, Vichy, or Marienbad; and the autumn in a series of visits to houses in Scotland.

He was not exactly a ladies' man. Courtly, refined, and a splendid linguist, as he was, the girls always voted him great fun; but from the elder ones, and from married women especially, he somehow held himself aloof. His one woman-friend, as everybody knew, was the flighty, go-ahead Lady Heyburn.

Of the country-house party he was usually the life and soul. No man could invent so many practical jokes or carry them on with such refinement of humour as he. Therefore, if the hostess wished to impart merriment among her guests she sought out and sent a pressing invitation to 'Jimmy' Flockart. A first-class shot, an excellent tennis-player, a good golfer, and quite a good hand at putting a stone in curling, he was an all-round sportsman who was sure to be highly popular with his fellow-guests. Hence up in the north his advent was always welcomed with loud approbation.

To those who knew him, and knew him well, this confidential conversation with the woman whose platonic friendship he had enjoyed through so many years would certainly have caused greatest surprise. That he was a schemer was entirely undreamed of. That he was attracted by 'Winnie Heyburn' was declared to be only natural, in view of the age and affliction of her own husband. Cases such as hers are often regarded with a very lenient eye.

They had reached the level-crossing where, beside the line of the Caledonian Railway, stands the mail-apparatus by which the down-mail for Euston picks up the local bag without stopping, while the up-mail drops its letters and parcels into the big.

strong net. For a few moments they halted to watch the dining-car express for Euston pass with a roar and a crash as she dashed down the incline towards Crieff Junction.

Then, as they turned again towards the house, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Look here, Winnie. We've got to face the music now. Every day increases our peril. If you are actually afraid to act as I suggest, then tell me frankly and I'll know what to do. I tell you quite openly that I have neither desire nor intention to be put into a hole by this confounded girl. She has defied me; therefore she must take the consequences.'

'How do you know that your action the other night has not aroused her suspicions?'

'Ah! there you are quite right. It may have done so. If it has, then our peril has very considerably increased. That's just my argument.'

'But we'll have Walter to reckon with in any case. He loves her.'

'Bah! Leave the boy to me. I'll soon show him that the girl's not worth a second thought,' replied Flockart with nonchalant air. 'All you have to do is to act as I suggested the other night. Then leave the rest to me.'

'And suppose it were discovered?' asked the woman, whose face had grown considerably paler.

'Well, suppose the worst happened, and it were discovered?' he asked, raising his brows slightly. 'Should we be any worse off than would be the case if this girl took it into her head to expose us—if the facts which she could prove placed us side by side in an assize-court?'

The woman—clever, scheming, ambitious—was silent. The question admitted of no reply. She recognised her own peril. The picture of herself arraigned before a judge, with that man beside her, rose before her imagination, and she became terrified. That slim, pale-faced girl, her husband's child, stood between her and her own honour, her own safety. Once the girl was removed, she would have no further fear, no apprehension, no hideous forebodings concerning the imminent future. She saw it all as she walked along that moss-grown forest-road, her eyes fixed straight before her. The tempter at her side had urged her to commit a dastardly, an unpardonable crime. In that man's hands she was, alas! as wax. He poured into her ear a vivid picture of what must inevitably result should Gabrielle reveal the ugly truth, at the same time calmly watching the effect of his words upon her. Upon her decision depended his whole future as well as hers. What was Gabrielle's life to hers? asked the man point-blank. That was the question which decided her—decided her, after long and futile resistance, to promise to commit the act which he had suggested. She gave the man her hand in pledge.

Then a slight smile of triumph played about his cruel nether lip, and the pair retraced their steps towards the castle in silence.

(To be continued.)

A GIGANTIC SCOTTISH UNDERTAKING.

In the autumn of 1905 the initial step was taken in what is undoubtedly the greatest industrial enterprise that has yet penetrated the Highlands of Scotland. From time to time different schemes have been projected for the establishment of industries in the Western Highlands, but they all pale into comparative insignificance before the gigantic undertaking now in course of development at the head of Loch Leven, in Argyllshire.

The potential value of the enormous volume of water which for centuries has been allowed to run to waste in this remote, untravelled, and picturesque region of the north is practically incalculable, and it is surprising, in an age which has witnessed so many remarkable schemes for harnessing the forces of nature, that so little advantage has hitherto been taken of this dormant factor as a means of motor-power. Scientific and mechanical experts have, nevertheless, been for some years past seriously considering the question of utilising the immense water-resources of the district to generate electricity for manufacturing purposes. Thus it is that, encouraged no doubt by the successful results obtained from their aluminium works at the Falls of Foyers, in Inverness-shire, the British Aluminium Company, in conjunction with the Loch Leven Water and Electric Power Company, having acquired the water-rights at Kinlochleven, are now, at enormous expense, constructing a huge dam and factory for the purposes of their business.

Kinlochleven lies at the head of the narrow sea-arm, Loch Leven, which runs about eight miles east from Loch Linnhe at Ballachulish, in Argyllshire; and the site of this great industrial organisation is surrounded by the giant peaks of Mamore Forest to the north and the no less lofty mountains over Glencoe to the south.

Until the starting of these colossal hydro-electric works, comparatively few people knew much about Kinlochleven; many had not even heard the name before. For this lack of knowledge there was, however, a very reasonable excuse. Three years ago it was a lonely Highland glen, given over exclusively to sport, and inhabited only by a few gamekeepers and gillies. Far removed from the ordinary tourist tracks, its weird, silent solitudes of mountain, moor, and glen were rarely penetrated except by hunters a-chasing the deer; and in maps, gazetteers, guide-books, or railway time-tables the name of Kinlochleven was conspicuous by its

absence. To-day the red deer and the eagles look down in astonishment on the busy hive of industry that has sprung up in their ancient haunts; in fact, the transformation that has taken place within the last three years is comparable only to those magic effects in which the genii of the Arabian fabulists raised palaces in a night. A Highland solitude has been transformed into a busy town of close upon six thousand workers—a town which, when completed, will have urban advantages unknown to many other towns in the north of Scotland. It is built on the model-town system. Large, roomy, self-contained cottages, mostly of two-stories, they look very substantial, and are fitted up on thoroughly modern lines. Many are already occupied by the engineers and foremen of the works. The dwelling-houses and streets will be lit by electric light, and a water-supply equal to fifty gallons per head per day of the anticipated population is provided. A number of shops have already been opened, and the town is equipped, or about to be equipped, with a harbour, an electric railway, a custom-house, a post-office, a school, a hospital, a hotel, while the Church of Scotland has prepared plans for the erection of a church for the new community. The sewage system is of the latest character, with a septic tank; and a slaughter-house and destructor are also included in the scheme. Other additions to the amenities of this wonderful town will be recreation-rooms, public baths, and a park.

The colossal undertaking which has been the means of so completely transforming a lonely, isolated district into a thriving, enterprising community owes its inception to the unique natural advantages which Kinlochleven offered to the originators of the scheme. In the production of aluminium, which is now being used for a great variety of purposes where lightness and strength, durability, and freedom from rust are essential, a heat is required greater than can be got from an ordinary furnace, and these degrees of heat are readily obtained from electric furnaces. The cheapest way to make electricity is, of course, by water-power, and the promoters of this mammoth enterprise could not fail to be impressed by the rushing torrents and waterfalls which poured down the river Leven from the string of three lochs lying in the valley immediately north of Glencoe. These three lochs—bearing unpronounceable Gaelic names—are joined together by intervening waterways, and the ingenious idea was conceived of damming them all up, so that instead of having three comparatively small lochs they would have one immense reservoir nine miles in length, with an average width of over half a mile. The approximate capacity of this big loch—when completed it will be the largest artificial reservoir in Europe, if not in the world—will be about twenty thousand million gallons; and as it is situated in a district where the average rainfall is nearly one hundred and twenty inches per annum, there can be no dubiety with regard to an adequate supply of water.

Stoutly built of concrete masonry, the wall of the huge dam is three-quarters of a mile in length, with a width of sixty feet at the base, tapering up to fifteen feet at the top, and having a maximum depth of eighty feet. From the lower side of the dam the water will be led by a concrete conduit along the hill-face for about four miles, with a fall of about one foot in the thousand into a penstock chamber. The conduit is eight feet square, built entirely of reinforced concrete, and roofed over with slabs of the same material. Ample arrangements are provided for regulating the flow into the conduit, and the passage of the water will be controlled by valves of large size. Out of the penstock chamber the water will rush through fully a mile of gigantic steel piping—there are six pipes in all—down to the turbines that work the dynamo which will provide electricity for the furnaces and machinery of the new industrial colony.

The factory containing the turbines that all this water-power is to be used for driving covers an area of six hundred feet by four hundred feet, and there is besides a carbon factory which covers two hundred feet square. There are twelve turbines, and each will feed its own series of furnaces. From the power-house a huge concrete trench or culvert about thirty feet deep by fifteen wide carries away the exhaust water to the river which flows near by.

The pipes in use for the great pipe-track are being supplied by a German firm, and are brought from Hamburg direct by steamer to Kinlochleven. No British firm, it appears, was prepared to comply with the conditions imposed in regard to the manufacture of these pipes, and some idea may be had of the importance of the order thus lost to British trade from the fact that the total weight of pipes to be used will exceed ten thousand tons, and the steamer conveying the pipes from Hamburg will require to make over twenty trips before the order is completed, as owing to their bulk only one hundred and fifty pipes can be conveyed on each voyage. These pipes are not connected in the usual way by flanges, but by bolts, and the manufacturers send their own workmen from Germany to place them in position.

Experts who have visited Kinlochleven agree that this enormous pipe-track and the works at the dam represent the most marvellous piece of engineering accomplished in this or any other country for many years. The magnitude of all the operations, the colossal scale on which everything is being done, the completeness of the arrangements, and the boldness of the whole undertaking evoke the unstinted admiration and wonderment of all. Like all great schemes, of course, there have been difficulties and barriers of an almost insuperable nature to surmount; but they have only served to bring out the latent skill and determination of those at the head of affairs. Practically before a blow was struck, the inaccessibility of the site for the dam confronted them as a serious problem. There was only a footpath

along the shore from Ballachulish, thirteen miles from the projected dam; and from the head of the loch a portion of a rough old foot-trail made by General Wade followed the river-side east for a mile or two before turning to the south to lose itself among the corries, and, having soared one thousand seven hundred feet in air, descend on the Devil's Staircase of Glencoe. Between this footpath and the foot of Loch Inbhar, where the dam was to be made, lay three or four miles of untracked moor and hill.

Water-transport of material by Loch Leven obviously suggested itself as the most feasible, and a cargo-steamer sailed up the loch from Ballachulish to test its possibilities in this connection. Halfway up the loch, at Caolasnancon, there is a part, judging with the eye, not any wider than the Tay at Perth, and most appropriately named the Dogs' Narrows. Here, it was found, there were only three feet of water at low-tide. Undismayed by these disabilities, the projectors of the scheme did not deviate one hair's-breadth from their undertaking. They widened the channel at Caolasnancon, and deepened it to ten feet at dead low-tide, removing more than half a million tons of dredgings, and rendering the loch navigable to its head by vessels of considerable draught.

Another great difficulty that had to be overcome was the conveyance of material over the very mountainous country that intervenes between the sea and the dam. There was only a track which ran parallel to the route of the great conduit, but it was quite unsuitable for wheeled traffic, so that at the outset every scrap of material used for the building of the workmen's huts at the dam and for the commencement of the work had to be carried by pack-saddle horses, or men carried the stuff on their shoulders over hill and moor for six weary miles. The ingenuity of our modern engineers solved the problem of this slow, tortuous mode of transport, and a great aerial ropeway—Blondin, it is familiarly called—was constructed from the pier at Kinlochleven to the dam, with spans varying, according to the contour of the country, from five hundred to one thousand three hundred and ninety feet. It is an endless cable of powerful steel wire-rope twelve miles long, and over it all the materials for the work and the provisions for the men have since been conveyed. The enormous value of this means of transit to the contractors may be estimated from the fact that in the dam there will be four hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete, forty-eight thousand yards in the conduit, and over forty thousand yards in the pipe-track, representing some fifty thousand tons of cement alone, not to mention coal, wood, lime, sand, iron, and the food for the big army of navvies there employed. The ropeway conveys about five hundred tons of material daily, and is worked by electricity.

The power for the ropeway, and also the electric current for the working of cranes, drills, &c., are supplied by a small temporary power-scheme possessing features resembling very much those of the parent project. Power is obtained from the falls on the Leven River; there is a conduit of about a mile in length, with a pipe-line and two turbines—the whole being capable of developing nearly one thousand horse-power. The current, after being generated at the power-station, is fed to the dam by eight copper cables, being thereafter distributed to the various machines employed in the undertaking.

To facilitate working, the contractors have connected their different centres of operation by telephones, and in a district minus thoroughfares such an adjunct is almost indispensable. All materials, plant, stores, &c. are landed by steamer at the company's pier at Kinlochleven, and a motor-boat service three times a day keeps the community in touch with Ballachulish.

It is expected that the works will take out thirty-five thousand electrical horse-power, and when the dam is complete and the factory in full working order, which it is expected will be the case early in 1909, there will be permanent employment for about fifteen hundred men, which means that there will be a population of over five thousand in the district. The whole scheme will probably cost the greater part of a million pounds before completion.

Many enterprising projects have of recent years been formulated with the idea of stemming the tide of rural depletion; but it may safely be affirmed that this gigantic electrical undertaking at Kinlochleven is by far the most important contribution of the engineer towards the solution of the 'back to the land' problem, and it is confidently hoped that it may be the pioneer of many similar ventures in the waste places of the kingdom.

The principal contractor is Sir John Jackson, Ltd., Westminster, who is constructing the dam and the hydraulic works; and Messrs M'Laughlin & Harvie, Belfast, are the contractors for the erection of the village and the factories.

THE LUCK O' THE SPEY.

CHAPTER III.

YOU are to picture the broadening river clasping green islets in Badenoch, a wind-swept strath, above it the scarred foreheads of the Cairngorms. There the Spey welcomes the deer at dawn; under the moon the quiet otter ripples her silent pools. To-day her clear depths return, enhanced, the chasing clouds; to-morrow a thousand amber freshets brim her noble banks. She is April in her inconstant delights, June in the bosom of her placid crystal sincerities.

Looked at afar, from the hills, like a drop of ink in a strong brown hand, a loch in Badenoch neighbours the river, linked to it by the silver chain of a leisurely stream. At the time of the floating of timber down-stream a rough dam was built of huge pine-beams, gagging the mouth of the loch. Against this lay half-a-dozen rafts or 'floats,' as they were called, made of newly hewn tree-trunks. The lone haunt of the heron and the red deer was transformed. On one side of the loch a thousand pines still raised their dark spears; on the other, great gaps yawned in the woods, where the axes had been ringing. On the shingle piles of tree-trunks lay ready to be made into rafts; scores of workmen were busy pruning them; patient-eyed horses strained at the heavy loads, shouting drivers and cracking whips; Gaelic oaths and snatches of song, loud and regular clink of axes in the woods, forges roaring, eerie echoes reverberating among the mountains, wheels crunching the stones; now a louder crash, as some stately pine said farewell to the hill and to life with a cry—all making a scene of tingling vitality, to the accompaniment of musical waters on the long keyboard of the shingle.

A group of men lay on the grass near the dam, awaiting orders. Soon a shout brought them to their feet, and the 'ganger' stood beside them. He was a man of experience in the ways of the motley crowd in the Spey 'floating' days, and therefore of few words. He presented six feet of Gordon tartan—hose, kilt, and doublet, the whole crowned by a flaming circlet of red hair and whiskers. He looked at the men with a gimlet and choleric blue eye, and from the red nimbus issued the following, in a voice with the timbre of a raven's:

'Six rafts ready at wance. Fowre men each for the three big rafts, twa for the twa licht anes. Ian, Donal' Fraser, an' you, Lang Dram, wull choose three men to gang wi' ye. Masel' and Alasdair Grant take the twa licht rafts wi' a man each. Mak' the river's mouth in twa days. Poach nane an' drink less, or ye needna show your faces here again.' Exit the 'ganger.'

These crisp and decisive words left little room for discussion; and, after a few seconds' jabbering together in the Gaelic, the men chose their companions, leaving Watty Douglas, the Lowlander, and an unkempt-looking hillman for the two light rafts.

The 'ganger' came back. 'Ready? Good!' said he.—'Now, Alasdair, tak' ye Watty Douglas wi' ye, an' I'll tak' this chiel,' jerking a grimy thumb at the hillman. 'He's no' muckle to look at, but he kens the river.'

Alasdair hesitated. Two days with the Lowlander, with a man whose hated image he was trying to blot out of his heart! 'I—I—will you no' take Douglas?' he stammered.

The 'ganger' stared.

'The lad's strong enough, an' willin',' he answered.

'I'm no' willin' if Grant thinks ill o' my company,' Douglas blurted out. 'Maybe I think as little o' his.'

The other man's red beard bristled.

'Be —— to both o' ye!' said he, turning his back on them with a sudden burst of anger. 'Tak' my orders, an' that licht raft doon Spey, or draw your pay an' let me see the last o' ye.'

The two men moved sulkily off to their raft, for a rough and effectual discipline reigned.

The pine-trunks in the middle of the beam across the loch's outlet were unfastened, and one by one the huge 'floats' glided slowly through, like uncouth living monsters, amid a babel of shouted orders from the shore.

It was late in the afternoon, with a fitful sun throwing long spears of yellow light through the dark woods on the silent hillside snows, and on the long dark waves of peat-moss. Where, in summer, the royal purple of the mountains, the gold of the whin-blossom, the virgin white of the wild cherry, the bracken's dark-green plaid radiated a poem, now the dying February sun retreated from brown heather and dark stretches of sombre moorland. A solitary curlew called sadly in the gathering darkness. In the swift coming of evening, the gloaming met the shadows creeping round the gaunt arms of the firs, creeping round the Cairngorms till the hills faded into gray, into mists, into nothing, save where a white, ghostly shoulder gleamed for an instant against a passing cloud. The evening fell chilly. There was a shudder in the air.

The last raft had long since swung out on the river. It was manned by Alasdair and Watty Douglas. Alasdair stood, with his dog and comrade, Cù Math, beside him, in the front of the raft, boat-hook in hand, on the alert for too near an approach to shallows, hidden rocks, or flotsam, keeping the craft in mid-stream. Douglas sat on the piled-up trunks, idly watching the dim banks

float slowly past. The two men exchanged few words, Alasdair breaking the silence now and then with an order. Night had fallen. A star or two blinked over the pine-tops. Alasdair tried to keep his thoughts from the girl, from the Lowlander, from a hundred tortures of jealousy. Up at the loch, with the incessant hard work of loading the rafts, some relief had come to him; but now, in the inaction of the quiet night, the dull gnawing came back to his heart. He watched the pines, black and mysterious against the faint mist of the river, their ranks, as it seemed, slowly circling as he floated past.

The night sped on. Douglas yawned loudly and stretched himself. He was tired of the silence, the eternal *swish, swish* of the current, the grumble of the raft. The quiet jarred on his volatile surface. He was incapable of a passion like the Highlander's, his love-affair with Mary springing from vanity and cheap excitement, a rushlight compared with the flame in Alasdair's heart. He looked at the silent Highlander without even remotely understanding the strange blend in his blood of child, savage, and gentleman. Perhaps, because of this, he was a little afraid of him, in spite of his bravado in 'The Norway Lass.' However, he must speak. He would chaff this sulky Highlander into talking. His was the nature to prefer bickering with an enemy to silence even with a friend.

'It's a dark nicht,' he began.

'It is,' answered the other impassively.

Silence again. Evidently there was nothing to be got out of meteorological observations. He was vaguely angry, and took a side-look at Alasdair.

He began again. 'I'm fair sick o' this wark. Naethin' but hammerin' an' haulin' at trees, then floatin' atween thae everlastin' hills. It's a wonder the likes o' you fashes wi' it.'

The Highlander kept silence.

'As for me,' continued Douglas, with another stealthy look, 'I wadna bide here twa days gin I hadna anither reason forby the wark. There's bonny lassies on Speyside.'

'Keep your reasons to yourself, then,' said Alasdair, his gorge rising at the other's smirk. No one but a fool would have mistaken the unnatural quiet and steadiness in his voice.

'As I was sayin',' went on Douglas blindly, 'when ye were sae ceevil as to interrupt me, there's bonny lassies on Speyside, an' wan in parteeclar.' He leered, with the sickening leer of an underbred squire of dames. The men's eyes met, and the vulgarian's blinked and fell under Alasdair's steady gaze, but an empty bravado seized him. He still went on blindly, his voice shrilling like a male virago's.

'Nae need to glower at me like that. Fine I ken what ye're thinkin' o'. Man, ye're welcome to the lass on the hill. Faugh! I've a lass in Fife, an' anither in Leith; an' as for your licht-o'-love on Speyside'——

'Stand up, hound, and take the word back!' The Highlander was within two paces of him, his face white, his voice shaking.

Douglas rose quickly. Something told him that he had been trifling with a volcano. It was not yet too late, he thought.

'Man, Grant'—— he began.

'Take it back, or you'll die like a rat!' thundered the other.

The Lowlander hesitated, and then made a tremendous mistake. He did the most dangerous thing possible to a type like Alasdair. He laid a nervous, wheedling hand on the Gael's shoulder; and in an instant revulsion from his touch, the instinct of insulted physical strength, pent-up hatred, routed all other feelings, and left Alasdair a fighting savage. He closed with Douglas instantly and without a word. The Lowlander hit out wildly, but his throat was in the other's hand. He was shaken like a rat, and then whizzed through the air to the other end of the raft, where he lay, one leg trailing in the water. The other stood over him, panting. The cold of the stream kept Douglas's sagging wits afloat, and to save himself from slipping into the swift river he threw his arms round Alasdair's ankles. The sudden clasp brought him down; and as Douglas managed to raise himself on one knee his hand touched the other's skean-dhu.

Both men rose, and the little black knife dropped with a rattle on the raft close to the Lowlander's feet. In a trice he seized it, and made a vicious downward stab. The blade cut the sleeve of Alasdair's doublet, and a spurt of blood drenched his forearm. But the skean-dhu caught for one instant in the doublet, the Highlander's hand was on Douglas's wrist, and they fought like wild beasts for the knife. Now it hovered in mid-air between them; now it came slowly, slowly, the point towards him, as Douglas's arm grew weaker. Alasdair's free hand was feeling again for his throat. Douglas was growing dizzy, a red mist in his eyes, his breath coming in gasps. Making a last effort, he flung himself forward. The mere momentum would not have shaken the other, but Alasdair's foot caught in the uneven surface of the raft; he fell backwards, striking his head, and lay stunned. Douglas fell over him heavily, and the knife, point uppermost, went to the hilt in the Lowlander's throat. He staggered to his feet, beating the air twice with his bloody hands; swaying gently, he dropped to his knees, then to all-fours at the edge of the raft. The water looked very dark. Everything was very dark. He struggled slowly to his feet as the blackness of coming death put out the stars, then called aloud once on God, and fell into the deep silence of the swift mid-stream.

Alasdair lay stunned on the raft, the collie, Cù Math, licking his face and calling on him in frantic, pitiful dog-language. For five minutes or more he lay, and then came back to his senses. Ah! where was Douglas? He rose unsteadily and stared into the dark. A thin trickle of blood ran down his

right hand. The skean-dhu had just grazed his arm. He ran his shaking hands over his doublet. One side was wet and warm, and in a flash cold beads of sweat stood out on him. The skean-dhu! —where was it? The Lowlander!—where was he? He searched the raft as thoroughly as he could in the dark, finding nothing. Ah, he remembered! For long he stood, wondering when the first streak of dawn would come, his nerves taut, a prey to a hundred maddening thoughts, his eyes fixed on the river. The river! It was talking, talking all the time. He knew now where Douglas was! He heard again, as he thought, the charm old Morag had chanted:

> The Luck o' the Spey to the fighting Grants,
> Save to them who strike for a worthless cause.

The Luck o' the Spey would be—nay, was—his. 'A worthless cause!' No. He thought of the lass on the hill, and Douglas's jeer braced him a little. Still, would the dark river give up his secret? He shuddered. Would the dawn never come? He must keep the raft more into mid-stream. It was getting too close to the slow-moving panorama of the dark shore. The hoarse bark of a hill-fox startled him like a sudden challenging voice. He heard eerie voices from the woods. The very splash of the stream tormented him, for to his type, just as much as to any Greek of old, the mountains, the woods, and the earth were full of life, the Little People danced under the moon, the Kelpie lurked at the ford. A hundred stories of creatures peering from the underworld crowded over him as he looked, smothering a cry when Cù Math, tired of being forgotten, thrust a cold nose into his hand, sending his nerves jangling anew.

Great heavens! would the dawn never come? He put an arm round the collie, and together they waited, the dog's eyes questioning the trouble in his master's.

Leaden minutes passed. Gradually a faint film rose from the waters. The banks and trees took vague shapes. The gray light crept slowly into the sky. A few paling stars saw the man washing blood from himself and the raft. Then he stood up and watched the coming of dawn. The sky's face was mirrored here and there in silent pools. Now a dark, abrupt scaur loomed in the gathering light, heralding a frank open space between the hills. He could see the sinuous run of a hill-burn and hear its friendly sound. Deeper water came, and with it shadows of pine and fir, and the gracious arms of the birches at the green edge of a still stretch of the river. The hills and the sky were shut out, save where a shaft of early morning light lanced through, as in the hush of some dim cathedral aisle—a still, tree-arched sanctuary. An early bird sang; the morning air stirred—a grave Gregorian chant in the pines. A dry sob shook him as he watched. The collie nestled closer.

An hour passed. Up the glen the brave, dark shoulder of Ben Rinnes loomed, towering over his henchman, Ben Aigen. Above the raft a cascade of dark pines broke at the river's bank into the spray of a hundred gleaming birches. The morning was at hand. In the middle light the hill-tracks became quiet streets. Stately avenues and open spaces appeared. The man on the raft knew and loved every corner of the glens, and it came to him, with a horror of himself, that now they were peopled by awful and accusing shapes. Phantom towers and battlements arose. The terraces of pines joined hands, climbing upwards to the crest, where they hung in the silver point of the morning light, inexpressibly delicate, poised on the pearly skyline, the crowning pinnacles of a silent faerie city of green spires. The pale moonlight o'er Melrose never wrought such magic.

Soon a new voice sang in the stream as it neared the sea. Alasdair heard it, and stood alert in front, as the raft swam through loud-voiced rapids into dark pools starred by sailing white bells of foam. A murmur—steady, unmistakable—stole up-stream to the listening river, and she answered the call of the North Sea in the strong, glad voice of her hurrying current.

The harbour-beacon blinked in the distance. Riding-lights of ships shone, tawdry swinging yellow dots in the early light. A mast stood out, then another and another; and Alasdair saw the sleeping village lying like a little wisp of gray smoke at the river's mouth, and, beyond, the long tireless rollers crumbling into white on the beach.

There was no one astir except a 'floater' on night-duty when the raft swung alongside the wharf.

'Mornin', Alasdair,' he said. 'Are ye alane? Where's Douglas?'

'He left the raft at Glenduar,' said Grant, without looking at him.

'Will he be after the deer, think ye?' said the other, busy with the tackle.

'I do not know. I did not see him leave,' said Alasdair. Then he went to his lodging in 'The Norway Lass,' and lay with hot, sleepless eyes. Was it a mocking voice from the quiet street that reached him? The hoarse voice of the old watch on his rounds was calling, 'The skriegh o' day! A fine mornin'. All 's well.'

(To be continued.)

REPATRIATION OR EXILE.

IN the February part of *Chambers's Journal* (1908) Lady Napier gives a pathetic description of the wholesale depopulation of the Western Highlands, and clearly depicts the almost insuperable difficulties of getting the people back to the land in such a manner as to realise the ideals of that new school of enthusiasts who hold that the simple and strenuous life is the best and happiest for all, alike for the peer or the peasant, irrespective of wealth or position. As far as the townspeople are concerned, although the noise, vulgarity, and squalid surroundings of great cities have intensified their appreciation of the beauties of nature, yet it is lamentably true that these sons and daughters of the towns have to a great extent lost the primeval instincts which enable man to face the elements and wrest a living from the soil in spite of the most unfavourable conditions. Worse still, the artificialities of life have taken so firm a hold upon their imagination that a continuous residence in the country seems insufferably monotonous after the glare of the footlights, the display of tawdry finery in the shop-windows, the ceaseless rush and clatter of the street traffic, and, last but not least, a hopeless infatuation for the make-believe and caricatures of life as depicted in plays of questionable merit and still more doubtful morals. The result is only too often a stage-struck mental attitude, which, while scoffing at the real, greedily swallows all the fictions in the universe, an ever-present self-consciousness which impels people to affect to be anything in the world except their natural selves, and a levity which respects neither gray hairs nor the grave. Then, again, the city worker is a specialist, often indeed marvellously skilful in his own department, but quite useless at any other occupation; while, on the contrary, the tiller of the soil must be an all-round man, capable of turning his hand to anything that comes along; in fact, he possesses a delicacy of sight and touch, a shrewd practical knowledge of the elements of life, and a capacity for resisting or turning to advantage the buffets of adverse circumstances, in most cases only realised and appreciated by the amateur after he has lost his money in the effort to revert to the simple life and make a living from the land. In his first enthusiasm, he is apt to forget that in order to get a sure footing in a highly skilled profession—really never mastered from the cradle to the grave—it is necessary to go slow for a time, working by sure and well-established methods, rather than attempting the seductive short-cuts of experimental processes, which in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand prove to be a failure. This contempt for the acquired and hereditary qualifications of the countryman is the direct cause of most reverses when people try to hark back to health and happinesss amidst the charms of fresh air and country freedom.

This question is of vital importance to the homeland. In case of war any serious interference with our foreign trade would place the price of foodstuffs beyond the reach of the masses. The inevitable political and social consequences are more easily imagined than described: the misery and starvation of the poor, the fierce desperation of a million hungry workmen whose wives and children are dying of want. Possibly the Government might do something to stave off defeat by the establishment of national granaries and the distribution of the necessaries of life. To such a state, then, has Great Britain been reduced by the celebrated Corn Laws, which converted the agriculturists of the country into wretched factory operatives. The fields which were continuously cultivated for a hundred generations have been turned into sheepwalks, and the finest recruiting grounds in the Empire have been largely converted into deer forests for the occasional amusement of the newly rich; the feudal castles of the Middle Ages are now replaced by the mansions of wealthy shopkeepers and manufacturers, who at most merely pass a few months of the year at their country houses to vary the monotony of city life.

What is the remedy? The question is often asked, 'Does any one really want to go back to the land?' We can safely say that under satisfactory conditions many would return to their native land, certainly quite sufficient to develop the agricultural possibilities of the country. Even the British colonies would furnish a large contingent of people who have amassed a competence, which they would prefer to enjoy in the old country. But from a personal appreciation of the circumstances, I am inclined to think most would come from foreign lands. There are thousands of fairly well-to-do British settlers abroad who are naturally loath to bring up their children as foreigners. They have before their eyes every day a practical demonstration of just what it means. Firstly, the language is lost or forgotten, and gradually the traditions and pride of race fade away before the influence of an uncongenial environment. Then comes final annihilation by the fusion of blood and hereditary characteristics with the irresistible majority. To make matters worse, there is frequently a tendency to assimilate the vices of both races rather than their peculiar virtues. Well, the old land may take advantage of this state of affairs if it chooses. Most of us, still holding our interests in the land of our adoption, cannot afford to buy palatial mansions and large landed estates; and, at the same time, while recognising the many sterling qualities of the British rustic, the conditions of ordinary village life do not

appeal to us. Returning wanderers to Albion's shores mostly complain of the lack of privacy and want of scope. They say you are hemmed in on every hand by vulgar posters and notices that trespassers will be prosecuted. To use a colonial expression rather forcible than elegant, there is not room anywhere to swing a cat around by the tail. The only remedy is the acquisition of small blocks of from twenty to a few hundred acres in rural districts. A few acres of arable land in mountain valleys, with free access to barren moors, which are of no use to any one, would content most of us. The subdivision of the country into large estates at present makes it next to impossible to secure such holdings in the way of purchase. The advantages to the motherland are obvious. Millions of money derived from abroad would be spent in Britain. Many settlers with special pioneering knowledge would certainly reclaim large areas of waste lands, and by the introduction of new ideas or more effective methods in process of agriculture might be expected to give an additional impetus to home production. Secondly, they would always give employment to a large amount of labour in the way of building, the laying out of orchards and parks, and the cultivation of ordinary farm lands, having a better chance of meeting foreign competition than the men who are quite dependent for a living upon the small margin remaining to their credit after paying all expenses. So, if it may be sometimes wise to speed the parting emigrant on his way to other lands in search of the competence he cannot gain at home, it is at least equal wisdom to give him a hearty welcome on his return, to make him feel that he is really returning home, and to recognise the fact that his cosmopolitan education and wider experience of the world may be of incalculable service to his motherland. The increase of the race must always settle in new countries, but ancestral and historic associations should ever attract sufficient population to the old cradleland for the education and training of new blood for the conquest and colonisation of far countries beyond the seas.

To put the matter more plainly, it is extremely desirable in many cases that people of British blood should be brought up and educated at home before taking up their careers in the countries where their lot is likely to be cast. There is something radically wrong in Britain in these matters. The returned wanderer in many—perhaps most—cases finds the conventionalities of life somewhat trying, and usually returns to his adopted country. In Italy, on the contrary, although a quarter of a million of Italians emigrate to North and South America every year, a large proportion return to end their lives in their native land, and enormous sums are remitted constantly by the exiles from home. In France the state of affairs is very much the same, except that few French people ever care to emigrate at any time.

The contention of the writer, then, amounts to this: that upon economic and political grounds it is extremely desirable to encourage in every possible way a constant stream of returning adventurers from distant lands, by making desirable lots of land easily obtainable in the way of purchase, and by improving the facilities for recreation and social intercourse in country districts. With an ideal state of society, all waste lands should be open to the public as a vast national park, preserved from acts of vandalism by rigorous administrative arrangements. In this manner the surplus workers of the great centres might also be attracted by the health and charms of a country life.

With this object in view, some reforms are necessary in the educational department. As I take it, the primary object of public instruction should be in every case to train the boy or girl as good and useful members of society, and this can only be possible after teaching them first how to earn an honest living, and, secondly, all the decorative accomplishments which can be acquired in the time available for the purpose. It is simply criminal to permit children to grow up without any knowledge of the practical aspects of life, and then turn them loose in the world to fight the battles of strife and competition without being gradually inured to the conditions of such work during their childhood. What wonder that thousands go wrong under the strain? And what it really means can only be told by those who have been through the process. In Germany the idea of out-of-door schools is gaining ground. Certainly a few hours each day spent in technical training would produce excellent results, physically and intellectually. A knowledge of the first principles of agriculture would give wholesome and healthy development alike to mind and body. The youth with a practical education of this kind need never go very far wrong. He can always at least find some spot of earth where the plough will turn him in a decent living. Model farms in every district would also be of great assistance to amateurs, and scientific experiments are every day extending the range and scope of agriculture. In the United States the authorities are more alive to these matters than rulers anywhere else, having their agents exploring China and the farthest corners of the earth in the hope of discovering improved methods of working, or of finding new plants of commercial value suited for acclimatisation in their own country; also, in search of the best varieties of cereals and other cultivated crops. Highly satisfactory results have already been obtained. For example, the yield of rice in the Southern States has been almost doubled by the adoption of Japanese seed and methods of planting.

In conclusion, it is safe to say that if the powers that be really wish the people back on the land, they can easily realise the ideal of the latest reformers of the twentieth century.

THE GRIP IN DEEP HOLE.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE roar of the falls, the lighter and shriller raging of the rapids, had at last died out behind the thick masses of the forest as Barnes worked his way down the valley. The heat in the windless underbrush, alive with insects, was stifling. He decided to make once more for the bank of the stream, in the hope that its character might by this time have changed so as to afford him an easier and more open path. Pressing aside to his left, he presently saw the green gloom lighten before him. Blue sky and golden light came low through the thinning trees, and then a gleam of unruffled water. He was nearing the edge now, and because the underbrush was so thick about him he began to go cautiously.

All at once he felt his feet sinking, and the screen of thick bushes before him leaned away as if bowed by a heavy gust. Desperately he clutched with both hands at the undergrowth and saplings on either side; but they all gave way with him. In a smother of leafage and blinding, lashing branches he sank downwards—at first, as it seemed, slowly, for he had time to think many things while his heart was jumping in his throat; then, shooting through the lighter, bushy companions of his fall, and still clutching convulsively at those upon which he had been able to lay his grasp, he plunged feet first into a dark water.

The water was deep and cold. Barnes went down straight and clear under, with a strangled gasp. His feet struck with some force upon a tangled, yielding mass, from which he rose again with a spring. His head shot up above the surface, above the swirl of foam, leafage, and débris; and sputteringly he gulped his lungs full of air. But before he could clear his eyes or his nostrils, or recover his self-possession, he was stealthily dragged down again. With a pang of horror he realised that he was caught by the foot.

A powerful swimmer, Barnes struck out mightily with his arms, and came to the surface again at once, rising beyond the shoulders. But by so much the more was he violently snatched back again, strangling and desperate, before he had time to empty his lungs and catch breath. This time the shock sobered him, flashing the full peril of the situation before his startled consciousness. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped his struggling, and contented himself with a gentle paddling to keep upright. This time he came more softly to the surface, clear beyond the chin. The foam, and débris, and turbulence of little waves seethed about his lips, and the sunlight danced confusingly in his streaming eyes; but he gulped a fresh lungful before he again went down.

Paddling warily now, he emerged again at once, and, with arms outspread, brought himself to a precarious equilibrium, his mouth just clear of the surface so long as he held his head well back. Keeping very still, he let his bewildered wits recover themselves and the agitated surface settle to quiet.

He was in a deep, tranquil cove, hardly stirred by an eddy. Some ten paces farther out from shore the main current swirled past sullenly, as if weary from the tumult of falls and rapids. Across the current a little space of sand-beach, jutting out from the leafy shore, shone golden in the sun. Up and down the stream, as far as his extremely restricted vision would suffer him to see, nothing but thick, overhanging branches, and the sullen current. Very cautiously he turned his head—though to do so brought the water over his lips—and saw behind him just what he expected. The high, almost perpendicular bank was scarred by a gash of bright, raw, reddish earth, where the brink had slipped away beneath his weight.

Just within reach of his hand lay, half-submerged, the thick, leafy top of a fallen poplar sapling, its roots apparently still clinging to the bank. Gently he laid hold of it, testing it, in the hope that it might prove solid enough to enable him to haul himself out. But it came away instantly in his grasp. And once more, in this slight disturbance of his equilibrium, his head went under.

Barnes was disappointed, but he was now absolutely master of his self-possession. In a moment he had regained the only position in which he could breathe comfortably. Then, because the sun was beating down too fiercely on the top of his head, he carefully drew the bushy top of the poplar sapling into such a position that it gave him shade. As its roots were still aground, it showed no tendency to float off and forsake him in his plight.

A very little consideration, accompanied by a cautious investigation with his free foot, speedily convinced him, a practical woodsman, that the trap in which he found himself caught could be nothing else than a couple of interlaced, twisted branches or roots of a tree which had fallen into the pool in some former caving-in of the bank. In that dark deep wherein his foot was held fast, his mind's eye could see it all well enough—the water-soaked, brown-green, slimy, inexorable coil, which had yielded to admit the unlucky member, then closed upon it like the jaws of an otter-trap. He could feel that grip—not severe, but uncompromisingly firm—clutching the joint. As he considered he began to draw comfort, however, from the fact that his invisible captor had displayed a certain amount of give-and-take. This elasticity meant either that it was a couple of branches slight enough to be flexible that held him, or that the

submerged tree itself was a small one, not too steadfastly anchored down. He would free himself easily enough, he thought, as soon as he should set about it coolly and systematically.

Taking a long breath, he sank his head under the surface, and peered downward through the amber-brown but transparent gloom. Little gleams of brighter light came twisting and quivering in from the swirls of the outer current. Barnes could not discern the bottom of the pool, which was evidently very deep; but he could see quite clearly the portion of the sunken tree in whose interwoven branches he was held. A shimmering golden ray fell just on the spot where his foot vanished to the ankle between two stout curves of what looked like slimy brown cable or sections of a tense snake-body.

It was, beyond question, a nasty-looking trap; and Barnes could not blink the fact that he was in a tight place. He lifted his face above the surface, steadied himself carefully, and breathed deeply and quietly for a couple of minutes, gathering strength for a swift and vigorous effort. Then, filling his lungs very moderately, the better to endure a strain, he stooped suddenly downward, deep into the amber gloom, and began wrenching with all his force at those oozy curves, striving to drag them apart. They gave a little, but not enough to release the imprisoned foot. Another moment, and he had to lift his head again for breath.

After some minutes of rest he repeated the choking struggle, but, as before, in vain. He could move the jaws of the trap just enough to encourage him a little, but not enough to gain his release. Again and again he tried it, again and again to fail just as he imagined himself on the verge of success; till at last he was forced, for the moment, to acknowledge defeat, finding himself so exhausted that he could hardly keep his mouth above water. Drawing down a stiffish upright branch of the sapling, he gripped it between his teeth, and so held himself upright while he rested his arms. This was a relief to nerves as well as muscles, because it made his balance, on which he depended for the chance to breathe, so much the less precarious.

As he hung there pondering, held but a bare half-inch above drowning, the desperateness of the situation presented itself to him in appalling clearness. How sunny, and warm, and safe to his woods-familiar eyes looked the green forest world about him! No sound broke the mild tranquillity of the solitude, except now and then an elfish gurgle of the slow current, or the sweetly cheerful *tsic-a-dee-dee* of an unseen chicadee, or (from the intense blue overhead) the abrupt, thin whistle of a soaring fish-hawk. To Barnes it all seemed such a safe, friendly world, his well-understood intimate since small boyhood! Yet here it was, apparently, turned smooth traitor at last, and about to destroy him as pitilessly as might the most scorching desert or blizzard-scourged ice-field. A silent rage burned suddenly through all his veins—which was well, since the cold of that spring-fed river had already begun to finger stealthily about his heart. A delicate little pale-blue butterfly, like a periwinkle-petal come to life, fluttered over Barnes's grim, upturned face, and went dancing gaily out across the shining water, joyous in the sun. In its dancing it chanced to dip a hairbreadth too low. The treacherous bright surface caught it, held it; and away it swept, struggling in helpless consternation against this unexpected doom. Before it passed out of Barnes's vision a trout rose and gulped it down. Its swift fate, to Barnes's haggard eyes, seemed an analogue in little to his own.

But it was not in the woodman's fibre to acknowledge himself actually beaten, either by man or fate, so long as there remained a spark in his brain to keep his will alive. He presently began searching with his eyes among the branches of the poplar sapling for one stout enough to serve him for a lever. With the right kind of stick in his hand, he told himself, he might manage to prise apart the jaws of the trap and get his foot free. At last his choice settled upon a branch that he thought would serve his turn. He was just about to reach up and break it off, when a slight crackling in the underbrush across the stream caught his ear.

His woodman's instinct kept him motionless as he turned his eyes to the spot. In the thick leafage there was a swaying, which moved down along the bank, but he could not see what was causing it. Softly he drew down a leafy branch of the sapling till it made him a perfect screen; then he peered up the channel to make out what the unseen wayfarer was following.

A huge salmon, battered and gashed from a vain struggle to leap the falls, was floating belly-upward down the current, close to Barnes's side of the stream. A gentle eddy caught it and drew it into the pool. Softly it came drifting towards Barnes's hidden face. In the twigs of the poplar sapling it came to a halt, its great scarlet gills barely moving as the last of life flickered out of it.

Barnes now understood quite well that unseen commotion which had followed along shore the course of the dying salmon. It was no surprise to him whatever when he saw a huge black bear emerge upon the yellow sandspit and stand staring across the current. Apparently, he was staring straight at Barnes's face, upturned upon the surface of the water. But Barnes knew he was staring at the dead salmon. His heart jumped sickeningly with sudden hope as an extravagant notion flashed into his brain. Here was his rescuer—a perilous one, to be sure—vouchsafed to him by some whim of the inscrutable forest fates. He drew down another branchy twig before his face, fearful lest his concealment should not be adequate. But in his excitement he disturbed his balance, and with the effort of his recovery the water swirled noticeably all about him. His heart sank. Assuredly, the bear would take alarm at this, and be afraid to come for the fish.

But, to his surprise, the great beast, which had

seemed to hesitate, at once plunged impetuously into the stream. Nothing, according to a bear's knowledge of life, could have made that sudden disturbance in the pool except some fish-loving otter or mink, intent upon seizing the booty. Indignant at the prospect of being forestalled by any such furtive marauder, the bear hurled himself forward with such force that the spray flew high into the branches, and the noise of his splashing was a clear notification that trespassers and meddlers had better keep off. That salmon was his by right of discovery, and he was going to have it.

The bear, for all the seeming clumsiness of his bulk, was a redoubtable swimmer; and almost before Barnes had decided clearly on his proper course of action those heavy, grunting snorts and vast expulsions of breath were at his ear. Enormously loud they sounded, shot thus close along the surface of the water. Perforce, Barnes made up his mind on the instant.

The bunch of twigs which had arrested the approach of the floating salmon lay just about an arm's-length from Barnes's face. Swimming high, his mighty shoulders thrusting up a wave before him which buried Barnes's head safely from view, the bear reached the salmon. Grabbing it triumphantly in his jaws, he turned to make for shore again.

This was Barnes's moment. Both arms shot out before him. Through the suffocating confusion his clutching fingers encountered the bear's haunches. Sinking into the long fur, they closed upon it with a grip of steel. Then, instinctively, Barnes shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, and waited for the shock, while his lungs felt as if in another minute they would burst.

But it was no long time he had to wait—perhaps two seconds—while amazement in the bear's brain translated itself through panic into action. Utterly horrified by this inexplicable attack from the rear and from the depths, the animal threw himself shoulder high from the water, and hurled himself forward with all his strength. Barnes felt those tremendous haunches heaving irresistibly beneath his clutching fingers. He felt himself drawn out straight and dragged ahead till he thought his ankle would snap. Almost he came to letting go, to save the ankle. But he held on, as much with his will as with his grip. Then the slimy thing in the depths gave way. He felt himself being jerked out through the water—free. His fingers relaxed their clutch on the bear's fur, and he came to the surface, gasping, blinking, and coughing.

For a moment or two he paddled softly, recovering his breath and shaking the water from nostrils and eyes. He had an instant of apprehensiveness lest the bear should turn upon him and attack him at a disadvantage, and by way of precaution he gave forth the most savage and piercing yell that his labouring lungs were capable of. But he saw at once that on this score he had nothing to fear. It was a well-frightened bear there, swimming frantically for the sandspit; while the dead salmon, quite forgotten, was drifting slowly away on the sullen current.

Barnes's foot was aching fiercely, but his heart was light. Swimming at leisure, so as to just keep head against the stream, he watched the bear scuttle out upon the sand. Once safe on dry land, the great beast turned and glanced back with a timid air to see what manner of being it was that had so astoundingly assailed him. Man he had seen before, but never man swimming like an otter; and the sight was nothing to reassure him. One longing look he cast upon the salmon, now floating some distance away; but that, to his startled mind, was just a lure of this same terrifying and perfidious creature whose bright gray eyes were staring at him so steadily from the surface of the water. He turned quickly and made off into the woods, followed by a loud, daunting laugh which spurred his pace to a panicky gallop.

When he was gone Barnes swam to the sandspit. There he stripped, wrung out his dripping clothes, and lay down in the hot sand to let the sun soak deep into his chilled veins.

AN IVORY MINIATURE.

Time on the fair white satin where it lies
Has left faint spots,
And touched with tarnishing the gilt which ties
True-lovers' knots.

But on the portrait it has only laid
A mellow grace,
Softening the tribute which the artist paid
To form and face.

A blue-eyed girl. About her shoulders lies
A scarf of lawn;
Back from her brow—the fashion, we surmise!—
Her hair is drawn.

She smiles serenely, and it is the smile
Which still we know
Who love her—aged, but as fair the while
As long ago.

Now—as she takes the portrait from its nest,
That we may see
How well he wrought who limned her at her best
For days to be—

We can but steal a glance as there she stands,
Beloved and fair;
And choose the picture made by Time's own hands,
That artist rare.

But she, unconscious, sees with other sight
Gates backward swung,
And minds the days when fair for her delight
The world was young.

F. W. Saunderson.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

SOME CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

By A. STODART WALKER.

PART II.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I HAVE already, in other places, recalled my impressions of John Stuart Blackie, which fact may serve as an apology for any lengthened reminiscence of a man connected to me by close relationship of blood and with whom I lived for several years. He was the most lovable man I have ever known. The rich, unfailing generosity of his nature was a revelation. He could thunder out opinions in public of a fairly eclectic and disturbing nature; but these outbursts were but fireworks, dramatic expressions of a nature completely soaked in charity. I do not think he was capable of a mean or an uncharitable thought; and such a thing as a subterfuge—nay, even a piece of diplomatic fencing—was as impossible to his character as was a lie. He was often impatient and hasty in his denunciations of intellectual points of view which seemed distasteful to him, but only in so far as they seemed to him to be shadowed by a spirit of irreverence and metaphysical hair-splitting. The man abroad and the man at home were two different men, inasmuch as the domestic animal was reserved, gentle, and unassertive, not 'hadden doun' by his environment by any means, but a timid mouse in comparison with the roaring lion of the public platform. He was more of a humorist than a wit, seldom a satirist. His humour found expression in the richness and wealth of his metaphor, and was inspired by his remarkable joy of living. His glory in life never failed. No man was more temperate than he, and no man despised more hotly the creature who put himself on a level with the swine; but I remember an incident which occurred to me when, as a small boy, I walked with him on Princes Street, Edinburgh, which demonstrated the breadth of his outlook, though it by no means implied a careless latitudinarian. A drunken man accosted us, and, I suppose in a rather self-righteous way, I gave vent to some easily culled platitudes on the evils of drink and on the horror of the drunkard's life. Blackie turned to me, and, striking the pavement with his stick, said, 'Remember, young man, it is better to live and be drunken than not to live at all.' Nothing roused him more than pessimistic disquisitions on life 'Is life worth living?' supplied him with a splendid text for his philosophical humour. I recall a few of his rejoinders when the subject was raised at the dinner-table at Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh:

> Is life worth living? To propose the question
> Gives proof of huge conceit or bad digestion.

And again:

> Is life worth living? Well, I would not fetter
> A free man's choice; try if death suits you better.

And one night, on retiring to bed, I found the following pinned on to my dressing-table:

> Is life worth living? Ask the blackcocks and the hens
> That pick hard berries in wild Highland glens;
> They die sometimes by rot, sometimes by shot,
> But all agree that they would rather not.
> Learn, reasoning youth, from the unreasoning bird,
> And when you could be wise, don't be absurd!

I recall a time when there was staying with us a perfervid Nonconformist who used to regale us with severe denunciations of those who did not see eye to eye with him in his theological opinions. One night at dinner our visitor was unusually sweeping in his condemnations. I saw that Blackie had suddenly fallen into a fit of abstraction, but in a few moments he jumped to his feet and hurled the following lines at the theological dogmatist:

> What, you! a midge, a moth, a mite,
> An atom in God's vast dominions!
> Think you that He would take delight
> To keep His heaven all right and tight
> A pocket-borough for your opinions?—

sweetening the attack in his usual way by throwing his arms around the person attacked.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

I often wish I had kept some notes of the multitudinous flashes of ready truth and epigram that fell from his lips. He was never ordinary in his merest commonplaces, and yet never a *poseur* in the sense of striving to be original. Probably no man would have been more surprised at being told that he was eccentric, for I remember he once defined eccentricity as 'originality without sense.' Some of his impromptus I do recall: 'I give my right hand to Protestantism, my left to Romanism, and my heart to both; but my head I keep to myself.' 'Few men are good enough for Heaven, few bad enough for Hell.' 'Happiness is comparative: a barn-door hen is not unhappy in respect of locomotive capacity so long as it is not conscious of the difference between itself and an eagle.' 'A gentleman is a man who, when a subscription-list is sent round, always gives a guinea and never a pound.' He had no patience with the 5 per cent. reduction. 'Wine is the drink of the gods, milk the drink of babies, tea the drink of women, beer the drink of Germans, and water the drink of beasts. Wine is the poetry of water, champagne the poetry of wine.' 'An absolute Tory is generally a clod or a fool, a Tory with sense is a Liberal more or less, a Liberal with sense is a Tory more or less, and a Liberal without sense is a Radical.' 'There are only three infallibles: the Roman Pope, the editor of a party newspaper, and a woman when she is in the wrong.' When I went abroad to live in Paris, his parting words to me were: 'Hate no man, but pity sinners, despise cowards, avoid knaves, work with the wise, and amuse yourself with fools.' With these words he handed me a cheque, adding, 'That 's just twice as much as I got when I was a boy, but you have more wings than I had.' But I must not become garrulous on a subject which might carry me on unceasingly. I must take another farewell of a man who was a perfect triumph of personality. Some may echo Carlyle's earlier dictum, that 'Blackie was a man of more sail than ballast;' but more who knew the man intimately will hasten to accept Carlyle's later expression of his esteem: 'Blackie is a man of lively and brilliant intellectual faculties, of ardent friendly character, and of wide speculation and acquirement, very fearless, very kindly, without ill-humour, and without guile.' As another writer said after his death, 'Poet and publicist, scholar and teacher, patriot and philosopher, he was

> **A man so varied that he seemed to be**
> **Not one, but all mankind's epitome.**

Scotland will doubtless never lack her share of notable men. We cannot imagine a time when she will not have her Stevensons, her Aytouns, her Wilsons, her Jeffreys, and even her Chalmers, should the occasion arise; but imagination collapses when it tries to picture another Blackie.'

Robert Louis Stevenson I knew but slightly; in fact, I think I only spoke to him twice. I suppose I was too young to appreciate the subtle charms of the man upon which his friends love to dwell; therefore my boyish impression of him as a *poseur*, and as being given over to rather an irritating affectation, is not of any value. He very kindly sent me an invitation to stay with him in the south of England. It has always been one of my sorest regrets that I was not able to take advantage of that opportunity of learning more of a man who inspired so much affection in his friends. But I recall distinctly my early discovery of the strange and fascinating beauty of *Travels with a Donkey*. Stevenson was then not even a name to me, and the vivid impression that fascinating volume made upon an impressionable nature is still strong with me. I knew his mother better than I knew the writer himself, and all my memories of her are touched with a pleasurable feeling. To me there are few things more beautiful in life than the reticent pride shown by a mother in the legitimate triumphs of her son.

At home I met many Scotsmen of letters—James Grant, William Black, Alexander Nicholson, Dr Walter Smith, Mr Barrie, Sir Noel Paton, Mr Sellar, Sir Douglas Maclagan, Dr John Brown, Robertson Smith, and others; but of all the personalities that appealed to me by its essential 'bigness,' that of Robert Buchanan easily came first. If there ever lived a man who on the surface was the possessor of a definite dual personality, that was the author of *The City of Dream* and *Undertones*. To the general member of the great republic of letters Robert Buchanan was often a thorn in the flesh. He seemed to possess the remarkable capacity of quarrelling with nearly every fellow of his craft; with this rider: he always maintained an easy friendship with such men as Lecky, Herbert Spencer, Browning, and Tennyson, and it must not be deduced from this that I infer that all the men with whom he crossed swords were of the smaller fry. His antagonists included Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and a few of the men of letters who hold at this moment a large place in public estimation. From his own deliberate choice he became, as he called himself, 'The Ishmael of Song,' and an Ishmael with the instincts of a fighter. The very curious anomaly in Buchanan's character was that though he had the best of the combat, he complained that he was unfairly treated in having to fight at all, even though he was the first to put on the gloves. At the beginning of a campaign he, indeed, shook his plumes with fiery glee. Often have I received a letter from him commencing something after this fashion: 'I am preparing a grand broadside for So-and-so.' 'Did you see that X. dares to patronise me in the ——? Look out in Saturday's ——. You will see that I don't take this kind of thing lying down.' And yet, in the spirit of the coster song, 'He would black your eye one moment and stand a pint the next.' The spirit of pity never deserted him, and he did not conceive it possible for him to bear a lifelong enmity. One thing is absolutely certain, and is worth remember-

ing by those who complain of Buchanan's belligerent methods. With the single exception of his anonymous attack on Rossetti—which he withdrew and apologised for in the most graceful and poetical way—he never attacked a man in the press without putting his name on the literary weapon.

For many years I was one of Buchanan's most intimate friends. We were as opposite temperamentally as the poles are geographically, but during all the years I enjoyed his comradeship we never once came even to the borderland of a quarrel. In private life he was remarkably patient and sympathetic, and was possessed of that first of all virtues, a sense of humour, without which companionship is impossible. He was of a surety a triumph of personality. He seemed an anachronism in the nineteenth century. His blood was too hot, he was too impatient, too downright, too pagan, too Bohemian, too thoroughly irrespectable, for the graceful ways of modern civilisation. He was Richard Steele, Robert Burns, Heine, Charles Dickens, and Walt Whitman rolled into one, with this qualification—if it be necessary—he never was an amorist at large and he never was intemperate. His brain, indeed, was eclectic and nineteenth century, but his heart was of the seventeenth and the eighteenth. He had a marked dislike for bigwigs and crowned authorities, whether in politics, religion, or literature, and an equal disdain of the charlatan and the Pecksniff. He loved Scotland, but he was intolerant to Edinburgh; and when I was first introduced to him, and was indicated as a member of the teaching staff of the Medical Faculty of the University, he immediately labelled me 'the village apothecary.'

He was full of the joy of living, and heaped bushels of scorn on the dreary crowd of literary undertakers whom he labelled 'the dismal throng.' But even at times his own optimism—in the face of failure, neglect, and ill-health—would occasionally waver. 'It's all very well,' he wrote to me once, 'for me to croak anathema on the Dismal Folk, but I'm a dismal, self-tormenting creature myself; and as for the joy of life, my share in it is a flickering candle. Friday next is my birthday. I shall keep it in the coal-cellar, with a sheet around me and ashes on my head. Why the deuce was I ever born?' 'I have had the usual experience of original men,' he wrote at another time. 'My worst work has been received with more or less toleration, and my best work misunderstood or neglected; while the self-authorised critical pilots who haunt the shallows of journalism have agreed that I am a factious and opinionated mariner, doomed, like my own Dutchman in *The Outcast*, to eternal damnation because, like my prototype, I have once or twice been provoked to violent language. For nearly a generation I have suffered a constant literary persecution. Even the good Samaritans have passed me by. Yet I survive, as you know, and may even call myself contented, hating no man, fearing no man, envying no man. Few men, however, have had to struggle harder even for the merest food and air.'

Of his kindness to me I cannot write in cold ink. It was the embodiment of unselfish generosity, and when I recall the hundreds of little acts of charity performed for others I sometimes wonder why he had so few friends. To me he seemed the most exhilarating and absorbing of men, despite our divergence at myriads of points, in conduct, thought, and belief. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that most people love the easy-souled paths of diplomatic agreement, which at any rate did not appeal to me when I was younger. He was never squint-brained or knock-kneed in his thoughts. If he were wrong his fallacies were superb. Right or wrong, he was 'a whole-hogger.' His inconsistencies were not puny—they were magnificent; he had not the faults of a pigmy but those of a giant. His pawns were not little fishes but big men and big things. He did not fight with a rapier but with a two-edged sword. His aspirations were not towards Chinese lanterns but towards the stars. He hated a snigger; he preferred the hearty laugh or the uncompromising frown. He had no time for an anæmic Mephistopheles, but was quite willing to try conclusions with a full-blooded Satan. This was the man as I found him, given to sad hack-work at times, but capable of superb efforts in literature; and as for his position on the slopes of Parnassus, his time has not yet come.

When the sediment of his work has all been riddled out, it will be found that in his *City of Dream*, his *Undertones*, his *Ballad of Mary the Mother*, his *New Rome*, he has bequeathed a precious legacy to those whose literary and moral ideals are a little more ambitious than the gutter and the village pump. I have used the word 'sediment' advisedly, for Buchanan drew a big distinction between his serious literary efforts and his merely hack-work. And nothing irritated him more than the fact that the world was more familiar with the latter than with the former. His melodramas and his stories had a vogue, and were familiar to many who had never heard of *The Wandering Jew* or *The City of Dream*. 'It makes me savage,' he wrote to me, 'when people rave over my inferior efforts and ignore the aftermath of a long life's thought and aspiration. I find that many people are quite ignorant of my best writings even when considerably interested in me as an author. I never dream of inflicting you with my pot-boilers. I shall send you any work of mine which possesses my own affection, as this [*The Devil's Case*] does. This is a book, by the way, which will be torn in pieces and boycotted, which will be thought by many to be the very acme of human blasphemy; but it is true for all that, and will live. I had just finished it when my beloved mother died, and for a time I hesitated about publishing it, and I do so now because I am convinced that she would have approved it, for even in her last illness she clearly and penetratingly

held her old eclectic faith. This is the dedication to her, which I transcribe for the first time, and send to you, my dear Walker:

DEDICATION

(*Nov. 5th*, 1894).

While the life-blood was spun
From the heart in her breast,
She look'd on her son,
Smiled, and rock'd him to rest. . . .

How swift the hours run
From the east to the west!
Erect stood the son,
And the mother was blest!

Of all the joys won,
Love like his seem'd the best;
He was ever the son
Whom she rock'd on the breast.

Yet lo! all is done!
('Twas, my God, Thy behest!)
In his turn, the gray son
Rocks the mother to rest.

All is o'er, ere begun!
Oh my dearest and best,
Sleep in peace, till thy son
Creepeth back to thy breast!'

It may be noted that this differs markedly from the poem as afterwards printed in *The Devil's Case*.

Shortly after the appearance of *The Devil's Case* I prepared a study of the historical and literary Devil, and a letter which Buchanan wrote me on the subject is noteworthy: 'What you say about the Devil is very interesting. *My* Devil is different from all the rest (Milton's, Marlowe's, Luther's, Goethe's, Calderon's, and Byron's), so far as he is really God-evolving, as the spirit of knowledge and sympathy, as opposed to the creeds which say knowledge is evil. Goethe's Mephisto is as crude a conception as even the Scotch *Deil*—mere intellect without heart, whereas I hold that intellect implies heart, and true knowledge holiness. Goethe's typical woman—e.g. Marguerite—is a fool; it is because she is ignorant, not because she is good, that she falls; whereas Goethe poses her as the type of purity and finally as the Eternal Feminine. But it is pure ignorance that makes her spell-bound by the jewels, and leads her to poison her mother and kill her child. *My* Devil would have saved her, Goethe's monkey-devil destroys her easily. Goethe, in fact, took the vulgar view. Hence the vogue of his poem.'

Buchanan's reference to the Scotch Deil I find in another of his letters in my possession: 'I propose to introduce you, as expressed in your stimulating and suggestive volume, *The Struggle for Success*, as one of the characters in a forthcoming work of mine on Burns, which I hope to get out before the Centenary. I shall also present that brave old Scot—a man in an age of pigmies—Professor Blackie, and perhaps also that other warm-hearted and big-brained Highlander, Norman Macleod. Blackie and Macleod seem to me to stand quite alone in the history of modern Scotland. My book will make some Scotsmen squirm! 'Tis an odd work, and will greatly tickle you. The following will be the title, or something like it: "*The Land of 'the Deil'*: a Story for the Burns Centenary, including the Paradox of Scottish Civilisation, with a Preface by the Devil." What do you think of that, my limmer?' As far as I am able to gather, that suggestive volume was only planned and never carried far in its execution.

Buchanan was a man who was constantly in difficulties in regard to money matters, and at one time his coffers were full, at another desperately empty. He would send me an urgent wire asking me to join him on his yacht or to shoot over his moor, and a year after he would be hard at work to make himself the possessor of a living wage. He was extraordinarily improvident, and gave money away right and left to those who appealed to his sympathy—broken-down actors, starving men of letters, helots of the turf, unfortunate women. I found it extremely difficult to get him to accept any money due to him for transactions undertaken for me. If I asked him, 'How much do I owe you, Bard?' he invariably answered in the same strain, 'Eight thousand five hundred and nineteen pounds four shillings and sevenpence,' or 'Give me half a million, and we will cry quits.' If we dined together casually, one, two, six of us, he invariably managed to get hold of the bill and pay it. This trick of his, of course, became familiar, and we seldom asked him to dinner unless we had arranged the matter beforehand with the powers that be. When he discovered that fact he would say, 'Oh, this is a duke's affair! All right, I expect to be treated as in a ducal mansion.' It was the same with cabs and trains. He was a large, stout man, but he had a curious faculty of reaching the cabman's hand or the ticket-office before the slimmest of us.

He was a confirmed turf-speculator—a strange pursuit for a singer of songs and dreamer of dreams; and it need hardly be said he lost far more than he gained; but when he was successful—and occasionally his winnings were large—he always managed to find a means of sharing his good fortune with those less privileged than himself. One of his many methods of telling white lies was this: 'How are you, X.? I owe you twenty pounds.' 'This is the first I have heard of it,' would likely be the reply. 'Oh, I took the liberty of putting a sovereign on King Charles for you, and he started at 20 to 1;' and forthwith he handed over the money. 'I say, Spider,' he once called to one of those many vagabond mercenaries who frequent the turf, 'there's a fiver for you. I put it on Seaton Deleval in your name, and she came in at 5 to 1.' The lie was evident enough to us, but as it was intended to relieve the recipient of a feeling of obligation, it was generously conceived—and even in the books of the recording angel probably forgiven.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CASTING THE BAIT.

LOVING and perishing: these have tallied from eternity. Love and death walk hand-in-hand. The will to love means also to be ready for death.

Gabrielle Heyburn recognised this truth. She had the will to love, and she had the resolve to perish—perish by her own hand—rather than allow her secret to be exposed. Those who knew her—a young, athletic, merry-faced, open-air girl on the verge of budding womanhood, so true-hearted, frank, and free—little dreamed of the terrible nature of that secret within her young heart.

She held aloof from her lover as much as she dared. True, Walter came to Glencardine nearly every day, but she managed to avoid him whenever possible. Why? Because she knew her own weakness; she feared being compelled by his stronger nature, and by the true affection in which she held him, to confess. They walked together in the cool, shady glen beside the rippling burn, climbed the neighbouring hills, played tennis, or else she lay in the hammock at the edge of the lawn while he lounged at her side smoking cigarettes. She did all this because she was compelled.

Her most enjoyable hours were the quiet ones spent at her father's side. Alone in the library, she read to him, in French, those curious business documents which came so often by registered post. They were so strangely worded that, not knowing their true import, she failed to understand them. All were neatly typed, without any heading to the paper. Sometimes a printed address in the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, would appear on letters accompanying the enclosures. But all were very formal, and to Gabrielle extremely puzzling.

Sir Henry always took the greatest precaution that no one should obtain sight of these confidential reports or overhear them read by his daughter. Before she sat down to read, she always shot the small brass bolt on the door to prevent Hill or any other intruder from entering. More than once the Baronet's wife had wanted to come in while the reading was in progress, whereupon Sir Henry always excused himself, saying that he locked his door against his guests when he wished to be alone, an explanation which her ladyship accepted.

These strangely worded reports in French always puzzled the Baronet's daughter. Sometimes she became seized by a vague suspicion that her father was carrying on some business which was not altogether honourable. Why should he enjoin such secrecy? Why should he cause her to write and despatch with her own hand such curiously worded telegrams, addressed always to the registered address: 'METEFOROS, PARIS'?

Those neatly typed pages which she read could be always construed in two or three senses. But only her father knew the actual meaning which the writer intended to convey. For hours she would often be engaged in reading them. Sometimes, too, telegrams in cipher arrived, and she would then obtain the little, dark-blue covered book from the safe, and by its aid decipher the messages from the French capital.

Questions, curious questions, were frequently asked by the anonymous sender of the reports; and to these her father replied by means of his private code. She had become during the past year quite an expert typist, and therefore to her the Baronet entrusted the replies, always impressing upon her the need of absolute secrecy, even from her mother.

'My affairs,' he often declared, 'concern nobody but myself. I trust in you, Gabrielle dear, to guard my secrets from prying eyes. I know that you yourself must often be puzzled, but that is only natural.'

Unfamiliar as the girl was with business in any form, she had during the past year arrived at the conclusion, after much debate within herself, that this source of her father's income was a distinctly mysterious one. The estates were, of course, large, and he employed agents to manage them; but they could not produce that huge income which she knew he possessed, for had she not more than once seen the amount of his balance at his banker's as well as the large sum he had on deposit? The source of his colossal wealth was a mystery, but was no doubt connected with his curious and constant communications with Paris.

At rare intervals a gray-faced, gray-bearded, and rather stout Frenchman—a certain Monsieur Goslin—called, and on such occasions was closeted for a long time alone with Sir Henry, evidently discussing some important affair in secret. To her ladyship, as well as to Gabrielle, the Frenchman was most courteous, but refused the pressing invitations to remain the night. He always arrived by the morning train from Perth, and left for the south the same night, the express being stopped for him by signal at Auchterarder station. The mysterious visitor puzzled Gabrielle considerably. Her father entrusted him with secrets which he withheld from her, and this often caused her both surprise and annoyance. Like every other girl, she was of course full of curiosity.

Towards her Flockart became daily more friendly. On two occasions, after breakfast, he had invited her to spend an hour or two fishing for trout in the burn, which was unexpectedly in spate,

and they had thus been some time in each other's company.

She, however, regarded him with distinct distrust. He was undeniably good-looking, nonchalant, and a thorough-going man of the world. But his intimate friendship with Lady Heyburn prevented her from regarding him as a true friend. Towards her he was ever most courteous, and paid her many little compliments. He tied her flies, he fitted her rod, and if her line became entangled in the trees he always put matters right. Not, however, that she could not do it all herself. In her strong, high fishing-boots, her short skirts hemmed with leather, her burberry, and her dark-blue tam-o'-shanter set jauntily on her chestnut hair, she very often fished alone, and made quite respectable baskets. To wade into the burn and disentangle her line from beneath a stone was to her quite a small occurrence, for she would never let either Stewart or any of the under-keepers accompany her.

Why Flockart had so suddenly sought her society she failed to discern. Hitherto, though always extremely polite, he had treated her as a child, which she naturally resented. At length, however, he seemed to have realised that she now possessed the average intelligence of a young woman.

He had never repeated those strange words he had uttered when, on the night of the ball at Connachan, he returned in secret to the castle and beckoned her out upon the lawn. He had, indeed, never referred to his curious action. Sometimes she wondered, so changed was his manner, whether he had actually forgotten the incident altogether. He had showed himself in his true colours that night. Whatever suspicions she had previously held were corroborated in that stroll across the lawn in the dark shadow. His tactics had altered, it seemed, and their objective puzzled her.

'It must be very dull for you here, Miss Heyburn,' he remarked to her one bright morning as they were casting up-stream near one another. They were standing not far from a rustic bridge in a deep, leafy glen, where the sunshine penetrated here and there through the canopy of leaves, beneath which the burn pursued its sinuous course towards the Earn. The music of the rippling waters over the brown, moss-grown boulders mingled with the rustle of the leaves above, as now and then the soft wind swept up the narrow valley. They were treading a carpet of wild-flowers, and the air was full of the delicious perfume of the summer day. 'You must be very dull, living here so much, and going up to town so very seldom,' he said.

'Oh dear no!' she laughed. 'You are quite mistaken. I really enjoy a country life. It's so jolly after the confinement and rigorous rules of school. One is free up here. I can wear my old clothes, and go cycling, fishing, shooting, curling; in fact, I'm my own mistress. That I shouldn't be if I lived in London, and had to make calls, walk in the Park, go shopping, sit out concerts, and all that sort of thing.'

'But though you're out, you never go anywhere. Surely that's unusual for one so active and—well'—he hesitated—'I wonder whether I might be permitted to say so—so good-looking as you are, Gabrielle.'

'Ah!' replied the girl, protesting, but blushing at the same time, 'you're poking fun at me, Mr Flockart. All I can reply is, first, that I'm not good-looking; and, secondly, I'm not in the least dull—perhaps I should be if I hadn't my father's affairs to attend to.'

'They seem to take up a lot of your time,' he said with pretended indifference, but, to his annoyance, landing a salmon parr at the same moment.

'We work together most evenings,' was her reply.

The question which he then put as he threw the parr back into the burn struck her as curious. It was evident that he was endeavouring to learn from her the nature of her father's correspondence. But she was shrewd enough to parry all his ingenious cross-questioning. Her father's secrets were her own.

'Some ill-natured people gossip about Sir Henry,' he remarked presently, as he made another long cast up-stream and allowed the flies to be carried down to within a few yards from where he stood. 'They say that his source of income is mysterious, and that it is not altogether open and above-board.'

'What!' she exclaimed, looking at him quickly. 'And who, pray, Mr Flockart, makes this allegation against my father?'

'Oh, I really don't know who started the gossip. The source of such tales is always difficult to discover. Some enemy, no doubt. Every man in this world of ours has enemies.'

'What do you mean by the source of dad's income not being an honourable one?'

The man shrugged his shoulders. 'I really don't know,' he declared. 'I only repeat what I've heard once or twice up in London.'

'Tell me exactly what they say,' demanded the girl, with quick interest.

Her companion hesitated for a few seconds. 'Well, whatever has been said, I've always denied; for, as you know, I am a friend of both Lady Heyburn and of your father.'

The girl's nostrils dilated slightly. Friend! Why, was not this man her father's false friend? Was he not behind every sinister action of Lady Heyburn's, and had not she herself, with her own ears, one day at Park Street, four years ago, overheard her ladyship express a dastardly desire in the words, 'Oh, Henry is such a dreadful old bore, and so utterly useless, that it's a shame a woman like myself should be tied up to him. Fortunately for me, he already has one foot in the grave. Otherwise I couldn't tolerate this life at all'? Those cruel words of her stepmother's, spoken to this man who was at that moment her companion, recurred to her. She recollected, too, Flockart's reply.

This hollow pretence of friendship angered her. She knew that the man was her father's enemy,

and that he had united with the clever, scheming woman in some ingenious conspiracy against the poor, helpless man.

Therefore she turned, and, facing him boldly, said, 'I wish, Mr Flockart, that you would please understand that I have no intention to discuss my father or his affairs. The latter concern himself alone. He does not even speak of them to his wife; therefore why should strangers evince any interest in them?'

'Because there are rumours—rumours of a mystery; and mysteries are always interesting and attractive,' was his answer.

'True,' she said meaningly. 'Just as rumours concerning certain of my father's guests possess an unusual interest for him, Mr Flockart. Though my father may be blind, his hearing is still excellent. And he is aware of much more than you think.'

The man glanced at her for an instant, and his face darkened. The girl's ominous words filled him with vague apprehension. Was it possible that the blind man had any suspicion of what was intended? He held his breath, and made another vicious cast far up the rippling stream.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO WAR.

By WILLIAM D. ALLEN.

IN America tobacco is called one of the money-making crops by the farmer for the reason that the best kinds will only grow in certain parts of the country where climate and soil are favourable. The skilful farmer, however, may grow such a fine quality of tobacco that from a little patch of five or six acres his harvest may be enough to give him a profit of one hundred pounds sterling or more in a year; for some of the 'weed,' as it is called in the United States, is in such demand for the pipe and cigarette of the Englishman and Frenchman that the farmer sells it at what would be three shillings a pound in English money.

This is why the growing of tobacco is as fascinating to many farmers in the southern states of America as is the search for gold or precious stones to the mine hunter. The principal region from which the best tobacco comes is located in the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, also in portions of Indiana and Ohio. In Kentucky is what is known as the Blue Grass district, so called because of the beautiful colour of the grass which springs from its fields and valleys—a hue nearer blue than green. From the Blue Grass district comes much of the tobacco which goes to Great Britain—a 'leaf' which is of a rich brown in tint and highly prized for the pipe. From the Blue Grass also comes most of what is called the Burley, another fine quality, which is made into chewing tobacco for the American and German. On the borders of this region is the country called the Black Patch, because here is grown a plant which has very dark leaves, thousands of tons being sent across the water to the Austrians and Germans, as they are fond of what the American calls strong tobacco.

This tobacco country, which is the most extensive in the United States, contains no less than one hundred and fifty thousand farmers, most of whom depend upon the plant for a livelihood. In a single year a harvest has been gathered from five hundred thousand acres which amounted to one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons, for which the rest of America and Europe have paid the tobacco farmers the sum of five million pounds sterling. The great wealth which comes from the soil has caused this part of the United States to be the scene of what might be called a miniature war, for the reason that bands of armed men have roamed over it, destroying warehouses and homes, burning tobacco barns, even killing and injuring those who would attempt to defend their property from destruction. In a score of towns in the Blue Grass district soldiers have been on guard to prevent them from being attacked by the marauders, while the tobacco-growers in the country who have incurred the enmity of the Night Riders have secured rifles and pistols to defend themselves and their families. The outlaws—for such they may be termed—have not hesitated to attack even cities, and are so numerous that bodies of two hundred or more have gone here and there terrorising the farmers.

The Night Riders who have caused this havoc in the very heart of the United States are not of the lower classes, but in many cases are tobacco-growers themselves. It is known that they are organised into two associations, one of which is called the Planters' Protective Association, and the other the American Society of Equity. The reason for the organisations is this: both wish to control the sale of all the tobacco from this region so that higher prices can be obtained. In other words, they have formed what is called in America a trust, but made up chiefly of farmers. They are endeavouring to force every one who raises tobacco to join them, and this is why the laws have been defied, so that in some parts of the tobacco country a state of anarchy literally exists.

The tobacco farmers who have not joined the Planters' Protective Association or the American Society of Equity sell most of their crop to what is known in the United States as the Tobacco Trust—the American Tobacco Company. Through this company the bulk of the tobacco which goes into the pipe, cigar, and cigarette of Europe is sent

across the Atlantic. It buys so much of the plant in a year that until the farmers' trusts were organised it 'controlled the market;' that is, it regulated the prices for most of the tobacco, and often the farmers were obliged to sell their crops for such a small amount of money that the returns were less than what it cost to produce the harvest. Since the farmers' trusts came into existence and began to fight the American Tobacco Company, it has been forced to increase the valuation of the tobacco it buys, and this has tempted many of the growers of the Burley and Black Patch tobaccos to sell to it rather than to the farmers' associations. The Tobacco War, as it is now called, is being waged against those farmers who are outside of the associations. They are called both Independents and Hill Billies, the latter term being a name by which the lower class of whites in Kentucky and adjacent states have been called for many years—a term of contempt.

Such is the feeling against the Hill Billies that the Night Riders think nothing of committing murder if necessary to accomplish their ends, while, as already stated, they have destroyed buildings in addition to 'scraping' or uprooting fields of young tobacco-plants and committing other outrages. The assailants are called Night Riders for the reason that most of their depredations occur under cover of the night, so that those who are engaged in the work may not be known; but usually their faces are hidden by cloth masks. Night riding began as soon as the farmers' associations were organised. First the farmers outside the associations were threatened by unsigned letters. A few barns were burned, and tobacco not pledged by the associations was thus destroyed. Plant-beds were scraped. Bundles of matches and switches were sent to persons who talked against the associations, and later they were burned out or whipped. For more than a year this continued, and it frightened ten thousand men into the associations.

Then came the first night-riding adventure, which gave evidence of careful planning and organisation. This was the descent of a band of armed and masked men, marked by badges, on the city of Trenton, Kentucky, where they burned the tobacco warehouse and factory of an independent dealer who had bought non-association tobacco. A little later they appeared at Elkton, Kentucky, and dynamited the warehouse there. Nothing more was heard of them as an organisation, except for an occasional whipping or barn burning, until December 1, 1906, when two hundred armed and masked men rode into the city of Princeton at night, took entire possession of it, 'shot it up' until opposition subsided, and proceeded at leisure to burn the largest tobacco stemmeries in the world, filled with tobacco purchased for the British market. Again there was a spell of quiet, and then, after a long series of failures, an organised band invaded and burned the independent warehouses. A month later to a day they attacked Russellville and did the same. In a few days they made an attempt to attack the town of Clarksville, Tennessee, but were repulsed. Springfield set a guard with a rapid-fire cannon and remained secure; but Dycusburg, in the Green River district, awoke in the night to find its streets filled with armed marauders, several of its buildings in flames, and some of its citizens—and the wife of one of them—being beaten in the public street, as a warning against independence.

The boldest attack which has been made by the Night Riders was the capture of the city of Hopkinsville, a community of no less than twelve thousand people. Entering the city about midnight, a band of fully two hundred captured the police on duty, and placed guards over the houses containing the fire apparatus; then, dividing into squads, some started to burn the business part of the city, while others prevented the citizens from attempting to extinguish the fire. The Night Riders began their work of destruction by breaking into a store, from which they brought out barrels of petroleum. Warehouse after warehouse was forced open, the oil barrels emptied of their contents, and the match applied. Their way into one of the buildings was barred by massive iron doors and shutters. With a charge of dynamite a gap was torn in the brick wall, and soon tongues of flame were leaping high above it, while half a million dollars' worth of tobacco was being destroyed.

While this was going on a train of railroad cars loaded with tobacco had been set on fire. After the incendiaries had gone, a railway-man, in order to save the end car, to which the flames had not spread, uncoupled it from the others and with a crowbar tried to move it along the track. While he was thus engaged some of the raiders returned, and without a word shot him down, then fired this car as well, remaining until it was wrapped in flames. So rapidly and so systematically did the assailants perform their work that within an hour after they entered the city every warehouse of the independents was ablaze, and on the outskirts of the burning square stood masked men, rifles in hand, while, as stated, another squad kept the fire company within range of their weapons.

While the Night Riders held the people in the centre of the town indoors by menacing them with their rifles and shooting at their homes, they were not numerous enough to guard the streets in the outer sections. Of course the fire and the noise soon aroused every resident. Dressing themselves as hastily as possible, they hurried to the scene of the conflagration, only to find a line over which none could cross without being the target for rifle or pistol. At first they were too startled to think of resisting or defending their property, but finally the deputy-sheriff, a hard-muscled, sturdy Irish Kentuckian, managed to get together a posse of determined men.

So intent was the mob on its work of destruction that the arming of the citizens was unknown until they were ready to attack. Before the squads who were applying the match and torch had rejoined their comrades the body of citizens charged on those who

were guarding the burning square. Among the citizens were lawyers, doctors, even clergymen, but every man had his blood up and his weapon loaded to kill if need be. Firing as they ran, they dashed upon the line of masked men. Hearing the rattle of the fusillade and the shouts of their companions, the other marauders hurried to their aid. So hot was the fire of the citizens, however, that the invaders slowly retreated until they had reached their horses. Springing into their saddles, the Night Riders formed for another stand, but bullets from the citizens' rifles fell thick and fast among them. Dismayed by the continued and apparently increasing resistance, the band put spurs to their horses and swept out of the town.

Realising that further pursuit was futile, the citizens remained in the town, where for the remainder of the night armed men patrolled the boundaries. The sheriff telegraphed to the Governor for a detachment of state troops. Governor Wilson immediately ordered the Adjutant-General to conduct troops to Hopkinsville. Two companies of soldiers were soon on the scene. Tents were pitched in the streets, and the court-house was turned into military barracks.

Since the attack on Hopkinsville, in a single week the Night Riders visited as many as a dozen localities where the Hill Billies reside. A raiding party swept down on Fredonia, cut the telephone and telegraph wires surrounding it, 'shot up' its streets, and burned the warehouses and factories of those who seemed to be leaders in opposition to the organisations. Two nights later a band of seventy-five Night Riders, crossing the state line, attacked at midnight a farmer and his son who had just finished loading their tobacco on wagons to carry it to market. After a battle in which father and son were wounded and their ammunition exhausted, the marauders entered the barn, shot the horses, dynamited the wagons, and fired the building. Proceeding to the next farm, they whipped two negroes, one almost fatally, and burned a barn full of tobacco—in all ten tons of leaf that night. Another night they descended within two miles of Hopkinsville, dragged Lucian Means, a white farmer, from his house, and severely beat him with a rawhide whip.

Not always do the Night Riders use the rifle, pistol, and torch. Several instances have occurred in which they exploded dynamite with terrible effect. This was shown in the outrage committed on what is known as the Hollman Farm, near the town of Henderson in Kentucky. Frank Hollman was one of the largest independent tobacco-raisers in that section. He had received several warnings to stop growing tobacco, or to join the farmers' associations, on pain of death or destruction of his property. Hollman had the reputation of being a fearless man, and was known to carry arms with him. He paid no attention to the threats. One morning, a few weeks after receiving the last notice from the Night Riders, he started out to plough a field in which tobacco was to be planted. With him was his ten-year-old son. Shortly after Hollman began to work, the inmates of his home were startled to hear a loud explosion, and saw a cloud of smoke rising from the field. Hurrying to the place, they found the bodies of father and son shockingly mutilated, as well as the horses, evidently killed by some powerful explosive, as the plough itself was blown to splinters, and a large hole in the ground showed where the powder had also spent its force. As dynamite cartridges have been found buried in tobacco lands owned by the Hill Billies, it is supposed that the Night Riders buried some in the Hollman field, and that the plough coming in contact with one of the missiles wrought the deadly work.

So bitter is this warfare that the farmers' associations notified their members not to plant any tobacco whatever during the year 1908. The president of the American Society of Equity sent a notice throughout Kentucky threatening any one who seeds even an acre of soil with the destruction of his property and a whipping by the Night Riders, if not death itself. That this is no idle warning is shown by the many outrages already committed. While a number of the towns containing warehouses where the independents store their tobacco are now guarded by troops, it is impossible to protect the farmers in the outlying districts, so that the majority are in great fear of the associations. This means that many miles of fields were barren during 1908, and that Europeans as well as Americans had to pay a much higher price for the pleasure of the nicotine. But what is worse, the edict of these trusts means absolute ruin to thousands of tillers of the soil. The reason for this step is that the common foe of the farmers' trusts may be prevented from obtaining any supply of tobacco during the next year, and thus be forced to assent to the demands of the associations.

The way in which the Night Riders are endeavouring to compel the planters to join their associations is shown by the story of one of the largest tobacco-growers in the Blue Grass region. He is also one of the oldest planters, having raised crops steadily for over twenty years. At last, however, he has given up the fight, and this is the reason as given in his own words:

'When this trouble began I was growing thirty acres of tobacco. I have about five hundred acres of land. The manager of the association came to me and asked me to sign a pledge to sell my tobacco only to its agents. A lot of my neighbours said they would go the way I did. I have always been a good deal of a leader around here, I suppose, and have always had a great many friends. I said, "No, I won't go in that with you. You haven't any property; you haven't any security. The warehouse you ask me to ship to is run by two men who have been dismissed from the tobacco exchange for robbing their customers. They are dishonest. You have no standing at bank. I prefer to run my own business. But I will do this: I will reduce my

acreage and hold off till you sell your crop before marketing mine."

'Then they began persecution. They drove away my negroes, and I got more. They threatened to scrape my plant-beds. All one night my sons lay on guard in the woods. Towards morning the Night Riders came, and the boys fired on them with buckshot. The riders fled in a panic, yelling with pain; so we know we shot some, but not who they were. After that defence of our property we were ostracised—we and the eight or ten other Hill Billies around here. They threatened to burn my barns. They did scrape one plant-bed. They put matches and dynamite in my wheat. Eight of us had to go to northern Kentucky to get a threshing machine, escort it here under arms, and escort it back again, after guarding it night and day and fighting off those who would have dynamited us. They have cut us out of church, ordered the school-teacher to send away Hill Billy children, driven one school-teacher away because she wouldn't obey them, and at last made war on my wife by horse-whipping our negro hands and threatening to kill any negro woman who steps foot on our land; so that my wife, who is over sixty, has to do all the work at the tubs and in the kitchen. It has been more than three years now of continued warfare. If I wished to move, I could not sell my farm.'

THE LUCK O' THE SPEY.

CHAPTER IV.

ON a dark morning three days afterwards a white light shone suddenly from a vessel out on the firth. It was as quickly obscured, a red light was run up and down from the masthead twice, and the sea was dark again. Then three answering jets came from the sand-dunes. The signals were from the revenue cutter, and the answers came from a preventive officer and two men on patrol along the shore of Spey Bay, about two miles west of Garmouth.

'That 's the *Kestrel*, sir, dodgin' about till daylight, signallin' everythin' all right.'

'Well, well, not a minute too soon for us, for 'tis a cold night,' said the officer as he rose stiffly, after his night watch among the bent-held hillocks. 'You and I will get home, Dan'l, and see the early patrol before we turn in; and Eric Edwards, here, can reach Findburgh in time for breakfast. Report yourself as usual. Mornin'.'

'Mornin', sir,' said the Findburgh patrol.

The little party separated, the officer and the man Dan'l towards Garmouth, and Edwards westwards on his patrol. The two men walked along slowly, deliberately keeping off the beaten coast-path, picking their way quietly now over the shingle, now over the dunes or the soft sand. They spoke but little, for their calling made them cautious. They were armed, it is true, but they were only two in number; the night wind might have carried their voices to any belated free-traders, and the 'gentle traffic' had occasionally anything but gentle methods.

So they walked quietly and cautiously until the slow fingers of the February dawn touched the face of the waters. They were within a mile of the sleeping hamlet, close to their boathouse, the murmur of the Spey at the bar clear in the still morning. The officer clambered to the top of a sand-dune and took a look around, then suddenly crouched, and rolled noiselessly down to the waiting Dan'l.

'Down!' he whispered. 'A man!' and whipped out a pistol. The other did the same, and they both crawled cautiously to the edge of the dune.

On the beach, just at high-water mark, they could make out in the faint light the figure of a man lying face downward, his head on the sea-wrack. The officer rose, covering the man with his pistol, but lowered it almost instantly, for there was no stealth in the figure's pose, no purpose in the limp, outstretched arms. An oyster-catcher, in dainty black-and-white cutaway, with the uncanny knowledge given to birds and beasts, strutted unafraid close to the man's hand.

'No need for pistols, Dan'l,' said the officer, as he put his into his belt and took off his hat. 'He 's in his long sleep.'

They bent over the body. The officer gently turned it over. The light fell on the face and the fair hair and a little black-handled knife up to the hilt in his throat.

'God save us a'!' said Dan'l in a shaking whisper. 'It 's Douglas the "floater" cast up by the tide. Is 't murder?'

The officer said nothing, but bent closer over the skean-dhu. 'We 'll carry him to the boathouse first,' he said, and in a few moments this was done, the door locked, and the officer turned to Dan'l. 'You will keep guard here till I return, telling nothing of what we know to anybody. I 'll take the keys with me. I 'm riding to Castle Lossie,' he said.

'Ye 'll—ye 'll no' be lang, sir?' said Dan'l, with an eloquent glance at the locked boathouse. 'I think I can hear him singing yet.'

'Two hours or less;' and the coastguard hurried off. Dan'l heard the *clip, clip* of his horse's trot through the sleeping street, then the *hurry-up, hurry-up* of the hoofs as they broke into a gallop outside the town, and he knew that the officer would be as good as his word.

Two hours later the morning broke clear over a dancing sea of blue-and-white, and the waiting Dan'l heard again the clatter of hoofs, this time

of more than one horse, and a jingle of accoutrements. The sound ceased, and in a minute or two the officer, followed by two gentlemen, came quickly over the bents.

'This is the Sheriff of the county and the Fiscal,' said the officer.

'We'll hear him afterwards, Steuart,' said the Sheriff, a tall, dark gentleman, his face flushed with the sharp morning gallop. 'Meanwhile'—— He gave a nod towards the boathouse where It lay.

The two officials and the coastguards went into the little hut. When they came out, the Sheriff held a blood-stained skean-dhu in his hand, and looked at the handle for a moment in the light. Then he waved his hand to the little wood fringing the sand. There was a glimpse of scarlet through the trees, as four redcoats appeared, leading their horses, along with the Sheriff's and the Fiscal's. The Sheriff took a pistol from his holster, and they fell into single file along the path, bringing up at the still closed door of 'The Norway Lass.'

In some mysterious way the presence of the soldiers had become known, and about a dozen drowsy idlers had gathered. Some smuggling arrest, thought they, or maybe a deserter caught before he could get aboard a chance ship, and now to be carried back to Fort George to be shot. Two of the soldiers stationed themselves at the back of the inn, and two at the front, their yellow-and-white facings little splashes of colour in the sunlit street.

The Sheriff knocked at the door of 'The Norway Lass.' There was a sound of slow feet on the stairs inside, and the landlord's querulous voice asked, 'Wha's that? We'll ha'e the hoose open in a quarter o' an hour, man!'

'In the King's name, open the door!'

'Oh ay, King's name! Fine I ken your tricks. It's a dram ye'll be wantin''——

'I am the Sheriff of the county;' and the voice had the note of authority.

Now, the King's name in a community where smuggling of lace and brandy by sea and whisky by hill-tracks was a staple industry, and where the King's resident was a wheezy old night-watchman, might conceivably conjure up few forebodings; but the Sheriff in a Scottish county was and is the very spinal-marrow of the law.

Inside, Alasdair Grant heard the words, and a wave of dread, of relief, of mingled hopes and fears, surged over him.

In a trice the landlord's tone changed. 'I beg your pardon, my lord,' he said in a voice in which contrition, surprise, and apprehension blended. 'I'll be doon this meenit. I beg your pardon, my lord.'

There was a sound of bolts drawn, and the now fully awakened landlord opened the door.

The Sheriff and the Fiscal, with a redcoat, entered. There was a buzz from the now gathering crowd outside.

'Alasdair Grant, a "floater," is here?' said the Sheriff.

The docile landlord, with round eyes, led the way with a 'Yes, my lord. At wance, my lord.'

The Highlander was standing dressed, waiting, with a white face.

'You are Alasdair Grant?' said the Sheriff. 'I arrest you on my warrant for the wilful murder of one Walter Douglas. I have to tell you,' the level voice went on, 'that anything you may say may be used by His Majesty's advocate against you.'

He took the knife from his pocket and held it up. 'Is this your skean-dhu?' he asked.

Alasdair's eyes turned from the grave legal faces to the stolid redcoats and back again. The room spun round him. A creeping horror caught his heart; a sound of rushing waters whirled through his brain. So the Spey had betrayed him! He stood silently waiting, like some bewildered animal. Then he remembered the words 'wilful murder.'

'I—I—it was not murder,' he stammered, half to himself.

Outside, the knot of people had grown into a hushed and curious crowd, the silence broken by the clatter of the horses' harness and the voice of the river.

The Sheriff's party came out, Alasdair in their midst, his face a white mask in the bright morning. Slowly the tumult of his thoughts died down. He heard the call of the river. 'The Luck o' the Spey,' he remembered.

Suddenly, from the fringe of the crowd, a woman's voice brought the blood to his face. It was Mary's.

'Indeed'—she was talking with tossing head to the staring gossips next her, and a breath of wind carried the words to the prisoner—'indeed, and it is a shame to have this talk—talk about me and Douglas and Alasdair there. It will be over the country-side, and me promised in marriage to Andrew Matheson, at Castle Lossie, and him with a farm and two pair of horses.'

Old Morag caught the thoughtless, empty words, and muttered to herself, 'Save to them who strike for a worthless cause.' She sighed. 'A bonny lad, too, an' so many lassies in the world!'

The prisoner straightened himself at the lash of the words, and turned to the Sheriff.

'It is my skean-dhu,' he said in a steady voice. 'I killed him, and I meant to kill him.'

He gave never a look at the girl or the gaping crowd, but held out his wrists to the redcoat, shivering a little at the touch of the steel. The handcuffs snapped.

'Where shall I be hanged?' he asked without a quaver. 'They will not be taking me among my own people, my lord?'

'You will be—be tried at Castle Lossie,' said the Sheriff gently. Alasdair had been on the hill with him on many a shining August day.

The man looked down at the dog at his foot, and held out a manacled hand.

'Good-bye, Cù Math!' he whispered; and the dog held up an obedient, playful paw.

There was a jingle of bridles, an order from the corporal, the redcoats quickly closed round, and the little party was soon dislimned into a moving scarlet speck among the dusty bents, the collie gazing after his lost master with troubled brown eyes that could not understand.

THE END.

THE PIT-CAMP DWELLINGS OF HOLDERNESS.

By R. A. GATTY.

THE coast-line of Holderness is neither picturesque nor beautiful. The tourist who visits it must be prepared for disappointment if he imagines that rocks and high cliffs guard the shores of this part of Yorkshire. In their place, the sole resistance to the ever-encroaching waters of the North Sea are the boulder-clay banks—they can hardly be called cliffs—varying from ten to fifty feet in height. It is true the clay contains masses of stones and pebbles, the detritus borne from distant parts by the great ice-cap which once covered Yorkshire to a depth of two thousand feet. Among such stones may be traced fragments from the granitic mountains of Scotland and Cumberland, porphyry, mica slate, ironstone, quartz, and millstone-grit; while there occasionally appear, when the cliff has fallen or the sea has carried off some tons of material, the bones and teeth of extinct animals.

In the fight which is ever going on here between the sea and land, the victory is bound to be on the side of the water. There is nothing in the boulder-clay to resist dissolution when water attacks it, whether in the form of rain or waves. You may trace the path on the cliff-top to-day, but it may be gone to-morrow; and the ominous notices posted up to warn the visitors, 'Beware of Falling Cliffs,' adorn even the esplanade at Hornsea. The pier at this seaside resort has long since been washed away. The hotel on the cliff has had to be rebuilt twice, and at the present time extensive works are in progress to repair the esplanade, which a high tide had grievously damaged. It is a great expense and trouble this fight with the North Sea, and owners of property by the coast see their land disappear, and nothing can be done to prevent it.

There is an element of danger, too, for people who are careless when roaming about these falling cliffs. I remember, years ago, when a little boy, running away from my brother, and suddenly turning round, I went right over the cliffs backwards. I saw distinctly, before I fell, a seat full of ladies, who one and all threw up their hands. I had time at that critical moment to wonder why they did so; but the next instant I threw up my heels, and, turning a complete somersault, I landed, shaken but uninjured, on a shingle-bed fifteen feet below. You are safest walking on the fine, firm sands, which are a paradise for children, who come in crowds to get the benefit of the bracing climate. To the geologist and archæologist this district is one of the most interesting in England. The falling cliffs are a ceaseless source of instruction, and you never know what you may find in the glacial débris which has come from far and wide.

I was drawn to visit Hornsea recently on hearing that Mr William Morfitt, of Atwick, had discovered what have been termed pit-camp dwellings not far from the shore. Twenty years ago, having retired from business, Mr Morfitt settled at Atwick, near Hornsea, and he has devoted himself to the pursuit of collecting everything of interest on the shore and the land. The result is a unique series of prehistoric remains, mammoth teeth and tusks, and geological specimens. Under his guidance we went down the cliff to the beach by a zigzag path, preceded by three donkeys with wooden trays on their backs, who picked their way cleverly down a very difficult pass. They carried up shingle from the beach for road-metal—an extravagant plan, it seemed to me, for it robbed the shore of the very material needed to protect the cliffs. I found this was not the view of the inhabitants, who regard the shingle brought in by the tide as a scouring enemy destructive to the cliff foundations.

Walking north towards Bridlington, we came upon the impression of a mammoth's tusk which had fallen out of the boulder-clay and had been covered over by the sand out of our sight. A small portion of the tusk remained in the cliff. We carefully measured the length of the tusk, and found it to be five feet four inches. The next storm will possibly wash away the sand and reveal it, as its probable weight of five stone would prevent it from being carried far by the tide. A very curious thing about the movements of the waves is their power of sorting and sifting. We saw under the cliff a good deal of dark-purple-looking sand, and this proved, when examined under a glass, to contain small particles of iron, intermingled with quantities of beautiful gems, till you seemed to be looking at all the riches of the world. There were purple amethysts, garnets, topazes, aquamarines, crystals, all flashing as the sunlight caught them; and I brought away a handful of this precious sand (when magnified) to get some expert's opinion about it. Strange to say, the sifting waves always place coins among this sand; and though on that occasion I only found a farthing of George III. and a brass button, I was shown afterwards a handful of silver coins collected at various times. There were Edward pennies, Elizabeth and James shillings, with many others,

including Norwegian coins. The sand also holds small ammonites such as you see in the lias rocks impregnated with pyrites. The metallic things, having, I suppose, the same specific gravity, seem to get together. The curious thing is that the silver coins are peculiarly infectious, and whatever they touch that is metal, even when dry, they in some way poison. A gun-metal watch had its case quite eaten away by lying near the silver coins.

Another interesting relic which may be got from the cliffs is an ice-scarred stone, showing not only the deep scratches which the ice has made upon the stone but the polish which it imparted. I got out a stone from the boulder-clay which, when washed and then rubbed with the hand, had all its original polish restored, just as the ice had left it.

We quitted the beach and turned into the fields to look for flint implements and to find traces of the pit-camp dwellings. These are easily discovered on the new-sown wheat-fields. You see patches of round stones which have been brought up from the beach, and these indicate spots below which are dwellings. Later on, when the crops are up, the sites may be detected by clumps of thistles, for these always grow in the soil where a pit-camp has been placed. I inquired whether the pit-dwellings were numerous, and was told they were found in most fields. In his small garden Mr Morfitt found no less than twelve. While a field was being drained last year, one drain alone cut through five.

The discovery of these houses of prehistoric man is one which cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to archæologists. Hitherto, what we have learnt about his habits and modes of life have chiefly been from the investigation of his burial-places, such as the great collection of Canon Greenwell now in the British Museum, and from remains in caves and deposits in various parts of England. I believe it is almost unique in the experience of archæologists to unearth the home of a Stone Age man, and find his flint tools and domestic utensils *in situ*, down to his cooking-pot still lying on the cinders of the hearth. Yet this is what Mr Morfitt has brought to light, not in one isolated instance, but in more than twenty, with an unlimited number yet to be opened and investigated.

The size of the pit-dwellings varies. A large one is fifteen feet long, nine feet broad, and five feet deep. In the centre is the fireplace, made of a few rough stones, and upon this, always broken, lies the cooking-pot made of ordinary clay and hearth-baked. The drawing below gives a kind of outline of the dwelling.

It is impossible to say how this dwelling-place was covered over; but in one pit was found a rib of oak nine feet six inches long, roughly pointed at both ends. It has been suggested that this was one of the ribs which formed a roof that was either covered with skins or thatched with rushes. Sometimes the floors of these dwellings are covered with cobble-stones brought up from the beach, but most have a thick black deposit which when examined is found to be composed of reeds and rushes. Around the fireplace lie strewed the bones of animals which have been eaten, and these include ox (*Bos longifrons*), red-deer, young horse, and hare, with fragments of the bones of birds and pike. All these bones have been carefully split for extracting marrow, and stone pounders lie beside them with depressions made on two sides to fit the thumb and finger. Rude flint knives, scrapers, and hammer-stones are among the débris; and it is surprising to see what coarse tools these pit-dwellers used. There are arrow-heads with little or no work upon them, and it would seem as if they had taken no trouble in forming their implements. In fact, collectors of flints would not admit such specimens into their cabinets, which contain the exquisitely manufactured knives, arrow-heads, and scrapers found upon the surface of the fields.

After examining the pit-dwellers' implements I can only say that the ordinary collector's cabinet gives no idea of the kind of tools in daily use at that time. It is possible these pit-dwellings were only occupied temporarily, and when the people removed to another part they took with them all their good things, and left only the rubbish behind. Against this last suggestion is the fact that these places have been lived in for a very considerable time. This is proved by the soil under the fireplace, which is fire-stained for some distance down; also, round the fireplace, and of considerable thickness, is a dark-coloured substance which looks as if it had once been of a greasy nature. The same stuff still clings to the lip of the cooking-pot and forms a thick cake under it. This is very suggestive of the boiling over of the family soup, and an indication apparently that the cooking-pot was not cleaned after being used.

The form of quern found in the dwellings is of the most primitive nature—merely a flat stone with a depression worn by rubbing, into which a small rubbing-stone fits. In Suffolk flat pieces of flint are found which have been roughened by blows to triturate the grain better when rubbed upon it. In two instances fragments of broken flint axes have been found, but these are the only evidences of later neolithic workmanship. As these pit-dwellings must have lain long exposed after they were vacated, the bits of axes may have been dropped in later.

In spite of the rude quality of the pottery, which is quite without decoration, one very small cup of delicate workmanship was found. It holds exactly a teaspoonful, and is suggestive of having been used for a baby's feeding-vessel. Some of the pots have still left upon them the impress made by the fingers when they were being moulded by hand, and in one case the knuckle-marks are distinctly visible at the

bottom of the pot; but as only a woman's hand could pass into the vessel, it proves that the pot-maker was one of the gentler sex. Indications, again, of women's presence are shown by the spindle-whorls; and in one instance two beads, one made of jet (merely a square piece with a hole through it) and the other of chalk, were found. In many dwellings a red pigment is met with almost vermilion in colour, which may have formed the rouge-pot of that period.

Boars' teeth occur, sharpened at one end; and these, like the sharpened bones found in the kitchen-middens at Tierra del Fuego among the heaps of empty shells, may have been used for getting out marrow, as the latter were for extracting fish.

The careful investigations of Mr Morfitt have brought all these finds to light, and it is impossible to deny that he has made a great contribution to our knowledge of the mode of life in neolithic times. Were these pit-dwellers the first arrivals after the great ice-cap over Holderness had melted away, and palæolithic man in the south had been, like the mammoth, wiped out of existence? They seem to have been people living in the grossest state of savagery, hiding themselves in underground holes like wild beasts. The flints which Mr Morfitt has gathered from the surface of the fields are far ruder than those delicately formed implements found on the wolds a little farther north. It is true, a few polished axes have been picked up on the surface at Atwick; but it is impossible to imagine the pit-dwellers had arrived at such a stage of development as to make such beautiful weapons. At the same time, what are called polishers have been found in quantity in the pit-dwellings, and it is commonly supposed that these small half-pieces of pebble and quartzite were used for polishing the flint. If they were, no polished flint is found with them, and it seems likely they were employed for some other purpose.

It may well be said that this district of Holderness is full of interest to those who have an antiquarian taste. The evidence of the Ice Age is nowhere more apparent, and this discovery of pit-camp dwellings may take us back to that mysterious dawn of human life after the long night of ice and desolation.

THE ART OF THE ORATOR.

NOW and again we hear loud laments over the decline and decay of public speaking in this country. The alleged decline must, we fear, be frankly admitted. We are to-day without those 'lords of language' in Parliament, in the pulpit, and on the public platform whose oratory delighted and dazzled the early decades of the Victorian era. We have no Bright or Beaconsfield in the Commons, no Chalmers or Robert Hall in the Church, no great masters of assemblies like Gladstone or Daniel O'Connell.

This decline in oratorical power and brilliance may in a measure be traced to causes well known to close observers of our national history. The student of history will always find that oratory is born in epochs of intense passion and feeling. It is brought forth from the world's womb in times of travail and unrest. Catiline's conspiracy developed a crisis in Rome that produced Cicero. Philip of Macedon made possible the advent of Demosthenes. Great orators are produced by great agitations. Chatham and Burke and Webster and Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher followed the rise of great questions about conciliation with the colonies, nullification, the anti-slavery struggle, &c., by a natural sequence.

The story is told that after the Civil War in America, Wendell Phillips, the most consummate of all platform orators, who had been accustomed to address meetings with a brilliance that held unnumbered multitudes spell-bound, stood one evening before a thin and scattered audience. Turning to a friend at his side, the great orator exclaimed, 'It's no use. I shall be obliged to purchase a stereopticon.' The man was there, ready to hurl his fiery philippics, ready to display the flash of wit and thunder of appeal; but there was no cause to advocate, no wrong to redress, no enemy to battle with. The nation was at rest, and eloquence in a calm is *vox et prœterea nihil*.

Oratory is essentially the product of passion, and casts its bewitching spell only when the soul is tense, vigilant, and volcanic. The old maxim that the orator, like the poet, is born, not made, is true; but he is born not in periods of quiescence and calm but in the throes and pangs of passion and struggle.

Yet, though we must admit this decline in oratory of the highest order, there is undoubtedly a revival of interest in the art of public speaking. The world will not readily let die its pleasure in what is perhaps the greatest gift of the gods—golden-mouthed eloquence. Other gifts there are, grand and beautiful—music, poetry, song, and the like; but these, though the expression of a noble art, cannot cope in intensity or fatal fascination with the wizardy of the eloquently spoken word. There is probably no spectacle so sublime, no spell so strong and soul-moving, as to sit under the influence of a great speaker who is master of multitudes and of the spoken word. Beaconsfield once referred to a great oration of John Bright's in the significant terms: 'It was not a speech, it was an event.' The judgment was true, and accurately expressed a feeling that has often been common to large assemblies of men. During the trial of Warren Hastings, when Burke proposed that Hastings should be impeached, Sheridan spoke

for three hours with such wonderful effect that it was agreed that the Commons should adjourn and postpone its decision until the House was in a calmer and more judicial mood. Bright's great speech of 23rd February 1855 on the Crimean war —containing the memorable passage, 'The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings'—closed with an appeal to the Prime Minister that stirred the feelings of the House of Commons as it had never been stirred within living memory.

Again, the fact that men—and women too—are finding out that the public speaker possesses a power that enriches and increases the value of the individual, has done much no doubt to revive interest in the 'art of the orator.' At few periods, if any, in the history of the world were there so many opportunities of putting out his talent to profit, so many openings for its exercise and use; and the man who can deliver himself in public, who can communicate his thoughts in clear, strong, and well-chosen words, is—other things being equal —a better man and more likely to take a foremost place in life than the man who cannot. It is not only the fact that he can speak in public; but the fact that he can speak in public proves the possession of certain qualities of a rare and valuable kind that adds materially to the man's power and force of character.

And this leads me to enter in greater detail upon the 'art of the orator.'

Few subjects have produced a larger literature and body of instruction than the art of oratory; but it is only in a small and limited degree that public speaking can be taught by book or precept. Unless the aspirant has, to begin with, certain natural endowments he can never command the highest success. If, for example, he is without a certain warmth of temperament, a certain passion and afflatus of soul, his career as an orator is closed from the start. This is the true meaning of that old and familiar saying, 'The orator is born, not made.' Nature gives birth to the orator, training develops him, and practice perfects him; but given the natural and necessary qualifications without which no real progress can be made, there is no limit to future possibilities. He can learn much both from books and from the living example. Nearly all the great masters of the art, from Demosthenes to John Bright, have been close and assiduous students both of the rules of rhetoric and the best classic models. The sedulous and self-imposed exercises of Demosthenes—'the standard of perfection,' as Cicero calls him—by the seashore will occur to every schoolboy. Readers of Lord Macaulay will remember what infinite pains the younger Pitt took to acquire fluency of language and a rich and large vocabulary. John Bright is reported to have read the poet Milton every evening, and he himself admitted the vast labour given to the preparation of his speeches. Fox, whom Burke called 'the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw,' was a close and enthusiastic student of the classics. Lord Brougham was conversant with the great masterpieces of ancient eloquence, which he knew to a great extent by heart. Chatham, who had all the natural gifts an orator could desire—a commanding presence, a graceful bearing, an eye of piercing brightness, and a voice of the utmost flexibility—was an extensively read, if not a minutely accurate, classical scholar; and it is interesting to know that Demosthenes was his favourite author, and that he diligently cultivated the faculty of expression by the practice of translation and retranslation. Lord Byron says of Grattan that he came very near to his ideal of a perfect orator, yet few great speeches show so many traces of art as his. And the list could be indefinitely lengthened.

Yet oratory is essentially an experimental art. No amount of study or theoretical instruction will suffice without incessant practice. It was the shrewd advice of Sheil to Benjamin Disraeli at the beginning of his parliamentary career to speak as often as he could, no matter how much or how little he knew of the subject before the House. The advice was based upon a true perception of the principle of progress in the art of public speaking. Oratory may, indeed, be likened to swimming. There must be the same abandonment to one's own resources, the same recklessness and risk of endeavour, the same determination to 'sink or swim' in the effort. Nothing short of actual experiment will overcome the initial difficulties of the art, the chief of which is perhaps the lack of self-possession. Self-possession is to oratory what a sure memory is to acting, or what an axle is to the wheel: it holds the whole equipment of speech in readiness and under control. A public speaker without self-possession is prisoner to a weakness which betrays him instantly. Lord Beaconsfield has a passage—perhaps autobiographical—in *Endymion* that well describes such a condition of mind: 'Endymion felt that this was the crisis of his life. He knew the subject well. It was about a week before the day arrived, and Endymion slept very little that week, and the night before his motion not a wink. He almost wished he was dead as he walked down to the House in the hope that the exercise might remedy or improve his languid circulation, but in vain; and when his name was called and he had to rise, his hands and feet were like ice. . . . It might be said that he was sustained by his despair. He felt so feeble and generally imbecile that he had not vitality enough to feel sensible or foolish. He had a kind audience, and an interested one. Then he opened his mouth; he forgot his first sentence, which he had long prepared. In trying to recall it, and failing, he was for a moment confused, but only for a moment.'

The speaker must in the first place be master of himself before he can be master of his theme, and through that master his audience. More than this is needful for the highest reaches of the art, but no

one can ever hope to scale the topmost heights who has not learned to foot this first rung of the ladder. The rest—excluding for the moment the gifts of genius—are matters of technique and expression which every man will have his own method of learning. These include such points as correct pronunciation, voice modulation, plan or arrangement of address, and, last but not least, the cultivation of a brief, terse, and pregnant style of speaking.

Dr John Clifford, one of the most popular and perhaps the most influential speaker among Nonconformist divines, describes his own method of speech-making in the following terms: 'My method is (1) to master my facts and my line of reasoning as far as possible; (2) write out what I have to say as fully as time permits; (3) rewrite—or, as the Germans say, rework—the subject; (4) "boil down" so as to get the briefest analysis of what is to be said; (5) resist the temptation to rely upon the written phrase, and leave the mind to act with all possible freedom and spontaneity; (6) make clear to myself the precise character of the results I wish to achieve, and then bend all my energies in that direction.' Based on his own experience, Dr Clifford gives the following advice to public speakers: '(1) Never forget distinctness of articulation. This is a primary consideration in effective utterance. (2) To get a vocabulary, read the best literature and mark all "elect" terms—terms that give distinction to a sentence and lift it out of the rut of wearisome commonplace. (3) To secure self-command, become self-oblivious by charging the entire mind—the emotional not less than the reflective part—with the subject and with the purpose of the speech. (4) Incessant and undespairing work is all in all.'

Mr Winston Churchill puts his faith in persevering practice: 'Make a great number of speeches. Never mind if only a score of persons are present. Treat each of them as though he were a missionary to whom you were delivering a message which he should go forth and preach. Also, if you are a good observer, you will learn as much by your speeches as you can hope to teach. Watch men's faces, and endeavour to realise how much and how little they understand, what amuses and interests them, what moves them to enthusiasm, and what leaves them listless or unmoved.'

Lord Wolverhampton says: 'My plan is to saturate my mind with the facts, and then to make a few notes of the order in which I propose to deal with them in my speech, and these notes are confined to the facts and their verification. Almost every speaker has a different method; but this is mine, and I hope—sometimes I am disappointed—that the words in which I think I can clothe the skeleton ideas will come at the right moment.'

Of present-day speakers, probably the two most instructive are Mr Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery. As a parliamentary speaker Mr Chamberlain is almost faultless. He is not eloquent, if by eloquence is meant what excites the passions or appeals to the heart; but his perfect command of simple and vigorous English, his great lucidity of statement, his power of incisive criticism, his adroitness and readiness in reply, make him an admirable subject for beginners to study. Lord Rosebery is instructive as a speaker from another point of view. His touch is lighter, more literary and discursive, than Mr Chamberlain's. Sometimes it is reminiscent of the 'grand manner' of past generations. It is full of fine, delicate shadings, exquisite word-pictures, verbal vignettes and humorous sketches, pointed not seldom by genial satire or epigram.

Whatever help the aspirant in public speaking seeks, whether from the precepts or example of great speakers, he will be driven from beginning to end to a careful study and command of words. For words, after all, form the only material the orator can use. No labour, therefore, can be too great, no endeavour too strenuous, in seeking a wide and accurate acquaintance with words. The best literature of all ages should be constantly read. This will enrich the vocabulary and give accuracy and mastery in the use of words. Command over form is only one element in the making of an orator or poet; but it is an indispensable one, and is best studied in the great creative works of the masters. It has been remarked more than once that the famous passage in Shakespeare, the speech of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar, forms one of the most powerful and subtle specimens of modern oratory, and contains the rationale of every telling point set forth by anticipation in the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle.

The 'art of the orator' is thus seen to be a divine art. Its secrets are hidden in the mind of the great artist, in the treasure-house of Nature and God. But the germs are given to what we call men and women of genius, and by study and labour the divine art becomes a human glory and holds a listening world enchanted by the majesty and wonder and beauty of the voice of man.

UNTIL WE MEET.

RONDEAU.

Until we meet—farewell, my friend;
It may be near the journey's end,
When the dark shadows slowly creep
From the illimitable deep,
That once again our lives shall blend.

Whichever way your footsteps trend,
Good angels on your path attend,
And safely ward, and straightly keep,
Until we meet.

Perchance a kinder Fate shall bend
From high estate, and haply lend
A few brief years, that we may weep
And joy together ere death's sleep.
Fond Hope, this ray of brightness send
Until we meet!

LAWRENCE B. JUPP.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

MORE ABOUT NOTABLE AUSTRALIANS.

SINCE our article on 'Notable Australians' appeared in this *Journal* for 1906, Mr Fred Johns, of the *Adelaide Observer*, has published a much enlarged edition of his biographical book under that title, and has also taken New Zealand under his wing. He has made his book retrospective as well, giving us the eminent departed since the dawn of this century. The line has been drawn at great cricketers, but Mr Johns makes quite a feature of pastoralists who have done so much to build up the Commonwealth. Scotland figures extremely well in the list of notabilities, and seems to have supplied occupants for most of the university chairs, not to mention important positions in business and political life. Additional attention has been drawn to this fact by the publication of a biography of *David Syme, the Father of Protection in Australia*, by Ambrose Pratt, with an Introduction by the Hon. Alfred Deakin (Ward, Lock, & Co.). After reading this book one realises what a strong and influential man was this son of the North Berwick schoolmaster, who became proprietor and editor of the *Melbourne Age*. No one can properly understand the history of Victoria during the past fifty years without reading it. When David Syme died, February 14, 1908, at his home at Blythewood, Kew, near Melbourne, a diagram in the *Sydney Bulletin* gave an object-lesson as to what Victorians believed he had been to Australia. An outline map of Australia was given, with a wreath hanging upon Cape York Peninsula. The rest of the Commonwealth is entirely destitute of names, save that of David Syme printed in capitals across from west to east. Below is the title, 'A Deep Mark Left on Australia.' This condenses the history of a lifetime into a few words. It is also true, as his biographer says, that 'no man dead or living has exercised a more potent influence on the course of Australian events, or has played a more intimate part in public affairs. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether there were ever more than a few scores of private persons who would have recognised him in the street if they had chanced to meet him.' He takes his place as one of the great personalities that have made Australia. The Commonwealth needs some making yet. After mentioning a few of her notable people, we shall return to David Syme.

A recent and keen observer, with a gift for setting down his impressions, was amazed that the Commonwealth, with an area much larger than the United States and a population of about one-seventeenth of that of the great Republic, had one-fourth of her population in Sydney and Melbourne. It seemed that there was an enormous waste of opportunities going on for men to rise and hew out fortune and position, and it only remained for Australians to agree as to the method of peopling their country to direct to the Commonwealth the streams of capable and energetic Anglo-Saxons who are yearly flowing westwards. This observer also noticed a generally diffused air of comfort among people and dwellings, and from the writer's point of view 'these people have too much patriotism to let a home industry be filched from them by free importers who would buy nothing in return.' Then she is free of the curse of slum tenements, for by honest industry every family can obtain a comfortable cottage at a moderate rental. Only the other day the Federal Government appointed a lecturer to travel in the United Kingdom in order to attract population.

The *Times* recently pointed out that the consummation of Australian union at the dawn of the twentieth century definitely marks the transference of power from an old to a new order of ideas. Men of character, endurance, and enterprise developed the country in the later nineteenth century, and had a paramount influence, as we shall see in the case of David Syme, upon the whole machine of government. In the last quarter of last century power passed into the hands of representatives of the democracy, so that now we have the age of Socialism, in the sense that the social instinct which looks to the community first, and the individual afterwards, prevails in the Commonwealth. It may be also true that a greater amount of popular intelligence is brought to bear upon politics than is the case in Britain.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

Scotland figures well, as we have said, in regard to her children who have come to the front. Mr Robert Christison, of Lammermoor, Queensland, lately purchased the estate of Burwell Park, Lincolnshire, and has come back to this country to reside. A son of the minister of Foulden, he was founder of the first export meat-works in the colony, and has been a large importer of stud Hereford cattle and thoroughbred horses from England. Sir Malcolm M'Eacharn, steamship-owner, merchant, contractor, and former Mayor of Melbourne, has bought an estate in the south of Scotland which belonged to Lord Galloway, where he means to reside. Sir Malcolm was born in Islay in 1852, and his firm was early engaged in the frozen-meat trade, while he has also entered extensively into pastoral pursuits and sugar-growing in Queensland. Colonel James Burns, born near Edinburgh in 1846, left for Australia at sixteen, and dates his first success from a store at Townsville, Queensland. He is founder and director of Messrs Burns, Philip, & Co., Sydney, which owns many trading steamers, and is one of the great businesses of the southern hemisphere. Colonel Burns is chairman of a large pastoral company, president of the Highland Society of New South Wales, and resides on a fine estate, Gowan Brae, near Parramatta. Another leading pastoralist in Queensland is Robert Gray, born at Hughenden Manor, Buckinghamshire. He served under Sir Colin Campbell at Lucknow, and was present at its capture in 1858. Later he held various appointments in India, retiring from the army in 1863. When he settled at Hughenden, North Queensland, his wife, who accompanied him, was the first white woman to come to that district. William Collins is another notable Queensland pastoralist who has done much in association with Messrs M'Ilwraith and Forrest in opening up the country, and he has laid down artesian bores and sub-artesian bores on various stations, and has been associated with M'Ilwraith, M'Eacharn, & Co. in the first successful shipment of frozen beef and mutton from Sydney and Melbourne in the steamship *Strathleven*. Mr F. Sadlier Falkiner, who came from Ireland to Victoria in 1853, is one of the most successful sheep-breeders in Australia, and his Roonoke merino stud is considered one of the first in the world. The late James Inglis, born at Edzell, Forfarshire, in 1845, a Sydney merchant, who died in 1908, was in turn journalist and indigo-planter, and published a racy semi-autobiographical book, *Oor Ain Folk*, containing stories of Forfarshire, besides writing on tea and his travels in India and New Zealand. During the residence of that now well-known poet and prose writer Mr Will. H. Ogilvie in Australia, one volume of his verse had a circulation of over ten thousand copies.

The bulk of the professors in the universities of the southern hemisphere, as we have said, hail from Scotland. Professor James Gow Black, of the Chemistry Chair, Otago, born at Dunkeld, Perthshire, is the original of Ian Maclaren's John Ross in *The Days of Auld Langsyne*. Professor David Orme Masson, of the Chemistry Chair in the University of Melbourne, is a son of the late Professor David Masson, and was born in London in 1858. Professor Mitchell, of the Philosophy Chair in the University of Adelaide, was born at Inveravon, Banffshire, in 1861, and has published a work on the *Structure and Growth of the Mind*. Mr F. S. Peterson, Ormond Professor of Music, University of Melbourne, was born at Edinburgh in 1861. The bacteriologist to the Linnean Society of New South Wales, Mr R. Greig-Smith, is also a native of Edinburgh; so is Professor Haswell of the Biological Chair in the University of Sydney; as well as Dr H. Laurie, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Melbourne; and the Rev. N. Salmond, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, University of Otago. Dr Alexander MacCormick, lecturer on Surgery in Sydney University, is second to none as a surgeon to the Antipodes. Other professors of Scottish origin are Mr H. S. Carslaw, who was born at Helensburgh in 1870, and is Professor of Mathematics in the University of Sydney; Mr Francis Anderson, the Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy, University of Sydney, hails from Glasgow; Mr Hugh MacKenzie, Professor of English Language and Literature, Victoria College, Wellington, was born at Ardross, Ross-shire, in 1861.

We pass from pastoralists and professors, however, to say something of David Syme. The great Australian journalist—'King David of Melbourne,' as he came to be called—the son of a parish schoolmaster of North Berwick, was born there on 2nd October 1827. The youngest of the seven children of George Syme and Jean Mitchell, David had his education until sixteen under his father's Spartan discipline. The routine was out of bed at 7 A.M., books till breakfast-time, and school till 4 P.M., with half-an-hour for dinner; no companions nor time for play. The health of the boy suffered, but his father was a man of few words, and the rôle of the son was strict obedience. Three sons from the North Berwick home went to the university, although the schoolmaster was passing rich on forty pounds a year. David Syme studied for two years for the Evangelical Union Church of Scotland, stopped short of being a minister, went to Germany, and on his return filled a situation as reader on a Glasgow newspaper. Smitten with the gold-fever, Syme took the five months' voyage to California, but on landing liked neither the gold-diggings nor the people he met there, and early in 1852 crossed the Pacific to Melbourne, with a slender supply of money in his pocket. After some experience of the goldfields at Castlemaine and Korong, where he was robbed by a chum, he returned to Melbourne, joined his brother Ebenezer, who was editing the *Melbourne Age*, then the only Liberal paper, for a co-operative society of journalists, printers, and workers.

David Syme had brought some little money with him from the goldfields, and embarked with his brother in the speculation of the purchase of the

Age for two thousand pounds. The first number under their management appeared on 12th June 1856. The energies of David Syme at this period were not entirely confined to the newspaper, for we find him in business as a contractor, making roads and bridges, and being on the verge of success when his brother Ebenezer died, and he took up the editorship and management of the *Age*. In 1858 he married Annabella Johnson, from Yorkshire, by whom he had five sons and four daughters.

With small capital to start with, for a decade Syme worked more than fifteen hours a day. The state of his health once made a voyage to Europe desirable. All the doctors he consulted before going said his lungs were affected. He got the truth on his return from one, a new start who had never seen him before, that it was the liver that tormented him. In his paper he was at first on the unpopular side, and his enemies tried in many ways to ruin him; the shortest cut seemed to be the withdrawal of advertisements from the *Age*. In a single day it shrank to half its size, and had to depend upon its circulation. Syme stuck to his guns, reduced the price of his paper from sixpence to threepence, and became his own editor, leader-writer, and manager. He beat the Free Traders in the end; and in 1864, after four years' desperate struggle, a Protectionist majority was returned to Parliament. At first the *Age* stood alone for Protection, and gradually worked people and Parliament round. Another tough battle was against the selfishness of the pastoralist or squatting interest holding up immense blocks of land. In 1856, when Syme took up his newspaper duties, he was only too painfully conscious of thousands of emigrants trooping out of the country who might have settled and added to the wealth of the community could they have got land to settle on. Syme's campaign was successful in pointing out the danger and the remedy. Victoria began to realise the danger; and Parliament, in obedience to the public will, wrested the monopoly of the soil from those who held it. Between 1868 and 1878 over eleven million acres of agricultural land were acquired by small resident pastoral and family settlers. In analysing the Free Trade tariff of the United Kingdom, he had declared it a sham, as it gave protection to most of the industries save agriculture. He said that the expression Free Trade sounded well, but asked if it was more than a sounding phrase, a mere theory, anything more than a mere expedient of the domestic policy of a state. During those strenuous days, his biographer says, 'with his back to the wall, fighting for more than life, he plodded on, a prodigy of physical endurance and mental productivity. His leaders, conceived in turmoil and scribbled down on odd bits of paper in moments suited for his meals and in the intervals of business cares, display a fire and a passion, a love and a faith in the democracy, that stir the blood even now.'

When increased prosperity came to Victoria an era of boom and extravagance set in, and the colony seemed racing to ruin. Syme analysed and attacked proposals for a vast expenditure on new railways, and killed the schemes. One financial magnate made the matter a personal one, and sued Syme for twenty-five thousand pounds for libel. After three years of worry and vexation, Syme was vindicated at a cost to himself of fifty thousand pounds, while he had saved the country an expenditure of over forty millions. A townsman, in acknowledging this achievement, remarked that when the history of the colony came to be written, one of the finest of its pages would be one which described how the community, stricken with summer madness, was awakened to appreciation of the danger by Syme. These proposed railways have not yet been made. He showed his public spirit by sending a rifle team to Bisley, subscribed largely to the Boer war contingents, sent a scientific expedition to the heart of Australia, and gave an endowment to Melbourne University for scientific research.

David Syme had a splendid physique, was of commanding height and striking appearance, more revered than loved, and in a mixed company he towered mentally and physically above those around him. The force and penetration of his mind are seen in the fact that while he was a power no single Liberal progressive Act found its way to the statute book which he did not wholly or partially originate. His individuality was sunk in his paper; he seldom attended a public meeting or appeared on a public platform, and the people of Melbourne scarcely knew him by sight. But though he held aloof from the people, his life was devoted to their interests, and his three greatest battles against land-monopoly, Cobdenism, and State extravagance were won in their interests. This influence was gained because the people believed in his honesty of purpose, and because he interpreted and represented and guided public opinion on the questions of the day. When his career was at its strenuous stage he used to breakfast at eight, read the papers through, then ride into town, arriving at the office about ten-thirty or eleven. His first work was to attend to the financial and publishing affairs; then he arranged the duties of his reporting staff, which consisted of three. At 3 P.M. he met his leader-writers, found subjects for them, and instructed them as to the form of the articles. Then he read till tea-time to find new matter. After that he read the proofs that poured in till midnight. Often he would rewrite a leading article. This went on till two in the morning, when the paper had to go to press. He rode home, and seldom got to sleep before three in the morning. Such was his daily grind for more than a decade.

He made many enemies but also many friends. When the pursuer in the railway action became impecunious he assisted him. 'One day a friend, who had been a fellow-contractor of Syme's before his brother Ebenezer's death, called at the office. He found David in the deepest dejection. Things were going very badly with the poor journalist, and ruin stared him in the face. The contractor was

intimate enough with him to insist upon his confidence. When he heard all he promptly decided to prove his friendship in a practical way, and pulled out his cheque-book. "It will take hundreds," said David Syme. "Well," replied the contractor, "you can have hundreds."

'The money was lent, and very soon repaid. Ten years later Syme heard that his good friend was menaced with bankruptcy. He hurried to his side and offered help. "It will take thousands," said the contractor. "Well, you can have thousands," was Syme's smiling reply, and he put a cheque signed in blank in the other's hand.'

Australia, the greatest pastoral country in the world, with a glorious climate, has to fight with terrible droughts and the rabbit-pest, but is sending us continually increasing quantities of gold, wool, dairy produce, and frozen mutton. Her sons are loyal to the flag, and promptly responded to our need during the Boer war. If labour does not kill the goose that lays the golden egg, and proves only less tyrannical than capital may be, an even more golden age than the past may lie ahead of the Commonwealth, which is developing 'a continent for a nation and a nation for a continent.'

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER IX.—REVEALS A MYSTERIOUS BUSINESS.

IN the few days which followed, Lady Heyburn's attitude towards Gabrielle became one of marked affection. She even kissed her in the breakfast-room each morning, called her 'dear,' and consulted her upon the day's arrangements.

Poor Sir Henry was but a cipher in the household. He usually took all his meals alone, except dinner, and was very seldom seen, save perhaps when he would come out for an hour or so to walk in the park, led by his daughter, or else alone, tapping before him with his stout stick. On such occasions he would wear a pair of big blue spectacles, to hide the unsightliness of his gray, filmy eyes. Sometimes he would sit on one of the garden-seats on the south side of the house, enjoying the sunshine, and listening to the songs of the birds, the hum of the insects, and the soft ripples of the burn far below. And on such occasions one of his wife's guests would join him to chat and cheer him, for every one felt pity for the lonely man living his life of darkness.

No one was more full of words of sympathy than James Flockart. Gabrielle longed to warn her father of that man, but dared not do so. There was a reason—a strong reason—for her silence. Sir Henry had declared that he was interested in the man's intellectual conversation, and that he rather liked him, though he had never looked upon his face. In some things the old gentleman was ever ready to adopt his daughter's advice and rely upon her judgment; but in others he was quite obstinate, and treated her pointed remarks with calm indifference.

One day, at Lady Heyburn's suggestion, Gabrielle, accompanied by Flockart and another of the guests, a retired colonel, had driven over in the big car to Perth to make a call; and on their return she spent some hours in the library with her father, attending to his correspondence.

That morning a big packet of those typed reports in French had arrived in the usual registered, orange-coloured envelope, and after she had read them over to the Baronet, he had given her the key, and she had got out the code-book. Then, at his instructions, she had written upon a yellow telegraph-form a cipher message addressed to the mysterious 'Meteforos, Paris.' It read, when decoded:

'Arrange with amethyst. I agree the price of pearls. Have no fear of Smithson, but watch Peters. If London refuses, then Mayfair. Expect report of Bedford.'

It was not signed by the Baronet's name, but by the signature he always used on such telegraphic replies: 'Senrab.'

From such a despatch she could gather nothing. At his request she took away the little blue-covered book and relocked it in the safe. Then she rang for Hill, and told him to send the despatch by messenger down to Auchterarder village.

'Very well, miss,' replied the man, bowing. 'The car is going down to take Mr Seymour to the station in about a quarter of an hour, so Stokes will take it.'

'And look here,' exclaimed the blind man, who was standing before the window with his back to the crimson sunset, 'you can tell her ladyship, Hill, that I'm very busy, and I sha'n't come in to dinner to-night. Just serve a snack here for me, will you?'

'Very well, Sir Henry,' responded the smart footman; and, bowing again, he closed the door.

'May I dine with you, dad?' asked the girl. 'There are two or three people invited to-night, and they don't interest me in the least.'

'My dear child, what do you mean? Why, aren't Walter Murie and his mother dining here to-night? I know your mother invited them ten days ago.'

'Oh, why, yes,' replied the girl rather lamely; 'I did not recollect. Then, I suppose, I must put in an appearance,' she sighed.

'Suppose!' he echoed. 'What would Walter think if you elected to dine with me instead of meeting him at table?'

'Now, dad, it is really unkind of you!' she said

reprovingly. 'Walter and I thoroughly understand each other. He's not surprised at anything I do.'

'Ah!' laughed the sightless man, 'he's already beginning to understand the feminine perverseness, eh? Well, my child, dine here with me if you wish, by all means. Tell Hill to lay the table for two. We have lots of work to do afterwards.'

So the bell was rung again, and Hill was informed that Miss Gabrielle would dine with her father in the library.

Then they turned again to the Baronet's mysterious private affairs; and when she had seated herself at the typewriter and reread the reports—confidential reports they were, but framed in a manner which only the old man himself could understand—he dictated to her cryptic replies, the true nature of which were to her a mystery.

The last of the reports, brief and unsigned, read as follows:

'Mon petit garçon est très gravement malade, et je supplie Dieu à genoux de ne pas me punir si severement, de ne pas me prendre mon enfant.

'D'apres le dernier bulletin du Professeur Kniebergen, il a la fièvre scarlatine, et l'issue de la maladie est incertaine. Je ne quitte plus son chevet. Et sans cesse je me dis, "C'est une punition du Ciel."'

Gabrielle saw that, to the outside world, it was a statement by a frantic mother that her child had caught scarlet-fever. 'What could it really mean?' she wondered.

Slowly she read it, and as she did so noticed the curious effect it had upon her father, seated as he was in the deep saddle-bag chair. His face grew very grave, his thin white hands clenched themselves, and there was an unusually bitter expression about his mouth.

'Eh?' he asked, as though not quite certain of the words. 'Read it again, child, slower. I—I have to think.'

She obeyed, wondering if the key to the cryptic message were contained in some conjunction of letters or words. It seemed as though, in imagination, he was setting it down before him as she pronounced the words. This was often so. At times he would have reports repeated to him over and over again.

'Ah!' he gasped at last, drawing a long breath, his hands still tightly clenched, his countenance haggard and drawn. 'I—I expected that. And so it has come—at last!'

'What, dad?' asked the girl in surprise, staring at the crisp typewritten sheet before her.

'Oh, well, nothing, child—nothing,' he answered, bestirring himself.

'But the lady, whoever she is, seems terribly concerned about her little boy. The judgment of Heaven, she calls it.'

'And well she may, Gabrielle,' he answered in a hoarse, strained voice. 'Well she may, my dear. It is a punishment sent upon the wicked.'

'Is the mother wicked, then?' asked the girl in curiosity.

'No, dear,' he urged. 'Don't try to understand, for you can never do that. These reports convey to me alone the truth. They are intended to mislead you, as they mislead other people.'

'Then there is no little boy suffering from scarlet-fever?'

'Yes. Because it is written there,' was his smiling reply. 'But it only refers to an imaginary child, and, by so doing, places a surprising and alarming truth before me.'

'Is the matter so very serious, dad?' she asked, noticing the curious effect the words had had upon him.

'Serious!' he echoed, leaning forward in his chair. 'Yes,' he answered in a low voice, 'it is very serious, child, both to me and to you.'

'I don't understand you, dad,' she exclaimed, walking to his chair, throwing herself upon her knees, and placing her arms around his neck. 'Won't you be more explicit? Won't you tell me the truth? Surely you can rely upon my secrecy?'

'Yes, child,' he said, groping until his hand fell upon her hair, and then stroking it tenderly; 'I trust you. You keep my affairs from those people who seek to obtain knowledge of them. Without you, I would be compelled to employ a secretary; but he could be bought, without a doubt. Most secretaries can.'

'Ford was very trustworthy, was he not?'

'Yes, poor Ford,' he sighed. 'When he died I lost my right hand. But fortunately you were old enough to take his place.'

'But in a case like this, when you are worried and excited, as you are at this moment, why not confide in me and allow me to help you?' she suggested. 'You see that, although I act as your secretary, dad, I know nothing of the nature of your business.'

'And forgive me for speaking very plainly, child, I do not intend that you should,' the old man said.

'Because you cannot trust me!' she pouted. 'You think that because I'm a woman I cannot keep a secret.'

'Not at all,' he said. 'I place every confidence in you, dear. You are the only real friend left to me in the whole world. I know that you would never willingly betray me to my enemies; but'——

'Well, but what?'

'But you might do so unknowingly. You might by one single chance-word place me within the power of those who seek my downfall.'

'Who seeks your downfall, dad?' she asked very seriously.

'That's a matter which I desire to keep to myself. Unfortunately, I do not know the identity of my enemies; hence I am compelled to keep from you certain matters which, in other circumstances, you might know. But,' he added, 'this is not the first time we've discussed this question, Gabrielle dear. You are my daughter, and I trust you. Do not,

child, misjudge me by suspecting that I doubt your loyalty.'

'I don't, dad; only sometimes I'——

'Sometimes you think,' he said, still stroking her hair—'you think that I ought to tell you the reason I receive all these reports from Paris, and their real significance. Well, to tell the truth, dear, it is best that you should not know. If you reflect for a moment,' went on the old man, tears welling slowly in his filmy, sightless eyes, 'you will realise my unhappy situation—how I am compelled to hide my affairs even from Lady Heyburn herself. Does she ever question you regarding them?'

'She used to at one time; but she refrains nowadays, for I would tell her nothing.'

'Has any one else ever tried to glean information from you?' he inquired, after a long breath.

'Mr Flockart has done so on several occasions of late. But I pleaded absolute ignorance.'

'Oh, Flockart has been asking you, has he?' remarked her father with surprise. 'Well, I suppose it is only natural. A blind man's doings are always more or less a mystery to the world.'

'I don't like Mr Flockart, dad,' she said.

'So you've remarked before, my dear,' her father replied. 'Of course you are right in withholding any information upon a subject which is my own affair; yet, on the other hand, you should always remember that he is your mother's very good friend—and yours also.'

'Mine!' gasped the girl, starting up. Would that she were free to tell the poor, blind, helpless man the ghastly truth! 'My friend, dad! What makes you think that?'

'Because he is always singing your praises, both to me and to your mother.'

'Then I tell you that his expressions of opinion are false, dear dad.'

'How?'

She was silent. She dared not tell her father the reason; therefore, in order to turn the subject, she replied, with a forced laugh, 'Oh, well, of course I may be mistaken; but that's my opinion.'

'A mere prejudice, child; I'm sure it is. As far as I know, Flockart is quite an excellent fellow, and is most kind both to your mother and to myself.'

Gabrielle's brow contracted. Disengaging herself, she rose to her feet, and, after a pause, asked, 'What reply shall I send to the report, dad?'

'Ah, that report!' gasped the man, huddled up in his chair in serious reflection. 'That report!' he repeated, rising to straighten himself. 'Reply in these words: "No effort is to be made to save the child's life. On the contrary, it is to be so neglected as to produce a fatal termination."'

The girl had seated herself at the typewriter and rapidly clicked out the words in French—words that seemed ominous enough, and yet the true meaning of which she never dreamed. She was thinking only of her father's misplaced friendship in James Flockart. If she dared to tell him the naked truth! Oh, if her poor, blind, afflicted father could only see!

(To be continued.)

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower.

HAVE always taken an interest in the old antiquary whose name appears above, for Sharpe was a link between old and modern Scotland. He could recall the days when the Old Town of Edinburgh housed the wealthiest and most ancient Scottish families, and he was still more interesting as being the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, who called him the 'Scottish Horace Walpole.' I have a faint recollection of being taken by my father, who was his lifelong friend, to see Sharpe more than half a century ago in Edinburgh; this must have been in the autumn of 1851 or early in 1852, the year he died.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe came of a good old stock, the baronial family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn being one of the oldest in the south of Scotland. It is recorded that Charles, Duke of Queensberry, husband of Duchess 'Peggy,' the friend of Gay the poet, and a famous *frondeuse* of the Court of George II., showed his high regard for the family of Kirkpatrick in the following manner: Driving one day with his Duchess to take part in an election at Dumfries, the Duke saw the coach of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, who was opposed to him in politics, coming in the same direction. The Duchess, fearing that Sir Thomas would come into the town first, shouted to her coachman to drive faster and prevent the other coach from passing, 'Else,' she cried, 'Tom of Closeburn will get in before us and lick the butter off our bread.' The Duke turned to his wife and thus rebuked her: 'Let me tell you, my lady Duchess, that Tom's ancestor was Knight of Closeburn while mine was gudeman of Drumlaury.'

Charles Sharpe's father was the son of a younger brother of this Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, and could trace his descent from the family of John, Earl of Mar, that Earl being his great-grandfather; his Countess was a daughter of the ducal house of Lennox. Through his grandmother, Lady Susan Renton, he claimed kindred with the house of Eglintoun. Charles's father had assumed the name of Sharpe according to the will of his mother's great-uncle, Matthew Sharpe of Hoddam, from whom he inherited that estate, but he always preferred the name of Kirkpatrick, and employed his pencil in illustrating his descent from that family, the Mars,

the Stewarts, the Dundases, and the Eglintouns. Hoddam is an Annandale parish, in south Dumfries, in which is Carlyle's birthplace, Ecclefechan. The fourth Earl of Southesk sold the parcel of Hoddam in 1690 to John Sharpe, whose line, passing on the distaff-side through the Kirkpatricks, ended in four brothers—General Sharpe, who represented Dumfries in Parliament from 1832 to 1841; Charles, the subject of this sketch; and his two younger brothers, Edward Alexander, who died in 1858, and William, who died in 1875. Hoddam is a good specimen of an old Scottish fortified house. It is situated among finely wooded hills on the west bank of the river Annan, a picturesque tributary of the Solway, and originally was an old square beacon-tower dating from the fifteenth century, and, standing on the oddly named 'Hill of Repentance,' was called the Tower of Repentance. The building was much enlarged by General Sharpe in the early part of the nineteenth century, and now belongs to Mr E. Brook.

Here Charles was born in the month of May 1781. Of his early years there are no records save that he attended Dr Robinson's school in Edinburgh from 1796 to 1797. In 1798 he went to Christ Church at Oxford, where in 1802 he took his degree. He appears to have greatly disliked his tutor, whom he describes as 'unmannerly and disgusting;' and even the stately and important head of Christ Church, Dr Cyril Jackson, he calls 'an inspired swine.' In his letters he also sneered at his fellow-collegians, but he made some friendships at the University which lasted throughout his life. Among these was that with my father, the then Lord Gower; with him and also with his mother, the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, he maintained a lifelong correspondence.

Whilst he was at Christ Church, Sharpe had some thoughts of writing a satire on the University after the manner of the famous *New Bath Guide;* but only a fragment of what he wrote has been preserved. Despite his dislike of the University, he seems to have been popular at Christ Church, where his drawings and caricatures were highly esteemed. One of the best of the satirical poems that he wrote at this period was upon the notorious Thomas Paine. It commences as follows:

> Hail! sacred light of Reason, Paine refined,
> New blessing to the long-benighted mind;

and so on for fifteen lines.

By far the most interesting event in Sharpe's life at Oxford was his acquaintance with Walter Scott. It was in 1802 that the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared; and so interested was Sharpe in their publication that he wrote to the editor, with the result that two ballads by him appeared in the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*, published in 1803. These two ballads elicited the praise of the then well-known authoress Anna Seward, and a letter written by her in the same year to Scott led to Sharpe's first introduction to the 'Great Unknown.' The meeting took place at Oxford. In one of his home-letters Sharpe writes that he invited 'this Border Minstrel' to breakfast, probably in his rooms at Christ Church. 'He is much too poetical,' he said of Scott. 'He spouts without mercy, and pays compliments so high-flown that my self-conceit, though a tolerable good shot, could not wing even one of them; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found comfort in that.'

Although this first meeting does not sound promising for the future acquaintance of the two men, it led to a lifelong friendship. 'Talking of fair ladies,' writes Walter Scott to Lady Louisa Stuart in January 1808, 'reminds me of Mr Sharpe's ballads; they exhibit, I think, a very considerable portion of imagination, and occasionally, though not uniformly, great flow of versification. There is one verse, or rather a whole description of a musical ghost-lady sitting among the ruins of her father's tower, that pleased me very much. But his language is too flowery and even tawdry, and I quarrel with a lady in the first poem who yielded up her affection upon her lover showing his white teeth. White teeth ought to be taken great care of, but I cannot allow them to be an object of passionate admiration; it is too like subduing a lady's heart by grinning.'

Sharpe had a great liking for Keppel Craven and his mother, the Margravine of Anspach, and a large proportion of the correspondence, which fills two large volumes, published in 1888 by Blackwood is letters from the mother and son to Sharpe, and his letters to them. 'Everybody,' writes Sharpe—'everybody knows that she [the Margravine] was the daughter of Lord Berkeley, and first married Lord Craven. When I was acquainted with her she had the remains of much beauty; but she disfigured herself with an immense quantity of rouge and burnt cork, as I think, on her eyebrows. She was very graceful, and could assume, when she pleased, the manners of the best times; she composed music prettily, but spoilt her own songs with a cracked voice; she danced well, and was an excellent shot. I am told that she was a tolerable actress, and extremely fond of exhibiting herself on the stage. . . . Her life, if faithfully written, would make a most extraordinary book.'

At the Margravine's home, Benham, Sharpe met Gell the antiquary (nicknamed 'Topographical Gell'), and an old beau, Sir Lumley Skeffington, whom he thus described: 'He painted his cheeks and wore a black wig of horsehair, and was the most frightful of all the hideous dandies I ever beheld, but with an excellent heart and very good-natured.' One evening there were theatricals at Benham, in which Sharpe, with Keppel Craven and old Sir Lumley, acted the play (doubtless Nat Lee's) called *Alexander the Great*, Keppel taking the part of the King, Sir Lumley that of Roxana. 'The audience,' writes Sharpe, 'were in raptures, especially with Statira's death, who was stabbed with a faggot-stick and expired upon the lapdog's cushion.'

Matthew Lewis, called 'Monk Lewis,' was also one of Charles's friends, and in 1812 addressed him in a flowery ode.

The unfortunate Princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, was also an acquaintance of Sharpe's; and although he was very seldom charitable in his opinions of people, he would never admit her guilt; and, writing of her, he says: 'Before I had the honour of being acquainted with her I had heard many reports of her unchastity. I never saw anything to confirm this. She had much *esprit* and talked as freely as many clever and most virtuous women of the highest rank whom I have known both in Scotland and England used to do. This is no proof of incontinence. There is an old Scotch proverb, "The silent soo eats a' the draff."' Of George IV. Sharpe had as ill an opinion as Charles Greville or Creevey; he calls him 'a filthy piece of crustiness.'

He tells a curious story of the Princess Caroline. She was sitting alone in her room very soon after the death of her father, the Duke of Brunswick. A puff of wind blew the smoke down the chimney, and in the cloud of smoke she saw the form of the Duke quite plainly.

Although Sharpe was a good letter-writer, he cannot be compared in that respect to Horace Walpole, but he deserves to be remembered for the part he took in the revival of a taste for medieval art and for the protection he gave in his native land to all that was worth preserving of an older time. His love and veneration for old buildings, old ballads, old traditions, and all that belongs to the hobby of the antiquary and collector, he shared with Walter Scott, and this sympathy of interest was the tie that bound them together.

In 1808 Sharpe made a present to Scott of one of his cleverest caricatures—that of Queen Elizabeth dancing 'high and disposedly' before the Scottish ambassador, who is looking at her capering Majesty from the opening of a curtain; the sketch is irresistibly comic, and places the author among the ablest caricaturists of his day. Walter Scott treasured this drawing greatly. Sharpe sketched mostly in sepia and in water-colours, and he also made some good etchings of old buildings and of ancient portraits; among the best of the latter being the heads of Claverhouse and his wife. But he was not happy in his imaginary designs, some of which are almost as repellent in their morbid unhealthiness as those of Aubrey Beardsley.

That Sharpe was of service to Scott not only in his work on old ballads, but also with regard to the personal history of old Scottish families, is proved by their correspondence. No one knew the inner story of the Scottish peerage, its ramifications and alliances, its scandals and skeletons in the cupboard, so well and so intimately as did Sharpe. Every *cause célèbre* of the two last centuries in the families of the old Scottish nobility was at his finger-ends; and, although he never accomplished any serious historical work, he wrote a lengthy fragment relating to Mary Stuart, of whom, like most Scotsmen, he was an ardent admirer and apologist. Scott must have had a high opinion of his friend's literary power when he recommended that Sharpe should be asked to join the staff of the *Quarterly Review* when it was founded in 1808.

When he was at Oxford, Sharpe commenced collecting and buying portraits by Lely and Vandyck, and all through his long life he was adding to his collection; one regrets that all his treasures were dispersed after his death.

Sharpe's father died in 1813, and the son migrated from Hoddam to Edinburgh, in order to be with his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached; and until his death, forty years later, he lived almost wholly in the city, paying only short visits to Hoddam. His health was never good, and for the remainder of his life he led the existence of an invalid, never going anywhere or visiting. He first took a house in Princes Street, No. 93, which he soon filled with his pictures and curios, his books and old furniture, and from here he corresponded with Walter Scott, David Laing, Thomas Thomson, and others of his literary friends. It is worth recording that Scott occasionally commenced his letters to his friend, 'My dearest Sharpe,' an expression he ordinarily used only in writing to his nearest relations.

Sharpe was always well occupied. He edited various works, and was a contributor to *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*. He also began writing a play of which Monmouth was the subject. In 1818 Ballantyne published Law's *Memorials*, to which were appended a preface and notes by Sharpe regarding that strange work of legendary lore. Books relating to ancient ballads followed the above, and in 1823 Sharpe published a small volume of ballads for private circulation, the first page of which was headed with a beautiful little vignette from his pen, an etching worthy of Hollar or Callot. About this time he made some illustrations for David Laing's *Fugitive Scottish Poetry*, and for the reprint of Lady Anne Barnard's *Auld Robin Gray*. He also illustrated some books of Scottish family history, amongst others a delightfully quaint old book of manners, Petrie's *Rules of Good Deportment*, for which he drew an Hogarthian title-page. He likewise annotated Sir Robert Douglas's *Scottish Peerage*. No one was better qualified than Sharpe, from his knowledge of Scottish family history, to impart some life to the solemn work of Douglas; in fact, his notes make this *Peerage* the most readable of any, but it has never been printed in the annotated form.

Sharpe was of use in his generation by protesting against the scandalous manner in which Edinburgh was being modernised. He hated to see the old buildings of Dunedin destroyed, and disliked and derided the classical edifices which were rising on the Mound and on Calton Hill. He was never tired of writing against these municipal atrocities—'Athenian improvements' he calls them in grim irony. But he especially inveighed against

the alterations which were being carried out in the Castle. 'Though I have lived to see,' he writes, 'in the course of forty years the Old Town lose much of its primitive features from unavoidable decay, from the rage for "improvement," and the less destructive element of fire, I did not expect to witness such a bold attack as this upon the Rock and Castle of Edinburgh. Surely our city projectors have forgotten the adage of Drummond of Hawthornden, which should be remembered for more reasons than one: "*Les murailles et les forteresses sont au Roy, personne ne peut abaisser de son biens au préjudice de son souverainete.*"' All that was left of Old Edinburgh was dear to Sharpe's heart, and he writes to the city architect: 'All is horror and surprise at the vandalism that is being perpetrated upon the Castle.'

After 1830 he wrote little and kept no letters. This was probably owing to the action of Lady Charlotte Bury, a former friend of his, who published some of his letters to her without previously asking his permission—an inconsideration which galled him terribly, and made him very chary of writing letters afterwards even to his friends. Sharpe lived on in a house to which he had moved in Drummond Place, No. 26, and it was there that I can remember being taken by my father, and can recall the old gentleman in his brown wig, a somewhat gruesome object.

Sir Walter Scott has summed up Sharpe's character in the following description, written in his diary in 1825: 'Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is another very remarkable man. He was bred a clergyman, but did not take orders owing, I believe, to a peculiar effeminacy of voice, which must have been unpleasant in reading prayers. Some family quarrels occasioned his being indifferently provided for by a small annuity from his elder brother, extorted by an arbitral decree. He has infinite wit and a great turn for antiquarian lore, as the publications of Kirkton, &c., bear witness.' This refers to a book Sharpe had (not out of love for the Kirk!) edited in 1817, called *A Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Year 1628*. 'His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable, a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of Saint Anthony and such grotesque subjects. As a poet he has not a very strong touch. Strange that his finger-ends can describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words. If he were to make drawing a resource it might raise him a large income. But though a lover of antiquities, and therefore of expensive trifles, C. K. S. is too aristocratic to use his art to assist his revenue. He is a very complete genealogist, and has made many detections in Douglas's and other books of pedigree, which our nobles would do well to suppress if they have an opportunity. Strange that a man should be curious in scandals centuries old; not but that Charles loves it fresh and fresh also, for, being very much a fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdote with such gusto that there is no helping sympathising with him, the peculiarity of voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is that C. K. S., with his oddities, taste, satire, and high aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole—perhaps in his person also in a general way.'

Many years after this description of Sharpe was written by Scott, another author and antiquary, John Hill Burton, in that delightful work *The Book Hunter*, describes the oddities of the old antiquary Fitzpatrick Smart, which stands for Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Burton describes him at some length, commencing with his books and his picture-collecting, and he sums him up by saying that after all 'he was himself his own greatest curiosity. . . . He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been a living memorial of these now antique habits; it happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So while the rest of the world were booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock-coat. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brougham neckerchief which projected in many rolls like a great poultice, and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he would himself have turned into admirable ridicule.

'One of the mysteries about him was that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old; this characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping; it was of green silk, and the handle was of a big crosier-like formation in cast horn. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth, and he bore on his head a Brutus wig. . . . Except for his linen, which was snowy white, one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frowsy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things in which a semblance to living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So, if he was motionless; but let him speak, and the eternal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonised with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness, a manner which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius; and conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil, which was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous, but it took a wayward, wilful course like everything else about him.

'He had a brilliant pen, too, when he chose to

wield it; but the idea that he could exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collections, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence he who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas that in the end some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers, and some drawings always artistic! His collection, with its long train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash whilst its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*'

Among the treasures dispersed at this sale of Sharpe's collection were some wonderful old ivory chessmen of the twelfth or thirteenth century, which were found in the Isle of Skye, and in which the costume of knights and bishops resembled the Bayeux tapestry. These are now in the British Museum. It is much to be deplored that such a collection of Scottish antiquities as that formed by Sharpe was not acquired *en bloc* for the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh; the opportunity of obtaining such inestimable *bric-à-brac* will not be likely ever to recur.

The impression which both Sir Walter Scott and Hill Burton give of Sharpe is not on the whole a favourable one. They omit to mention his undoubted kindliness of heart, and the generous help he gave to many in want of encouragement and help. Sharpe must have had some attractive and good points in his nature, for if he had been a mere cynic and scandalmonger he could not have inspired and retained as he did the friendship of some of the most distinguished men and women of his day. His love for his native land, its traditions, its literature, and monuments, was an estimable trait in his character, as was his detestation of all shams and snobbery.

THE RED CROSS.*

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

By LADY ROLLESTON.

ON a warm evening towards the end of June, in the year of grace 1665, Captain William Fielding sat alone in the panelled dining-room of Startforth Hall, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, drinking his cup of sack after supper, as became a gentleman of weight and position, and an old soldier withal, who had served with Colonel Coyners Darcey during the past troubles, and was now lieutenant to Sir Philip Musgrave, Governor of Carlisle.

On the table were the remains of a goodly sirloin of beef, garnished with Yorkshire pudding, which, however, had been severely crippled, if not utterly subdued, by an encounter with the captain's healthy appetite; while the curiously carved buffet of black oak at one side of the room displayed a hospitable row of broad-mouthed, round-bodied, jolly-looking flagons and loving-cups of antique silver, suggesting pleasant thoughts to thirsty souls from every boss and curve of their glittering sides, which had been lucky enough to escape the perils incident to such costly toys during the Civil Wars. For, though a staunch Royalist himself, Captain Fielding had possessed in those days a firm friend on the Parliamentary side in the person of Basil, second Earl of Denbigh, whose cousin Susannah he married; and it is recorded that, notwithstanding the fierce strife which then raged between opposite factions in the State, these two friends never once allowed the difference of their opinions to breed discord between them, and continued to entertain a tender affection and esteem for each other, such as honest gentlemen and loyal adversaries, acting according to the light of their consciences, should do—thus setting a gentle example that might well be followed by some rival politicians even in our more enlightened era.

The pale-yellow twilight, stealing softly through the little diamond panes of the deep Elizabethan window, showed the captain to be a tall, handsome, fresh-complexioned man, not yet in his forty-second year, with clear gray eyes, and curling brown hair worn low over his shoulders after the fashion of the time. The extreme simplicity of his dress might have been dubbed Puritan by the frivolous courtiers of the second Charles, who delighted in elaborate costumes of silk and velvet; but the fine brown cloth of which it was composed, sewn at the seams and button-holes with silver thread, the snowy lawn shirt and tie, and the long boots of Cordovan leather, set off the wearer's tall figure to advantage, and sat upon him with a grace which clearly indicated that he was as well acquainted with the Court as with the camp and the country.

Presently a servant entered the room, lighted the candles, drew the curtains, and, having ascertained that his master required nothing more, respectfully bade him 'Good-night,' and retired to the kitchen; while the captain, slowly filling a long clay pipe

* The incidents here related are a well-authenticated tradition.

with Virginian tobacco, proceeded to give himself up to the soothing influence of the fragrant weed with the placidity of a man who has supped well, and is determined to devote that half-hour to repose after meals which doctors tell us is of such benefit to the human system.

Occasionally he glanced somewhat sadly at the empty chairs which should have been occupied by the beloved forms of wife and children; but as he had only come up on leave to attend to some business connected with his Yorkshire estate, he had left the former, with his son, a child of ten years old, at their home in Carlisle; while his daughter Margery, a beautiful young girl of fourteen, was still at a boarding-school in London, where she had been sent to complete her education. It is necessary to mention, however, that the captain's mind was in no way uneasy about his dear ones, for only that morning he had received favourable accounts of his wife and son at Carlisle; and though it was some months since he had heard from his little Margery in London, he had perfect confidence in the care and wisdom of Mistress Tabitha Goodenough, under whose charge she had been placed.

When the clock in the neighbouring church of High Startforth presently pealed out the half-hour after nine, the captain began to feel sleepy, and quietly knocking the ashes out of his second pipe and draining his cup of sack, he lit a candle, and proceeded up the great oak staircase to his bedchamber, where soon afterwards he might have been heard snoring comfortably in the heavy four-post-bedstead which had witnessed the births, marriages, and deaths of the Fieldings of Startforth for nearly a century, since the days when a certain fair Anne Thwaites of Marston Moor, who is mysteriously described in the pedigree as being 'of kin to Madame Bowes'—I believe that there is a Madame Bowes of the present day still extant among the long-pedigreed Yorkshire families—won the heart of another William Fielding, secretary to the British Embassy at Paris (who had just returned from witnessing the horrors of the massacre of the Huguenots), and brought the property into the family as her marriage portion.

Whether the memories of family events clustering thickly under the dark canopy of that great bedstead—which in their time had made the hearts of many of the kindred of the sleeping figure below beat fast with love or sorrow, joy, fear, and ambition, during their brief tenure of life—influenced the slumbers of the captain I do not know. Those hearts have long been laid to rest in the vaults of the old, moss-grown church, and their passionate throbbings are now past like the momentary flutter of a butterfly's wing, leaving the spirit free to waken to that *new* life where 'there shall be no sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain,' while the story of their earthly hopes and fears is lost for ever, or only faintly echoed down to us in such brief tales as the present.

However, had all the ghosts of departed Fieldings, from Imperial Rudolph of Hapsburg with the long nose downwards, been gathered round the head of their sleeping kinsman, he could not have dreamed a dream of more vital importance to him than the one which disturbed his slumbers that night, and which I will endeavour to describe in his own words, as he told the story to his wife Susy some months later, when they were sitting side by side over their Christmas fire.

'I had gotten comfortably into my first slumber—and thou knowest, Sue, that I have ever been a hard sleeper,' he said, taking her hand—'when methought that I was standing before the house where our darling little Margy lodged, in the parish of St Martin's, Westminster.

'The street was silent and deserted, while the sun blazed down on my head from a copper-coloured sky with blinding heat, and I marvelled not a little to perceive tall blades of grass growing up betwixt the stones of the pavement, as if there had been no traffic in that usually busy quarter; but what struck me with most wonder and consternation was that on the door of Mistress Tabitha Goodenough's house a large red cross had been painted, with the words "Lord, have mercy upon us!" clearly writ above it, while underneath some other hand had scrawled "DEAD" in big characters of white chalk.

'This vision was of such clearness that I had no doubt but that I was really standing in the street; and, being much troubled in my mind to account for these strange things, I awoke with a start just as I was about to lay my hand on the door.

'It was some moments before I could realise that I was at Startforth, lying in my own bed, and I kept rubbing of my eyes, which seemed still to behold the red cross with the word "DEAD" scrawled beneath; but the bell in the church tower pealing eleven presently brought me to my senses, and I was able to judge that I must have been asleep for nearly an hour.

'I now concluded that something I had eaten at supper might have caused me to be visited by a nightmare; so, swallowing a cup of fair spring-water to drive it away, I turned me over and composed myself to sleep again.

'I had not, however, been long in the Land of Nod when the same vision once more arose before me with even greater distinctness, if that were possible, than before.

'There was the scorching sky, the deserted street, and the tall, gable-ended house projecting over me, with the cross and the ominous word "DEAD" on the door, by which I had been so much troubled in my previous dream; and again I awoke suddenly, with a cold feeling of apprehension on my heart, this time to find the moonbeams shining brightly into my chamber, and the ivy tapping gently against the casement in the soft summer wind, as if it were a spirit-hand beckoning me to come forth.

'I confess that I was grievously perplexed; for, though I am no idle believer in dreams, the vision

thus strangely repeated seemed to portend some evil hanging over the house where our beloved Margery dwelt, and it impressed me deeply. However, not wishing to give way to idle fancies, I got up, and, sitting by the open window, smoked a quiet pipe; for, though many of my friends laugh at me for giving way to the practice of smoking, and call it a vice imported from a savage and barbarous people, which is therefore little worthy of imitation among civilised nations, I have often remarked that in times of trouble the aroma of tobacco gives a calm current to the reflections, and clears the brain in a manner that is truly remarkable, many instances of which I could cite, were it not that I want to tell thee about our little Margy, and how by means of my dream she was saved from a terrible death.

'Well, as I sat by the window and looked out on the tranquil moonlit park, and saw the trees gently waving in the breeze, all so quiet and peaceful, my thoughts became more calm, and I began to consider that, as the first dream or nightmare had made such a strong impression on my mind, and I had fallen asleep thinking of it, there was nothing so very marvellous in my dreaming it again; and, having settled this point, I felt more happy, and got to bed again, determined to finish my night's repose quietly. But I had not been long asleep before that same vision appeared for the third time, impressing me with even greater apprehension, and awaking me in a cold sweat of terror.

'I now doubted no longer what to do. Whether the dream meant aught or nought, I was resolved to ride straight to London as fast as horse could carry me, and see with mine own eyes that our little Margery was in no strait requiring help. For I reflected that even were my journey to prove bootless, my mind would thus be set at rest, and I should be doing what thou wouldst have counselled in the anxiety of thy tender heart hadst thou been with me.

'I need not say how anxious I now was to reach my destination, and that it was with but little delay that I dressed myself and roused old Roger from his sleep in the loft over the stable.

'Poor, simple fellow! I could see that he marvelled secretly at my hasty summons; but, being an old soldier, he asked no questions, knowing well that it was his duty to obey; and we soon had Madcap and Primrose, our two best nags, saddled and ready for the road. Then, filling my purse with money, and taking care to place trusty pistols in our holsters for reason of the great insecurity of the highways, we mounted and rode down towards Northallerton just as the first gray streak of dawn was kindling in the eastern sky.

'How we spurred on, past sleeping hamlets and ripening corn-fields, to Doncaster and York, with never a halt or bait save such as was absolutely necessary to keep our steeds in good fettle, I need not tell thee. Our Yorkshire nags—and, I may say without boast, their riders—are used to endurance; and old soldiers like Roger and myself, who have clashed stirrups with Prince Rupert, think little of travelling night and day. But it was a long and arduous ride, the roads being in most sad condition, and thou canst imagine how my impatience was ever outstripping our expedition, great though it was.

'But when at last—on a hot, sultry afternoon, with the sun blazing down through a copper-coloured sky, just such as I had seen in my dream—we approached the outskirts of the great city of London, my heart sank within me, and I almost dreaded to reach our journey's end, lest my worst fears should be realised. This did not, however, prevent our pricking on with all possible speed, though in truth our poor horses went stumbling over the rough stones of the pavement in a sorry enough plight, having traversed forty miles since their last baiting.

'As we made our way between the long rows of houses my spirits grew heavier than ever, for I remarked that the grass was indeed growing in the streets, and that there was scarcely a Christian soul abroad to cheer their desolate aspect, while those few we did meet hurried by on the other side without raising their eyes. This reminded me that the passengers we had encountered on the road as we approached London had all passed us after the same fashion, taking little heed of our salutations, and never stopping to salute us, as is the usual manner of the common people.

'Being little acquainted with the quarter of the town we had entered, I became at last anxious for some one to direct me, and presently espying a stout citizen of the middle-class coming round a corner, I hailed him civilly; but he took no heed, and would have hurried by had I not seized him by the cloak, whereupon the fellow unfastened it from his neck and fairly took to his heels, leaving the garment in my hands.

'I was still pondering on this strange behaviour, when a tall, sallow-visaged man, whom, by his velvet doublet and black cloak, I conceived to be a physician, came along the footway with a red staff in his hand; so, moving my horse in such a manner that he could not conveniently pass, I craved speech of him, but he only answered my salutation by saying hurriedly, "Friend, it is of no use to detain me; there are others who have as much need of me as thou, and I am even now bent on an errand of life or death."

'I replied, with a strange sickness creeping over my heart, that I only wished him to direct me to Mistress Goodenough's house; whereupon, raising his eyes and regarding me earnestly, he said shortly, "If, as I imagine from your speech, you are a stranger, return quickly from whence you came, for God hath visited this city with a terrible pestilence, and it were but tempting Him to tarry." Then, eluding my grasp, he hurried up the street, chewing some pungent herbs that he carried in his hand.

'Oh dearest heart! thou canst imagine what my feelings were after this. Although hardly daring to put the thought in words, I had felt some misgiving before as to what his answer might be, but now I knew of a certainty that we were in the presence of that pestilence which walketh in darkness and striketh in the noonday, sparing neither young nor old, and that my dream had come true.

'We hurried on our way, a great terror keeping us silent, till at last we stood before the house we sought; and there, just as I had seen it in my vision days before, and I now knew that I should see it again, was the doorway with "Lord, have mercy upon us!" the great red cross, and the word "DEAD" carelessly scrawled upon it, staring us in the face.

'It was but the work of a moment to spring from my horse and to run to lift the latch; but a heavy iron padlock had been fixed to the gate, and prevented my entrance; while no living voice responded to my repeated knocks and cries.

'While I stood irresolute how to act we heard a lamentable wailing, and a poor, half-naked creature, with staring eyes and dishevelled hair, ran towards us, wringing his hands in a most terrible manner, and crying at the top of his voice, "Lord, have mercy upon us! What shall we do—what shall we do?" But, on perceiving that we would fain accost him, he uttered a loud shriek and darted down a side-street, where he was soon lost to view. So, with a heavy heart, I turned me to the door again, and recommenced knocking.

'At last a fellow, carrying a halberd in his hand, whom I took to be a guard of some sort, approached, and, stopping at a good distance from us, shouted to know what we wanted. I replied that I would enter the house where my daughter lodged, adding that he should have a gold piece if he would aid me to get in.

'He bade me throw the money on the ground, and then, placing it in his pouch with a grin, said, "I am sorry, my master, I cannot do your bidding; but it is more than my place is worth. The searchers visited that house this morning, and declared all in it dead of the pestilence. No one may enter now till the dead-cart comes to carry away the bodies; and I am the watchman set to keep the door."

'"But I will give thee yet another gold piece," I cried in my despair, "if thou wilt let me go in for but one moment to see if my child is there."

'"I cannot do it," he answered sulkily; "it is against the Magistrate's orders."

'"Then, by the sword of Prince Rupert! I will go in whether thou wilt or no," I exclaimed, drawing a pistol from my holster and holding it to the lock.

'On seeing me thus determined, he called to me to stop, saying that he had the key; but added that if I once went in I should have to remain, as none might leave a plague-stricken house till they had been fourteen days without taking the disease.

'I told him I cared not for that, and, bidding Roger lead the horses to the nearest hostel and there await my coming, prepared to enter. The faithful fellow, however, instead of doing my bidding, sprang from his horse, and, plucking me by the cloak, besought me with tears in his eyes not to turn him back; and indeed was so earnest about it that at last I was constrained to let him have his way. So, the watchman having promised to see to our horses, we passed together through the dark doorway, which was immediately locked and bolted on the outside.

'I will not pain thee, sweetheart, with a narrative of the sights which met us in each chamber of that terrible house, where the lives of so many poor creatures had suddenly been cut off in the night, as the sword of the Angel of Death swept through it. I will rather hurry to that little room on the second floor, where all my fears centred, and in which I found our Margery lying cold and motionless on her snowy bed, her young face rivalling the damask in its whiteness, but, I thanked God, not changed in the dreadful manner that had made the other rooms so terrible to enter.

'I sat down, and, taking our darling's hand in mine, for some time remained overcome by emotions which *thou* canst picture, though I cannot even now bear to describe them. Was it something in the touch of that soft hand, or a sudden inspiration from above, that made me bend eagerly over our child and hold a mirror to her parted lips? The smooth surface for a time remained bright and polished, but at last—surely it was not the thankful tears rising in my eyes?—I thought I detected a slight haze upon it. Quick as thought I drew my sword and gently pricked the slender wrist; the blood flowed fresh and red, and then I fell on my knees, and, burying my face in my hands, thanked God for His great mercy.

'Yes, though sorely stricken with the plague, our darling still breathed; the ignorant women-searchers who had visited the house having left her for dead among the dead, with not a living soul near her, to be buried alive in the great pit when the dead-cart came round!

'During two long hours I sat by the little bed without moving, for I knew that even there before my eyes the silent struggle between youth and the Destroyer was being fiercely fought over that passive form, and that when she awoke it would be either to this life or the next.

'The shadows of evening lengthened, and darkness closed on the deserted street, yet still I sat, holding the passive hand in mine, as the anxious moments sped. Then, suddenly, the ringing of a bell pierced the silence, accompanied by the heavy rolling of wheels; the glare of a torch flickered up through the window, and a hoarse voice shouted beneath in grating accents the fearful summons, "Bring out your dead."

'Presently the lock of the front door was unfastened, and heavy footsteps entered the lower rooms. The dead-cart had arrived!

'Soon Roger, who was standing sentry in the passage, beckoned with his hand, and, closing the door softly behind me, I joined him; for the men, who had emptied the lower rooms, were now coming up the stairs.

'"We seek another body," said the foremost fellow on beholding us; "the return gives seven dead in this house, and we have taken but six."

'"You have taken all that are dead here," I answered. "Go your way in peace."

'"I have my orders to execute," replied the man with an oath. "Stand back, or it will be the worse for you!"

'"The worse for you," I said quietly, drawing my sword and barring his passage. I heard afterwards that these buriers of the dead were some among the most hardened creatures of the town by reason of their dreadful calling; and I can well believe it from the torrent of abuse the men showered upon us; but at last they were fain to retire, and, fastening the outer gate behind them, left us alone in the plague-stricken house.

'As I turned again to the sick-chamber and resumed my watch, I reflected with horror and a feeling of deep thankfulness to God on what might have been the fate of our poor, helpless darling had I not been there to save her from those ignorant ruffians, who would assuredly have cast her tender body into one of the great pits, where in times of pestilence the dead are buried in nameless heaps and speedily consumed with quicklime.

'It was, I think, towards three in the morning that I noticed a quivering of Margy's eyelids, and presently, to my unspeakable joy, she opened them wide, and fixed her gentle gaze full on mine. The poor child seemed very weak, and suffering from a great oppression on the chest, but she managed to whisper the words "Dear father," though in such halting and pitiful accents that I could hardly catch what she said; then, closing her eyes again, she lost consciousness for a few moments.

'I ran to the window to let in more air, and, seeing the watchman standing below, besought him to fetch a physician, which the fellow, who was not ill-natured, presently did, bringing with him an honest apothecary, named Boghurst, from St Giles's-in-the-Fields, who, having felt his patient's pulse, pronounced her to have passed a most dangerous crisis of the disease, and held out good hopes of her recovery. Then, prescribing a decoction of dill, pennyroyal, fennel, and aniseed in a posset-drink, he departed, promising to return in a few hours.

'The watchman would on no account permit Roger or myself to leave the house, but willingly executed all our commissions for us, bringing whatsoever we required, and placing it in a basket, which we lowered from one of the windows and drew up again with a cord.

'For the first few days I felt the want of exercise very much; but as Margy slowly grew in strength I spent many hours by her bedside, reading to her out of some works of fiction that I had found in some of the lower rooms; and at this time learned how great a boon those who write such books can confer on the suffering in mind or in body, by leading their thoughts away from themselves, and attracting their sympathy to creatures who, though fictitious, are yet sufficiently interesting to arouse the nobler feelings of the heart.

'Doctor Boghurst often called, and I soon discovered that he was not only a clever and brave man, as assuredly he was, attending the suffering in all the most infected places; but one, too, possessing great natural kindness of disposition. He was also a merry companion, fond of his cup of sack, which he declared to be a great specific against the plague. Some people, he said, mixed it with wormwood; and Roger, having taken to this idea, often caused me to laugh, even during that sad time, by the long faces he would pull over his potations. For myself, I took a moderate amount of sack pure, but both Roger and I smoked tobacco continually, and to this I mainly attribute our escape from the infection.

'It was curious to hear Dr Boghurst relate how strangely the disease took some and left others, many of the most reckless and abandoned being spared, while those who were good and well beloved were called away. But this I take to be but another proof of the great mercy of God, who would not cut off His poor, erring creatures before they had time for repentance; and often have I heard stories of deeds of wonderful kindness and devotion performed during these days of trial by some who before had seemed most frivolous and thoughtless.

'At length the strange halting in Margy's speech happily passed away, and she was pronounced strong enough to travel. But now a great difficulty presented itself, for the common people in the country round London had such a terror of infection that they would suffer none coming from the city to lodge in their houses, and were even unwilling to permit them to pass through their villages. But at last, the watchman having procured at a great price the hire of a spacious coach and four stout horses, we decided to set forth and take our chance. I rewarded the fellow well for his diligence, and one dark night, when all in the street were abed, he unfastened the bolts of the door, and we stepped once again into the open air.

'Roger and I rode beside the coach, while Margy sat inside with a good woman we had procured as her companion. But I will not now tell thee all the difficulties we encountered on the road, lest I make my story too long. It is enough that I have brought thee our child safe and sound, and that her dear life was preserved through that strange dream which, coming three nights before the event, enabled me to save her from being buried alive.'

A DORSETSHIRE INDUSTRY.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TILES.

ONE marked feature of the spread of sanitary science is the increased use of tiles for building purposes. Instead of having walls with papered surfaces which need frequent renewals, and boarded floors with cracks and crevices which harbour dust and prove resting-places for disease-germs, the rough insanitary surfaces are being gradually replaced by the smooth surfaces of tiles, which, while resisting dirt and dust for a long time, are capable of being easily and quickly washed without being marred by the process, and thus they may be considered practically everlasting in wear.

Not only are tiles thus useful from a sanitary point of view, but the smooth, hard surface lends itself to artistic treatment, and tiles are used in buildings for their decorative as well as for their utilitarian qualities. The use of tiles for decorative purposes was known ages ago among Eastern nations; and although the use of such tiles was probably introduced into this country at the time of the Crusades, they were reserved chiefly for the decoration of churches on account of the expensiveness of the imported tiles. It is only of recent years that tile-making has become a home industry; but during those few years it has steadily prospered, and at the present time it gives promise of still further development.

Some of the potteries of Staffordshire include the making of tiles, the clay used being imported from Dorsetshire; but Dorsetshire is beginning to use its own clay, and as coal can be sea-borne at little expense to Poole, that town, with its suburb of Hanworthy, is established as the headquarters of the Dorsetshire pottery industry.

Most of the clay used at Poole is obtained from the neighbourhood of Wareham, and is of a gray or light-brown colour; but the cream and white clays which are used for the best and most highly ornamented tiles are imported from Cornwall and Devon.

It takes four weeks to turn the shapeless mass of rough clay into the finished tiles ready for the market, for the sticky clay has to go through many processes, which must be done slowly in order to be done well. From a shed in the yard outside the pottery, the clay is carried indoors and put into a powerful mill, which crushes the stones found in the clay into smaller fragments. Another mill pulverises the clay more completely, and then it is dried so that it may be more easily crushed, and better mixed in the next process, which consists of two more grinding operations. The clay, which by this time is reduced to a fine powder, is put into a revolving sieve, which resembles the sieve of a flour-mill, and keeps back all but the finest powder. The white clay, which has to be of extreme fineness, is put into a machine containing three sieves, which are arranged one over the other, and which act simultaneously, so that by the time it has passed through the three sieves the particles are of a microscopic character. It is then mixed to a thin paste with water, and pumped into a press containing calico bags, which are subjected to great pressure, so that a clayey mass remains in each bag. The bags are drained, and the clay is scraped off and placed in a steam-heated cupboard until it is sufficiently dry to be further pulverised and milled.

The dust is stored in bins according to colour, and when it is required for use it is slightly damped—so slightly that it still appears as powder—just sufficiently to enable the particles to cohere when they are pressed together. The damp dust is placed in a mould, a few turns are given to the screw of a press, and, lo! there is a shaped tile which is strong enough to bear gentle handling. Each press is worked by a man, and a boy stands near to receive the tiles, trim off any rough particles, and stack them ready for the drying-room. Some of the presses turn out small cubes which are used in mosaic-work, and which show a full range of colours, some of which are natural, but others are owing to an admixture of colouring matter to the clay. The most interesting branch of tile moulding is the making of encaustic tiles, in which the pattern is wrought in different coloured clays. The mould is filled with clay-dust of a particular colour, and over it is placed a sheet of thick brass from which a pattern has been cut out, a little more dust is added to fill the spaces, and the mould is pressed. The pattern is then removed, the spaces filled with dust of another colour, pressure is again applied, and the result is a tile decorated in a style capable of resisting the wear of years. Some tiles are composed of clay-dust which has been mixed to a stiff paste with water. Such tiles are moulded by hand, and when coated with a particular glaze are frost-proof, and are thus useful for decorating the outside of houses.

The moulds are carried to the drying-room, which is heated by steam-pipes. Here they remain for three or four weeks, so that they are hard enough to resist the greater heat of the furnaces without buckling out of shape. When ready for the furnaces, the tiles are stacked in lidless boxes of rough fireproof ware which are called saggers, and which are made from the débris of the clay. The saggers are piled up in a kiln capable of holding so many tiles that it takes three days to fill the kiln. The entrance to the kiln is then blocked with brickwork, and a fire is lighted underneath. The fire requires great skill in management, and the stoker

is by no means the least important person in the pottery. A complicated system of flues arranges the distribution of heat, and the dome-shaped chimney, which marks out potteries from other factories, reflects the heat downwards into the kiln. The fire is kept burning night and day for seven days, and then the tiles are tested. If they are properly baked, the fire is permitted to go out and the kiln is allowed to cool very gradually, so that a sudden change of temperature may not cause cracking among the tiles. When quite cold, the saggers are lifted out and the tiles are tested. Those that ring true are set aside for the finishing processes, while the faulty goods are crushed to atoms and are added to the crude clay, to pass again through the various operations from the beginning.

Interesting as is every process in the manufacture of tiles, the most interesting part is the decoration of them. It seems as though there is no limit to the various ways in which they may be ornamented, varying as they do from the plain glazed coloured surface to the hand-painted picture which perhaps is only part of an elaborate piece made up by a combination of tiles. The exact composition of glazes is a well-guarded trade secret, and experiments are constantly being tried for obtaining new effects. Some glazes give a transparent coating only, others give a glazed body-surface of various tints which depend largely upon the firing for their final effects, others give a dull effect in artistic shades and are known as 'monastic' glazes, while others reproduce the metallic surface of the old-fashioned lustre-ware.

Many tiles are moulded with a patterned surface, and both men and women take part in decorating such tiles, using glazes of certain colours for the groundwork and others of contrasting colours for the pattern.

Another simple form of decoration is known as 'slip outline.' A design is pencilled on the surface of a plain tile. The outline is then covered over with a glaze which is squeezed from a rubber ball held in the palm of the right hand, through a glass tube drawn to a point at one end like a stylograph filler. When the design has hardened sufficiently to prevent the colours from running into one another, the groundwork and the design are covered with different coloured glazes.

The most expensive tiles are those which are hand-painted with colours which are specially suited to the decoration of pottery. This branch of the work gives scope to the designer, who, when he knows the kind of building which is to be decorated with tiles, prepares designs of ornamental arrangements of tiles specially suited for its particular purpose. Some of the designs include a large picture which is made up of separate tiles in the same way as children's pictures are sometimes made up of blocks. The plain white tiles are arranged close together and regarded as a single surface while the design is being painted on them, and when they are numbered at the back they are easily pieced together again after they have been glazed and fired.

The appearance of a tile when it is newly glazed gives no idea of what its appearance will be like after it has been fired. The surface looks as though it had been painted over with a muddy composition of dull and neutral colours, yet when the tiles have passed the second time through the furnace the full beauty of the colours is brought out, and the surface has that glazed hardness which makes tiles so sanitarily clean. For the second baking, the tiles are again placed in saggers; but, as they are wet with their coating of glaze, they have to be kept apart by little racks and pegs of earthenware, which is, of all common substances, the only one which is able to withstand the intense heat of the furnace.

A modification of tile-work which is carried on in the same pottery is known as faïence-work. This consists of large blocks of mouldings or elaborate designs, and it plays an important part in modern buildings as a substitute for stone on account of its great durability. The powdered clay is moistened into a stiff paste which is either moulded by hand or shaped in earthenware moulds, and then baked. Some beautiful work of this kind is sometimes produced. The design, which may be an elaborate one of fruit and flowers, is modelled in clay, and a cast is taken which serves as a mould for the plastic faïence-clay. Like tiles, the blocks are baked, and sometimes too, like tiles, they are glazed. Glazed faïence is used very largely as curbs for tiled hearths, and often, too, whole mantelpieces and overmantels are composed of it.

Smart shops often have the doorway paved with mosaics arranged in artistic designs, and often with the name stretched across the white surface in mosaic lettering. Mention has already been made of the moulding of mosaics, and when they have been hardened in the furnace they are ready for use. Women are generally employed in the laying of mosaics, which is interesting work in spite of the kneeling position which has to be adopted in carrying it on. A large sheet of brown paper with the design traced on it is spread on a large low platform, on which the women kneel. The paper is glued a small piece at a time, and the glued surface has the mosaics closely packed upon it in accordance with a small coloured design which the worker has at hand. If the cubes do not fit, they are placed on a block of lead, and a smart blow from a hammer on a chisel-like tool soon chips off as much as is necessary. When the whole surface of the paper is covered with mosaics it is ready to be fixed. The doorway is spread with moist concrete and the mosaics are set in it, and left until the concrete has hardened. The brown paper on which they were glued and which forms the upper surface is soaked in warm water and peeled off, and then is revealed the name and design in their proper sequence and not reversed as they appeared while they were being pieced together.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

ALREADY there are murmurings of fear as to what may happen on the next Budget night, for it seems the Exchequer has got itself into a tight corner, and that for its freedom some drastic measures in future taxation may be necessary. Those old-age pensions, which have proved so much more expensive than was originally estimated, have to be paid for in some way. So, when men collect together, they begin now, as many times before, to speak of ways and means. Some new methods of taxation are perhaps essential. New ideas are wanted. Some persons have spoken with hope of a scheme of taxing professional sport, like Association football, as was suggested in these pages a little while back. Others are asking themselves whether we are to take it that no further burden is to be placed on the motorists. Are bachelors, cats, newspapers, advertisements, or other things that have been mentioned in this connection before, to be taxed now or never? Or instead of gaining the money that we need by fresh taxation, should we not rather try to save it out of current expenditure? This is the easier way, and that which makes for less discontent in the aggregate; though, to be sure, there are some who would grumble vehemently and for a long time if all schemes of retrenchment that have been suggested by wise men were put into practice. But when the business man finds that his accounts for a year are not so satisfactory as they ought to be, one of the things he invariably does first of all is to look through his office and his works or establishment and cut down waste, merely useless and often inexplicable expenditure. The mention of those pensions which are the cause of some of the Chancellor's present difficulties recalls that until lately we were reckless spendthrifts in pensions given to those who had done nothing towards earning them, and it is only a little to our credit that a few years ago, thanks to the report of a Select Committee, an end was put almost entirely, and chiefly by commutation, to heavy pensions which had been going on for many generations—why nobody knew. When we commence public works in these days we hear much of the rights and privileges of posterity. If anything, we are too indulgent with posterity. If we pay a sovereign we see to it that posterity shall not pay more for the same thing; we are rather disposed to let it have the article, whatever it is, for nineteen and six, and a full further allowance for any depreciation. Posterity may be grateful to us of the early twentieth-century period—that is, provided it has a taste for the things that we enjoy and are placing upon the earth. This is a fine tribute to our judicial fairness under severe provocation, for inferior nations might have been disposed to 'take it out' of their posterity for the burdens which had been inflicted upon them by ancestors who seemingly cared not a snap of the fingers for their own posterity. Our ancestors of a couple of hundred years behind, or less, were a fine body of men, who had little meanness in their spirit, and liked doing everything well. Heroes then were treated like heroes; those who were of service to the State were splendidly rewarded. There were exceptions; but this generally was the rule. When they wished to do anything of this kind unusually well, to show that they had a fine prodigality in good causes, they had a method which cost them, indeed, but little, and yielded not much to the benefactor, but which in name and provisions seemed to measure out to the last degree of munificence and generosity. We, the posterity, paid, and did so at a time when all the advantage, or most of it, that had originally been derived by the country—if any was ever derived, as it was not always—had disappeared or been forgotten. The method was simply this: to give a pension for life to the deserving person, and, more than that, to give it to his heirs and assigns *for ever*. The heirs and assigns had nothing to do with the service or circumstance, and might be comparatively worthless or unimportant persons, and we, the posterity,

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

who it was decreed should pay them, might be getting no benefit from the original situation. But it made no difference. Our ancestors with light hearts wrote 'for ever' on those parchments, and posterity kept on paying, and looked like doing so continuously until that Select Committee thought very hard and recommended us to pay off the heirs and assigns by commutation, or a lump sum, even though in many cases such commutation ran to hundreds of thousands of pounds. And this was done, so that now there are only one or two of those pensions still left, and we do not mind them when they are ticketed with names like 'Nelson.'

* * *

In these days we are not so prodigal with pensions as our forefathers were; but the fact remains that we are still a great people for giving them, and at times of financial stress like this it might be wise to consider whether these pensions might not, with serious disadvantage to nobody, be reduced in number and in value. No names are to be mentioned in this connection, nor is a grievance felt against any particular class in the pensions that they receive. Thus we are not associated with the fears of some who recognise that the present Government may complete four years of office before it goes out, and that in that case Cabinet Ministers of the first rank become entitled to pensions of two thousand pounds a year. These are very infrequently asked for, as Ministers in past sessions have for the most part been wealthy men; but the case is different now. Ministers of the second rank get pensions of one thousand two hundred pounds when they have done six years' work, and unthinking people have been known to express satisfaction that their qualification, as events are shaping themselves, will not be complete. It has often been pointed out that a certain great dignitary of State gets a pension of ten thousand pounds a year when his party goes out of office, just because he doubles certain offices, one of which at least makes hardly any demand upon his time or abilities. This is a big pension, and it is none the less by contrast with the case of the President of the United States, who gets nothing when he goes out of office, and must buckle into his work again like any one else. But the Government departments are the places where pensions are thickest. Once get into one of these departments, and it is virtually impossible to avoid a good pension, one which conscientious pensionaries feel too often is better than their poor abilities have merited. People are paid salaries for doing nothing, filling appointments which have long since become obsolete, and then, after fifteen years of boredom by regulated idleness, they take their pensions and go away. The easiest way to make money out of the State in a civil office is not to study for examinations, cram and pass them, and then 'work up' to be a something of the first division; but to make an intelligent study beforehand of the odder pensions that are given, and to qualify for one of them. Or the Governments of either complexion are always willing to create new appointments with pensions attached to their tails when interesting suggestions are made. Only the other day we had authentic information of a suggestion to this effect having been most favourably entertained, to the end that the gentleman concerned was duly appointed in a new place, with the special advantage of his appointment being antedated a few years so that he would have less than the ordinary fifteen to toil through. Wander through the dark alleys of departments, and you will find men huddled away in corners, dozing through these ugly years until the bright morning dawns when they need no longer go to do nothing at Whitehall, but with a pension and a new spirit may go forward to engage in enterprise in which their activity may have its fling.

* * *

But perhaps when we get on this administrative trail we may find that great economies may be effected without taking anything from the pockets of individuals and officials. Royal Commissions and Blue Books might be made much cheaper than they are. A little while since a Select Committee which had been appointed to consider the form and cost of the House of Commons publications made several useful recommendations; but later still we have been apprised of some interesting circumstances appertaining to the *Fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal*. In 1898 ten persons were appointed to sit on this Commission, of whom only three survived to sign the fifth and semi-final report. It appeared that the only result of the ten years' work was the output of about forty pounds of Blue Books, running to five thousand two hundred and ninety-three pages, at a cost, for the entire editions, of fifty thousand pounds. This works out to about nine pounds a page, which, from the literary point of view, is shamefully extravagant, and it can only be considered from this point, since experts have said that the information contained has little practical value or else will not be applied to advantage. There are, however, worse cases than this. A little while back a volume of a Traffic Commission's report was issued and achieved some notoriety. This report cost two pounds and ninepence a copy, and one thousand two hundred copies were printed of it, of which three hundred and twenty-eight were sold. When such things happen we are prepared for the further information that in 1904–5 the considerable sum of four hundred and fifty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty-two pounds was paid for the nation's printing, and that one of the results was that two thousand nine hundred and sixty-three tons of waste-paper had afterwards to be sold. One of the pretty ways of the people who are responsible for these things is to reprint papers, that are first printed in the octavo size, in

foolscap, so that they may be bound and placed on the library shelves. This is merely a matter of looks, of æsthetic fancy; but it costs one thousand two hundred pounds a year. If we must give old-age pensions, and have difficulty in paying for them, it would be a good thing surely to take a walk through these various departments and see where we may remove a little unnecessary expenditure. The instances quoted here are merely taken hap-hazard from the general stock. This is essentially an age for national economy.

* * *

It may be presumed that when Ovid submitted that '*Nulli non sua forma placet*,' he did not mean that ladies were satisfied with their own personal appearance at all times and under every condition; but rather that when they decked themselves, and with excusable arts made it that they 'looked their best,' they were invariably pleased, seeing perhaps beauty where others of weak and careless discernment noticed only comeliness, and rejoicing in comeliness when detractors in mean whispers would speak of homely looks, and thought they were being generous at that. The poet must certainly have intended this qualification, because we can imagine circumstances in which the charms of Venus would have brightened the eyes of no young male person, and in the same way we conceive that in reflective moments it would be a grief to a lady could she see herself as others saw her at some time in full view of a vast audience, being carried in men's arms from a platform with her clothing all awry, hair loose and dishevelled, face red with anger not suppressed, and lips uttering mere incoherences. Surely ladies in such circumstances could not be satisfied with their personal appearance, and so they must be making great sacrifices. So, too, their fellows who at similar times chain themselves to chairs and fixed railings, and in such security scream hysterically across wide halls filled with people or in chambers where grave matters are being debated. By such thoughts as these we come surely to realise the vast sacrifices that some of the women of the day are making in a cause which they represent as being of the utmost moment to their welfare and that of their sex generally—of such moment, indeed, that not merely will they sacrifice their appearance, but for the furtherance of their affair, as they think, they impede the work of Governments, turn the streets to pandemoniums, and even make schisms and unhappiness in homes that aforetime knew nothing that was not of joy. The extent of the nuisance of the woman's suffrage movement, as it is being conducted at the present time, is probably not fully appreciated in country places. It is in the Metropolis that the aggravation to men and to reasonable women is greatly felt, and many of these men could in these days preach with effect and sincerity from a text yielded to them by wise Solomon, who held that 'it is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.' Now, let us not be misunderstood in this matter of the suffragette movement. In these pages there is never any inclination to discuss contentious matters, but rather to avoid them, not seeking after the manner of partisan publications to influence the opinion of readers; and, furthermore, it must be said that in some of its phases the woman's suffrage question is not a contentious matter, since the great majority of thinking men are entirely agreed that in some certain circumstances, as when a masculine responsibility is borne, women should have the vote which is given almost universally to men. But, however unfair it may be to judge all women by and condemn them for the methods of the militant minority, it is almost inevitable in the circumstances; and so the persons who would give votes to women are brought to a second thought in the matter which they think is better than the first one. They ask themselves whether women who shout in squares and sing outside prison walls are quite the kind of people to be entrusted with votes, and reluctantly they answer 'No,' because in these women they see at times all the weaknesses of the sex magnified to the extreme degree, and they search with difficulty for those qualities and charms which they have been wont to honour and admire.

* * *

These ladies are a curious product of an age of difficulty and strain which tests the mental balance of all human beings as no other has ever done, and strongly tends to excite unduly fine and feminine temperaments. They are inclined to forget themselves, their sex, their dignity, in a mad pursuit of what in their excited imaginations they regard as 'politics,' and it is these politics which have now become 'their whole existence' in place of a gentler and fully feminine passion. In their present state of mind, the methods they adopt suit them most admirably. They are given a notoriety, a public exhibition in the limelight, which they could not possibly gain in any other way, for more than a day at any rate—a notoriety and a publicity which, let it be said, the best women, those whom the men of England have most respected, have generally shrunk from. See how, in the whirl of their political adventures, they check themselves marvellously to pose calmly and steadily to the photographer, once before they go forward to the battle, and again when, battered and beaten, they emerge from it; affording also facilities to the photographer to obtain a few pictures of them in the act of destroying the public peace. Then, best of all, in the evening papers and in those of the morning that follows they see exhaustive accounts of all their doings and adventures, verbatim reports of their speeches, in which they speak of their cause and all the rest of it, headlines in large type surmounting the columns; and they have the further satisfaction of reading leading articles on their policy and methods, some, be it said, exhibit-

ing no uncertain vein of sympathy with them. They feel that they are stateswomen, that they are leading England, and so forth! Men who read and witness feel sad. Agreeing with the principle of women's suffrage to a certain extent, as already explained, they realise sharply the danger of granting it as they could not have realised it in any other way. They feel that for the present there can be no franchise, particularly when the militants' 'no compromise' policy and their insatiable appetite for publicity makes it seem that nothing short of a complete franchise would stop their raging—nothing but one thing. People who are tired of this foolish nonsense ask themselves and others how it may be stopped, and they find no answer that is completely satisfactory. If the terms of imprisonment were increased, if ringleaders were banished, if even more drastic punishments were administered such as have been visited upon the leaders of political movements which have been regarded as impediments to the State in the past, it is more than doubtful whether they would be effectual. Where there is so much excitement, so much of the hysterical, and such a love for the limelight, there is no reason and no desire to terminate the period of quasi-martyrdom. But there is just one simple little thing that can be done, and which would kill the suffragette movement, as we know it at present, in a single week. No great publicity can be obtained without the Press in these days; the publicity that is obtained in other ways is not quick enough or sufficiently general. For the present it suits the papers to report these proceedings at great length. When they are tired of that, and when they come to the conclusion that in the general interest it will be quite a good thing to cease to take any further notice of the militant women or to print any more pictures of them in the throes of being militant, and act accordingly, the movement will be dead from that time. It feeds itself to life and action only on a diet of excitement and notoriety, and its little feminine pulse will cease to beat when this sustenance is withdrawn.

* * *

In the meantime, perhaps, the most serious effect of what is going on is not the nuisance in the streets, the impediments to certain forms of public business, the general rowdyism or the damage done to property, as the strain that is being put upon the chivalrous respect of men for women. These women claim to be treated like men; but during their hysterics great allowances are made for them by men sorely provoked who will not take them at their word; and yet, when the fighting, screaming, and kicking are over, the militants complain of their treatment, and speak of themselves as if they had not surely forfeited some of their rights. Man in his most perfect state should be impervious to any influences that might tend to lessen the spirit of chivalry towards women; but at his best now he is just below that perfect state, so that in the rarest cases of violent aggravation he feels that his gallantry cannot endure much longer, that but a little more and he must force upon his womankind an almost Eastern state of complete, silent, and uncomplaining subserviency, if nothing more. No doubt this feeling is unjust, because the militants who create it are but a small minority among womankind, and the great majority are yet true to those fine principles which have won for the sex the deep reverence of men, and made Englishmen the world over yield to the men of no other nation in their pride of their women. Yet some see a potential suffragette in each woman; and when, in addition, they contemplate the troubles that have been made in what were once the most peaceful homes by this business, the more acute does feeling become in the matter. Thus some men who ponder on these things are led again to ask themselves whether the women of the time, or those of whom we hear most—who are, be it said, not the best representatives of their sex—are quite of the same value as those who have built up the system of the English home as it is. Women, with the honour and the freedom which they have enjoyed in this country, have risen nobly to their opportunities and played no small part in the achievement of the blessings which have been enjoyed by all classes. So they have been set forth proudly as a pattern to the women of all other lands. But now some people begin to ask whether our English women are still so much superior to others as we have imagined, or as they were in the past. It is beyond doubt that the American woman, with her splendid sense and dignity, and her practical yet refined mind, is an enormous force for good, happiness, and success in the American life of to-day. Then some people, whose knowledge of France is limited to a few visits to Paris and odd walks along the boulevards and through the Place de la Concorde, imagine that the type of the French woman is the frisky little creature who skips nimbly across the streets making a show of lace about her ankles, and being in fact 'the gay Parisienne,' who is delightful in her way, but of little real value either to empires or homes. Others who know the heart of France are aware that the French woman is the backbone of the nation, and a strong backbone, too. She is wise, prudent, and thrifty to the utmost degree; she is constantly zealous in the interests of her kinsfolk; and she bears a great burden for the love of bearing it, and quietly, uncomplainingly, rejoicing with a full heart in a reward of the appreciation—slow enough sometimes, but always there—of the husband who toils for her. Some people sneer at the mention of home-life in France; but there is still much that is good that we might learn from it. Now, in France the women do not want the suffrage; nay, there we have the spectacle of the Government thrusting votes of one kind and another upon the female population, and of such voting-powers not being exercised to any appreciable extent. Thus, a little

while since the women in business were given votes for the election of the tribunal of commerce, which decides all trade disputes. Yet, though there are a thousand or more who are qualified, only eight have so far taken the trouble to have their names placed upon the register. Then, more recently, it was determined that all women employed in business, as well as men, should have votes for the election of the 'Conseils de Prud'hommes,' being special commercial courts. When the ballots closed at the end of last October it was shown that only twenty-four out of every thousand women had availed themselves of their privileges in the matter, and even this small minority consisted entirely of female clerks employed in certain large banks, whose names had invariably been placed on the registers by their employers. In not a single case had any woman taken steps to get her name placed on the registers. This is not mere listlessness or apathy of any blameworthy kind, as some of the 'advanced' women of other countries might suggest. It is merely that such active citizenship—this voting, electing, council-making, resolving, and all the rest of it—is work that is alien to the mind and disposition of the French woman of to-day as to all her predecessors, and that she still conceives that her place is to do the best she can for her family, and to make the least possible disturbance or assertion of rights and privileges in doing it. But, as a last word, it is a good thing to think and know that the qualities of the English women generally are as high to-day as ever. The suffragettes are a tiny minority, but an aggravating and perhaps a dangerous one.

* * *

Concerning this matter many efforts were made lately to discover parallels, even if weak ones, in the past records to the recent trouble given by the ladies in the Gallery of the House of Commons, and some most interesting results were adduced. But we do not remember that one anecdote, which is surely the best of its kind, was adduced. Once upon a time, during the reign of Mr Speaker Denison, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was having one of its turns in the House, when, on a motion by Mr Hanley, orders were given to have the Ladies' Gallery cleared. One lady refused to leave. The order was repeated; but the only effect the repetition had upon the lady was to make her threaten that if any one touched her she would scream! The Speaker thereupon beckoned Sir John Hay to the chair, and said to him, 'Tell Hanley I've twice sent the Serjeant-at-Arms up to clear the Gallery. He reports all gone but one, and she won't budge. I believe her to be the deceased wife's sister! We had better take no notice, and go on with the debate.'

NATURE AT NIGHT.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THE 'sabbath of mankind is the working day of more creatures than spend it in repose. It is one common error to associate light and life, and another to regard the dark hours as the sleeping-time of most of Nature's children. There are reasons for these fallacies. In the first place, we ourselves devote most of the night to rest. Then, also, most of the birds roost through the darkness, waking only in the blush of a new dawn. Birds, like the grasshoppers of which Burke complained, are so noisy that they engage our attention to the exclusion of the more silent beasts and reptiles, so that when they are at rest we are apt to deem all nature wrapped in sleep.

Yet the thousand eyes of Night, from the brief darkness of the tropics to the all but eternal gloom of the poles, look down on a busy world. In hot countries particularly the earth seems lifeless all the livelong day. A few gorgeous birds may flutter in the tree-tops; a bloated vulture may rise heavily from its orgy in the plains; a lizard or two may flash from your horse's path; but for the most part animal nature hates the fierce caress of a tropical sun, and shrinks under cover till its strength is spent. Then, when it has gone to light another hemisphere, when Night has flung her black cloak over the parched landscape, myriads of creatures start from fissures in the earth, from holes in trees, from caves and water-holes, as if by magic, till, where an hour earlier all was lifeless, you cannot stir without sending some unseen creature scuttling out of danger. I remember well a sweet orchard of nut-trees four or five thousand feet up in the Atlas Mountains, in which we pitched our tents at sundown. During the brief gloaming I wandered round my kingdom of a night in the vain search for some interesting butterfly or lizard, and found nothing but a colony of ants, which, as they were at the end remote from my sleeping-quarters, I took some pains not to disturb. No sooner, however, had the African darkness fallen on peak and valley than the little plantation seemed alive. Owls hooted and unknown birds chattered, reptiles made the fallen leaves crackle in the darkness, and little marmots came out from the boulders that towered beside our tents as soon as the moon lit up the gorge.

Every creature of prey, from lions to scorpions, fares forth at night; centipedes, cockroaches, and spiders swell the company. The mosquito, which all day has left the European in peace, once again raises her accursed voice in praise, and comes gaily to the feast. The darkness lures the weak as well as the strong, prey as well as predatory, from their hiding-place. The timid deer, stealing down

to its drinking-pool, never learns until too late its danger from the lurking crocodile or crouching panther. Fat moths sail recklessly into the open mouths of bats and nightjars. Frogs sing their own requiem as the noiseless, hungry otter glides behind them. Mice run in merry abandon under the ready claws of owls. Nature, ever merciless to the individual, never revels more ruthlessly in rapine than at night. It is the very carnival of dark deeds. The stealthy badger grossly devours a nest of screaming leverets; the fox squeezes the life out of a careless pheasant; all Nature's assassins love the cloak of darkness, and not until the sun is once more over the horizon will they and their victims seek the cover that they left in the witching hour of gloaming.

Since the ear is always more sensitive when the eye cannot see, the voices of the night are always memorable. Also, it must be remembered, there are fewer rival sounds. Even the hum of the drowsy dor-beetle, which we should hardly notice in the chorus of the million tongues of day, booms loud and threatening on a June evening. When you have once heard the tuneful choir of bull-frogs in the equatorial night, sounding from the swamp near camp, its music haunts you for years after. The lion's roar is most tremendous in the darkness; by day it might be taken for the booming grunt of the ostrich. The low hooting of some old owl, heard a mile or more on moonlight nights, would at midday scarce be noticed across the street. How much sweeter is the trembling note of the nightingale in Kentish lanes, or of the mocking-bird of Jamaica gardens, in the sable silence of the night than when in daytime it is vainly challenged by a thousand rivals!

And what of the night at sea? About darkness brooding over deep water there is quiet horror, the suggestion of tragedy, the note of hidden violence. You experience this sensation most irresistibly perhaps on the lagoons of Venice, which still conceal the evidences of a million midnight murders. Even on the banks of Tweed, beautiful alike in the light of sun or moon, I have found myself shuddering when, in the absorption of a last cast, the brief October twilight has passed unnoticed, and I have suddenly realised that I was alone with the river in pitch darkness. At sea, with the light at your masthead swinging lazily across the stars, the vastness is oppressive. You feel such a land-worm anchored there between the infinite sea and the infinite sky. The senses are all on edge. The blowing of a little porpoise beside your boat seems the spouting of a mighty whale. A straggling gull, flying back to land from its supper at the pilchard-nets, looms dimly in the half-darkness of the sea like an albatross at the least. When at last the rush of a great fish, maddened by the hook, makes your reel scream, its note of terror finds echo in your heart, so appalling is the hand-to-hand struggle with the unseen. Out in the coral seas, which have steamed all day in a tropical sun, there are dreadful night-creatures on the move. Gigantic white rays, the size of bell-tents, leap high in the moonlight, throwing off coruscations of molten silver ere they fall back on the water with a report that can be heard for miles. Down in the blackness of the water, on nights when there is no moon to light the scene, foul sharks of great size glide beneath our keel, their sinuous course plainly marked by the pale-blue fires of phosphorescence. And every now and then the rod is all but snatched from your grasp as some immense fish tears line off the reel and darts hither and thither with a fury for which, in the impenetrable gloom, you feel no match.

The most fascinating periods of night alone with Nature are its coming and its going. Watch the owls and bats slip forth from their day-retreats, blinking in what is left of the daylight, then seeing better as it fails, and dealing death among the little beasts and insects on which they prey. An early moon sails into the sky and touches the silence with its ghostly silvering, and in such light it takes a poacher's eye to make out the little gray rabbits feeding quietly in the shadow of the hedge, ready to bolt for safety when a crackling twig betrays the enemy. The larger creatures of the night are also difficult to watch, for they know full well how inconspicuous they are in such a shadowland, and until the last moment comes for flight rarely move a muscle in our presence. Those of us who have known the fitful fireflies of warmer nights miss them sadly when we go on sugaring expeditions in our woods at home.

At length the short summer night draws to its close. There is a colder feeling in the air. The moon is down, but another light comes dimly out of the east. The bubbling music of the nightingales in yonder plantation has ceased, as if the leaders of the choir would rest and let inferior artists have their turn. It must be confessed that the voices which hail the coming of day are not of the first order. From an old elm, the top of which catches the first of the new-born light, a pair of doves coo lazily. A pheasant screams its jarring note from the home park. Little bird-voices twitter faintly from the hawthorns as if their owners were uncertain whether to have another nap. As in a dissolving view, the scene grows more and more distinct. Night spreads her black wings in flight. Beasts of ravin slink back to their dens; their time is gone. Even the glow-worms lower their little lamps, for a greater light than theirs is nascent. It is the new day.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER X.—DECLARES A WOMAN'S LOVE.

AT nine o'clock that night Gabrielle left her father, and ascended to her own pretty room, with its light chintz-covered furniture, its well-filled bamboo bookcases, its little writing-table, and its narrow bed in the alcove. It was a nest of rest and cosy comfort.

Exchanging her tweed dress, she put on an easy dressing-gown of pale-blue cashmere, drew up an arm-chair, and, arranging her electric reading-lamp, sat down to a new novel she intended to finish.

Presently Elise came to her; but, looking up, she said she did not wish to be disturbed, and again coiled herself up in the chair, endeavouring to concentrate her thoughts upon her book. But all to no purpose. Ever and anon she would lift her big eyes from the printed page, sigh, and stare fixedly at the rose-coloured trellis pattern of the wall-paper opposite. Upon her there had fallen a feeling of vague apprehension such as she had never before experienced, a feeling that something was about to happen.

Lady Heyburn was, she knew, greatly annoyed that she had not made her appearance at dinner or in the drawing-room afterwards. Generally, when there were guests from the neighbourhood, she was compelled to sing one or other of her Italian songs. Her refusal to come to dinner would, she knew, cause her ladyship much chagrin, for it showed plainly to the guests that her authority over her step-daughter was entirely at an end.

Just as the stable-clock chimed half-past ten there came a light tap at the door. It was Hill, who, on receiving permission to enter, said, 'If you please, miss, Mr Murie has just asked me to give you this;' and he handed her an envelope.

Tearing it open eagerly, she found a visiting-card, upon which some words were scribbled in pencil. For a moment after reading them she paused. Then she said, 'Tell Mr Murie it will be all right.'

'Very well, miss,' the man replied, and, bowing, closed the door.

For a few moments she stood motionless in the centre of the room, her lover's card still in her hand. Then she walked to the open window, and looked out into the hot, oppressive night. The moon was hidden behind dark clouds, and the stillness was precursory of the thunderstorm which for the past hour or so had threatened. Across the room she paced slowly several times, a deep, anxious expression upon her pale countenance; then slowly she slipped off her gown and put on a dark stuff dress.

Until the clock had struck eleven she waited. Then, assuming her tam-o'-shanter and twisting a silk scarf about her neck, she crept along the corridor and down the wide oak stairs. Lights were still burning; but without detection she slipped out by the main door, and, crossing the broad drive, took the winding path into the woods.

The guests had all left, and the servants were closing the house for the night. Scarce had she gone a hundred yards when a dark figure in overcoat and a golf-cap loomed up before her, and she found Walter at her side.

'Why, dearest!' he exclaimed, taking her hand and bending till he pressed it to his lips, 'I began to fear you wouldn't come. Why haven't I seen you to-night?'

'Because—well, because I had a bad headache,' was her lame reply. 'I knew that if I went in to dinner mother would want me to sing, and I really didn't feel up to it. I hope, however, you haven't been bored too much.'

'You know I have!' he said quickly in a low, earnest voice. 'I came here purposely to see you, and you were invisible. I've run the car down the farm-road on the other side of the park, and left it there. The mater went home in the carriage nearly an hour ago. She's afraid to go in the car when I drive.'

Slowly they strolled together along the dark path, he with her arm held tenderly under his own.

'Think, darling,' he said, 'I haven't seen you for four whole days! Why is it? Yesterday I went to the usual spot at the end of the glen, and waited nearly two hours; but you never came, although you promised me, you know. Why are you so indifferent, dearest?' he asked in a plaintive tone. 'I can't really make you out of late.'

'I'm not indifferent at all, Walter,' she declared. 'My father has very much to attend to just now, and I'm compelled to assist him, as you are well aware. He's so utterly helpless.'

'Oh, but you might spare me just half-an-hour sometimes,' he said in a slight tone of reproach.

'I do. Why, we surely see each other very often!'

'Not often enough for me, Gabrielle,' he declared, halting in the darkness and raising her soft little hand to his eager lips. 'You know well enough how fondly I love you, how'——

'I know,' she said in a sad, blank tone. Her own heart beat fast at his passionate words.

'Then why do you treat me like this?' he asked. 'Is it because I have annoyed you, that you perhaps think I am not keeping faith with you? I know I was absent a long time, but it was really not my own fault. My people made me go round the world. I didn't want to, I assure you. I'd far rather have been up here at Connachan all the time, and near you, my own well-beloved.'

'I believe you would, Walter,' she answered, turning towards him with her hand upon his shoulder. 'But I do wish you wouldn't reproach

me for my undemonstrativeness each time we meet. It saddens me.'

'I know I ought not to reproach you,' he hastened to assure her. 'I have no right to do so; but somehow you have of late grown so sphinx-like that you are not the Gabrielle I used to know.'

'Why not?' And she laughed, a strange, hollow laugh. 'Explain yourself.'

'In the days gone by, before I went abroad, you were not so particular about our meetings being clandestine. You did not care who saw us or what people might say.'

'I was a girl then. I have now learnt wisdom, and the truth of the modern religion which holds that the only sin is that of being found out.'

'But why are you so secret in all your actions?' he demanded. 'Whom do you fear?'

'Fear!' she echoed, starting and staring in his direction. 'Why, I fear nobody! What—what makes you think that?'

'Because it has lately struck me that you meet me in secret because—well, because you are afraid of some one, or do not wish us to be seen.'

'Why, how very foolish!' she laughed. 'Don't my father and mother both know that we love each other? Besides, I am surely my own mistress. I would never marry a man I don't love,' she added in a tone of quiet defiance.

'And am I to take it that you really do love me, after all?' he inquired very earnestly.

'Why, of course,' she replied without hesitation, again placing her arm about his neck and kissing him. 'How foolish of you to ask such a question, Walter! When will you be convinced that the answer I gave you long ago was the actual truth?'

'Men who love as fervently as I do are apt to be somewhat foolish,' he declared.

'Then don't be foolish any longer,' she urged in a matter-of-fact voice, lifting her lips to his and kissing him. 'You know I love you, Walter; therefore you should also know that if I avoid you in public I have some good reason for doing so.'

'A reason!' he cried. 'What reason? Tell me.'

She shook her head. 'That is my own affair,' she responded. 'I repeat again that my affection for you is undiminished, if such repetition really pleases you, as it seems to do.'

'Of course it pleases me, dearest,' he declared. 'No words are sweeter to my ears than the declaration of your love. My only regret is that, now I am at home again, I do not see so much of you, sweetheart, as I had anticipated.'

'Walter,' she exclaimed in a slow, changed voice, after a brief silence, 'there is a reason. Please do not ask me to tell you—because—well, because I can't.' And, drawing a long breath, she added, 'All I beg of you is to remain patient and trust in me. I love you; and I love no other man. Surely that should be, for you, all-sufficient. I am yours, and yours only.'

In an instant he had folded her slight, dainty form in his arms. The young man was satisfied, perfectly satisfied.

They strolled on together through the wood, and out across the open corn-fields. The moon had come forth again, the storm-clouds had passed, and the night was perfect. Though she was trying against her will to hold aloof from Walter Murie, yet she loved him with all her heart and soul. Many letters she had addressed to him in his travels had remained unanswered. This had, in a measure, piqued her. But she was in ignorance that much of his correspondence and hers had fallen into the hands of her ladyship and been destroyed.

As they walked on, talking as lovers will, she was thinking deeply, and full of regret that she dared not tell the truth to this man who, loving her so fondly, would, she knew, be prepared to make any sacrifice for her sake. Suppose he knew the truth! Whatever sacrifice he made would, alas! not alter facts. If she confessed, he would only hate her. Ah, the tragedy of it all! Therefore she held her silence; she dared not speak lest she might lose his love. She had no friend in whom she could confide. From her own father, even, she was compelled to hide the actual facts. They were too terrible. What would he think if the bitter truth were exposed?

The man at her side, tall, brave, strong—a lover whom she knew many girls coveted—believed that he was to marry her. But, she told herself within her grief-stricken heart, such a thing could never be. A barrier stood between them, invisible, yet nevertheless one that might for ever debar their mutual happiness.

An involuntary sigh escaped her, and he inquired the reason. She excused herself by saying that it was owing to the exertion of walking over the rough path. Therefore they halted, and, with the bright summer moonbeams falling upon her beautiful countenance, he kissed her passionately upon the lips again and yet again.

They remained together for over an hour, moving along slowly, heedless of where their footsteps led them; heedless, too, of being seen by any of the keepers who, at night, usually patrolled the estate. Their walk, however, lay at the farther end of the glen, in the coverts remote from the house and nearer the high-road; therefore there was but little danger of being observed.

Many were the pledges of affection they exchanged before parting. On Walter's part they were fervent and passionate, but on the part of his idol they were, alas! only the pretence of a happiness which she feared could never be permanent.

Presently they retraced their steps to the edge of the wood beyond which lay the house. They found the path, and there, at her request, he left her. It was not wise that he should approach the house at that hour, she urged.

So, after a long and fervent leave-taking, he held her in a last embrace, and then, raising his cap, and saying, 'Good-night, my darling, my own well-beloved!' he turned away and went at a swinging pace down the farm-road where he had left his car with lights extinguished.

She watched him disappear. Then, sighing, she turned into the dark, winding path beneath the trees, the end of which came out upon the drive close to the house.

Half-way down, however, with sudden resolve, she took a narrower path to the left, and was soon on the outskirts of the wood and out again in the bright moonlight.

The night was so glorious that she had resolved to stroll alone, to think and devise some plan for the future. Before her, silhouetted high against the steely sky, rose the two great, black, ivy-clad towers of the ancient castle. The grim, crumbling walls stood dark and frowning amid the fairy-like scene, while from far below came up the faint rippling of the Ruthven Water. A great owl flapped lazily from the ivy as she approached those historic old walls which in bygone days had held within them some of Scotland's greatest men. She had explored and knew every nook and cranny in those extensive ruins. With Walter's assistance, she had once made a perilous ascent to the top of the highest of the two square towers, and had often clambered along the broken walls of the keep or descended into those strange little subterranean chambers, now half-choked with earth and rubbish, which tradition declared were the dungeons in which prisoners in the old days had been put to the rack, seared with red-hot irons, or submitted to other horrible tortures.

Her feet falling noiselessly, she entered the grass-grown courtyard, where stood the ancient spreading yew, the 'dule-tree,' under which the Glencardine charters had been signed and justice administered. Other big trees had sprung from seedlings since the place had fallen into ruin; and, having entered, she paused amidst its weird, impressive silence. Those high, ponderous walls about her spoke mutely of strength and impregnability. Those grass-grown mounds hid ruined walls and broken foundations. What tales of wild lawlessness and reckless bloodshed they all could tell!

Many of the strange stories she had heard concerning the old place—stories told by the people in the neighbourhood—were recalled as she stood there gazing wonderingly about her. Many romantic legends had, indeed, been handed down in Perthshire from generation to generation concerning old Glencardine and its lawless masters, and for her they had always possessed a strange fascination, for had she not inherited the antiquarian tastes of her father, and had she not read many works upon folk-lore and such-like subjects?

Suddenly, while standing in the deep shadow, gazing thoughtfully up at those high towers which, though ruined, still guarded the end of the glen, a strange thing occurred—something which startled her, causing her to halt breathless, petrified, rooted to the spot. She stared straight before her. Something uncanny was happening there, something that was, indeed, beyond human credence, and quite inexplicable.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM AN OLD DUTCH CHRONICLE.

HOW few among the visitors who stroll along the shore at Lowestoft in the summer-time, enjoying the fresh sea-breezes, give a thought as they look seaward about an event which happened nearly two hundred and fifty years ago only a few miles out from the beach! Yet it was here that a great naval engagement took place between the fleets of England and Holland, terminating after much bloodshed in a victory for England, but fought to a finish with all the bravery and splendid seamanship for which both English and Dutch were renowned. It is wholesome sometimes to reconstruct in the mind's eye those episodes of pluck and energy which adorn the pages of our national history, but which, alas! in these degenerate days are often supplanted by far less desirable forms of literature. You have perhaps to acquire the taste for historical research before you are fully alive to the pleasures it can provide; but when once you realise that every town and village you visit has its place and part in the story of our national life, the dullest spots become romantic, and even the Lowestoft shore can be made to ring again with the guns of a mighty battle.

It will be necessary to remind the reader of the troubles which had given rise to a state of war between Holland and England. Ever since Holland had become firmly constituted as a republic her prosperity had greatly increased, owing to the extension of her commerce with all parts of the world. She was England's rival on the seas, and her naval commanders, such as Admirals Van Tromp and De Ruyter, were quite equal to any men who then were at the head of our navy. The English Channel is not a very broad sea, and it may be supposed there was not too much elbow-room for rival fleets to manœuvre without constant collisions. Also, in those days the merchant-vessels required an attendant escort of warships when traversing the ocean, for piracy was a profession, and no declaration of war was needed for the privateers to help themselves to any rich merchant-

man that came their way. England had exacted from Holland the right to have her flag saluted whenever the English and Dutch ships met, on the principle that Britannia rules the waves, and this was not altogether to the Dutchman's liking.

In the reign of Oliver Cromwell, Admiral Blake was our greatest admiral, and a small affair which occurred on the seas at that time will give a very fair illustration of the way in which matters between these rival fleets were conducted. I quote from a report addressed to the Dutch Parliament by the great Admiral Cornelius Van Tromp. He says: 'High and Mighty Lords, since my last of the 20th instant, after having cruised before the Meuse, Wielengen, Ostend, and Newport, till the 24th, we were forced to weigh anchor because of the boisterous weather; and the tempest growing still more furious, several captains came aboard the Admiral to inform him what anchors and cables they had lost, some of them having but two left; and because the wind continued to grow more violent, we resolved, for the preventing of a greater disaster, to make towards the coast of Dover. We got into the Downs at one o'clock, when I immediately despatched away Captain Theyssen, of Flushing, and Captain Allen to compliment Bourne, who was then riding there with a squadron of the English fleet under his command, and to desire him from me to take no alarm at the sight of the Hollanders upon the coasts of England, because it happened only by an unexpected effect of the tempestuous weather, and to assure him they had no other design than to refit their vessels in order to return as soon as they could towards the frontiers of the State, and that the orders we had from the States-General concerned only the security of our trade and fishing and maintaining the glory of our nation. Bourne, having heard this message, made answer thereto with fine compliments, which he charged my two officers to make me, desiring them withal to return me his thanks for my advertisement. The 29th of the same month we unmoored with a wind blowing fresh at north-east, steering our course towards Calais, with design to go and cruise upon our own coasts to refurnish ourselves with anchors and cables. In our way we met fifteen of the Parliament's men-of-war or frigates, upon which I presently lowered my sails, and struck my flag, *in order to pay the honours due to the banner of England.* Being come within cannon-shot, the English Admiral let fly a shot at me, to which I made no answer. He then gave me another, to which I answered, upon which he let fly a whole broadside at me, which made so great havoc on board me that several of my men were wounded, and some of them had their arms or legs shot off. I then likewise discharged a broadside at him, yet was not able all this while to discover what the English meant by this, so great a silence there was kept on both sides. And thus the two fleets came all on a sudden to be engaged in a general battle. In the meanwhile Major Bourne, having come out of the Downs with a squadron of twelve men-of-war, whereof the first carried from sixty to seventy pieces of cannon, and the others from thirty-eight to fifty, came and fell thundering upon our rear. So the fight, being begun at four in the afternoon, lasted till nine, and was not broken off but by the obscurity of the night. Then we made out into the main sea, and the ships of both fleets tacked about towards their Admirals to refit themselves.'

The above is an extract from Van Tromp's letter, and it gives a very good idea of the free-and-easy way a sea-fight was got up in those days, without any provocation and without any declaration of war. It is true the English Admiral, reporting this engagement to Cromwell, gives a denial to Van Tromp's statements, and declares that the first shots he fired were only blank, to warn the Dutchman to dip his flag. The truth, however, was clearly on Van Tromp's side, for if he had entertained warlike intentions he certainly would have attacked the twelve warships in the Downs in preference to the fifteen vessels under Admiral Blake, which he met with afterwards in the Channel. This affair led to very serious results, and there were long debates in Parliament about it, and special envoys were sent over from the States to endeavour to bring about a peaceful solution. The upshot of it all was that Parliament and Cromwell supported Blake, and war was declared. The old Dutch chronicle quaintly remarks that all the time these negotiations were proceeding, the English privateers were capturing every Dutch ship they met, and that no nationality was safe, the French and Spanish ships suffering in the same way.

Some idea of the damage inflicted by these sea-fights with the Dutch in the Commonwealth period may be gathered from the fact that during two years, from 1652 to 1654, the English took no less than one thousand seven hundred Dutch prizes, valued at six millions sterling, while the prizes taken by the Dutch from the English amounted to about a fourth part of this in number and value. The English account states that during that time they were victorious in five general battles, some of which lasted several days, whereas the Dutch gained no victory, though in two engagements they were partially successful.

The Dutch chronicle does not altogether allow this, and a short extract from the account of one of these sea-fights throws a different light upon the subject. Tromp had gone out into the Channel with his fleet to convoy some merchantmen, when, passing near Portland, he came in sight of the English fleet. At this point the chronicle says: 'The two fleets were scarcely advanced within cannon-shot of one another, but Tromp tacked about upon Blake, who presently began to play upon him with all his artillery, though without doing Tromp any great harm, because he was at such a distance from him. But the latter, for-

bearing to fire till he came within musket-shot of his enemy, let fly at him a broadside, and, then tacking about nimbly, he fired a second at him on the same side; and then flanking him again on the other side, thundered off a third at him with so great success that there was nothing but cries and groans to be heard on board of Blake, who fought after that only in retreating and sheering away as far as he could from Tromp, who ceased not to pursue him. After this *præludium*, the two fleets intermixing one with another, the battle grew so furious that there was little else to be seen but masts overturned into the sea, and splinters flying on all sides, sails rent in pieces, and masts and cables cut short in sunder. In one place the enemy was boarding our ships, and in a moment after were chased off again, where they were seen to be blown up into the air with the deck they stood upon. And on another side was seen a ship swallowed up by the waves with several hundreds of men, and the sea turned red with human blood and covered over with dead bodies and floating pieces of shattered ships.' This account does not place the victory all on the English side, and there can be little doubt that it was the numerical superiority alone of the English that gave them eventually the command of the sea. Shortly after the above event Admiral Van Tromp was killed in action, and a peace followed which was kept until the Restoration.

Of all men, King Charles the Second should have been the last to quarrel with the Dutch. That republic had housed and sheltered him when other States would not allow him to reside in their territories. Circumstances, however, were stronger than the king's wish, and he was driven to declare war with Holland in the month of February 1665. The fact was that trade disputes had arisen between our East India Company and the Dutch Company, and there were difficulties also between the two countries in the West Indies. Jealous rivalries soon led to reprisals by sea and land, and the old piratical habits of both peoples quickly revived, and there was no solution but by an appeal to arms. Both nations had able commanders. The English navy had the Duke of York at its head, and the Earl of Sandwich acting as second in command, while the Dutch could boast of the brave De Ruyter, whose prowess at sea eventually was to be made famous by his burning our ships in the Thames.

The moment war was declared each nation made hurried preparations, and the English, a little beforehand with their enemy, sailed for the coast of Holland on April 21, 1665. After a few weeks, the weather turning foul, the English fleet returned homewards, followed by the Dutch, who appeared about the end of May near the Dogger Bank. The Dutchmen had for their admirals commanding the squadrons, Opdam, with fourteen men-of-war; John Everts, with a similar force; Stillingwert, equally equipped; Van Tromp (the son of the famous admiral), with sixteen ships; and other commanders, making a total of one hundred and three men-of-war, eleven fire-ships, and seven yachts—a truly formidable navy in those times. Our fleet consisted of one hundred and fourteen men-of-war and frigates, twenty-eight fire-ships and ketches, and about twenty-two thousand seamen and soldiers.

On 8th June the English fleet put out from Gunfleet Bay, where they had been refitting, and came to anchor in Southwold Bay. The wind being easterly, the English kept next day off Aldborough, and about midnight the Duke of York received intelligence that the Hollanders were approaching. Several merchant-ships which were victualling the English were now ordered to return to shore, and preparations were begun for attacking the enemy. The wind veered to the south-west, which gave the English the advantage of the weather-gage. It was now about three o'clock in the morning, and the opposing fleets, six miles off Lowestoft, approached each other in extended lines, and not, as was usual, in crescent form. The Dutch briskly attacked the ships under Prince Rupert, breaking through their line and then re-forming. This was repeated at six in the morning, both sides vigorously cannonading. Meanwhile the squadron under the Duke of York had not been engaged, and it was impossible for the Dutch to get the weather-gage from them. Matters were in this condition till about one o'clock in the day, when the Earl of Sandwich, advancing with his ships, divided the Dutch fleet in two.

The ships were now at close-quarters, and the battle raged furiously. Admiral Opdam brought his vessel alongside the *Royal Charles*, which was the flagship of the Duke of York, and the two Admirals thundered their guns at one another with continual broadsides. The Duke of York was in the utmost danger. By his side were the Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr Boyle, and one cannon-ball killed these three gentlemen, bespattering the Duke with blood and brains, and a splinter from Mr Boyle's skull actually wounded the Duke in the hand. For a few moments it looked as if Admiral Opdam would succeed in boarding the *Royal Charles;* but by some accident not clearly explained the powder-magazine of Admiral Opdam's ship exploded, blowing up the Admiral and all his crew. It was said at the time that a negro servant of Opdam's did this to revenge himself for being beaten by his master; but in the midst of fighting a spark from the guns at such close-quarters would reasonably explain the disaster. No less than five hundred men perished in this explosion, many of them sons of the best families in Holland.

The death of Admiral Opdam was a great blow to the Dutch, who began to show signs of weakening. They had been successful in capturing one English ship, the *Charity*, the captain of which had escaped in a boat to the English shore, only some six miles distant.

A fresh misfortune now befell the Hollanders. Three of their largest ships fouled with one another,

and became so entangled with their spars and rigging that it was impossible to cut them apart. The moment this was seen by the English they quickly sent a fire-ship among them, and all three were reduced to ashes. The seamen leapt into the water; and the fire, which had reached the powder-magazines of the ships, ignited their contents and blew the vessels to bits. It was evident now that victory would crown the efforts of the English, who pressed on the ships which were beginning to retreat. Two more Dutch Admirals fell, one with his body cut in two by a cannon-shot, and the other with his leg blown off.

It was now seven in the evening, and the battle had been raging since three on the previous morning. Martin Van Tromp held out, fighting to the last, with a small number of ships. He was five times engaged in the midst of the English, the chronicle tells us, and furiously battered by their guns on every side, and so covered in thick smoke that his seamen openly ascribed to a miracle the preservation of his ship and person. He was the last to leave the scene of this savage fight and make his way to the Dutch coast, slowly followed by the enemy. This was the most signal victory the English ever gained, and the severest blow the Dutch ever felt at sea. According to accounts, the Dutch had eighteen ships taken, and fourteen burnt or blown up. We lost one ship, the *Charity*, of forty-six guns, with most of her men, and altogether we had two hundred and fifty killed and three hundred and forty wounded. This was a small loss compared with that of the Dutch, whose numbers were six thousand killed and two thousand three hundred prisoners.

What particularly strikes the reader of these bygone sea-fights is the marvellous endurance and tenacity with which they were conducted. This battle lasted above sixteen hours, and most of the time the ships and men were in close grip—to push of pike, as the old chronicle has it. There was no shooting at two miles range, but the broadsides were poured in when the ships were at close touch. It is true the penetrating power of the guns could not be great, and the cannon-balls no doubt became embedded in the thick oak planks without causing great leakage. But the battle was determined in those days by the personal bravery and endurance of the men rather than by straight shooting and high explosives. They were grand fellows those old sea-dogs, and it must be remembered that they were the forefathers of our navy, and they deserve a word of praise and admiration when we read about their gallant deeds. Their bones lie scattered round our shores, and from time to time the restless ocean casts up some fragment from the deep, which, if it could speak, would tell us that its sacrifice was made for love of home and country, and for the sake of the little English children who now build their sand-castles beside the summer waves.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEW CHEMICAL CLEANING PROCESS FOR FABRICS.

AMONG the many anxieties confronting the housewife, that pertaining to the cleaning of textiles, such as carpets, curtains, &c., is among the most perplexing. Not only do such articles become heavily laden with dust, but the latter works its way so deeply and firmly into the fibres as to tarnish the lustre of the colours, and precipitates dry-rot. Recourse to violent measures, such as beating or vacuum cleaning, only partially removes the evil, with the attendant dangers of tearing away the nap or loosening the woven foundation; while washing, even if practicable, and the utilisation of special preparations which are composed largely of deleterious chemicals, are equally prejudicial to the life of the textiles. An ingenious process, however, devised by a French inventor, which has recently been introduced into this country, completely enables all the foregoing disadvantages to be overcome, and fabrics restored to their original brilliancy. The medium employed is simply the volatile, though highly explosive and inflammable, spirit-naphtha, which dissolves the dust, grease, or stains without inflicting the slightest damage. Moreover, by means of the ingenious machine with which the cleaning operation is carried out, the combustibility of the naphtha is completely negatived. The articles to be treated are placed in a cage, which in turn is inserted in an airtight cylindrical vessel so mounted that it is free to revolve. As it is the presence of moisture or hydrogen in the air which renders naphtha so inflammable, the air is withdrawn from the cylinder, leaving the articles in a vacuum. A stream of the spirit is then allowed to flow into the cylinder, and, as a further safeguard against ignition or explosion, all remaining space in the vessel is filled with carbonic acid gas. The cylinder is then rapidly revolved, and the violent agitation thus set up within forces the spirit through and through the textiles enclosed until all the dirt has been dissolved out of the threads. In a short time the naphtha is drawn off in a muddy stream, and currents of fresh air swept through the vessel, which evaporate any spirit remaining in the fabrics. When, finally, the articles are withdrawn they are as clean as when they were new, absolutely undamaged, and perfectly odourless. The process is a highly economical one, since the murky naphtha, after being drawn off, is passed through a distilling process, by which the dissolved grease and dirt are separated, leaving the spirit available for

re-use. Consequently the consumption of spirit is very small.

INEXPENSIVE BUILDING.

A new building system which should prove distinctly advantageous in places where brick or masonry is expensive, and which has extensive possibilities for bungalows and similar residences, has been successfully adopted in Ceylon and India. After the framework of the structure has been completed, expanded metal, which resembles the familiar wire-netting, only of much greater strength and solidity, is stretched between the members. Over this is placed a coating of cement of any desired thickness, which can be externally finished in rough-cast or any other desired style, while the interior is completed in the usual manner with plastering. The principle admits of very economical and rapid construction. The walls are hollow, and of great strength, impervious to rain, wind, or other adverse influences, fireproof, and practically indestructible. If desired, the outward appearance can be easily fashioned to resemble solid masonry. Internal walls are executed in the same manner, and are superior to the partitions generally erected, inasmuch as they are stronger and sound-proof. As the requisite materials are comparatively inexpensive in this country, such a system might very advantageously be adopted. So far as prime cost is concerned, the system will be found to compare in many cases with the materials generally used, and with an appreciably superior result.

NOVEL FISH-INCUBATOR.

An improved apparatus for the hatching of the eggs and rearing of the spawn of fish has been recently devised. It comprises an open trough, having two compartments of varying dimensions, the smaller being placed within the larger. The fresh water flows into the smaller tank, and then passes through small perforations at one end into the larger compartment, which is the spawning-tank. The bottom of this second receptacle is freely pierced with holes smaller than the fecundated eggs placed thereon, so that the latter cannot slip through. By means of this arrangement it is possible to secure a strong, continuous circulating current of water with less consumption of the latter than is possible with the system now in vogue. Owing to the side inflow and under outflow of water in the larger compartment, complete aeration and constant washing of the eggs throughout the whole area are assured, the lower layers of eggs and those resting in the corners of the tank being as favourably treated as those in the centre and at the top. The arrangement also ensures the equal distribution of the living food or 'plankton,' since the current sweeps it equably over every part of the tank throughout its length, breadth, and depth, enabling regular and equal growth of the small fry to be obtained. Cleaning is equally simple, since, owing to the rotary character of the current, all the impurities gather in the centre of the sieve-bottom, whence they can be removed very quickly by the aid of an india-rubber pipe having a perforated fitting at the end attached to the tank, through which the foreign matter is drawn off, this pipe having a siphoning action.

WILL THE PANAMÁ CANAL PAY?

Already considerable discussion is being raised concerning the ultimate commercial prospects of the Panamá Canal. This is a problem which is occupying the close attention of economists, and be it noted the fiercest contributions to the debate are emanating from Americans. When the United States first suggested acquiring the French concession the success of the Suez Canal was advanced as showing the assured prosperity of this waterway across the isthmus, especially as it was argued that the major part of the traffic between Europe and the Antipodes would favour the trans-American route. But will this be the case? So far as Europe is concerned, such a deviation is somewhat doubtful, since the distance *viâ* Suez to the East will be practically the same as by Panamá. It must be remembered also that Suez is on one of the greatest sea-trade highways in the world. On this route the mercantile marine taps a continuous string of the busiest markets, while *viâ* Panamá no such advantages are offered. Moreover, strange to relate, the shortest journey between New York and Hong-kong, the door of China, will even then be *viâ* Suez. To the Australian traffic the Panamá Canal will be of certain advantage; but even then it must be borne in mind that more commercial ports can be touched by the old route, and it is a moot point whether the possibilities of new traffic offered by the somewhat shorter journey through the Panamá ditch will be such as to tempt shipping from a course upon which it is already firmly established. But apart from these considerations, the Panamá Canal will experience severe competition from alternative routes on the American continent itself. By the time the canal is completed the Tehuantepec railway across the Mexican isthmus to the south, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, with its new port at Prince Rupert on the north, will be in full swing. Taking the Tehuantepec line first, New Orleans will be one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four miles and New York one thousand one hundred and eighty-two miles nearer San Francisco *viâ* the railway than by the canal, while the saving on the distance between Liverpool and San Francisco by the iron road is about eight hundred miles as compared with the waterway. It will be argued that in favouring the railway breaking bulk is necessary; but the facilities that are being provided at each end of this one hundred and eighty-nine miles of trans-continental line for transhipment are such as to reduce the delay and cost to the minimum, which in any event will be less than the canal dues. By the new Canadian trans-continental railway, New York, Chicago, and the other prosperous industrial centres in the north of the States will have their distance to Japan

shortened by over one thousand miles. The United States Government is, however, relying on the patriotism of the citizen to ensure the prosperity of its enterprise, but it is to be feared that loyalty is but an indifferent reed upon which to lean, and that it will find the American quite as mercenary as the business man of any other nation where speed, lower freights, and other advantages are concerned in the strenuous hustle for trade supremacy. From the military point of view, the canal will be distinctly valuable to the States; but there are many who affirm that the undertaking, which will cost some seventy million pounds, may prove to be the most colossal commercial blunder in the world's history.

THE FOOD-VALUE OF AERATED WATER.

In the course of a recent lecture Dr E. Symes Thompson, Gresham Professor of Medicine, drew attention to the food-value of water. In the course of a day each person requires some two and a half pints of this liquid to keep the human machine working smoothly. In addition to its dietetic value, water serves as the best vehicle for various fluids moving about the body. It is essential, however, that attention should be devoted to the selection of water; and, curiously enough, pure water is not altogether an advantage, owing to its solvent properties. For instance, when pure water flows through leaden pipes a certain proportion of the metal becomes dissolved, the introduction of which into the human system is prejudicial. On the other hand, hard water does not have this effect. The most beneficial results are obtained from water which has been aerated, since the effervescence moves the fluid of the stomach, thereby facilitating digestion. It is for this reason that the sparkling waters of certain health-resorts exercise such valuable effects; but to those far removed from such places aeration is somewhat difficult. Happily, the end can now be met by means of a simple scientific invention, whereby the requisite gas is stored in small metal cases about half the length of the finger, which, discharged into a siphon charged with pure water, aerates the contents. The siphon can be charged whenever desired, and effervescent water can be successfully obtained at home in the course of a few seconds. If such water were more freely partaken of, no doubt many of the little ills to which flesh is heir, and which are directly attributable to indigestion, could be satisfactorily avoided.

A SAFE MOTOR-CYCLE TRAILER.

One of the greatest disadvantages to the rider of the motor-cycle is its loneliness. Cyclists are proverbially gregarious, and certainly there is nothing more depressing than a compulsory long ride in solitary state. By the introduction of the trailer, which could be attached by a connecting swivelling joint to the saddle of the cycle, efforts to remove this drawback were made; but the rearmost vehicle proved to be a serious danger not only to the occupant but to the cyclist as well. Consequently the trailer has fallen into desuetude. It should, however, regain popularity by means of the new coupling-device which has recently been perfected. Instead of the car being coupled to the saddle, the rear wheel of the cycle is fixed between two projecting shafts of a small bogie carriage, upon which the rear car is carried, in much the same manner as a horse is harnessed to a cart. These side-shafts are secured to the spindle of the back-wheel by a nut on either side. Further security is obtained by fastening two diagonal stays projecting from each shaft to the saddle-pillar, similarly attached by screw-nuts. The result is that the back-wheel of the cycle comes beneath the upward sloping footboard of the rear car. Instead of imperilling the equilibrium of the cyclist, this arrangement gives him additional stability, since, being held in the frame, the machine is converted into a tricycle, and the cyclist does not have to exert effort in maintaining his balance. The system is more advantageous to the motor, since the load is equally distributed on each side, and a straight pull is obtained. The arrangement is so simple that the rear vehicle can be attached or detached in two or three seconds, and is free from liability to overturn, especially when rounding corners. The attached carriage can be obtained to seat either one or two passengers side by side, and if required can be fitted with a hand-propelling device to assist the motor in negotiating a hill. Moreover, its employment does not entail any increased consumption of petrol or impose any harder work upon the motor. It certainly indicates the most important development in motor-cycling that has yet been devised to increase the pleasures of this sport.

FINGER-STRETCHER FOR PIANOFORTE PRACTICE.

A simple device which should prove useful to students of the pianoforte has been devised, which is described as a finger-stretcher. It consists of a semicircular plate, having a semicircular groove. Four wedges, so shaped that they fit into the free spaces between the fingers, can be moved along this groove and secured in any suitable position by screws. In this way the pupil can obtain an absolute regulation of the spreading of the fingers, and by repeating the exercise regularly and cautiously improve their pliability and mobility.

EFFICIENT NON-SLIPPING TIRE FOR CYCLISTS.

Like his motoring confrère, the cyclist is a victim to side-slip upon greasy, sodden road-surfaces, more especially in towns and cities where the wooden and asphalt paving in a wet condition is particularly liable to precipitate sudden disaster. Avoidance of this ever-present menace with the ordinary tire is impossible, as experience has strikingly shown, so that under such conditions the rider is continually tempting fate, no matter how expert he may be. These dangers are, however, completely circumvented by the new cycle-tire that

has been recently introduced. A leaf has been taken from the motorist's experience by the adaptation of the non-slipping protecting band to the outer cover. The principle is precisely the same as that of the motor device—a strip of leather an inch in width, carrying two rows of steel studs about a quarter of an inch square, around its periphery, being firmly attached to the tread of the tire. The studs are placed about an inch apart in each row; but as they are 'staggered,' the distance is reduced to only half an inch between each metallic surface. The result is that a sufficient number of the studs is always in contact with the ground at one and the same time to secure a good grip even upon the most slippery or greasy surfaces, so that it is impossible for the rider to lose his equilibrium suddenly and unexpectedly. The tire has been tested during the past few weeks in London—during which period the weather has been unduly inclement, presenting road-surfaces that for slipperiness would outrival a polished ballroom floor or sheet of ice—with unique success, not the slightest tendency towards side-slipping being observed on the part of the machine thus equipped. Such a gratifying achievement upon London streets, which have an evil reputation for greasiness, should be adequate to ensure the success of the invention. It enables one to ride in safety among the thickest traffic under the most abominable road-conditions. As the tire is reasonably priced, rendering it capable of competition with the best grades of ordinary smooth rubber tires, it is brought within the reach of every devotee of the wheel, and so should meet with widespread appreciation.

NOVEL SMOKELESS BOILER-FURNACE.

An interesting and ingenious idea which should go a long way towards solving the smoke-problem has recently been devised, especially as it has been designed upon sound commercially practicable and economic lines. Briefly described, the principle involved constitutes the utilisation of producer-gas as an auxiliary fuel to the ordinary small coal. The apparatus comprises a gas-producer which delivers at the far end of the furnace, behind the coal-fire but in front of the chimney opening, a volume of gas, by means of which a second combustion is set up. The result is that the smoke from the furnace is forced by the draught along the flue until it reaches this intervening wall of intensely hot flame, where it is consumed, so that no vitiating clouds of carbon particles are discharged into the atmosphere. Some demonstrations recently carried out in London strikingly illustrated the efficiency of the system. An ordinary Lancashire boiler was used for the tests, and whereas at first dense clouds of black smoke were emitted from the chimney, almost directly the gas-flames were brought into action smoking ceased. The system should recommend itself to industrial concerns, inasmuch as the apparatus enables a saving ranging from 30 to 40 per cent. to be effected in the cost of fuel, besides contributing to a clearer and more hygienic atmosphere.

MOTH-TRAPS.

The larval stage of several species of moths is exceedingly destructive to forest trees—in some districts amounting to a veritable plague—and various means of combating these pests have been devised by forest entomologists. One of the most ingenious of these methods has recently been subjected to a fresh test at Zittau in Germany. It is a matter of common observation that light exercises a strong attractive power for this group of *Lepidoptera*. The servants of electric companies frequently report the presence of large numbers of moths in the arc lights, especially in rural and suburban districts. Several years ago this fatal fascination was made the basis of a method of what was intended to be a wholesale slaughter in places where the insects occur *en masse*. The plan consisted in the installation of electric arcs in infested areas, behind which were powerful exhausters. No great measure of success resulted, although several trials were made. The moths fluttered in dense swarms within the rays, but would not approach sufficiently near to be drawn in by the draught created by the exhauster. From the results recently obtained at Zittau it is evident that, with certain species at any rate, the method is likely to have fruitful results. What are known as 'brown moths' (probably *Liparis dispar*) had produced effects so disastrous on some of the local forests that a war of extermination was deemed imperative. Two powerful reflectors and exhaust-fans placed over a deep receptacle were erected on top of the municipal electric plant. From these two broad streams of light were thrown on the woods, which occupy the sides of a hill half a mile distant. The results have been astounding: over three tons of the moths were lured to death as the result of the first night's operations. It has been decided to have a similar installation on the Rathhaus tower.

EGG-POWDER.

Last year an account was given showing the remarkable degree of sterilisation effected by the Ekenberg process for the manufacture of powdered milk. Apart from the benefits resulting from thorough sterilisation, there are other advantages attendant upon this process, and it is not surprising to learn that the method of desiccation is likely to be extended to another agricultural product—namely, eggs. Quite recently effort has been made to obtain this product in the convenient and portable form of a powder, and intelligence comes from Melbourne, Australia, that some degree of success has been attained. The method adopted is somewhat similar to that which has been found successful in the manufacture of milk-powder, with minor differences involved by the varying nature of the two products. In order to secure that only clean, fresh eggs are employed, they are made to pass through a dark room on a perforated rolling

table over a fifty-candle-power light. By this means unsound and dirty eggs are detected and withdrawn. The remainder are passed on to a high-speed centrifugal separator, where they are smashed, and the liquid contents freed from the shell and passed on to a tank. In a chamber below this tank are a series of large cylinders, each revolution of which takes from one to two and a half minutes. A temperature of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit is maintained in this room. The liquid eggs are withdrawn from the tanks above into troughs below the cylinders. With each revolution of the latter they carry with them a coating of the liquid eggs, each successive coating being dried by the high temperature of the room before returning to the trough. When the coating has attained a sufficient thickness it is removed and ground to powder. The powder so derived differs from the original eggs in the absence of water only, and it is claimed that it will keep for years.

HANDLOOMS WORKED BY ELECTRIC POWER.

In the *Bollettino della Cotoniera* reference is made to a statement of the United States Consul at Glauchau that a weaver of the district has made an invention whereby every handloom can be worked by electric power imparted through the medium of a spring. Every loom fitted with the apparatus answers all the requirements of a handloom, and works with a gentler motion. The cost of this electric power is stated to be about one and a half lire per week. So simple is the working that a child can direct it.

COTTAGE PLANNING FOR TOWNS.

Recently an interesting cottage competition was held at Newcastle. The municipal authorities have acquired an extensive estate, and it was resolved to make avail of this opportunity towards a solution of the housing problem, which is as acutely affecting this town as others in various parts of the country. The erection of terraces of flats huddled together in order to secure the maximum revenue from the land was advocated in certain short-sighted quarters, but common-sense prevailed. A section of the estate was apportioned for an exhibition of varying classes of houses, ranging from a small dwelling costing inclusively one hundred and ninety-five pounds upwards. In this competition, while artistic elevation was not stifled, it was made secondary to internal planning, the idea being to secure airy, spacious, well lighted and ventilated apartments, suitable to the humbler classes of the social scale. In this connection distinct success was achieved, and it showed that at last architects and builders have realised the far-reaching possibilities in such a range of work. While superfluous external attractiveness was suppressed, every attempt to avoid monotonous barracky elevations was avoided, and in this direction the designers evinced commendable aptitude. The dwellings were kept well isolated, and provided with long gardens, so that degeneration into slums is rendered remote. Another noticeable feature deserving of commendation was the elimination of out-buildings, which constitute such an ugly, though frequent, feature of such houses. The judges did not fail to record their appreciation of the real advance recorded in cottage planning as carried out in this competition; and should the whole of the estate be planned in accordance with the same principle, the municipality of Newcastle will have achieved something distinctly practical towards carrying out the ideals to be embodied in a forthcoming Act of Parliament. Though it is not desirable that municipalities should effect such work upon unbusiness-like lines, it is incumbent upon them to do all in their power to further the welfare of the working-classes. It only needs the exercise of a little sound common-sense such as this corporation has exhibited.

THE 'BUSINESS MAN'S HANDBOOK.'

To have a book at hand which will answer troublesome questions and be a referee in times of doubt and difficulty is a comfortable and helpful thing. Messrs Curtis, Gardner, & Co., London, publish the *Business Man's Handbook*, which the publishers call an encyclopædia of figures, calculations, tables, references, with a good index. We find tables of weights and measures, helps to solutions in matters of science and mechanics, printers' tables, sizes of paper and type, something about paperhangings, bricklayers' measurements, with ready-reckoner and interest table, legal memoranda, and the time in different countries. 'This reminds one of a volume which used to be in general circulation, entitled *Enquire Within Upon Everything*.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor.

THE SNOWDROP'S MESSAGE.

A LITTLE snowdrop, fresh and fair,
Close-nestled to a sunny slope!
I gather it with tender care,
And name it Hope.

This dainty flower I send to you,
While silver chimes ring out above;
But you must christen it anew,
And call it Love.

E. MATHESON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

ANTOINE MARCOURT & COMPANY.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of *The Attack on the Farm, At the Sign of the Silver Bell,* &c.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN, towards the end of April 1812, we Dragoons got *la route* at Alcanez for Mequineza, from whence we were to start for France, we were all filled with delight, for we had been in Spain three years, and were heartily sick of it. We were all glad, I say; but I doubt if there was a single one who received the news with greater pleasure than myself, and for two very good reasons. My father, Comte Antoine de Marcourt, had nearly been ruined by the Revolution. Instead, however, of wringing his hands and bewailing his fate, as so many did, he saved what he could from the wreck; then, to the horror of his aristocratic connections, dropped his title, went into commerce in Marseilles, and by his shrewdness, industry, and, above all, his integrity, in ten years he became one of the richest merchants in that great city. Alas! towards the end of 1811 a bank failed; that ruined hundreds, and even affected the credit of Antoine Marcourt & Company. However, he managed to weather that storm; but recently I had heard from my brother, who was a partner in the firm, that the English had captured two valuable ships, and he told me that he feared they would have to suspend payment. Apart from the anxiety caused by these misfortunes, I was eager to return because I was betrothed, and I had not seen my fiancée for such a long time. I had, on hearing of my father's financial difficulties, written to her offering to release her; but she wrote at once saying that, for richer or for poorer, she would marry no one else. No wonder, then, when all seemed so black, that I should long to clasp the noble and beautiful girl in my arms once more.

On arriving at Mequineza we found half a regiment of artillery (twelve guns) and a battalion of infantry awaiting us. Much to the disgust of our chief, Colonel Ferrières, who had hoped to be in command of the column, he found that Colonel Lavigny of the artillery was his senior.

We Dragoons barely numbered two hundred and fifty sabres, all that remained of the five hundred and twenty who had entered Spain three years before; and we knew we should be lucky if we arrived at our depôt at Lyons without losing more, as the mountains were infested with guerillas under the famous monk Rico. This fellow—unlike Julian Sanchez, Mina, and others—did not do so much fighting himself; but there was no limit to his audacity and cunning in finding out our movements. It was said that on one occasion, at a country inn, he actually waited on General Foy and his staff; and when the wine went round he learnt a good deal that he afterwards turned, alas! to very good account. Luckily, with all his cunning, he could not help boasting of this, otherwise we should never have known it. Whether this rogue was actually in Mequineza or not we could not tell, as he had so many disguises, one day posing as a beggar, and another as an *arriero* (muleteer), &c.; but as he was known to be in the district, we all felt sure that he knew of our departure, so we took very good care to circulate a false report that we were going to the frontier *viâ* Manezon, whereas it was our intention to go to Lerida by following the course of the Segre, a tributary of the Ebro, and on through Urgel and Andorra.

Of course we should have liked our colonel to be in command, but otherwise we could not have had a better leader than Colonel Lavigny. He was a ruddy-faced, merry little man, and a *bon viveur;* but, for all that, a good soldier. All went well for the first two or three days. We had passed Lerida, and were within a league of Cervera, and had halted for the night at a little village called Medrussa, when our first misfortune arrived. For though no precautions had been omitted, yet, when the roll was called the next morning, six gunners were missing; and on a search being made, their bodies—in a shed on the outskirts—were found lying together, all stabbed just above the heart. A sentry had been placed very near; but he had seen no one approach, and how these poor wretches could have

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

been murdered without a cry being heard was indeed a mystery. Apart from a fine church and a convent, it was but a poverty-stricken place, with the grass growing on the streets. As a matter of course, after we had sacked the two former, gaining thereby some very good silver plate and some vestments, the whole place was burnt to the ground. Still, this was a very small satisfaction. The horror of this murder filled the bravest with fear. Men dreaded to sleep; the same unseen foe might be near, and, in spite of the sentries being doubled and trebled, the same cruel fate might be theirs. This sort of thing was not war; it was downright devilry. However, the most horrible experiences fade away; and, although we began to recover our spirits, we never relaxed our vigilance.

We had got to a place called Londa, about four days' march of the frontier, when we were awakened one rainy night by the trumpets sounding *l'alerte* and the drums furiously beating *la générale;* and we found, in spite of all our precautions, three men had been stabbed just in the same way as before. This time they belonged to our regiment, and were in my own squadron. The mystery was, however, to a certain extent explained; for then it came out that just as the troopers had been going to rest in a barn, a burly fellow, with jovial, good-natured face, apparently a muleteer, came up with a skin full of wine. 'You may have it all for a peseta,' he said with a laugh, 'for I don't mind telling you I got it for nothing;' and then he commenced cracking jokes with them. The *maréchal des logis* ought to have sent the rogue about his business at once, or, better still, have detained him; but, as a matter of fact, completely taken in, the sergeant was one of the first to accept the fellow's fatal offer. 'It's a rough night, señors,' he said; 'surely you can find room for a poor fellow.' And the troopers, suspecting nothing, stupidly consented.

It chanced that the damp, stormy weather had given one of the men a raging toothache, which kept him awake. All was dark and still, when he heard a slight movement in the straw. He thought at first it was only a rat, and paid little attention to it; but suddenly he heard a slight struggle, a smothered groan, a gasp. 'What's that—who's there?' he cried, springing up. In a moment all was confusion. 'Few,' as Napoleon has said, 'have two o'clock in the morning courage,' and few appeared to have had it then.

Hearing the cries and commotion, the sentry without opened the door, and received a thrust from a dagger—but luckily not a fatal one, as it fell on his cross-belts—which sent him reeling, and in a moment the fellow had escaped in the darkness. When we entered the barn we found about a dozen men apparently dead; but on examination it was seen that they were only stupefied by the drugged wine which the rogue had given them. But for the trooper having that toothache, doubtless they too would have been murdered, and the assassin would have escaped, as at Medrussa. Of course, every one would have it that the dreaded Rico was the culprit, and curses were showered upon him; but whether he really was or not we never knew. As soon as it was light we compelled the natives to dig three graves for the poor fellows we had lost, and then, when they had done that, we hung six of them.

After the men had had their *café* all arms were paraded. We naturally thought then that we should receive orders to burn the village; but this was not Lavigny's present intention. I have said that he was of a merry, jovial disposition; but there was a peculiar hard look on his face as he ordered the men to stand at ease, and the field-officers to come to his quarters. The council was soon over, and then we learnt that the whole district for some leagues round was to be divided into three divisions, each arm of the service having their own portion to sack as much as they could in three days, and then return to Londa. That apportioned to us was to the south-west. Although I was continually thinking and wondering whether my father had been obliged to suspend payment, the idea that I could help him, even in a very small way, by getting some loot had not till then entered my head; but now I reckoned that I might be able to do a little to help him, and consequently no one entered with more zest into the pillaging expeditions than I. But, alas! Lavigny had taken very good care to keep the richest district for himself; and though we rode far and wide, on the first day we got little, and in no very happy frame of mind we took up our quarters that night at a place called Turela, and hoped for better luck on the next.

'There's a monastery, I see,' said Colonel Ferrières, producing a large theological book, 'about three leagues from here, called Santa Maria de la Piedad. Marvellous cures have, it appears, been worked there by the reliques they have got, and pilgrims leave thousands of pesetas behind them every year. It's the richest monastery in the district; and there is also another, Santa Maria del Pilar, where there are some very fine pictures, but it's rather farther off. We will try both, and start at four to-morrow.'

In high hopes of retrieving our fortunes, at the appointed time we set off; but, alas! we found, as regards the first monastery, that only the bare walls were standing, so we went on to Santa Maria del Pilar.

Just as we approached the building I saw a young fellow come out. He walked slowly, with a sad, dejected mien; and as we got near him he pressed his broad sombrero more over his eyes, and, going to a mule tethered under a tree, rode off. A very jovial young brother opened the door, and, though he must have guessed our errand, with a happy, confident smile he admitted us and went to fetch the prior. This latter had a very sleek, suave manner, and at once offered us what poor refreshment his monastery could give.

'Never mind that, reverend father,' said the colonel. 'Time is valuable. You have some fin

pictures, especially of the Italian school, and we have come for them.'

'We had,' he replied in a sorrowful voice, putting great emphasis on the word *had*; 'but, alas! the ungodly have deprived us of the offerings of the faithful, and may God judge them as they deserve! Come,' he continued, with the greatest apparent frankness, 'into our chapel, and judge for yourself.'

This news came as a great shock to us all, and with sad faces we followed him. 'There,' said the prior, 'you can see for yourself,' as he pointed to some of the most terrible, fresh-painted daubs we ever saw in our lives. 'These are the work of our young Brother Ambrose. They are copies of the originals which have been taken away from us; but God judges by the intention. Our brother has done his best; he can do no more.'

We looked at the wretched pictures, and we looked at each other. Some smiled—I did myself; I could not help it as I thought of our getting up at four in the morning and riding for hours for nothing—but most were more inclined to swear; in fact, the senior major suggested angrily that it would be a good thing to make a bonfire of them. At the word bonfire the prior's face turned white, and he held up his hands and begged us to leave him what little he had. But, as I thought of it afterwards, there was a touch of real anxiety in his voice which ought to have told us we were being fooled; but we were too angry for the most part to notice it. We went into the sacristy, but apart from a few vestments there was nothing worth having; and, turning on his heel and refusing any wine, the colonel told us it was not worth while wasting any more time, and we went straight back to the village.

Strolling down the little street, I suddenly saw, watering some flowers behind the bars of her window, a very handsome young woman. Wishing to get a better view of her, I crossed the road. Then I saw a young fellow standing by her; and, what was more, he was the same one whom I had seen leaving the monastery that morning. He had not got his hat now. I looked at him, and he looked at me, and our recognition was mutual. 'Marcourt!' 'Dangani!' we both cried in delight at once, and in another minute I was in the room.

But, so that you may understand our pleasure, I must go back a little. At the beginning of the campaign, three years before, I had been badly wounded in a skirmish near Barcelona. To beguile the time of my convalescence, I thought I would learn Spanish. I was told of a teacher, an Italian, Alexandro Dangani. To my surprise, I found he was an artist; but not having been able to make much by painting, and being very much in want of money, and able to speak German, French, and Spanish, he gave lessons in languages. He had a very refined, intellectual face, and withal a very taking manner; but constitutionally he was very delicate and timid. We soon became great friends, and gradually I learnt his history, and found out that he was not an Italian at all. He was born at Belfort, and his mother was German. He was naturally so weak and so timid that, rather than serve in the army, he fled to Genoa. Being of an amorous, sentimental disposition, he fell desperately in love with some girl there; but her family objected strongly to his suit—in fact, they threatened to kill him—and he, having no courage, sought refuge in Spain. In that country he dared not own he was French, as we French were so hated, so he passed as an Italian.

He painted landscapes, but as he made little by them I suggested that he should try painting portraits. We were now such friends that I told him of my betrothal, and he proposed that I should have my portrait painted to send to my fiancée, and he offered to do it for a hundred pesetas; but as I was as plain as a fellow could well be, I did not quite care for that. 'I will give you one hundred pesetas,' I said; 'but I won't let you paint my portrait.' 'Well, poor as I am, and much as I want money,' he answered, 'I am too proud to take money for nothing.' So, to help him, I let him do it. That portrait, he always said, made him. He did it so uncommonly well that I showed it to my comrades, and he got many commissions, and as his fame grew he got better prices. Amongst others he painted the wife of a rich merchant named Maldanez; then he painted her husband. This Maldanez had a very beautiful daughter named Christina, with whom Alexandro fell madly in love; and, what is more, his love was returned quite as ardently. Maldanez, who was a *nouveau riche*, would of course, had he known of it, never have allowed any communication between his daughter and a poor artist. Then Alexandro's natural timidity came in. The poor love-sick devil painted the portrait of his beloved Christina from memory, and consoled himself all day and half the night by gazing at it. I felt truly sorry, yet I had no patience with him. The girl, too, I fancy, was getting restive and angry, for she was warm-blooded and bold. But I had, when this stage had been reached, recovered from my wounds and joined my regiment, and had not seen or heard anything of him since.

'My dear Marcourt,' he said, after he had introduced his young wife, whose beauty was quite equal to the portrait I had seen of her, and told me of his elopement, which she herself had planned, and which was quite a story of itself, 'of all the fellows I am glad to see it is you. You can help me, and I am sure you will, for you are rich.' I told him that that was not the case now. 'Well, anyway,' he said, 'you have something.' Then closing the windows and the door, in a low voice, after he had made me promise that I would not divulge what he was going to tell, he said that he had four lovely pictures to sell, a Velasquez, one of the everlasting portraits of Philippe IV., a Botticelli, a Fillipo Lippo, and also a Juan Juanes.* 'Give me but two thousand

* Juan Vicente Juanes, who has been called the Spanish Raphael, was born in 1523, and died in 1579.

francs for them and they are yours.' Now, my father had always given me a large allowance. A captain 'on the strength' was allowed two horses, but I had kept five. However, I had lately sold three, as I knew in future I should have to retrench, so I had some ready money. '*Oh ciel!*' I exclaimed, and I thought of the money I could get for them to help my father, 'where are they?' To my astonishment, they were all daubed over just like those I had seen that very morning at the monastery. He quickly cleaned a portion of one, the Velasquez, and beneath I saw the real picture. Without any hesitation I drew out my purse and paid him. And then he told me everything.

Being at his wits' end to get money, he had painted some religious pictures. To prevent the parents of his bride tracing him, he had assumed the name of Cavalletti, and he had gone from monastery to monastery painting and restoring pictures for the monks, and thus he found his way to that of Santa Maria del Pilar. At the neighbouring monastery of Santa Maria de la Pietad, in revenge for their having taken their pictures away, Foy had burnt the whole building. Fearing the same fate might be his, the prior at Santa Maria del Pilar hit on the plan which had deceived our colonel that morning, and had, for the matter of that, deceived others. Dangani, it appeared, was the young Brother Ambrose we had heard of, who had given his poor talents to make up what the ungodly had taken. Fearing the French might appear on the scene while the real pictures were being done, he was ordered to daub them over down at Turela.

'Yes, they are all real,' continued Dangani in conclusion. 'The bulk of them are Italian, as the monastery was founded by one of the sons of Pope Alexander VI. The Velasquez was given them by Philippe IV., he having been taken ill when near the monastery, and he gave them his portrait as a memento of his recovery. The four pictures you have got are the finest of all. I have kept them back, because the prior promised to pay me as I went on, but I have never had a peseta yet. I tried again to get paid this morning, and although he really has thousands of pesetas in the treasury, he won't give me a duro, he says, till I have done all; but I know that once I give him back these he will laugh in my face. You show these pictures to your colonel, and say to him that if he will give me a thousand pesetas, and only take me and Christina out of this miserable country safely, I will tell him where to find some more like them.'

Willing to help the poor fellow, I promised to do this, and went off to my chief at once.

I found him playing piquet at peseta-points with three others. 'I have had a stroke of luck, *mon colonel*. I have got fine news for you.' And to his astonished and puzzled gaze I exhibited my four masterpieces.

'Why, these daubs are just like those we saw this morning at the monastery.'

'Of course they are,' I answered; 'but look at that;' and I pointed out where Alexandro had cleaned a bit of the Velasquez.

'*Ma foi!*' cried the colonel excitedly. 'Where is the fellow? Bring him here.'

Then I explained the conditions, and how timid he was, and how he feared to be seen talking to any Frenchman.

'He wants one thousand pesetas, does he? Well, he shall have a good deal more than that if the *coup* comes off. *Allons*, Marcourt, we will go and see him, as he is afraid to come and see us.'

'The money of the monastery,' said the painter, after I had introduced him and he had told the colonel all he had told me, 'is kept in a particular cell which is set apart for any brother who may be seriously ill. This cell is the only one that has got a bed in it, and the iron chest is below the tiles under the bed.'

The colonel was half-inclined to set off at once. But the men and horses were tired; so, taking one thing and another, he determined to wait till the morrow.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

HOW many books, pamphlets, and articles have been written on the secret of success! How many lectures and addresses given to youthful aspirants! How many sign-posts set up to point out the way to weary pilgrims! Success, indeed, is perhaps the one single thing besides personal health upon which all men fix their eyes and set their affections. They may not all strive for it, but they all desire it. Everybody covets success, nobody covets failure; and yet, this notwithstanding, few subjects are shrouded in deeper darkness than the subject of success. The very questions we ask about it reveal ignorance rather than elicit information. Is success, we ask, a matter of luck or merit? Does it rest on the shifting sands of circumstance or on some solid rock of worth? Is it primarily a question of character or conditions? Is it open to all, or reserved only for the elect? Are some privileged and predestined from birth, or is it secured under free competition? We ask these and the like questions rather to relieve curiosity than to gain knowledge. We have no clear, no coherent ideas on the subject. For individual cases of success we find, no doubt, a ready explanation: this man's

industry, and that man's foresight, and another man's perseverance, and so on; but we have no theory, no fixed formula, no science of success. We can only explain it when achieved; we cannot guide or guarantee its achievement. Nor are our difficulties reduced by the secrets and subtleties inherent in the subject. To begin with, success is not easy to define. It is one of those words all the more difficult to define because so generally misunderstood. Like Proteus, it can assume an infinite variety of shapes. Again, success is estimated in various and often contradictory terms. There is no fixed standard, no general consensus of opinion on the subject. One man's meat is another man's poison, so success to one spells failure to another. In popular parlance, no doubt, it bears but one meaning—namely, success in making money or building up a business; but that is limiting the word to one sphere, whereas it enters into a hundred different spheres. The success, say, of Mr Rockefeller would be failure to Mr Evan Roberts. The success of a pork-butcher would be purgatory to a poet. Wolfe, as he rowed down the river St Lawrence to death and glory, quoted those exquisite lines from Gray's *Elegy*:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave;

and said, 'I would rather have written those lines than capture Quebec.' Nevertheless, it is possible, I think, to frame a definition of success that will satisfy the popular mind. Success, we will suppose, means the attainment to a position of comfort, influence, wealth, honour, and respect; in a word, the realisation of our best choices and desires in life.

What is the secret of such success? One of the latest and best-equipped guides on the subject is the redoubtable Emil Reich, *Doctor Juris*, who comes to our help carrying a thick octavo volume in his hands, crying 'Eureka!' His book on *Success in Life* is undoubtedly a most interesting, improving, and valuable *vade mecum*. It is full of out-of-the-way learning, shrewd comments on men and things, perky playfulness, and that peculiar kind of humour which we associate with savants and learned professors. He approaches the subject with a confidence that is sure to be contagious and inspire his readers with courage and hope. He removes from the subject all romance and mystery by explaining its rationale, as a peep behind the scenes robs the pantomime of its illusive spell. He puts aside luck and chance as determining factors, and, as if to establish his theories upon a scientific basis, christens the subject with a new name, 'Energetics.' Like everything that Dr Reich handles, whether Platonic love before an aristocratic audience at Claridge's or a skirmish on teetotalism with plebeians in the press, his treatment has all the charm of novelty and freshness, though even his acute intellect does not altogether escape current fallacies and delusions.

Let us, to begin with, deal with some of these delusions on the subject. One of the commonest is the all but universal assumption that success can be achieved if men will only seriously try for it. Prize-day addresses and certain modern books bubble over with this theory. It is a great incentive and stimulus, no doubt, to ambitious youth. Of course, some will not try for it. They desire success, but do not choose it, which is very different. They wish it, but will not work for it. It makes too great a demand on their love of ease and content. Like Agrippa, they are 'almost persuaded;' but the pull of pleasure proves too much.

But even in the case of those who really strive for it, can we say that success is always certain or possible? We cannot. Otherwise, the failure of many a heaven-born genius would be inexplicable. Most of us have known men who were martyrs to success. They fought for it and fell; success slew them. They pursued it to the end, and at last it eluded their grasp. They died defeated. The road of life is red with the blood and stained with the tears of ill-fated travellers such as these. There may be a key to unlock the mystery of such tragic lives, but certainly the theory that success is due to steadfast purpose and honest endeavour does not put it in our hands.

Another delusion, and one perhaps that as a nation we put pathetic faith in, is our infinite credence in the possibilities of education. Education may be, and undoubtedly is, an instrument of success; but it is by no means an indispensable instrument. One of the many disregarded commonplaces of history is the fact that in countless cases success has been won by so-called uneducated men. Indeed, it might be plausibly contended that the highest success in nearly all departments of life has been achieved by men of this type. Take literature, for example. We have notable examples like Bunyan, Burns, Dickens, and Shakespeare. What stars shine brighter in the whole galaxy of genius than these? Take war, politics, invention, and the sphere of public affairs. What greater names can be brought forward than those of Napoleon, Marlborough, Nelson, Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Stephenson, Cecil Rhodes, and Benjamin Disraeli? Yet it is doubtful if one of these great men could have passed the London 'matric.' But they graduated in the greater school of life with highest honours, and the reason was this: they possessed one thing in common which cannot be found in the curriculum of the schools—namely, authority, the power of compelling belief, of arresting attention, the power of bringing the world to their knees in wondrous worship. That something is the secret of success. There is something in real greatness towards which men must gravitate. It is not knowledge or industry or brilliant gifts. It is the secret of personality—subtle, mysterious, indefinable, incommunicable—a gift of the gods. 'Knowledge,'

we are told, 'is power;' and so it is when it can be used; otherwise it is a useless encumbrance, and adds nothing to impotence. A man can do more with twopence in his pocket than with millions to his credit in the bank which he cannot touch.

Yet another common delusion is the theory that success is best achieved by careful regard to that consensus of opinion which we call common-sense. Nothing could be farther from the truth. On the contrary, success, especially in large and majestic measures, is often promoted by the emphatic and persistent disregard of what we call common-sense. So true is this, that success, like genius, may be said to border on insanity. The author of *The Savoir-Vivre Papers* justly remarks that 'men will become enamoured of some enterprise which infallibly impresses the average common-sense person as a mad and hopeless enterprise. The average common-sense person will demolish the hopes of that enterprise by incontrovertible argument. He will point out that it is foolish on the face of it, that it has never been attempted before, and that it responds to no need of humanity. He will say to himself, "This fellow, with his precious enterprise, has a twist in his brain. He can't reply to my arguments, and yet he obstinately persists in going on." And the man destined to success does go on. Perhaps the enterprise fails—it often fails; and then the average common-sense person expends much breath in "I told you so's." . . . One day some enterprise foredoomed to failure develops into a success. We all hear of it. We all open our mouths and gape.' Successful authorship, successful invention and discovery, have again and again been won by the resolute rejection of all company and counsel. This is what Dr Reich means, no doubt, when he points to the superior achievements of the 'foreigner' over the native; his independence and separation are real factors in his greater success. In fact, the basic idea of success is differentiation from the crowd. Great travellers never keep to the beaten track.

Much perplexity lingers as to the part played by chance in the successes and failures of life. Some, like Dr Reich, rule it out altogether; some pay it superstitious regard. The truth seems to lie midway between these extremes. We are the victims of chance on the one hand, and a kind of predestination on the other. Perhaps these are fundamentally one. The hazards of the gaming-table illustrate the one, and Shakespeare's lines, 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will,' the other. A man goes to Monte Carlo and decides to back red for the maximum at the roulette-table, and red turns up. What is responsible for his success but chance? So in the larger gambles of life red often turns up for some people, and we call them lucky. But by chance we must understand not only the uncertain operations of the roulette-table, but the collective expression of all circumstances favourable to success not due to any inherent merit of our own. Talleyrand called back a candidate for office, whom he had previously dismissed, through seeing him pick up a pin as he retired from the room. 'You are a thrifty fellow,' said the diplomatist, 'and I will keep you.' The man's thrift was meritorious, but the presence of a pin on the floor was the merest accident. If there had been no pin the man would have failed. How often life turns on accidents like that! The man who holds the trump-cards wins, and Chance shuffles the cards and deals them out to the players. Much of Napoleon's marvellous success during his earlier triumphs was due to sheer good-luck. Let us say what we will about his phenomenal genius, his titanic energy, his colossal ambition; we cannot ignore the presence of his 'star.' Failure can never befall us if the stars in their courses fight against our enemies.

Yet there are prudential measures that we do well to consider. Of these, of primary importance is the question of finding and maintaining our right position in life. Some men fail because they aim above their powers, some because they aim below; in both cases failure is due to bad strategy. People quote their Shakespeare complacently:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

but forget that the tide can never be 'taken' by the man who is found out of its reach. The tide never touches the poet who ought to be packing sugar, or the man behind the counter who ought to be writing books. The misfits and misplaces of life are responsible for innumerable failures. Thackeray failed as a journalist; as a novelist he sprang into instant celebrity. Byron belied his youthful fancy to be a second William Pitt, but after writing *Childe Harold* 'he awoke one morning and found himself famous.' Mr Rufus Isaacs was unknown as a stockbroker; when he entered the Bar his name became world-wide. Why? The tide could be 'taken' there; and he had the ability to make the most of it. Dr Reich tells us that every man has one line of success at his command, and that victory is really a matter of good strategy—taking up the right position; and probably this is true. No parental responsibility is more serious than the duty of directing young people into the right line of life. The misery of men misplaced is tragic—tragic in its hopelessness and despair. No other consolation can ever compensate for that.

Dr Reich concludes his book on *Success in Life* with the terse and truthful remark: 'The science of success, then, is the study of the origin, growth, and application of the greatest power of practical life-authority.' That is perhaps as near as we can get to the ultimate secret. The successful man is always Master, Master of men and things, Master of practical life; he possesses that indefinable power of personality which is everywhere recognised, and which everywhere rules.

We conclude, then, as we commenced, by again emphasising the secrets and subtleties of the subject

There is no method of making the path of success so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. There is no rule of life that will guarantee success. There must always remain a certain element of hazard, a certain spice of speculation. Determination cannot decide destiny. A man may make a bold fight against fate, but he cannot be sure of winning, just as a vessel may ride the roughest seas and yet founder on sunken reefs. All we can say is this: Let the aspirant prepare himself for the contest; let him be strong where the enemy is weak; let him take a brave heart into the battle, remembering, with Arthur Helps, 'that we always think the clouds to be higher than they are until we see them resting on the hills.' Having made victory as sure as mortals can in this uncertain world, let him trust that the gods will be gracious, especially Tyche, the goddess of fortune, and crown his efforts with abundant success.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XL—CONCERNS THE WHISPERS.

WHAT had startled Gabrielle was certainly extraordinary and decidedly uncanny. She was standing near the southern wall, when, of a sudden, she heard low but distinct whispers. Again she listened. Yes. The sounds were not due to her excited imagination at the recollection of those romantic traditions of love and hatred, or of those gruesome stories of how the Wolf of Badenoch had been kept prisoner there for five years and put to frightful tortures, or how the Laird of Weem was deliberately poisoned in that old banqueting-hall, the huge open fireplace of which still existed near where she stood.

There was the distinct sound of low, whispered words! She held her breath to listen. She tried to distinguish what the words were, but in vain. Then she endeavoured to determine whence they emanated, but was unable to do so. Again they sounded—again—and yet again. Then there was another voice, still low, still whispering, but not quite so deep as the first. It sounded like a woman's.

Local tradition had it that the place held the ghosts of those who had died in agony within its noisome dungeons; but she had always been far too matter-of-fact to accept stories of the supernatural. Yet at that moment her ears did not deceive her. That pile of grim, gaunt ruins was a House of Whispers!

Again she listened, never moving a muscle. An owl hooted weirdly in the ivy far above her, while near, at her feet, a rabbit scuttled away through the grass. Such noises she was used to. She knew every night-sound of the country-side; for when she had finished her work in the library she often went, unknown to the household, with Stewart upon his nocturnal rounds, and walked miles through the woods in the night. The gray-eyed, thin-nosed head-keeper was her particular favourite. He knew so much of natural history, and he taught her all he knew. She could distinguish the cries of birds in the night, and could tell by certain sounds made by them, as they were disturbed, that no other intruders were in the vicinity. But that weird whispering, coming as it did from an undiscovered source, was inhuman and utterly uncanny.

Was it possible that her ears had deceived her? Was it one of the omens believed in by the superstitious? The wall whence the voices appeared to emanate was, she knew, about seven feet thick—an outer wall of the old keep. She was aware of this because in one of the folio tomes in the library was a picture of the castle as it appeared in 1510, taken from some manuscript of that period preserved in the British Museum. She, who had explored the ruins dozens of times, knew well that at the point where she was standing there could be no place of concealment. Beyond that wall, the hill, covered with bushes and brushwood, descended sheer for three hundred feet or so to the bottom of the glen. Had the voices sounded from one or other of the half-choked chambers which remained more or less intact she would not have been so puzzled; but, as it was, the weird whisperings seemed to come forth from space. Sometimes they sounded so low that she could scarcely hear them; at others they were so loud that she could almost distinguish the words uttered by the unseen. Was it merely a phenomenon caused by the wind blowing through some crack in the ponderous lichen-covered wall?

She looked beyond at the great dark yew, the justice-tree of the Grahams. The night was perfectly calm. Not a leaf stirred either upon that or upon the other trees. The ivy, high above and exposed to the slightest breath of a breeze, was motionless; only the going and coming of the night-birds moved it. No. She decided once and for all that the noise was that of voices, spectral voices though they might be.

Again she strained her eyes, when still again those soft, sibilant whisperings sounded weird and quite inexplicable.

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

Slowly, and with greatest caution, she moved along beneath the wall, but as she did so she seemed to recede from the sound. So back she went to the spot where she had previously stood, and there again remained listening.

There were two distinct voices; at least that was the conclusion at which she arrived after nearly a quarter of an hour of most minute investigation.

Once she fancied, in her excitement, that away in the farther corner of the ruined courtyard she saw a slowly moving form like a thin column of mist. Was it the Lady of Glencardine—the apparition of the hapless Lady Jane Glencardine? But on closer inspection she decided that it was merely due to her own distorted imagination, and dismissed it from her mind.

Those low, curious whisperings alone puzzled her. They were certainly not sounds that could be made by any rodents within the walls, because they were voices, distinctly and indisputably *voices*, which at some moments were raised in argument, and then fell away into sounds of indistinct murmuring. Whence did they come? She again moved noiselessly from place to place, at length deciding that only at one point—the point where she had first stood—could the sounds be heard distinctly. So to that spot once more the girl returned, standing there like a statue, her ears strained for every sound, waiting and wondering. But the Whispers had now ceased. In the distance the stable-clock chimed two. Yet she remained at her post, determined to solve the mystery, and not in the least afraid of those weird stories which the country-folk in the Highlands so entirely believed. No ghost, of whatever form, could frighten her, she told herself. She had never believed in omens or superstitions, and she steeled herself not to believe in them now. So she remained there in patience, seeking some natural solution of the extraordinary enigma.

But though she waited until the chimes rang out three o'clock and the moon was going down, she heard no other sound. The Whispers had suddenly ended, and the silence of those gaunt, frowning old walls was undisturbed. A slight wind had now sprung up, sweeping across the hills, and causing her to feel chill. Therefore, at last, she was reluctantly compelled to quit her post of observation, and retrace her steps by the rough byroad to the house, entering by one of the windows of the morning-room, of which the burglar-alarm was broken, and which on many occasions she had unfastened after her nocturnal rambles with Stewart. Indeed, concealed under the walls she kept an old rusted table-knife, and by its aid it was her habit to push back the catch and so gain entrance, after reconcealing the knife for use on a future occasion.

On reaching her own room she stood for a few moments reflecting deeply upon her remarkable and inexplicable discovery. Had the story of those whisperings been told to her she would certainly have scouted them; but she had heard them with her own ears, and was certain that she had not been deceived. It was a mystery, absolute and complete; and, regarding it as such, she retired to bed.

But her thoughts were very naturally full of the weird story told of the dead and gone owners of Glencardine. She recollected that horrible story of the Ghaist of Manse and of the spectre of Bridgend. In the library she had, a year ago, discovered a strange old book—one which sixty years before had been in universal circulation—entitled *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, and she had read it from beginning to end. This book had, perhaps, more influence upon the simple-minded country-people in Scotland than any other work. It consisted entirely of relations of ghosts of murdered persons, witches, warlocks, and fairies; and as it was read as an indoor amusement in the presence of children, and followed up by unfounded tales of the same description, the youngsters were afraid to turn round in case they might be grasped by the Old One. So strong, indeed, became this impression that even grown-up people would not venture, through fear, into another room or down a stair after nightfall.

Her experience in the old castle had, to say the least, been remarkable. Those weird whisperings were extraordinary. For hours she lay reflecting upon the many traditions of the old place, some recorded in the historic notices of the House of the Montrose, and others which had gathered from local sources—the farmers of the neighbourhood, the keepers, and servants. Those noises in the night were entirely mysterious and puzzling.

Next morning she went alone to the kennels to find Stewart and to question him. He had told her many weird stories and traditions of the old place, and it struck her that he might be able to furnish her with some information regarding her strange discovery. Had any one else heard those Whispers besides herself? she wondered.

She met several of the guests, but assiduously avoided them, until at last she saw the thin, long-legged keeper going towards his cottage with Dash, the faithful old spaniel, at his heels.

When she hailed him he touched his cap respectfully, changed his gun to his other arm, and wished her 'Guid-mornin', Miss Gabrielle,' in his strong Scotch accent.

She bade him put down his gun and walk with her up the hill towards the ruins.

'Look here, Stewart,' she commanded in a confidential tone, 'I'm going to take you into my confidence. I know I can trust you with a secret.'

'Ye may, miss,' replied the keen-eyed Scot. 'I houp Sir Henry trusts me as a faithfu' servant. I've been on Glencardine estate noo, miss, thae forty year.'

'Stewart, we all know you are faithful, and that you can keep your tongue still. What I'm about to tell you is in strictest confidence. Not even my father knows it.'

'Ah! then it's a secret e'en frae the laird, eh?'

'Yes,' she replied. 'I want you to come up to the old castle with me,' pointing to the great ruined pile standing boldly in the summer sunlight, 'and I want you to tell me all you know. I've had a very uncanny experience there.'

'What, miss!' exclaimed the man, halting and looking her seriously in the face; 'ha'e ye seen the ghaist?'

'No, I haven't seen any ghost,' replied the girl; 'but last night I heard most extraordinary sounds, as though people were within the old walls.'

'Guid sake, miss! an' ha'e ye actually h'ard the Whispers?' he gasped.

'Then other people have heard them, eh?' inquired the girl quickly. 'Tell me all you know about the matter, Stewart.'

'A'?' he said, slowly shaking his head. 'I ken but a wee bittie aboot the noises.'

'Who has heard them besides myself?'

'Maxwell o' Tullichuil's girl. She said she h'ard the Whispers ae nicht aboot a year syne. They're a bad omen, miss, for the lassie deed sudden a fortnicht later.'

'Did any one else hear them?'

'Auld Willie Buchan, wha lived doon in Auchterarder village, declared that ae nicht, while poachin' for rabbits, he h'ard the voices. He telt the doctor sae when he lay in bed a-deein' aboot three weeks aifterwards. Ay, miss, I'm sair sorry ye've h'ard the Whispers.'

'Then they're regarded as a bad omen to those who overhear them?' she remarked.

'That's sae. There's bin ithers wha acted as eavesdroppers, an' they a' deed very sune aifterwards. There was Jean Kirkwood an' Geordie Menteith. The latter was a young keeper I had here aboot a year syne. He cam' tae me ae mornin' an' said that while lyin' up for poachers the nicht afore, he distinc'ly h'ard the Whispers. Kennin' what folk say aboot the owerhearin' o' them bein' fatal, I lauched at 'im an' told 'im no' to tak' ony tent o' auld wives' gossip. But, miss, sure enough, within a week he got blood-pizinin', an', though they took 'im to the hospital in Perth, he deed.'

'Then popular superstition points to the fact that any one who accidentally acts as eavesdropper is doomed to death, eh? A very nice outlook for me!' she remarked.

'Oh, Miss Gabrielle!' exclaimed the man, greatly concerned, 'dinna treat the maitter lichtly, I beg o' ye. I did, wi' puir Menteith, an' he deed juist like the ithers.'

'But what does it all mean?' asked the daughter of the house in a calm, matter-of-fact voice. She knew well that Stewart was just as superstitious as any of his class, for some of the stories he had told her had been most fearful and wonderful elaborations of historical fact.

'It means, I'm fear'd, miss,' he replied, 'that the Whispers which come frae naewhere are forewarnin's o' daith.'

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CANADIANS;

OR, THE PROCESS OF CANADIANISATION.

OFFICIAL statistics for the last departmental year show that in this period more than two hundred thousand immigrants entered the Dominion of Canada. Almost half of this number came from the British Isles, and between forty and fifty thousand from the United States; but, in addition to these Anglo-Saxon contingents, there was a large element of incomers drawn from every country in Europe. This stream of Continental immigration is increasing in volume every year, and it is also a fact that many of the settlers from south of the line are of foreign birth or extraction, large numbers of them being Scandinavians. Port Said, the Gateway of the East, has long been regarded as the most cosmopolitan city in the universe; but Winnipeg, the Gateway of the West, bids fair to rob the Suez Canal port of her ancient prestige. It is doubtful if even the thoroughfares at Port Said can show a more motley mixture of nationalities than the Canadian Pacific depôt after the arrival of one of the great immigrant trains. Men throng to Winnipeg in a polyglot stream, speaking half a hundred tongues and habited as variously as if they were denizens of different planets: the Briton, in his many varied types; the German, neatly dressed and bearing the hall-mark of military service; the Galician or Polish family, cheerful and numerous, with their worldly wealth contained in several crude sacks; the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian; the swarthy Italian, dreaming of a restaurant to be; Hebrews from Russia, with a hunted air; and a talkative assortment of Yankees—all these can be seen any day in the spacious Canadian Pacific Railway waiting-hall.

The new arrivals are interesting in themselves, but an even more engrossing study is the process of their assimilation by the Anglo-Saxon race, and in particular by the Canadian nation. Many people are very sceptical about the possibilities of transforming Galicians and other foreigners into Canadians and good citizens of the British Empire; but the rapidity with which most of the races

acquire at least the outward characteristics of the Canadian is little short of marvellous. Daily experience in one of the largest law-offices in the city of Winnipeg brings one in contact with many varied clients, and affords ample opportunity of studying the various types of the community.

The people of Scandinavian stock, especially the Swedes and Icelanders, of whom there are large numbers in the city and in the Gimli district near Lake Manitoba, are perhaps the most adaptable of all, and dress like natives after the first month. The Scandinavians are invariably smart linguists, and though on arriving they may not be able to speak a word of English, they master the new tongue in a few months, and can in that time understand and appreciate a sermon in it. Swedes who have been in the country several years often like to forget their nationality. We remember one worthy settler, whose name had the Viking ring of Thorgeirson about it, cheerfully telling us that he had sold certain property to 'a dam old Swede.' One of the leading barristers in Winnipeg is a native of Iceland, and at least two of the provincial members of Parliament are of the same stock. The Germans, of whom it is estimated there are ten thousand in the city, are not so quick to adopt the ways of the new society, and a probable cause of this is the disciplinary instinct derived from militarism, which checks a tendency to innovation. They are mostly skilled artisans, and their industry and thrift soon put them in a position to establish businesses and little workshops of their own. They are also extremely keen on good education, and it is a convincing fact that at the close of last session at Manitoba University many of the chief prize-winners were Germans, or at least had German names. Their Lutheran Church is in a very flourishing condition; but many of them belong to the Baptist denomination. There is no actual German quarter, and they are liberally dispersed all over the city. An old-timer tells how he once could discover German homes. He used to walk the roads in the evenings, and if he heard good music coming from a house he knew that its owners as often as not hailed from the Fatherland.

It is customary in the West to classify the various contingents which come from east-central Europe as Galicians. The first batch of Continental immigrants and many subsequent parties certainly came from Galicia, the Polish province of Austria; but very many who are described by that name are in reality Poles, Ruthenians, Lithuanians, or of some other Slavonic race. Ever since the final partition of Poland among the neighbouring Great Powers there has been a constant stream of emigration to America to escape the hated alien rule, and Canada is now welcoming large numbers from that region. They are a hardy, industrious race, and are probably the finest navvies in the world; the railways and roads of Canada are now to a great extent created by the Galician. Accustomed as they are to militarism and a semi-feudal domination, they are not a high-spirited race, and are generally ignorant and badly educated. The wage-scale in Canada seems untold wealth to people from impoverished Austrian Poland, and the older generation usually devote themselves solidly to the task of garnering dollars. They may learn to speak a little English, but they seldom learn to read it. It is otherwise, however, with the children; in the country the men will stay out on their homesteads in the winter, while the women come into the nearest town, fix up a small 'shack' with a stove in it, and work hard washing and charing to keep up two establishments and enable their children to attend school. The second generation of Galicians can talk and swear exactly after the manner of native-born Westerners, and they acquire the dress and characteristics of the country. Galician girls are rapidly turned into good, efficient servants; but they have an awkward habit of marrying and leaving without notice. The usual sign of impending matrimony which warns the mistress is a two days' fit of weeping before the actual departure. They are a quiet, peaceable folk, except at weddings and funerals, when they are apt to get very drunk; to these functions beer is carried in pailfuls, and a hall is always hired for a dance. But the festivities often end in a free fight, and blood is frequently spilt, with the result that next morning the police-court docket contains a long list of weird, unpronounceable names. The women have a strong penchant for gaudy colours, particularly blue, and they are a strange sight in the streets of modern Winnipeg with their variegated kerchiefs. Their homes in the north end of the city are for the most part scrupulously clean, and the owners sometimes even extend their scrubbing energies to the wooden side-walks. Among themselves nothing but their own tongue is used, and many of their ancestral customs are preserved; but the children go to the Government schools, and become bilingual in a short time. One Galician father once remarked, pointing to his offspring, 'Me and mother Galicians, but we're raising Canadians.'

Italians, are more commonly known as 'Dagoes' (a term applied in America to the Latin races), and are generously distributed throughout all Canadian cities. They concentrate their energies on the fruit-trade and restaurant business; and in Winnipeg at least half the business people lunch in 'Dago' restaurants. They have a peculiar adaptability for this business, and seem to manage to run their places more economically and better than the local caterers. Many of them have retired with large fortunes. The Mariaggi was—and in fact still is—one of the best hotels in the city, and its founder has returned to his native Corsica with an ample competence. The Italian differs from other European settlers in that he is always anxious to return to the sunny skies of his native land; his temperament is artistic, and the West will always be to the native of Florence a rough, crude country.

On this account he is possibly not so satisfactory an immigrant as others, for he only adapts himself to suit business necessities, and takes money out of the country; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt he helps to increase the comfort of life.

If the 'Dagoes' specialise in one line, the Chinaman monopolises another—namely, the laundry business, and does the work well. His methods, it is said, ought not to be too closely investigated; but the results are as satisfactory as those of the steam laundries, and the cost is less. The Chinese are most obliging and honest, and their industry puts most white men to shame. But they absolutely fail to assimilate; they keep to themselves, and return in due course, if funds permit, to their native land. There is a certain amount of missionary work carried on amongst them; but their vices are few. Their one besetting passion is gambling, fantan being the name of their favourite game. They will never intermingle or marry with the white race, though we have heard of one instance of a Chinese cook proposing to a newly arrived English housemaid. He was refused, and wept steadily for two days, and would not be comforted; but his case is probably unique. Chinese half-breeds are practically unknown in America, and the problem of the yellow races' encroachment on white territory still awaits solution.

There is, as in every place, a large Jewish element, and, as usual, it is exceedingly prosperous. They hail from every country, but the largest numbers come from Russia, flying from the reign of terror. Their cleverness is most extraordinary, and they are a race of born traders; though they engage in almost every calling, they are chiefly to be found in the cheap clothes business or dealing in second-hand goods. They readily adapt themselves to their environment, and in many cases have half-a-dozen tongues available, which gives them a great advantage in a cosmopolitan city. While they retain their religion and rites, they become Canadians in every other respect; but it must be admitted that they are no more popular as a class than elsewhere.

Such are a few of the types of Canada's new citizens, but there are representatives from the tiniest Balkan principality. There are also, for instance, a certain number of Syrian pedlars, mostly in Ontario, and one gentleman who lately appeared in the local courts gave Constantinople as his birthplace. As a reminder of the past, there is a considerable half-breed population in the West, and, in fact, most of the old-timers have Indian blood in their veins; many of them are of Scotch descent, but their language is French, and it is very amusing to find a dusky maiden with the fine Highland name of Flora Macdougall lisping in Gallic patois instead of Gaelic. There are several quaint half-breed villages on the outskirts of Winnipeg itself, whose inhabitants lead a dirty, primitive existence, undisturbed by the material progress of the country; they are bad farmers, and mostly thriftless, but in the north they are peerless as guides and canoemen.

It will now be patent to the reader what diversified elements have been brought together for the upbuilding of the new-born Canadian nation, and how difficult the task of consolidation and assimilation must be. In nationalising these varied elements the schools are doing splendid work, though the much-vaunted system of Canadian education is not worthy of the laudations heaped upon it. It looks well on paper, but fails often in its results; it attempts too wide a range of subjects to give an efficient training in any one, and on the whole is not nearly so sound as the Scottish system. But the authorities have shown a vigorous and intelligent attitude in grappling with the problem of the education of foreigners. They ought, however, to make education compulsory for all in the western provinces; in the old days the long distances and other prevailing conditions rendered this almost impossible, but there is no excuse for laxity now. There must be large numbers of foreign children running wild both in the cities and country districts. In Winnipeg the Galician community tackled this problem themselves, and an inspector of their own race, an intelligent man and a good linguist, was appointed to look after such truants. When one school, the Strathcona, was opened, the scholars spoke twenty-three different languages; but in six months every tiny tot could make himself understood in English, and they were all playing together in the playground. The Government have also attempted to promote the education of the foreign element in another way; they have provided means for training Galicians, Ruthenians, and others as teachers, who will in turn be able to educate their own compatriots. This scheme is only in its infancy, but its present success will lead to its extensive development, and the immigrant from non-English countries will have the opportunity of receiving an English education from teachers of his own race. There seems, at any rate, to be no difficulty in securing would-be teachers for the task. The intention is to teach the children as much as possible about the history of the British Empire and British institutions, and make them feel themselves associated with the past of the Empire rather than that of the land of their fathers. For performing this task and manufacturing good citizens nothing can be so efficacious as good schools, and we believe that the future of Canada as a nation lies in her educational system.

THE THREEFOLD VICTORY IN ROSLIN GLEN.

A NEGLECTED PAGE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

By E. BRUCE LOW, M.A., F.S.A.(Scot).

PART I.

On Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watchfire-light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.
It glowed on Roslin's castled rock,
It reddened all the copsewood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMONG the multitude of American, English, and Scottish tourists who every summer visit 'Roslin's castled rock,' and admire the marvellous skill which produced the 'Prentice Pillar in the neighbouring chapel, there are few who wend their way to the little cemetery, where stand two isolated buttresses of stone, the sole remains of the original Chapel of St Matthew, erected seven hundred years ago by the good Saintclair of 'Roskelyn,' as it was then called. The name means 'the headland of the wood beside the stream' (*ros coil lyn*), and it well describes the site of this first chapel devoted to commemorate the threefold victory gained on St Matthew's Day, February 1303, by a comparatively small force of patriotic countrymen over a well-armed body of invaders from England three times their number.*

This great achievement in the long War of Independence has been overshadowed by the crowning victory of Bannockburn, which brought the stubborn struggle in Scotland to a close. There is, however, good reason for keeping in living memory this fierce contest, as it served to throw a gleam of hope into the hearts of the patriots, who (since the defeat of Wallace at Falkirk in 1298, followed by his renunciation of the office of Governor of Scotland, and the submission of many of the jealous Scots nobility to the rule of King Edward) had been left to continue the struggle, but had been unable to keep an army in the field. The truce which the English king had deemed it convenient to make with the Scots while he conducted his more anxious struggle against the French king terminated on St Andrew's Day, November 1302, and King Edward found himself compelled to issue writs to summon twenty-six of his feudal barons of the north of England to assemble on the Borders with the view of making a raid into Scotland, so as to support the authority of Sir John Segrave, the Governor for King Edward, and to overawe the people, who already were showing signs of unrest. Under the command of Ralph de Manton, called the Cofferer (or Paymaster) of the Army—whom the Scots chronicler Fordun describes as 'a magnanimous man, noble exceedingly, brave in arms and wise in counsel'—this army of thirty thousand soldiers, for the most part cavalry, marched unopposed into Midlothian, where three divisions were formed in order to facilitate the victualling of the force. Hector Boece tells us that the whole country was apparently subject to the English power, 'saving such few of the inhabitants as lived within the woods, having more regard to the ancient liberties of the country than any desire of preserving their goods or lives.' From Berwick to Edinburgh it was, indeed, difficult to find sustenance for such an army, as 'the farms were deserted, the labourers had either fled or were murdered, and there being no one to till the ground, the fairest part of Scotland was turned into a wilderness, overgrown with briars and thickets' (Buckle, iii. 16).

The Scots had appointed John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, best known as the Red Comyn, to be their Governor, and he had invited Sir Simon Fraser of Biggar, ancestor of the family of Lovat, and known in Scots history as the 'Flower of Chivalry,'† to join him in a supreme effort 'to redress the heavy misery and lamentable case of his country.' Simon Fraser had earned a high name among the knights of the English and French Courts by his valour in the wars in Flanders; but being defrauded of his promised reward by, as he believed, Sir Ralph de Manton, he gladly threw in his lot with the Red Comyn in one more attempt to free their country. The assertion that Sir William Wallace accompanied these leaders in this expedition may be dismissed as without confirmation in the contemporary accounts. Mustering as many men as possible from the forests and hills of the south and west behind the screen of the Pentlands, the commanders appointed Biggar as the rallying-point, and determined, by the bold stroke of a midnight march, to fall upon the now divided forces of the enemy before they could prepare for defence. Hemingford says the English leaders 'were without apprehension, not knowing the ambuscades of the Scots.' To the number of eight thousand men, for the most part on foot, the patriots set off from the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire across the flank of the Pentland Hills, and in the gray dawn descended towards the sleeping camp of the English Governor, who commanded a division of nearly ten thousand soldiers, mainly horsemen. It so happened that a lad belonging to Segrave's

* Father Hay, in his *Genealogie of the Saintclairs of Rosslyn*, tells us that here was erected in memory of one of the English leaders, 'by a lady who entirely loved him, a cross of stone, which at that time was all gilded over.'

† Where's Somerville, the kind and free,
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?—SIR W. SCOTT.

force had strayed that morning to the banks of the Bilston Burn for water, and through the silver mist descried several horsemen approaching, while behind them appeared, across the moor, long lines of footmen. The English camp occupied the rising moorland, now as then partly wooded, which adjoins on the east the road which runs from Bilston to Roslin. Speeding his way in alarm to arouse his compatriots, he was yet unable to reach the tent of the commander before the Scots, thundering at his heels, broke into the camp and very soon put an end to the irregular defence offered by a few isolated and ill-armed parties of Englishmen. Sir John Segrave himself, his son, and his brother were captured in their tents 'als thei woke,' as Langtoft says. With them were taken sixteen other knights and thirty sergeants or esquires.

Sir John was severely wounded ere he surrendered. He is well known as a prominent figure in the history of his times. Succeeding as second Baron in 1295, at the age of thirty-nine, he had led a part of the advance guard to victory at Falkirk in 1298, when his brother Nicolas, Baron of Stowe, also held command; and in 1300 his standard (*sable*, a lion rampant *argent*, crowned *or*) had waved in triumph over the walls of Caerlaverock, the castle of Sir Herbert Maxwell, head of the Border clan. The misfortune which now befell him at Roslin was repeated at Bannockburn eleven years later, and he was kept a prisoner in Stirling Castle, as the Ashmole Manuscript in the Bodleian Library tells us, '*sub custodia Roberti de Bruse.*' Ere this later misfortune, Sir John had taken a leading part at the mock trial and execution of Sir William Wallace in 1305, being specially mentioned in the ancient chronicles as having ridden at the head of that sad procession from the house of William Delect, in Fenchurch Street, where Wallace was lodged, to the Great Hall at Westminster. Crowned in derision with laurel, the noble prisoner was brought before Sir Peter Malorie, the King's Justice, where, denying any act of treason to the English king, whose subject he never was, he was convicted and summarily beheaded and quartered; and there is ample evidence in the accounts of payments made to Sir John Segrave that it was he who carried out the awful work of distributing the limbs of the great Liberator among the various cities where it was thought advisable that a warning to all the Scots patriots should be given. Sir John survived till 1325, when he had reached his seventieth year.

The surprise of the English camp was complete, and many fugitives fled in the direction of the second division, which had been posted near Gilmerton, but was under orders to rendezvous at Roslin. The remainder of Segrave's advanced force, unable to close their ranks, gradually ceased their resistance, and the Scots found themselves at all points masters of the field and in possession of the whole equipment, horses, and stores of the vanguard. Rejoicing at their rapid conquest, the Scots leaders prepared to enjoy a well-earned rest after the fatigues of the long night-march of twenty-five miles over the hills, and the exertions of the morning combat. Many of the Scots spread themselves through the tents seeking booty, others collected the horses and arms of the fallen, and a force was told off to prepare to bury the dead. Scarcely, however, had these different parties set to work when the blare of distant trumpets caused the whole force to desist. A hurried council of war was held, and orders were at once despatched to rally the scattered forces and to prepare to leave the position recently captured from their enemies, which was regarded as untenable against superior numbers. It soon became apparent from the accounts of those who had witnessed the far-stretching lines of the approaching enemy that Sir Ralph de Manton, the Cofferer, was at hand, with the main body of his army, and that the struggle now forced upon the Scots leaders would be a desperate one against an enemy furious at the defeat of its comrades, and confident in the strength of its numbers. Although the English chroniclers say nothing on the subject, it appears, from the accounts of the Scots historians, that the leaders of the defending army gave orders that certain of the prisoners taken in the first encounter, whom it was found impossible to remove with the army to the new position, should be put to death lest they should join the enemy, or if retained as prisoners with the Scots army, should engross the services of too many of the Scots during the approaching desperate struggle for their lives as well as for the liberty of Scotland. Cruel as this course may appear to arm-chair historians of to-day, there was ample precedent in the conduct of the English king Edward for such an extreme act of cruelty. There were those in the Scots army—among them Sinclair of Roslin, himself an eye-witness—who could not forget that after the capture of Berwick Edward caused the citizens to be slaughtered, without regard to 'age, sex, or sacred office,' to the number of many thousands; and it is to be remembered that after the victories of Creçy and Poitiers the English slew their prisoners. In this case the Scots had the sufficient reason, in their eyes, of the threatened danger of harbouring a hostile force in their midst during a fiercely contested struggle, an excuse which in all of the cases above cited was wanting. The spot where the prisoners were slain may be identified by the fact that the portion of the Bilston Burn at Roslin where the Scots crossed the stream to occupy the stronger post behind the river is called the 'Kill' Burn to this day. It skirts on the south the 'Shin-bane' field, where for long years afterwards the plough was wont to turn over the great bones of horse and man lying scarce buried in the loam.

Then it was that the Scots leaders gave the final order to their assembled forces to march under the guidance of Saintclair, 'who knew all those bounds,' as the old writers tell us, across the Bilston

and Dryden Burns to the moorland lying on the south-east, where the broad and deep valley of the Esk formed a sufficient defence on the south, and where the trees and tangled brushwood and steep banks of the two streams which they had just crossed formed a natural fosse on the north, while the larger course of the combined streams hurrying between high banks, thickly wooded, to join the Esk, provided a strong defence in front against the attacks of the heavily armed and mounted men-at-arms, of whom the approaching force largely consisted.

Here the weary Scots awaited the attack of the second army, which had numbered ten thousand fresh troops, but was now hugely augmented by the fugitives from the first division, already defeated. Burning with rage at the daring deed of the Scots, and sworn to avenge his fallen comrades, who were now met with on the scene of the former encampment, the proud leader of the main body, Sir Ralph de Manton, gave the order for an instant attack on the foe. Rushing wildly down the slopes towards the stream, the Southron soldiers bravely sought to come to close quarters; but being obstructed in the bushes and closely wooded ground, and by the steep banks of the rivulet, which rendered the direct attack by horsemen well-nigh impossible, many were slain in the first onset, and the remainder recoiled for reinforcements. Again and again was the attack renewed without success, till, with a mighty effort, and calling loudly to their comrades to follow, a compact force of footman armed with spears and bows, and a strong party of men-at-arms, secured a lodgment within the Scottish lines. Victory seemed in the grasp of the Southrons. Then it was that Sir Simon Fraser rode along the Scots lines reminding the men of the terrible fate of themselves and their families should they yield to the enemy. With loud cries, the patriots responded, and with irresistible impetuosity they drove the invaders back till not a foeman remained excepting numerous prisoners, who, borne down with their arms and accoutrements, found it impossible to escape. Among these was their leader, Sir Ralph the Cofferer himself. The English felt themselves paralysed and unable to attempt a rescue. They accordingly drew off such of their forces as could be extricated from the mêlée, and swift messengers were despatched to the third division, led by Sir Robert Neville, to affect a junction without delay.

(To be continued.)

THE BONE-HUNTER.

By Day Allen Willey.

WE know of the 'big-game hunter' as the man who ventures far from civilisation and often into unknown regions in his quest for such animals as elephants, lions, tigers, mountain sheep, and polar bears—beasts which may inhabit the midst of the jungle or forest, the slopes of high mountains, even the great icefields which for so many months in the year cover such a large area of the Arctic Ocean. But there is another hunter for big game who often endures as many hardships and braves as many perils as the one who follows the trail in the forest with rifle in hand. The work of the fossil-seeker in recent years has led him to spend months in the deserts of the Old and New Worlds, and go into regions not only uninhabited by human beings, but containing nothing in the way of food or even a drop of water to nourish him. Strange to say, his greatest discoveries are in places where the world has literally been dead for centuries.

Bone Cabin Quarry, Wyoming, as it is known to scientists the world over, is by far the greatest hunting-ground for these animals of the past that has yet been discovered, but it is only a small corner of the region where they lived. The story of the hill and valley, as read by the geologist, shows that this was once a fertile country, with its trees and grass and bushes nourished by rivers and lakes, so that it afforded abundant food for the biggest living things that inhabited the land. That they roamed over this part of the earth is shown by the finding of their gigantic skeletons many miles from the 'quarry;' for, since it was first visited, the Bad Lands of America have been the gathering-place for fossil-hunters from both the Old and the New World. The locality forms a vast graveyard for the monster lizards known as dinosaurs, as well as strange horses that lived in the old days, crocodiles older than any that ever floated in the Nile, and mammoth turtles.

The way in which these hunters of extinct animals and reptiles find their mighty game is interesting. In searching for it they bring to their aid geology and natural history. Their weapons are chiefly the pick, shovel, and spade; but some of the places containing the skeletons are so large that they use ploughs and scrapers drawn by horses to remove the earth-covering. When the fossil-hunter reaches a spot where he believes bones are to be found he examines the nature of the rock, if any; he looks carefully at the composition of the soil, and notices the direction and rise of the hills. Nature buried these animals in a curious way in certain layers of earth and rock. Sometimes a part of the layer lies close to the surface of the plain or forms the jutting hillside; the other end of the layer may be thousands of feet below the top. It so happens that a part of the graveyard of the dinosaurs comes to the surface right at the

Bone Cabin Quarry and in the Como Bluffs, which are also in the territory of the United States known as Wyoming. In fact, nearly all of the little valley lying near the Bow Head River in this part of Wyoming is in the graveyard; but the geologist says it is nearly three hundred feet deep, and as yet the hunters have dug only a few feet down into it. So no one knows how many creatures of the past will be found as the hunt progresses.

It is worth while to tell how this curious quarry came to be known as Bone Cabin. A party of fossil-seekers were travelling through what was known as the Bad Lands, when they chanced upon a little hut, once the home of a sheep-herder, but long since abandoned. Their curiosity was aroused by this, the only sign of human habitation they had come across, and naturally they peered about it. One of the party noticed that the house did not rest directly upon the ground, but upon piles of what seemed to be dark-coloured stones. In this part of the Bad Lands one seldom sees even a pebble, and the stones aroused his interest. 'I wonder where the fellow got those stones,' the man remarked as he called the attention of his companions to them. Pulling out one of the 'stones' which had become loosened, he gave an exclamation of surprise. Looking at the dingy-coloured substance carefully, he said, 'This is a tiny part of one of the greatest creatures known to man. It is a fragment of a brontosaurus.' A messenger carried the news to the nearest town. Thence it was given to the world by the electric current, and fossil-hunters throughout America and Europe received the intelligence. Fortunately Mr Walter Granger, the scientist who made the discovery, is connected with the Museum of Natural History in New York. Realising that the bones the sheep-herder had thrown together to support his home had probably been taken from the ground near by, he began digging up the earth. After a few hours' work his shovel struck against a hard substance which it could not penetrate. Working around it, he finally uncovered another piece—a single bone longer than a man of ordinary height. This was also a part of the skeleton of the brontosaurus.

It seems strange that ancestors of the lizard so small as to be easily held in the palm of the hand at one time grew to such enormous size that no creature known to have existed on land has ever equalled them in dimensions. When the fossil-hunters, after months of digging, revealed the other bones along with the one discovered by Mr Granger, an idea of the immensity of the brontosaurus was gained. This skeleton was finally put together, and the great animal placed in the position which it had assumed in life. The single bone six feet in length may convey to the reader some conception of its proportions, but it actually measures a few inches less than sixty-seven feet from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail. As it stands in the American Museum of Natural History it reaches nearly to the ceiling and from side to side of the room, for its height at what the naturalists call the hips is fifteen feet above the floor. Its tail alone stretches out a distance of thirty-one feet, while its neck makes that of a giraffe appear in comparison like a chicken's, being no less than seventeen feet in length. If we were to weigh the thigh-bone apart from the rest, it would tip the scales at nearly six hundred pounds, even before it was petrified. Various estimates have been given of the weight of these monsters, but naturalists believe that in life the one described must have weighed not far from twenty-five tons. The largest animals that now exist on land are the African elephants. Suppose we were to place three of them in line, one directly in front of the other, this ancient lizard would be longer than the three, while it would actually weigh about ten tons more than the herd of them. But, despite its size, the brontosaurus could go from place to place quite rapidly, considering its bulk, forcing its way through the swamps, and uprooting trees which stood in its pathway by the mere pressure of its body. Large rivers were no bar to its progress, for it could wade in water twenty feet deep, and, it is believed, could swim short distances. It lived upon plants and the tender shoots and leaves of trees. Most of us have seen an elephant lifting up his trunk, and may have been amazed at the height to which he could stretch it. Imagine an animal which could put its head into a tree-top thirty feet high and browse!

The bone-hunters, however, have learned that there were several different species. Though all are called dinosaur—a Greek term which, translated into English, means 'terrible lizard'—the largest were almost as harmless as the tiny things that women once wore on their persons with gold chains, making pets of them. As they ate only plants and foliage of trees, their teeth were soft and could not be used to injure man or animal. Strange to say, a smaller dinosaur has been found in the Bad Lands of Wyoming which, it is believed, lived on flesh, for its teeth are very large and sharp. Though not half the size of the great brontosaurus, it was a cannibal preying on the other, for tail-bones of the plant-lizard have been found showing deep cuts that were evidently made ages ago. The teeth of the small dinosaur exactly fit into these wounds, leading palæontologists to believe that the flesh-eating or carnivorous lizards killed many of their big brothers, trying to get at the marrow and cartilage in their tails.

The finding of such creatures as these can indeed be called the hunting of big game, and since the discovery at Bone Cabin Quarry numbers of investigators every year have been exploring this part of Wyoming that forms such a great burial-ground for the monsters. Yet this is only one corner where mammoth remains are known to exist. On the other side of the world, in Africa, the bluffs of the famous Libyan Desert also cover huge skeletons, among them bones of the animals which were the ancestors of the elephant as we know him, but a beast more than twice the size of the one still

found in the African forest, to which we have already referred. In places where the covering of the desert has been dug away so many fragments of these prehistoric creatures have been secured that within the past year they formed a large portion of the cargo of the steamship which brought them from Africa to New York.

Bone Cabin Quarry itself is a revelation, however. After the cabin was torn down and the richness of the 'find' revealed, the explorers determined to discover all that was to be discovered in this locality; so the ground was divided into spaces twelve feet square, and one after another was opened. It has taken over six years, working with the plough and shovel and spade, to turn up only about seven thousand five hundred square feet, or less than one-fifth of an acre of surface; yet this small space formed the resting-place of parts of seventy-three different animals, of which forty-four belonged to the family of dinosaurs. The explorers believe that on this spot fully one hundred of these creatures have lain in the earth for ten millions of years or more. The exploration of the Bad Lands has made western America a veritable treasure-house for the fossil-hunters; but before the discovery of the Bone Cabin Quarry they had been securing such 'game' as elephants, tigers, and camels, although none of these were alive when the lizard giants roamed in their marshes. We think of the camel in connection with the deserts of Africa and Asia; but beasts far larger than any which have ever formed the caravans of the Sahara wandered over south-western America, where their skeletons have been unearthed by the pick and shovel. Tigers bigger and more ferocious than the dreaded Indian man-eater, with teeth as sharp as the sabre's edge, preyed upon the inhabitants of the South American forests; while there was a period in the history of the world when elephants came all the way from Africa to the western half of the globe, and there lived for thousands of years. Within a few miles of New York City itself the hunters have found them, although their big skeletons have also been dug up away to the southward in the State of Texas.

When the prospector believes he has reached a part of his unique hunting-ground he first looks carefully about for any object that may be lying on the top. Frequently he comes across bones of a sheep, sometimes of a hare, but recognises them at once by their whiteness and freshness. Anything that has a dull-brown appearance is closely studied, though it may not resemble a bone, for where a thing has existed millions of years time may have crumbled it away. If the prospector finds nothing, the shovel comes into service. He digs here and there, making test-holes. Perhaps he may go on day after day in fruitless search, until the weeks have passed into months, and he has gone over miles of the region without making a find. Then, when he is about to give up in despair, and depart to some more likely place, the shovel may reach a deposit, the grave of perhaps a dozen animals. As in the case of the Bone Cabin discovery, in a day he has found a fortune in material for the scientist. Bone-hunting is much like gold-hunting; one may unearth a pocket or a nugget when least expected.

The find made, the next step is to secure the bones. While some of the larger bones are unbroken, frequently the skeleton may be in a thousand pieces, some a hundred feet or so from the rest. To pick out the right ones and separate them from the others may mean weeks of patient toiling, day after day, in the burning sun.

The hunter must also know how the bones were put together by nature. As fast as he identifies the parts he numbers each one, then packs it for its long journey. When the bone is fragile and cracked or broken he fills in the crevices with liquid plaster, which hardens and thus cements the fragments together. Sometimes the surface of the bone is first covered with silk paper or thin cloth to protect it from the air. Then the whole piece is covered with plaster as a further protection before being placed in the box or crate in which it is to be sent to the museum. This part of the work requires not a little care, for some single pieces of skeletons are so large that they must be hoisted from their beds by a derrick. Still, in spite of their size, these bones must be uncovered very cautiously, though they have long since turned to stone. A single blow of pick or shovel may badly damage a specimen which otherwise is perfect.

MY DREAM.

I LOVE to dream of pleasant things
  Which come to those who wait,
Although the present never brings
  What I anticipate.

For, after all, what Heav'n may send
  Time cannot always bring,
Or waiting always have its end
  Till time has had its fling.

And pleasant dreams which wake in pain
  May furnish us the price
Which we can pay to Heav'n again,
  A needed sacrifice.

The joys for which I still must wait,
  The rapture almost mine,
I have the right at any rate
  Completely to resign.

And even then not all has gone;
  My dream lives from the past,
And forms again another one
  As lovely as the last.

And so, whatever comes with day,
  Or life may really seem,
Whatever happens, anyway
  I have my lovely dream.

C. J. BODEN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

SOME CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

By A. STODART WALKER.

PART III.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (*continued*), HON. RODEN NOEL, HERBERT SPENCER, THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, WILLIAM RUTHERFORD.

NO man that I ever knew was so loyal to friendship, no one was so imbued with the religion of blood and friend attachment, as Buchanan; and the only real fear that oppressed him, when he drew near the valley of the dark shadow, was that his loyal friend, a devoted young sister-in-law and adopted daughter, might be left penniless. The death of his mother had been the great grief of his latter days. 'I have laid her to rest at Southend,' he wrote to me, 'in a beautiful graveyard by the sea, close to places where she used to be happy. What I shall do now I hardly know. My wits seem numbed, my whole grasp of things gone. Sometimes I hardly seem to grieve at all; at others all my desolation comes back like a torrent. I thought on Sunday last that my own last hour had come, I was so worn out with watching and sorrowing. I absolutely think my reason was saved by a large dose of a homeopathic drug (*ignatia amara*), which turned my anguish into a sort of horrid apathy, but saved my nervous system from total collapse. In my terrible trial my dear Harriet has proved a blessed comforter, and in more ways than one my darling's death has been fraught with blessing. Friends who had grown bitter against me came back for her sake, and gave me their hands. All her influence has been good and holy, like herself. There was never such a mother. The world can never match such a love. I would give everything now for such faith as I once felt. I seem to have none. And then what is left if we abandon the idea of eternal life, as reason teaches us to do? Only a horrible nightmare, a devil's dream.' 'My only prayer now is,' he wrote at another time, 'that I may live for a year or two to complete certain work. I am miserable, too, because if I go *now* my dear and only companion, the purest and sweetest angel that has ever come to me in this dark life, will be left penniless, at the mercy of the world. That is really all I care for, and all that unmans me at the thought of death.'

My recollections of Robert Buchanan would be incomplete did I not include a fragment of his which I value highly as being the last verses he ever wrote, and which I was able to publish in a small volume sold privately, and may now reach a larger audience. They seem to me to embody the very essence of Buchanan's final attitude to the eternities:

'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!'
I murmur'd 'mid the snowstorm of my grief;
Dark as the sunless pall
The folds of darkness fall,
Closing my life's dim day, so strange, so brief!

Lord, I believe; and yet, O Lord, how chill
And frozen grows the faith I cling to still!
Once it was bright and sweet,
Swift as a young man's feet,
Fair as a young maid's smile, strong as a warrior's will.

The dumb and wistful yearning and desire
Through these dark clouds of sense to something higher,
All the long, lonely years,
I've sung through smiles and tears,
But now my hand drops heavily down the lyre!

And lo! instead of gladsome faëry gold,
A few black withered leaves are all I hold.
Help then mine unbelief!
Comfort Thy child's last grief,
Stoop to Thy wandering sheep, and bear him to Thy fold!

The first line of the third stanza is evidently borrowed from R. H. Hutton's criticism of the poet: 'The dumb, wistful yearning in man to something higher—yearning such as the animal creation showed in the Greek period towards the human—has not as yet found any interpreter equal to Buchanan,' an opinion shortly afterwards seconded by George Henry Lewes, who said: 'He must unquestionably

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

attain an exalted rank amongst the poets of this century, and produce works which cannot fail to be accepted as incontestably great and worthy of the world's preservation.' 'Whilst such works as *The City of Dream* are produced by Robert Buchanan,' said Mr Lecky, 'it cannot be said that the artistic spirit in English literature has very seriously decayed.'

In my many wanderings with Buchanan he took me to see two men whose personalities interested me deeply. These were the Hon. Roden Noel and Mr Herbert Spencer. Mr Noel was essentially the man as poet, gentle, retiring, unassuming, and cultured; he had no axes to grind nor logs to roll. He reminded me, with his big flap-collar and the lock of hair which made vagabond wanderings over his finely shaped forehead, of certain portraits of Byron, though it need hardly be said that there was little likeness between the two men either in literary quality or in character. Mr Noel was no publicist, and shunned at all times the methods of the artistic adventurer. He had all the traditional characteristics of the reticent and diffident poet, though in private the warmth of his nature and the generous enthusiasm of his ideals made of him a man beloved. Mr Herbert Spencer was a different counter altogether. The mathematical precision with which he carried out his scheme of life has already been noticed by more than one writer. When first I went to call upon him alone, he took his watch from his pocket and laid it on the table beside him, and remarked, 'I must not allow myself to speak to you for more than a quarter of an hour.' Consequently, at the end of the appointed time our conversation ended suddenly, and we both fell back upon a marked silence, like the ends of a snapped elastic. I rose to go, but he permitted himself to explain that he hoped his silence would not rob him of the pleasure of my staying to lunch. I accordingly picked up a book till such a time as the oracle would deign to speak. At that time I think I was as convinced a Spencerian as Tolstoi's hero in *Resurrection* or Kipling's 'Harry Chunder Mookergee.' Like many another, I fancy, at that time I could have as little omitted the name of Mr Spencer from any of my quondam philosophical writings as the modern woman-novelist could omit quoting from Omar Khayyám. I remember our conversation dealt chiefly with the absence of the cult of satire from modern literature, and he expressed himself in much the same language as he used in a letter to Robert Buchanan which I have in my possession: 'Why do you not devote yourself to a satire on the times? There is an immensity of matter calling for strong denunciation and display of white-hot anger, and I think you are well capable of dealing with it. More especially I want some one who has the ability, with sufficient intensity of feeling, to denounce the miserable hypocrisy of our religious world, with its pretended observances of Christian principles side by side with the abominations which it habitually assists and countenances.' He referred to wars and the machinations of the Stock Exchange. 'In our political life, too, there are multitudinous things which merit the severest castigation: the morals of party strife, and the way in which men are, with utter insincerity, sacrificing their convictions for the sake of political and social position.' Mr Spencer struck me as being terribly in earnest even about small matters—so much so as to suggest that he had not yet been introduced to Mr George Meredith's Comic spirit; but at the same time he was a man of large imagination, and in many ways a dreamer. He was no pessimist, but as full of the joy of life as Walt Whitman. He seemed a solitary figure, sitting apart from the world, 'holding no form of creed, yet contemplating all.' He was as brave as Heine and as Spinoza in the face of constant illness, giving himself over, even when the light of life grew dim and uncertain, to the completion and perfection of his System. He seemed to me the most simple of men in the youthfulness of his outlook on life, in his buoyant joy in humanity and its possibilities. That he was an optimist cannot he denied, and I remember how he poured disdain upon my views that the altruistic spirit has not evolved in man. He held that the race grew nearer and nearer to ultimate perfection, while I ventured to suggest a series of epicycles as representing the moral action of the centuries; and even he admitted once to me that he believed the present tendency was a drifting back to a moral and intellectual barbarism. It is impossible for me to recall many of his exact dicta; but I do recall one sentence, which rang in my ears for some time; it was spoken with so much modulated care that it echoed in my brain months after: 'I do not regard,' he said, 'a thing as *known* unless it can be presented in consciousness under some quantitative or qualitative limitation, and for this reason I distinguish the unknowable as that of which we remain vaguely conscious when the limitations implied by knowledge are absent.' A truly Spencerian deliverance!

I can recall only one visit which Mr Spencer paid to our home—it was at Alta-na-craig, in Argyllshire. There was much domestic terror evinced at the entertaining of such a 'philosophical monster,' but matters soon became adjusted when Mr Spencer dashed into a very human and light disquisition on the Highlands and Highland innkeepers, whom he abused frankly; concluding with a special onslaught upon those who tipped railway porters 'and so contrived every railway disaster ever recorded.' A battle-royal ensued, and Mr Spencer, with his distaste for heated argument, soon stole, like the Arab, silently away. 'We have had a very stormy interview, Mrs Blackie,' were his parting words. During the long and last illness of Mr Buchanan, he wrote frequently to me with

anxious and tender inquiries after the health of the poet, and begged of me to assure him that no financial difficulty stood in the way of the careful and skilful nursing of his old friend.

Professor Huxley seemed to me the very incarnation of sanity, for grafted on to a first-rate knowledge of scientific methods and results was an imagination of the richest and most expansive order (though he on more than one occasion spoke disparagingly to me of 'mere writers of imaginative literature'). To this was supplemented a supreme sense of humour, a quality not supposed to exist often, but which I have found almost uniformly amongst men who give over the main part of their lives to physiological and physical research. Had Huxley's sympathies not been on the scientific side he might have been a first-rate man of letters. His style was graphic, direct, and carefully balanced; his sentences were cut clean as by a rapier. He was never ornate or pompously grandiloquent, and in his argument there was no anticlimax. The first letter I received from him was short and to the point: 'In studying physiology, avoid books as far as possible; study life from the living. My crayfish volume must have taught you little if it did not teach you that.' He was impatient with charlatanism of all kinds, and resented the intrusion of the amateur and the dilettante into the regions of scientific and philosophical research. 'As for your quoting X.,' he wrote to me, 'I associate him merely with hare-brained excursions into esoteric speculation; and as for Z., he is a mere writer of imaginative literature. If there is to be a fight, supply me with foemen more worthy of my steel.' I met him on more than one occasion in Edinburgh and London. We quoted for his benefit Robert Louis Stevenson's deprecatory estimate of the Edinburgh climate. 'I quite agree with him,' said Huxley. 'I now understand why Edinburgh people are so strong: your *summer* kills off all the weak ones.' On another occasion a dispute took place between Huxley, Blackie, and the late Duke of Argyll as to the possession of the sense of humour by Scotsmen. The argument was learned and illuminative, until Huxley dragged in Sydney Smith. 'You know Sydney Smith said it took a surgical instrument to put a joke into the head of a Scotsman,' challenged the scientist. 'Yes,' retorted Blackie, 'an English joke.' I recall a conversation I had with Huxley as to the prizes of this world going to those who accede to the 'general' and not to the pioneers and the children of revolt; and I was much struck by Huxley's great sanity and sense of humour in dealing with this problem. I think his attitude to the suggested burial of George Eliot in Westminster Abbey demonstrated this sanity more forcibly than anything he ever wrote: 'However much I lament the circumstances, Westminster Abbey is a Christian church and not a Pantheon, and the Dean thereof is officially a Christian priest, and we ask him to bestow exceptional Christian honour by this burial in the Abbey. George Eliot is known not only as a great writer, but as a person whose life and opinions were in notorious antagonism to Christian practices in regard to marriage and Christian theory in regard to dogma. How am I to tell the Dean that I think he ought to read over the body of a person who did not repent of what the Church considers moral sin a service not one solitary proposition in which she would have accepted for truth while she was alive? How am I to urge him to do that which, if I were in his place, I should most emphatically refuse to do? . . . One cannot eat one's cake and have it too. Those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not hanker after the rewards, if they are to be so called, which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters.' Which seemed to be the last and wisest word to be said on the matter.

Another distinguished man of science, with whom I was officially connected in the University of Edinburgh, was William Rutherford, a man of a remarkable personality, and yet so given over to the work of his chair as to avoid the life of a publicist, as in the case of Thomas Henry Huxley. I think Rutherford was the greatest teacher I have ever known, and I fancy this view would be shared by hundreds of others who had the privilege of attending his theoretical and practical classes. He took few steps to ensure popularity outside of the thoroughness of his own work; and yet, despite many unfortunate incidents in his career, despite much that might have made his name distasteful, he remained *facile princeps* the most popular and sought-after teacher in the Medical Faculty. I was his assistant for twelve months, and did a considerable amount of original work with him, and I can always speak of him as a slave to a sense of academic responsibility, and utterly reckless of the danger of overwork. In private life he was genial, if eccentric, and gave the few hours of his recreation to the furtherance of an art in which he might have become a master, for he possessed a magnificent voice, and might easily have taken a distinguished place in the singing world. He chiefly sang songs to his own composition, which revealed in a striking way the range and richness of his vocal compass. There are numerous stories associated with his name, many of which I can vouch for, even although he denied the truth of one of them. It probably slipped his memory, in much the same way as the famous 'Classes, lasses, and asses story' slipped the memory of John Stuart Blackie. He was once examining a student in physiology, and towards the end of the 'oral' he asked the young aspirant for degree if he had his calling-card with him. The undergraduate, scenting some special mark of favour from his teacher, responded rapidly in the affirmative, and drew the required card willingly from his pocket. Rutherford looked at him with immobile features for a moment, and then said, 'Will you

kindly write on that card all you know about physiology?' Curtain! At another time a man entered the examination-room in a condition extremely rare—that is, after a rather prolonged visit to a once famous University hostelry called 'Rutherford's.' The Professor began, 'Can you tell me, sir, what is negative variation?' The student, flabbergasted and nebulous, was heard to mutter, 'God knows!' Rutherford's ears were as quick as his tongue. 'And am I to presume, sir, that you share the knowledge with that individual?' When I went up to be examined orally in physiology, as was the practice I was locked into a side-room, so that the outcoming student should not reveal to me the secrets of the torture-chamber. As I was settling down to my anxious wait of a quarter of an hour, Rutherford entered. 'Have you a book to read?' he asked. 'No, sir,' I replied. 'Have you literature of any kind to appease your anxiety?' 'No, sir,' I repeated. 'Then, my dear Mr Walker,' he said, 'meditate on the infinities.' A student once ventured to ask him this question, 'Who is the greatest physiologist in Europe?' Rutherford's answer came without hesitation, a slight smile hovering round his eyes as he spoke, 'Helmholtz is the second greatest.' Like the majority of the professors in the Scottish universities, he was subject now and then to irrelevant and often rude interruptions on the part of the more irresponsible members of his class. On one occasion he was demonstrating the effect of a series of electrical shocks on nerve-tissue, and had to reiterate the words 'No effect' from time to time. He started another experiment, and having passed the faradic current, was about to intimate the result, when one of the students forestalled him, and cried out in a loud voice, 'No effect.' Rutherford raised his eyes and threw a look of amused contempt at the interrupter, and said, 'No, no effect; like water on a duck's back, like my efforts to instil knowledge into your brain and courtesy into your manners.' At another time he said, 'I persistently catch the words, "Hear, hear!" I desire that the gentleman should only "hear," and thus prepare himself for an examination ordeal for which I imagine he is but incompetently equipped.'

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XII.—EXPLAINS SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

GABRIELLE was silent for a moment. No doubt Stewart meant what he said; he was not endeavouring to alarm her unduly, but thoroughly believed in supernatural agencies.

'I suppose you've already examined the ruins thoroughly, eh?' she asked at last.

'Examined them?' echoed the gray-bearded man. 'I should think sae, aifter forty-odd years here. Why, as a laddie I used to play there ilka day, an' ha'e been in ilka neuk an' cranny.'

'Nevertheless, come up now with me,' she said. 'I want to explain to you exactly where and how I heard the voices.'

'The Whispers are an uncanny thing,' said the keeper, with his broad accent. 'I dinna like them, miss; I dinna like tae hear what ye tell me ava.'

'Oh, don't worry about me, Stewart,' she laughed. 'I'm not afraid of any omen. I only mean to fathom the mystery, and I want your assistance in doing so. But, of course, you'll say no word to a soul. Remember that.'

'If it be yer wush, Miss Gabrielle, I'll say naething,' he promised. And together they descended the steep grass-slope and overgrown foundations of the castle until they stood in the old courtyard, close to the ancient justice-tree, the exact spot where the girl had stood on the previous night.

'I could hear plainly as I stood just here,' she said. 'The sound of voices seemed to come from that wall there;' and she pointed to the gray flint wall, half-overgrown with ivy, about six yards away.

Stewart made no remark. It was not the first occasion on which he had examined that place in an attempt to solve the mystery of the nocturnal whisperings. He walked across to the wall, tapping it with his hand, while the faithful spaniel began sniffing in expectancy of something to bolt.

'There's naething here, miss—absolutely naething,' he declared, as they both examined the wall minutely. Its depth did not admit of any chamber, for it was an inner wall; and, according to the gamekeeper's statement, he had already tested it years ago, and found it solid masonry.

'If I went forward or backward, then the sounds were lost to me,' Gabrielle explained, much puzzled.

'Ay. That's juist what they a' said,' remarked the keeper, with an apprehensive look upon his face. 'The Whispers are only h'ard at ae spot, whaur ye've juist stood. I've seen the lady a' in green masel', miss—aince when I was a laddie, an' again aboot ten year syne.'

'You mean, Stewart, that you imagined that you saw an apparition. You were alone, I suppose?'

'Yes, miss, I was alane.'

'Well, you thought you saw the Lady of Glencardine. Where was she?'

'On the drive, in front o' the hoose.'

'Perhaps somebody played a practical joke on you. The Green Lady is Glencardine's favourite spectre, isn't she—perfectly harmless, I mean?'

'Ay, miss. Lots o' folk saw her ten year syne. But nooadays she seems to ha'e been laid. Somebody said they saw her last Glesca holidays, but I dinna believe't.'

'Neither do I, Stewart. But don't let's trouble

about the unfortunate lady, who ought to have been at rest long ago. It's those weird whisperings I mean to investigate.' And she looked blankly around her at the great, cyclopean walls and high, weather-beaten towers, gaunt yet picturesque in the morning sunshine.

The keeper shook his shaggy head. 'I'm afear'd, Miss Gabrielle, that ye'll ne'er solve the mystery. There's somethin' sae fatal aboot the whisperin's,' he said, speaking in his pleasant Highland tongue, 'that naebody cares tae attempt the investigation. They div say that the Whispers are the voice o' the De'il himsel'.'

The girl, in her short blue serge skirt, white cotton blouse, and blue tam-o'-shanter, laughed at the man's dread. There must be a distinct cause for this noise she had heard, she argued. Yet, though they both spent half-an-hour wandering among the ruins, standing in the roofless banqueting-hall, and traversing stone corridors and lichen-covered, moss-grown, ruined chambers choked with weeds, their efforts to obtain any clue were all in vain.

To Gabrielle it was quite evident that the old keeper regarded the incident of the previous night as a fatal omen, for he was most solicitous of her welfare. He went so far as to crave permission to go to Sir Henry and put the whole of the mysterious facts before him.

But she would not hear of it. She meant to solve the mystery herself. If her father learnt of the affair, and of the ill-omen connected with it, the matter would surely cause him great uneasiness. Why should he be worried on her account? No, she would never allow it, and told Stewart plainly of her disapproval of such a course.

'But, tell me,' she asked at last, as, returning to the courtyard, they stood together at the spot where she had stood in that moonlit hour and heard with her own ears those weird, mysterious voices coming from nowhere—'tell me, Stewart, is there any legend connected with the Whispers? Have you ever heard any story concerning their origin?'

'Of coorse, miss. Through all Perthshire it's weel kent,' replied the man slowly, not, it seemed, without considerable reluctance. 'What is h'ard by those doomed tae daith is the conspiracy o' Charles Lord Glencardine an' the Earl o' Kintyre for the murder o' the infamous Cardinal Setoun o' St Andrews, wha, as I dare say ye ken fra history, miss, was assassinated here, on this very spot whaur we stan'. The Earl o' Kintyre, thegither wi' Lord Glencardine, his dochter Mary, an' ane o' the M'Intyres o' Talnetry, an' Wemyss o' Strathblane, were a year later tried by a commission issued under the name o' Mary Queen o' Scots; but sae popular was the murder o' the Cardinal that the accused were a' acquitted.'

'Yes,' exclaimed the girl, 'I remember reading something about it in Scottish history. And the Whispers are, I suppose, said to be the ghostly conspirators in conclave.'

'That's what folk say, miss. They div say as weel that Auld Nick himsel' was present, an' gied the decision that the Cardinal, wha was to be askit ower frae Stirlin', should dee. It is his evil counsel that is h'ard by those whom death will quickly overtake.'

'Really, Stewart,' she laughed, 'you make me feel quite uncomfortable.'

'But, miss, Sir Henry already kens a' aboot the Whispers,' said the man. 'I h'ard him tellin' a young gentleman wha cam' doon last shootin' season a guid dale aboot it. They veesited the auld castle thegither, an' I happened tae be hereaboots.'

This caused the girl to resolve to learn from her father what she could. He was an antiquary, and had the history of Glencardine at his finger-ends.

So presently she strolled back to Stewart's cottage, and after receiving from the faithful servant urgent injunctions to 'have a care' of herself, she walked on to the tennis-lawn, where, shaded by the high trees, Lady Heyburn, in white serge, and three of her male guests were playing.

'Father,' she said that same evening, when they had settled down to commence work upon those ever-arriving documents from Paris, 'what was the cause of Glencardine becoming a ruin?'

'Well, the reason of its downfall was Lord Glencardine's change of front,' he answered. 'In 1638 he became a stalwart supporter of Episcopacy and Divine Right, a course which proved equally fatal to himself and to his ancient Castle of Glencardine. Reid, in his *Annals of Auchterarder*, relates how, after the Civil War, Lord Dundrennan, in company with his cousin, George Lochan of Ochiltree, and burgess of Auchterarder, and the Laird of M'Nab, descended into Strathearn and occupied the castle with about fifty men. He hurriedly put it into a state of defence. General Overton besieged the place in person, with his army, consisting of eighteen hundred foot and eleven hundred horse, and battered the walls with cannon, having brought a number of great ordnance from Stirling Castle. For ten days the castle was held by the small but resolute garrison, and might have held out longer had not the well failed. With the prospect of death before them in the event of the place being taken, Dundrennan and Lochan contrived to break through the enemy, who surrounded the castle on all sides. A page of the name of John Hamilton, in attendance upon Lord Dundrennan, well acquainted with the localities of Glencardine, undertook to be their guide. When the moon was down, Dundrennan and Lochan issued from the castle by a small postern, where they found Hamilton waiting for them with three horses. They mounted, and, passing quietly through the enemy's force, they escaped, and reached Lord Glencardine in safety to the north. On the morning after their escape the castle was surrendered, and thirty-five of the garrison were sent to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. General Overton ordered the remaining twelve of those who had surrendered to be shot at a post, and

the castle to be burned, which was accordingly done.'

'The country-folk in the neighbourhood are full of strange stories about ghostly whisperings being heard in the castle ruins,' she remarked.

Her father started, and raising his expressionless face to hers, asked in almost a snappish tone, 'Well, and who has heard them now, pray?'

'Several people, I believe.'

'And they're gossiping as usual, eh?' he remarked in a hard, dry tone. 'Up here in the Highlands they are ridiculously superstitious. Who's been telling you about the Whispers, child?'

'Oh, I've learnt of them from several people,' she replied evasively. 'Mysterious voices were heard, they say, last night, and for several nights previously. It's also a local tradition that all those who hear the whispered warning die within forty days.'

'Bosh, my dear! utter rubbish!' the old man laughed. 'Who's been trying to frighten you?'

'Nobody, dad. I merely tell you what the country-people say.'

'Yes,' he remarked, 'I know. The story is a gruesome one, and in the Highlands a story is not attractive unless it has some fatality in it. Up here the belief in demonology and witchcraft has died very hard. Get down Penny's *Traditions of Perth*—first shelf to the left beyond the second window, right-hand corner. It will explain to you how very superstitious the people have ever been.'

'I know all that, dad,' persisted the girl; 'but I'm interested in this extraordinary story of the Whispers. You, as an antiquary, have, no doubt, investigated all the legendary lore connected with Glencardine. The people declare that the Whispers are heard, and, I am told, believe some extraordinary theory regarding them.'

'A theory!' he exclaimed quickly. 'What theory? What has been discovered?'

'Nothing, as far as I know.'

'No, and nothing ever will be discovered,' he said.

'Why not, dad?' she asked. 'Do you deny that strange noises are heard there when there is so much evidence in the affirmative?'

'I really don't know, my dear. I've never had the pleasure of hearing them myself, though I've been told of them ever since I bought the place.'

'But there is a legend which is supposed to account for them, is there not, dad? Do tell me what you know,' she urged. 'I'm so very much interested in the old place and its bygone history.'

'The less you know concerning the Whispers the better, my dear,' he replied abruptly.

Her father's ominous words surprised her. Did he, too, believe in the fatal omen, though he was trying to mislead her and poke fun at the local superstition?

'But why shouldn't I know?' she protested. 'This is the first time, dad, that you've tried to withhold from me any antiquarian knowledge that you possess. Besides, the story of Glencardine and its lairds is intensely fascinating to me.'

'So might be the Whispers, if ever you had the misfortune to hear them.'

'Misfortune!' she gasped, turning pale. 'Why do you say misfortune?'

But he laughed a strange, hollow laugh, and, endeavouring to turn his seriousness into humour, said, 'Well, they might give you a turn, perhaps. They would make me start, I feel sure. From what I've been told, they seem to come from nowhere. It is practically an unseen spectre who has the rather unusual gift of speech.'

It was on the tip of her tongue to explain how, on the previous night, she had actually listened to the Whispers. But she refrained. She recognised that, though he would not admit it, he was nevertheless superstitious of ill results following the hearing of those weird whisperings. So she made eager pretence of wishing to know the historical facts of the incident referred to by the gamekeeper.

'No,' exclaimed the blind man softly but firmly, taking her hand and stroking her arm tenderly, as was his habit when he wished to persuade her. 'No, Gabrielle dear,' he said; 'we will change the subject now. Do not bother your head about absurd country legends of that sort. There are so many concerning Glencardine and its lords that a whole volume might be filled with them.'

'But I want to know all about this particular one, dad,' she said.

'From me you will never know, my dear,' was his answer, as his gray, serious face was upturned to hers. 'You have never heard the Whispers, and I sincerely hope that you never will.'

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD WASTE.

A WELL-KNOWN manufacturer of mustard is reported to have said that he made his fortune not by the mustard that people ate, but by what they left on their plates; and this is a very good keynote to the subject of household waste.

To begin with, it is wasteful to buy, without judgment, either in too large or too small quantities. Such things as sugar, tea, soap, candles, oatmeal, and grains are cheaper bought in quantities, if there is sufficient storage-room to keep them dry; candles and soap, like boots, improve by keeping, and go much further; jam does not deteriorate if kept the year round, but may require watching to see that it does not go mouldy; and vinegar and oil should be bought by the gallon, matches by the dozen boxes, and only the best. And here it is as well

to say that, as a rule, the best of everything is in the end the best value to buy; cheap butter will make certain things quite uneatable, and it can hardly be considered thrifty to save a penny on eggs and have to throw away one in every dozen. On the other hand, it is wasteful to buy vegetables or fruit or other perishable articles in quantities, however cheaply they may be offered, as they decay and become unusable, or else are eaten up simply to save waste.

Waste often arises from not watching the market and buying the right thing at the right time; but here comes in the perpetual difficulty of the inelastic household allowance. Even the most unthrifty woman realises that to buy coal in summer at a pound a ton, and store as many tons as her cellar can hold, is better than buying monthly, say, a couple of tons when the price has risen to twenty-seven shillings; but very few have the necessary ten or twelve pounds to pay down at once, though there is no doubt as to the economy. The same with wood, briquettes, or firelighters, which all go up in price during the winter. Briquettes have become almost unknown; but they are a useful possession, and keep in a fire at small cost if it is only required to smoulder. Fires are a great consideration, and very few people realise how coal may be eked out and the dust-bin kept within decent limits at the same time. All egg-shells, potato-peelings, and nut-shells can and ought to be put on the kitchen fire, in town, when fierce heat is not required. I say *in town* advisedly, because in the country a great deal goes to the chickens, and is thus disposed of in an equally satisfactory way. A hungry brood of chickens can be trusted to reduce waste in an exemplary manner. It is extravagant to burn various kinds of light. If you have electric light, with gas or lamps, each account appears small until the day of reckoning; then they unite into a pretty large total; they overlap and are used wastefully, and it is only at the dismal quarters that we realise that we have been spendthrifts. If you have electric light installed, it is better that it should run through the house, as then you can see by your bill what the average consumption should be, and insist on it.

The only exception to this rule is in the matter of an oil-stove for use in summer. This is a distinct saving in coal, and is a great comfort in hot weather, as it can be turned out directly the moment of use is over. A woman may sometimes with advantage take a leaf out of a man's book in his methods of expenditure. He never buys claret or whisky by the bottle; he buys in quantities, and leaves it to mature; but then, as a rule, he holds the cheque-book, and the art of thrift is with him who can buy the right thing, in the right quantities, at the right time.

Of course, even with coal at famine prices, it is always an extravagance to buy cooked food. It increases the cost so enormously that no rise in the price of coal can justify it, and as a rule it means an idle or wasteful housewife, who has a contempt for small savings, or is perhaps merely ignorant.

The growing habit of buying immature things out of season is strongly to be condemned. What is in season is always best, as well as cheapest. Spring chickens in February are not nearly as good value as a portly boiling hen; nor are shoots of asparagus at Christmas-time nearly as savoury as brussels sprouts. Forced fruit or forced vegetables have not the flavour of those eaten in their season, and at the same time they are ten times as expensive. This applies even to flowers for decoration. Christmas roses are more appropriate to December than roses or carnations at double the cost, and it is generally only a tone of display or the competition of wealth which suggests their use. Costly things should never be used for ephemeral decorations. There are a thousand ways of making a room or a table look pretty which are overlooked in the wish to find something out of the common and therefore expensive.

A great deal of waste arises from ignorance and carelessness in storing materials after purchase. Milk is left in a hot kitchen (and very often in a not scrupulously clean jug) until it becomes sour and has to be thrown away; butter is left to melt under the same conditions; cheese is forgotten and becomes mouldy; bread grows musty and useless; and yet all scraps used with care and discrimination can help towards the feeding and comfort of a family, and make a very appreciable reduction in weekly bills. Bread, if grated when it becomes stale and put away in a tin box, is useful in various ways; the last scraps of cheese can be scraped over cauliflower or macaroni, or can be used in savouries; at the worst, they can go into the stock-pot, and thus form the nucleus of a great national institution. And until our stock-pots are familiar to us as household words we may be great and good women, but we can never be good housekeepers. Few of us at our best could equal a Norwegian maid I met who had made to-day's soup out of yesterday's sandwiches and the water in which she had boiled peas, thickened with rice!

All household books should be paid weekly. There is no doubt that monthly payments create dishonesty; small items are slipped in by dishonest tradesmen which would have been at once noticed in the weekly book, but about which we cannot feel quite certain at the end of a month. Slips of paper with the weight of the meat should be insisted on with each joint, and these should be kept and compared with the book. In the same way it is advisable to let the milkman write daily in *your* book the amount of milk left; if not, it has a mysterious way of mounting up.

Carefulness in a mistress is not only the best policy for her own pocket, but is a direct duty, as it makes petty peculations and more obvious dishonesty impossible. Therefore she should allow

no perquisites; nothing that is wanted for the family should be a perquisite for the cook. Dripping should be used for cakes and pastry; bones should go into the stock-pot; dregs of wine from the decanters should be kept for flavouring jellies; fat can be clarified and reclarified, and so be made to last twice as long. Even calcined bones as well as soot are good for rose-trees; and anything that is really over, and is of use, can be given to those poorer than ourselves.

In the kitchen, the cook is the only person who can really prevent waste; the mistress can merely guide. There are a thousand small sources of leakage by which appreciable sums may be lost at the end of a week; but a good deal may be done by a watchful eye and tender inquiries about the remains of last night's dinner! Even competent servants have very seldom any interest in true economy. It is extraordinary how differently we see things when they touch ourselves; so it is only the mistress who has an eye for these small leakages. The average maid dislikes petty economies, having been brought up in the small, wasteful houses of the poor. This is not penuriousness, however; it is thrift, a totally different thing. It is better to save than waste, it is better to use than sell or allow others to sell, and the woman who 'looks well to the ways of her household' has more to give.

Many people are really wasteful from this tiresome fear of being thought *stingy*—it is such an odious word, and it clings; but, whatever the ignorant or careless may think, it is not stingy to make the most of everything; to buy with calculation, and have all we buy ready stored for use; to have little over to burn or to destroy; to be comfortable ourselves and make those dependent on us comfortable too.

Waste and loss is incurred by not looking after our furniture and having it thoroughly cleaned and polished. Oak and walnut suffer very much if neglected, and whereas it is comparatively easy to keep things in good order by weekly rubbing and scrubbing, there comes a moment when, if they are too long neglected, it is necessary to call in outside help and go through the expensive process of French-polishing. It is a good thing to keep an underfelt or even an old blanket under the dining-room tablecloth when there are likely to be hot dishes in use, because the mark left on polished wood by heat is ineradicable. Boiled linseed-oil well rubbed in is an excellent lubricant for dry, unpolished wood, and gradually darkens it without stain or varnish. The little worm found in old oak, which bores tiny holes and leaves a mass of dust in its track, is extremely difficult to kill or cure, and it manages to spread itself to other pieces of furniture with startling rapidity. Kerosene-oil is the best means of getting rid of this trouble; but when once a piece of the furniture is fairly rotten it is almost impossible of cure, and for the sake of the rest it is really best to get rid of it at once.

Once a year the whole house should be carefully gone over and mended up, and picture-frames rubbed and polished with oil and a soft cloth; oil-paintings should be washed with soap and water; and the glasses of water-colour pictures should be thoroughly cleaned with spirits of wine and finally polished with a chamois. This is rather tiring, and takes some time; but it is quite worth the trouble. It is even sometimes necessary to take the pictures out of their frames, clean the mounts, and then repaste a strong brown paper over the back. It is *always* necessary to look at wires and cords, which have an extraordinary way of wearing through unnoticed. Mattresses should be patiently examined, beaten, and mended; the same with carpets. A darn done in time may allow a carpet to wear a year longer; but, as a rule, directly a darn is necessary in a carpet it is a signal for beginning to save up for a new one. Old blankets can be dyed and used as bath-rugs if there are no actual holes, or they can be stitched together and button-holed round with coarse wool, and start on a new career as an underblanket. They can also be dyed, and embroidered in some bold design in wool, and used as a curtain between doors or in front of a hanging cupboard. In fact, the uses of an old blanket, like the uses of adversity, are sweet, and I could make a dozen more suggestions if I had room.

Furs and duvets and extra blankets should always be put carefully away in the spring. They should be buttoned into old pillow-cases or bags made of sheeting, with a good piece of camphor, and shut up in air-tight boxes, after first being subject to careful inspection and a good brushing, to remove any chance of moth. It is so disappointing to find in the autumn that we have carefully packed up the moth in the pillow-cases with our furs!

Out of old linen sheets and tablecloths bandages should be made, rolled, and put away in the medicine-chest, and the surplus given to the hospitals, where there is always a great demand for old, soft linen. Some bits of cotton and muslin should also be kept for linseed or mustard poultices, as it is so difficult to find such things at the moment they are wanted, and many a good handkerchief has been sacrificed to a moment of forgetfulness. And here we are reminded that it is true economy to keep other simple remedies at hand, with a clinical thermometer and a medicine-glass. Every mistress of a house knows best what her own family needs; but listrine, camphor, glycerine, ammoniated quinine, nitre, mustard-leaves, and plaster are very handy, and save many a mad rush to the chemist or doctor. Another necessary for family use is the string-and-paper bag. The folding and smoothing out of paper, and the undoing of knots, become almost mechanical, and a great saving is really effected by it. But in a family of young people it is also very useful to keep a receptacle for *half-sheets* of note-paper and pieces of old pencils; otherwise the

wear and tear of one's writing-paper is tremendously increased, especially in a family where paper-games are the fashion.

Long muslin curtains will cut up into short blinds; but for use on the sunny side of a house these are not very long-lived, and tussore or cream silk, or turkey cotton, is really more serviceable, even if it has to be bought new. Old cretonne covers can be used up as dusters, but should be hemmed, as they are then treated more respectfully. Old damask cloths, or even table-napkins, can be cut into fish-napkins or small tray-cloths; but weekly mendings and darnings will ward off this inevitable fate for a long time.

The truly thrifty should lay aside a small sum every year for the renewal of household linen. It *does* seem almost hopeless sometimes when one has, at the same time, to cope with current breakages and ordinary wear and tear; but the finding of even a solitary pound at the end of the year which can be spent on the linen cupboard is not to be despised. It will buy a tablecloth, or a dozen serviettes, or a dozen towels or dusters, or kitchen tablecloths—which is something.

And here let me speak of sales. Let us be brave and face the jeers of the other sex, and allow, once for all, that a genuine sale at a good shop is a most enjoyable entertainment, and very economical for any one who has strength of mind to go list in hand and stick to it! 'Oddments' are very useful to the thrifty housekeeper. Odd towels, odd napkins, odd linen of all sorts, are often sold very cheaply at these yearly stocktaking sales, and one's linen-cupboard benefits enormously. Do not, on the other hand, keep things for keeping's sake! It is sometimes more important to have their room than their company, and though it is often a wrench to part with anything before it has been kept for the proverbial seven years, I am sure that it is often best. Old hats, unfashionable or unsuitable garments, railway-stall books which have beguiled a journey and done their work, are simply cumberers of the ground. Some one will be glad to have them; and having weeded out all that can possibly be useful to ourselves within a reasonable time, let us be brave and give or throw away the rest. It certainly will not be wasteful to do so. Linings, braid, buttons, or useful bits of stuff should be rolled up and laid by in a special place. It is wasteful to buy a piece of braid for a dress and to find next day exactly what we want carefully put away in some unexpected corner. Such things should always be get-at-able, and always kept in the same drawer or box.

Moral cowardice is another cause of waste, for it is apt to make us live beyond our means. We feel it necessary to give the same class of entertainment as our richer neighbours, and are always struggling to keep in touch with our advancing bills. Even those who have the same incomes as ourselves are not invariably trustworthy guides. Our neighbour may choose to entertain lavishly, but at the same time he may retrench in other ways. He may not take in a daily paper, he may not care about dress, he may not subscribe to a book club, all of which we may be struggling to do, handicapped by the longing to be, or to appear, as hospitable as he is. Real hospitality is quite independent of lavish expenditure. It does not waste itself on ephemeral decoration, or try to keep pace with incomes double its own.

Last, and most important of all, in any question of household waste is the waste of *time*. The ten minutes lost at breakfast-time by late rising or dawdling ways is never caught up all day, and is still missing when the front door is locked at night. Haste, neglect, incompetence, follow in its train, and from first to last the household is disorganised. But this must not be confounded with the calls of love or duty which may tear many a ten minutes out of a well-ordered, methodical day. We must never be so welded into a groove that such calls find no response, or only the fretful exclamation, 'Oh, bother!' If we neglect to answer such calls on our time, however inconvenient, however tiresome and aggravating at the moment, we may certainly become most excellent housewives, but we shall never be good or great women.

ANTOINE MARCOURT & COMPANY.

CHAPTER II.

BY four o'clock the next morning we were on our way.

The same brother looked through the *grille;* but the jovial, happy smile of the previous day had disappeared for a very uneasy, apprehensive glance. Colonel Ferrières had a rare sense of humour, and in almost a sad voice he told the prior, who quickly appeared on the scene, that, although the pictures which the novice had painted were undoubtedly very poor, still he was going to take them. The prior saw at once that it was no good attempting to tell any falsehoods. 'You must have learnt this from Cavalletti,' he exclaimed, 'that'——

'We have not come here to talk,' interposed the colonel sharply; and in a very short time all the apparent daubs were in two wagons we had brought with us. 'Now we are going to see if we can find any treasure,' remarked our commander.

'You may search where you like,' said the subprior, for his superior, in horror, had taken his departure.

The monastery was built on very much the same

plan as the famous Certoza near Milan—a quadrangle with open cloisters, and the cells of the monks opening into the cloisters, with garden in the centre. Without a moment's hesitation, following Dangani's instructions, we made our way to the last cell on the right, some of the brethren following, emphatically declaring they had not a peseta in the world.

'You had better not go in there,' said the sub-prior as we arrived at the cell. 'I entreat you not to run any risk; that is occupied by one who, alas! has a deadly fever.'

'That's of no consequence,' said the colonel.—'Lebrune,' he continued, with a laugh to the medicine-major, 'there will be an interesting case for you.'

Within we found a remarkably healthy-looking brother in bed, apparently fast asleep. Strangely enough, though he was said to be so ill, there were no medicine-bottles to be seen. The surgeon remarked on that.

This gave the sub-prior a chance of relieving his anger at the former's expense. 'No, we do not use medicines, because *Dios es el que sana, sed el medico leva la plata*' ('It is God that cures, but the doctor takes the money').

In the most polite manner the colonel ordered the patient to get up, and after removing the bed, under the tiles which were loose we found an iron chest containing nearly fourteen thousand pesetas. Of these, I may add, ten thousand were given to the troopers of the regiment, and the rest to Alexandro Dangani. Without doubt the monks had other chests hidden away, for it was not likely they would have put all their eggs in one basket; but our commander was anxious to get back, so we set off at once. As soon as we arrived at the village, while the men and horses were having their well-earned meal, we commenced choosing the pictures according to rank; the field-officers and the medicine-major, whose real rank was equal to a colonel, taking two, while we subalterns got one each. Dangani, before we began, had whispered to me, if I got the chance, to take a small Bellini. Of course, every one asked his advice, as he was the only one who really knew what was underneath; but he purposely put them off the Bellini, which I secured. Highly pleased, I was talking in the little street with the medicine-major and some comrades ere we had our *déjeuner*, when a man with some oranges to sell came and stood near us.

'What does that fellow want,' said the major, 'hovering about here? *Ma foi!* perhaps it's Rico.'

All eyes were turned on him at once.

'Oranges, señors,' he said, advancing towards us. 'They are fine, very fine.'

'Move on,' said the surgeon curtly; but the man came close up to me, holding an orange for my inspection. 'I have a letter from Colonel Lavigny,' he said in a low voice, still showing his oranges in his basket. 'I dare not give it to you here, with so many about.'

I took in the situation in a moment. 'They are fine oranges,' I said in a loud voice. 'I will take some. Bring them to the *fonda*.'

The letter to the colonel came from Londa, and was written in German for additional safety, and ran as follows: 'We have done a great deal of "business," and are off. You had better follow us as quickly as possible. Etsuch is only five leagues off. Reward bearer if you get this before night.'

'Etsuch—Etsuch! Who on earth is he?' exclaimed Colonel Ferrières. We were all as puzzled as our chief. We questioned the man, but he could not help us. Some thought it was a trap of Rico's; but as the letter was written in German, and few monks could write any language but their own, and sometimes hardly that, there was no reason to doubt it was genuine.

'I will tell you, Ferrières,' suddenly exclaimed the senior major. 'Etsuch is Suchet, the syllables being transposed.'

Had a bomb fallen among us it could hardly have caused more consternation, for Suchet was the only Maréchal who had clean hands as regarded pillage. At once we knew that if he found us all our loot would disappear as a dream. Though we officers had had no meal since the morning, the *bout-selle* at once rang out. Dangani and his wife were hurriedly placed in a forage-cart, and we were off within ten minutes of receiving the note. The worst of it was that we had not the faintest idea in what direction Suchet's division could be. We were grateful to Lavigny for giving us warning that the Maréchal was in the vicinity, but we all felt that he might have given us some hint as to the quarter in which we were to look for him, as there was every chance of our getting, as the Spaniards say, 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' We had, however, not been in Spain for three years for nothing, and we took the very greatest precautions. Although we had our most reliable men as videttes, and they entered keenly into their work—for they knew that Suchet would make them restore the ten thousand francs that had been distributed among them—still, our colonel got so uneasy and so nervous that he sent me and other officers also in advance and on either flank to scan the horizon continually with our glasses.

For my part, though I dreaded the chance of falling in with the Maréchal's corps as much as any one, I could not help smiling at the idea of our being thus frightened, when in an enemy's country, of actually coming into contact with our own comrades. However, we duly arrived at Londa. There we learnt that Lavigny had left at five that very morning; thus he had twelve hours' start. Still, as artillery and infantry could not march as quickly as we could, we set off again with the hope of catching them up ere we entered the last and most dangerous passes of the Pyrenees, passes and ravines where infantry would be so useful.

For two days we followed their track, and had

every reason to believe we were gaining on them, when between Organa and Urgel we lost all trace of them.

We had arranged to go *viâ* Andorra; in fact, we had no idea there was any other route, so we came to the conclusion that Lavigny, knowing that there was some very dangerous country to go through, and that the guerillas had confederates in Urgel, had made a detour. Accordingly, following his example, we skirted that place in the night, and on the evening of the next day halted for the night at the entrance to a long and winding pass known from its dangerous character as the Devil's Pass.

'It's a confounded nuisance,' said the colonel. 'It would be a terrible misfortune, after all our trouble, to lose our pictures. I know this pass. I went through it with Augereau. I was in the Hussars then, but we had plenty of infantry. If we don't have trouble now, those guerillas are bigger fools than I take them to be;' and he went on to swear at Lavigny for leaving us in the lurch. The bulk of us, however, did not share our chief's gloomy views. The monks were fine cooks, and, moreover, had a fine cellar, and we lived like fighting-cocks. All this, coupled with the fact that we reckoned we should perhaps be in France the next day, put us in rattling high spirits.

At the suggestion of the medicine-major, we informed our kind hosts the next morning that we should require some of them to accompany the squadron. We thought this rather a clever arrangement, and that the guerillas would never dare to hurl down boulders or fire if the monks were with us; but, as will be seen, these rogues were not influenced by their presence in the least.

We started at daybreak. It was a lovely May morning; but we were in such a high altitude that the peaks of the purple mountains were still capped with snow, so at that hour it was very cold. The narrow road was on the right-hand side of the pass, and was virtually on the side of a precipice. Ere we entered it, the colonel hesitated whether he should dismount some of the men and send them up on either flank to dislodge any guerillas that might be there. As it turned out, this is what he ought to have done. But the practical difficulties to men in our branch of the service—their jack-boots, &c.—were so great, for the sides of this infernal pass were as steep as a wall, to say nothing of the time it would have taken, that he decided at last to press on and take the risk. He was wrong, as it turned out; but nine men out of ten would have acted as he did, and no one blamed him for our subsequent misfortunes. The orders were that we were to advance at the trot in single file; and at the first sign of danger the men were to dismount, and every other man to hold the horse of his comrade, thus leaving him free to return the fire of the guerillas. My squadron was in advance; the colonel, with the pictures, in the centre of the column.

We had reached the summit of the pass. I scanned every crag, but I could detect among them no sign of life. All was still but for the soft, distant murmur of the stream beneath us. So soothing was this that for a moment my thoughts turned to the trout that probably swarmed in it, and what pleasure a fisherman might have down there. I almost came to believe that the colonel's fears were baseless.

Mounted on donkeys immediately in front of me I had two of the monks, and a very droll-looking pair they were. One was an enormously fat man, so much so that his donkey was almost hidden by his cloak, and one could only just see the animal's little feet as it pattered along; and equally comical was his companion, who rode behind him—he was so tall that his feet almost touched the ground. I was quietly smiling to myself as I watched these strange figures, when the winding, narrow road took a sharp turn. On ahead the side of the path was not so steep, and suddenly I saw a head appear, and behind it another figure arose, peering over the rocks, evidently intently watching our videttes. This latter fellow, apparently being satisfied with what he saw, took a red handkerchief from his head and commenced waving it to some one on the opposite side.

'*Halte!* Dismount!' I cried, for I reckoned we were just entering an ambuscade, little dreaming that we were in the middle of one.

'Give me your carbine,' I said to a trooper who was holding my horse.

The first man I had seen had now risen and was kneeling with his gun covering our videttes. I knew, and hardly liked, the responsibility of commencing the action; still, I took the risk, and fired. I missed the man I aimed at, but I wounded the other. The echo of my carbine had hardly died away when from above came an avalanche of boulders upon us. Perhaps because they had not understood the order, or because they thought it did not apply to them, the two monks had remained on their donkeys, and in a moment a huge rock caught the mount of the very stout one, taking it clean off its legs and sending him and the wretched animal crashing down to instant death in the torrent beneath. For a few moments all was confusion, the men cursing and swearing, and the horses kicking and plunging; in fact, some of the latter, becoming frantic with fear, broke from those who were holding them, and three or four went over the side, in one case dragging a trooper (who had his arm through the reins of one and was holding another) along with him, though luckily the man was saved by falling on a ridge and holding on to a shrub. Though this torrent of stones was alarming at first, we soon found that there must providentially have been a ridge just above us, for by far the greater part of the rocks fell on it and went bounding off over the road into the stream, and by keeping close to the side we found we were fairly safe. But as if these falling rocks were not bad enough, from every rock and crag on the other

side our hitherto hidden foes opened a galling fire upon us.

'*Courage, mes enfants!*' I shouted, my spirits rising with the danger. 'Keep close to the side. Fire slowly; pick out your men;' and, to set an example, I took the carbine of a young conscript who had lost his horse, and who with an ashen face was cowering against the side of the road along with the tall monk, who was on his knees imploring all the saints in the calendar to protect him. There were three guerillas just opposite me, one with a gaudy sash, apparently a leader, and I resolved to bring this fellow down if I could. Resting my arm on the monk's patient donkey, as I looked down the barrel I saw he was aiming at me. His was a good shot, for it struck the top of my helmet; but I hit him in the shoulder. His companion had fired at me too, and his was really a better shot than the other's, for it was buried in the saddle of the donkey. The effect, however, of my shot on his leader was enough for this rogue, and, without loading, he commenced to scramble up to a safer place. I feared he would get out of range ere I could get another shot; but the conscript just handed me the weapon in time, and as the man was pulling himself up on to a ridge I sent a bullet into his spine, and he fell, dropping down into the stream. The appetite truly comes with the eating. I was delighted with my success; it was the best day's work I had had for a long time; for, with three shots, I had wounded two and settled one. Then I turned my attention to the third man, whose legs I could see as he lay flat behind a rock, but my hand seemed to lose its cunning, for it was not till I had four tries that I hit him. The sharp, exhilarating crackle of the carbines was now continuous all along the line. We were losing men and horses, but we were giving as good as we got. Then the shower of rocks and boulders gradually lessened, and we heard the welcome sound of our carbines above us, and we knew then that the colonel had got some men up on the flank of those behind us, and they soon made the rogues desist from their cowardly work; and, having done that, they opened fire on those who were opposite to us. Under cover of this fire the order came up the ranks for us to continue our route on foot.

The tall monk, who had been peppered by some buckshot, had now from praying turned to swearing, and so we left him, and in a short time were out of all danger. The other end of the pass opened on to a fertile valley, and there we halted. Our losses amounted to three killed and nearly twenty wounded, and the death of a dozen horses; but we had saved our pictures, and to our certain knowledge our foes, with all their advantages, had suffered far more than ourselves. Still, for all that, our colonel was so exasperated at the attack upon us that he burnt the first village we came to. Owing to this *contretemps* we proceeded no farther that day. Early the next morning we breasted the summit of the last range, and, to our unutterable joy, we saw in the far distance our beloved France. So elated were we that, thinking all danger was now past, we gave the monks permission to return. We had hardly done so when we espied through our glasses a small group of horsemen approaching. Their leader, we perceived from his *panache*, was an aide-de-camp, and he belonged to the Red Polish Lancers.

'That's good,' said the colonel gaily. 'Now, perhaps, we shall hear some news of the Emperor, and we may also hear something of Lavigny.'

We were destined to hear rather more than we wanted.

'No,' said the aide-de-camp, after he had asked some questions about the state of the roads, &c., and where he was likely to find Maréchal Suchet—'no, I have seen nothing of Lavigny; in fact, if he has done as much "business" as you say, he would hardly be such a fool as to come this way.'

Our wagons containing the pictures, &c., were in the middle of the column, so that the Lancer had not yet seen them, and apparently thought that we had got no loot.

'Whatever do you mean?' exclaimed Colonel Ferrières, aghast.

'Why, have you not heard of the Emperor's orders against pillaging? He is determined to put a stop to it. He says he will no longer have his army disgraced in the eyes of Europe. They have got a name for being nothing but bodies of marauding thieves. You will find General Provost-Marshal Gosselin awaiting you at the frontier. I suppose Lavigny has got scent of it, and has gone round by another way. But, adieu! I must get forward.' And, followed by his strong escort, he left us ere we had fully realised his communication.

As for the colonel, taking off his casque and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he seemed for a minute or two perfectly dumfounded. We, too, looked at each other, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to swear.

'Whatever shall we do?' at length said our chief with an oath, glaring at us with impotent rage, as though it was our fault. Giving the order to dismount, he called the officers together. 'Every man,' says a characteristic Spanish proverb, 'has his own way of catching fleas,' and countless were the suggestions made. There are few men who have not got their price; therefore most suggested that one of us should ride forward and see the Provost-Marshal, and sound him as to what figure he would want to allow us to go through; but our senior *chef d'escadron* said he had served under General Gosselin, and that the man who tried that plan on him would regret it to the end of his days. The Emperor knew his character for integrity, and that was why he had appointed him.

Of all the suggestions, that of the medicine-major was far and away the best. 'I speak with diffidence, *mon colonel*,' he said, 'as I am not strictly a soldier; but, I say, let us go back a day's march. Ransack every church and convent in the district.

Never mind what rubbish we get. In fact, we are not likely to get anything else, as Augereau went over this ground years ago; but let us fill as many wagons as we can, and then ride down boldly to the frontier, and pretend to be horrified and surprised when they are seized. But ere we start we will take our real pictures from their frames, and have a double bottom made to the cart containing the wounded and put them in it. The sham ones will be seized, and of course we shall growl and grumble; but,' he continued with a twinkle in his eye, 'that won't matter.'

This plan of the surgeon's was greeted with acclamation, the horses' heads were turned, and we never drew bridle till we had gone a couple of leagues. The whole of the next day we scoured the country, and by the evening I doubt if a greater amount of artistic rubbish had ever been brought together. In the meanwhile the medicine-major got a carpenter to make a false bottom to the largest wagon, explaining to the man that by placing hay underneath it he hoped to reduce the jolting that caused so much suffering to the wounded. Very early the next morning, almost before it was light, we commenced operations. Some inferior vestments were placed on the floor of the cart; then some magnificent copes and chasubles so stiff with gold that they could nearly stand up of themselves; and then upon these we placed our old Spanish and Italian masterpieces, which we had taken from their frames. Then, as an additional protection from damp, some more vestments of a commoner sort were put on the top. The false floor was then fastened over them, with a quantity of hay upon it. The wounded were placed in one wagon, and Dangani, his wife, and our *vivandière* in the other, and once more we set off. My Bellini was so small that I had it rolled up in my great cloak, so that, in case our *coup* did not come off, I reckoned at any rate I should have saved something from the wreck. But with all our precautions, I frankly admit that as we approached the frontier it was not without a qualm of uneasiness that I looked back now and then at the wagons that contained my artistic treasures. The handsome, dare-devil countenance of our chief, too, had such an anxious look upon it that in ordinary circumstances it would have made me smile.

At last we saw the little hamlet in front, and our own familiar *douaniers* awaiting us, and, what was more, a strong picket of soldiers. With our wagons of loot placed ostentatiously in front, we now rode boldly forward.

'*Halte là!*' cried the sergeant. 'You have got some loot there.'

'Of course we have. What of that? We would have had more if we could,' said Colonel Ferrières.

'Well, those wagons can't pass, sir,' said the sergeant, and he sent a man to inform the General Provost-Marshal.

The latter, after keeping us some time, instead of sending for the colonel chose to come out himself to see what we really had got. He told our commander curtly that the wagons must be left behind, and that they would be sent to Paris, according to the Emperor's orders.

If Colonel Ferrières had not been a soldier he would have made, I am certain, a splendid actor. Talma himself could not have shown greater surprise at this announcement. 'But, *mon Général, mon Général,*' he exclaimed, aghast, 'there surely must be some mistake. I received no such orders from General Foy. Why, the Emperor's own brother took forty wagons of plate when he left Madrid. For three years we have fought and bled for our country. If,' he continued in an almost imploring voice, 'the Emperor only knew that his children'——

'I am not sent here to argue,' replied the other brusquely, 'but to carry out the Emperor's commands;' and thereupon he ordered the wagons to be taken away.

'As a matter of fact, sir,' said our chief, 'some of these pictures are hardly worth taking.'

'That's nothing to do with it. They will be forwarded to Paris. It is for M. le Conservateur of the Musée du Louvre to decide that point.'

When I heard this, and thought of the utter rubbish in the wagons, I could hardly keep my countenance; in fact, to hide my face I bent down over my saddle and pretended to alter a hole in the stirrup-leather, and even then I thought I should fall off with suppressed laughter. But my laughter ceased, and uncommonly quickly too, as the General continued in a hard and rather ironical tone:

'You say that the pictures are hardly worth having. You were with Colonel Lavigny, were you not?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Ferrières uneasily.

'And you two arranged to get into France by different routes?'

'No, *mon Général,* I swear we did not,' replied the colonel, who was now as white as a sheet.

'Well, anyway, Lavigny went round by Belver and Piguicerda, and we have just caught him at Porta, and I am told his pictures were extremely fine.'

'You see, he was my senior,' said the ready-witted Ferrières, 'and he took all the best ones.'

'Are you going to make a halt here?' asked the General abruptly.

'There is really no need, sir,' replied Ferrières, 'unless you order me to do so. The men have had their *soupe* only an hour ago, and we were told to go to the depôt as quickly as possible. The memories of this place, *mon Général,* are not of the most agreeable. I shall never forget them,' he concluded in a deeply aggrieved tone.

'I do not order you to halt. I have nothing to do with your military movements—*ça m'est égal,*' he replied curtly, and, turning on his heel, with some of his officers walked away.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREEFOLD VICTORY IN ROSLIN GLEN.

PART II.

IMAGINATION can hardly exaggerate the exhaustion which now overtook the conquering Scots as the tide of war rolled back and left them a space to regard their wounds and to recall the prolonged exertions of the night-long scramble over the heathery hills in the murky darkness, and the toil of the double victory gained within the few hours before noon. Many threw themselves down to quench their thirst in the waters of the stream,

> But in abhorrence backward drew;
> For, oozing from the mountain-side,
> Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
> Was curdling in the streamlet blue.*

Many sought the knolls of the rising ground to cool and refresh themselves in the snell February breeze, while others, particularly from the band of attendants, who had taken no active part in the fighting, sought to enrich themselves with the spoils of the fallen.

Suddenly warning horn-blasts and cries of alarm from the advance-posts sent out from the Scots army warned the weary warriors that their labours were not yet at an end; and soon it became apparent that, although their enemies had been twice defeated that day, there were still many thousands of them who had taken no part in the fray, and were now securing posts of vantage in front and on the flanks of the Scots army, bent on redeeming the fortunes of the day. This third division of the invaders, reinforced by many of the fugitives from the other columns which had been dispersed, now approached from the direction of Lasswade, and displayed their standards on the banks of the Esk. Maddened at the news of the disasters which had befallen the armies of Sir John Segrave and the Cofferer, the men under the command of Sir Robert Neville—famous as an intrepid soldier in the Welsh campaigns—advanced hotly upon the opposing lines of Scots, who had numbered at first but eight thousand combatants, but were now sadly reduced in strength, while the attacking force was rapidly increasing, and already far outnumbered and outflanked the defending army. Defeat appeared impending, for besides the overwhelming force bearing straight for the weak and scattered circles of Scottish spearmen, there were in the rear hundreds of prisoners who were eagerly watching the approach of 'proud Edward's power' and waiting only for the first successful attack to turn upon the captors and add to the already overwhelming odds against the defenders. Need we be surprised if the tradition were true that at this supreme moment of desperate exhaustion and fresh anxiety for the fate of their native country, the Scots leaders resolved again to sacrifice such of their prisoners as were likely to give trouble when the combatants had closed in deadly conflict? For such is the record given by the Scots chronicles, being in accordance with the practice of the time.

As the hour of the winter sunset approached, the Scots leaders perceived that many of their followers were in no fit condition, from weariness and hunger, to continue the contest. But Sir Simon and the Red Comyn, undaunted by the black cloud of adversity which appeared to envelop them, passed from group to group, reminding the men of the terrors of the English domination, and denouncing the cowardice of any man who, for the sake of his own ease at this moment, would throw away for ever from his countrymen the blessing of freedom, which they extolled almost in the words of Barbour:

> Ah, freedom is a noble thing!
> Freedom all solace to man gives.
> He lives at ease who freely lives.
> A noble heart may have none ease,
> And should think freedom more to prize
> Than all the gold in world that is.

Roused by the unflinching courage of their leaders, and fired to action by their noble words, the Scots army responded with loud shouts, which told their captains that they could securely rely upon their men to do or die for their country. Scarcely had the clamour ceased when from the wooded slopes of the Dryden stream a dense flight of clothyard arrows fell upon the circles or sheltrons of Scottish spearmen, bringing wounds and death to many. Following close upon this first attack, the crashing and crackling of brushwood and the wild swaying of the undergrowth in front and on flank told that a desperate onset had begun. The Scots, who always preferred a hand-to-hand contest to the deadly distant conflict of the bow, braced themselves for the fray, and no sooner had the head of the column ventured into the open ground beside the stream than, with impetuous rush, the swordsmen and spearmen fell upon them, and with almost demoniac strength, born of their frenzied determination to preserve their freedom, the Scots clove their way up the opposing bank into the heart of the enemy.

> Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
> Than came the Scottish band;
> Right up against the guarded trench,
> And o'er it, sword in hand.

How often in history has this tale been told! When roused to white-heat by patriotic fervour, what people have been able to withstand 'the sweep of Scotland's broad claymore' in the death-grip of hand-to-hand encounter?

No sooner was this terrific counter-stroke de-

* *Marmion.*

livered, and the enemy hurled back from the Scottish side of the stream, than another and yet another onset, heralded by a death-dealing shower of bolts and arrows, followed, till the slopes on which the defenders were arrayed presented the appearance of a forest over which a tornado has passed, leaving the giant trunks heaped in wild disorder in its track.*

These attacks of the invaders, begun and repeated time after time with the utmost impetuosity, ultimately slackened in intensity as evening approached, and it became more and more borne in upon Sir Robert Neville that he must retire, as his army, composed for the greater part of mounted men-at-arms, was no match, in the broken and marshy country which lay between the two armies, for the agile, light-armed footmen of the Scots force.

> But as they left the darkening heath,
> More desperate grew the strife of death.
> The English shafts in volleys hailed,
> In headlong charge their horse assailed;
> Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
> To break the Scottish circle deep.
> Unbroken was the ring.

The chroniclers tell us that at times whole companies of the Scots, feeling overcome with fatigue and almost prostrated with the severe strain of the last twenty-four hours, drew off by twenties and forties to the highest ground around, where they threw aside their arms and such defensive mail as they might be wearing, and sought to cool and refresh themselves on the grassy slopes. After a short period of rest they returned to the conflict or proceeded to keep watch over the more accessible portions of the line of defence, ready to sound the alarm on the approach of each new hostile line of attack.

It was well that darkness now fell upon the fray, for sheer and utter exhaustion had seized the combatants, and the dire events which were to be enacted were better shrouded in the gray and misty glamour of the winter evening than in the pale moonlight which later flooded the ghastly scene.

Scarce had the order been given by Sir Robert Neville to his men to withdraw from the contest and retreat from the field than the Scots captains, having armed the attendants with the weapons of the fallen and of the prisoners, and, 'having given to every Scot living a weapon,' sent them, headed by their mounted force, in pursuit. Tradition tells that many of the English sought to escape by the open ground along the cliff-like banks of the flooded Esk in the hope of finding a ford. But this route proved but a trap. For the level ground ends abruptly in a circular high bank covered with trees and brushwood, which the flying troops found it impossible in the gathering darkness to ascend on horseback, while the undergrowth was so dense that they could scarce penetrate it on foot; and ere a ford was found the Scottish spearmen were among them. The poet's description of the spot, and of the view over the Esk to Hawthornden, helps us to picture the scene:

> The spot is wild, the banks are steep,
> With eglantine and hawthorn blossomed o'er,
> Lychnis and daffodils and harebells blue,
> With lofty granite crags precipitous.
> The oak with scanty footing topples o'er,
> Tossing his limbs to heaven, and from the cleft
> Fringing the dark-brown natural battlements
> The hazel throws his silvery branches down;
> Then starting into view a castled cliff,
> Whose roof is lichened o'er purple and green,
> O'erhangs thy wandering stream, romantic Esk,
> And rears its head among the ancient trees.

The massacre which followed has given to the spot the grim title of 'The Hewing' to this day; and history records that the Esk river ran red with blood for days, and where the flooded stream entered the Forth, at the Links of Musselburgh, the 'multitudinous seas incarnadine' dyed crimson the sands of the bay. Twelve thousand English lay dead upon the field, and many more left their bones to bleach in hidden brake and rocky gulley, where they sought their last bed and slept in peace, far from the clash of arms.

Of this great threefold conflict, contemporary historians, both English and Scots, have written with profound admiration. Thus, the envoys of Scotland, then at the Court of King Philip le Bel of France, wrote urging their countrymen to continue the struggle. 'You would greatly rejoice if you knew what reputation you have acquired all over the world by your late conflict with the English.'

Wyntoun, who lived in the same century, in his *Cronykil* wrote:

> There was no man then living
> That ever heard or saw before,
> Intil ony kyn kynryk,
> A day's werk to that daywerk lyke.

John of Fordun also, writing in the fourteenth century, speaks of 'the great and famous engagement at Roslyn, where the English were defeated, though with great difficulty. From the beginning of the first war which ever broke out between the Scots and English, it is said there never was so desperate a struggle, or one in which the stoutness of knightly prowess shone forth so brightly.'

So also Hector Boece (1465–1536): 'This was a great victory. I do not know whether there was ever any other more famous or greater in the history of our country.'

Holinshed, although an Englishman, declared: 'The glory of the [Scots] victory was great, considering that thirty thousand Englishmen, well furnished and thoroughly appointed for war, should be thus in one day vanquished by a handful of Scottishmen. All men supposed that it came to pass by the singular favour and grace of Almighty God.'

* This spot is known to this day as 'The Graves,' and is marked by well-defined tumuli.

It has been left to our later Scots historians to belittle the work of our countrymen. Lord Hailes, in his *Annals*, bewails the sad fate of the English prisoners who fell that day; and Burton passes over the strenuous struggle with the remark that 'as the Scottish chroniclers of the battle accompany it with acts of extreme cruelty, their narrative of triumph may be abandoned without sacrifice of the national honour.' This is surely a poor epitaph to be inscribed to the memory of the 'Flower of Chivalry' and his doughty patriot-band who, 'facing fearful odds,' sought death or victory so that the rights and liberties of their country might be preserved, and that their descendants to later ages might be freed from the cruelty of oppression under which, for a generation, the whole population had groaned, and which to all Scotsmen had made life unendurable. The same 'acts of extreme cruelty' (which are not, however, alleged or complained of by the English historians of the period, and must therefore have appeared of too minor importance for notice at their hands), when perpetrated by King Edward, did not prevent Burton from describing at length the English victory when Edward captured Berwick, and slew seventeen thousand Scots* soldiers and unarmed citizens; nor are other historians prevented from narrating the bravery of the victors at Creçy simply because the Black Prince caused his prisoners to be slain.

The victory at Roslin, however, was but a flash of bright sunshine amid the dark and stormy period of the struggle; but it taught the lesson—learned in the same year at Courtrai by the Flemish weavers in their conflict with the mailed hosts of France—that with high courage and determination it was possible for the spear and billhook men to oppose successfully and to overthrow the mounted men-at-arms, hitherto considered irresistible. The lesson was not forgotten; and when King Edward, leading a motley host of Angles, Welsh, Irish, Gascons, and Savoyards, had carried fire and sword, with sacking of towns and bloodshed, to the remotest northern counties of Scotland, the very extremity of his ruthless cruelty, which he had expected would stamp out the embers of the patriotic fire, proved—as has been the case so often in Scottish history—but the immediate cause of a national uprising which drew its breath and inspiration from every class of the people. Then came the close of the period of internal class or clan jealousy, which in Scotland, as in Ireland, had been the fruitful cause of disaster in the struggle for independence. Edward's march of rapine to Caithness and the shores of the Moray Firth 'sowed the dragons' teeth' from which sprang up the unconquerable resolution of the whole Scottish people to end for ever the imperious claim of English sovereignty by conquest, and brought Robert and Edward Bruce, James Douglas, Randolph Moray, Walter the Stewart, and all the best of Scotland's ancient nobility into the field.

As in the lives of many men, so with our nation, it needed the seven times heated furnace of disaster to produce the pure gold of noblest manhood. So from the fierce religious persecution of later times came the settled determination of the Scottish people to overthrow the 'bloody House of Stuart,' which was followed by the Revolution Settlement, with the religious freedom existing to this day; and from the wanton cruelty and rapacity of the English oppressors came that final rising of the whole Scottish nation which arrayed itself on the field of Bannockburn, and, though by comparison feeble in number, overthrew one hundred thousand of their enemies in open conflict.

The lesson learned at Roslin in 1303 had been applied; and from that day till King Edward's son, in 1314, rode from the field of battle to save his life, and till his grandson, in 1328, signed the Treaty of Northampton—that charter of Scottish Independence, by which he and the Parliament of England undertook to deliver up to the Scottish people all documents and muniments 'touching the subjection of the people of Scotland to the people of England'—the Scottish patriots never wavered from their set determination to secure for their country her absolute freedom as an independent nation.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know;
The mind attains beneath her happy reign
The growth that Nature meant she should attain.
And they that fight for Freedom undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake;
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing, Freedom is the pledge of all.†

* Knighton, an English historian; other historians give the number of the defenders slain at eight thousand.

† Cowper.

THE WIDER VIEW.

Love stole the quiet heart I had,
And robbed me of my peace;
He brought me rue for garlanding,
Nor gave my soul surcease.

And as I wandered in the ways
My tears fell like the rain,
And peered the pale flowers through the mould
Along the track of pain.

'Alas!' I moaned, 'how bitter-sweet
To learn that Love is ruth!'
'Nay,' said my soul, 'thy pains are thorns
That fringe the path of Truth.

'Blind Love is idle, nor discerns
False issues from the true.
Say, shall I cloak thine eyes again,
And crown thee with thy rue?'

When kindly years sent wiser Love,
Patient, clear-eyed, serene,
Lo! Truth walked with him hand-in-hand,
The flowers and thorns between.

B. M. Danby.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HUMOURS OF GUN-RUNNING.

By Louis Becke.

MY first experience of gun-running was gained at an early age, when I began life as a trader in Samoa, or, as the group was then more commonly called, the Navigators' Islands. War had broken out between King Malietoa and his adherents and the rebel chiefs of Savaii, the largest island of the group. The people of the island of Upolu—on which the port of Apia is situated, and where his brown Majesty resided—were for the most part loyal to him. But one district, which had four thousand good fighting men, upheld the rebel cause; and, making a sudden and treacherous attack whilst peace negotiations were being carried on, drove the king and his party out of the Apia district with much slaughter, and strongly entrenched themselves to the south-east and north of the town and port of Apia. Then they rested, waiting for reinforcements by sea from Savaii. This was a serious blow to Malietoa, for he was cut off from Apia, the place where he could buy arms, ammunition, and supplies. He could not gain access to the port by sea, for a fleet of rebel canoes were on the watch; neither could he obtain arms by stealth from any of the European merchants there, for all the trading-stores were watched by the rebels, then practically in possession of the town. And although a number of his warriors did enter Apia, singly or in twos or threes, and bought rifles, they never returned, being shot down by ambushed rebels as soon as they were out of the precincts of the town. Malietoa, however, entrenched himself strongly at a place called Vailele (Leaping Water), seven miles north of Apia, and played a waiting game. I may mention that the English and American residents were in favour of Malietoa, whilst the Germans openly supported the rebel party, and actually provided them with arms, taking land in payment—not their own lands, but those that were to be wrested from Malietoa and his chiefs. In fact, the war was engineered by the German Consul-General—against instructions from Berlin, however.

At this time my half-caste partner, Alan Strickland, and I were engaged in trading throughout the group in a small cutter, and doing remarkably well. We bartered coloured printed stuffs, calicoes, hardware, tobacco, and other trade-goods for copra (dried cocoa-nut) and yams. On the latter we made a large profit, for food was scarce in Apia, and both whites and natives bought them eagerly.

My partner was a stalwart young Manahiki half-caste of great resource and daring, and soon after war broke out he suggested that we should make a voyage to Tonga (Friendly Islands), where we could buy arms cheaply, and then 'run' them into Samoa at various points along the coast of Upolu. We called on the king and laid our plans before him, and he promised us every assistance, and a good price for every rifle we landed, especially Sniders and Winchesters; also, he marked off on my chart certain spots where he would have people awaiting us, provided these places had not been captured by the rebel party.

We made several voyages, and did remarkably well. Occasionally we were overhauled by the rebel war-canoes and searched; but they found nothing, for we had built a false skin all round the cutter's hold, in which the arms were stowed, and then the hold itself was usually full of copra or other cargo. Once, indeed, we were caught, and I should have been shot out of hand but for the resourcefulness of Alan's wife (a Samoan girl), who effected a ransom; but, as I am writing now only on the humours of gun-running, I need not tell the story here.

On our return from our third trip to Tonga we found that Malietoa had driven the rebels out of the Apia district, and was occupying their entrenchments; but in port were three warships—the German *Carola*, the American *Resacca*, and the British corvette *Cameleon*—who searched every incoming vessel to see if she had arms on board. A neutral zone had been defined around Apia, a

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

municipal government (backed up by the warships) had been formed, and all Europeans had been warned that the selling of arms was illegal, and would be punished by a heavy fine (even if it were but a single shot-gun) of one hundred pounds.

We had already got rid of forty rifles and five thousand rounds of ammunition, by landing them on the south side of Upolu; but when we sailed into Apia Harbour we still had on board ten Winchesters, sixteen shot-rifles, ten Winchester carbines, and a thousand cartridges for each. These rifles we wished to deliver to King Malietoa himself, for he alone had cash enough to pay for such expensive weapons. The cartridges were stowed in boxes of fifty each between the true and false skins, and the latter we had white-washed, 'to sweeten the hold.' The rifles we had hidden in an exceptionally safe place, and so felt pretty confident of pulling through all right when the time came.

Being under British colours, we were boarded by an officer from the *Cameleon* as soon as we anchored. He handed me the Arms Proclamation, and then asked me what cargo we had.

'Ten casks of molasses for Vailele cotton plantation,' I replied, 'and fifty live hogs.'

'Any arms?'

'We have these,' I replied truthfully, pointing to my own and Alan's Winchester carbines and revolvers, which were lying on the lockers.

'Ah, quite so. You are allowed to carry these for the vessel's defence; but don't be tempted to sell them, or you will repent it. But I must have a look around all the same. Sorry to trouble you, but these are my orders.'

After a somewhat perfunctory search of our small cabin had been made, we went on deck, the hatches were taken off, and the lieutenant, his coxswain, and I descended. He cast his eye around leisurely, then looked at the casks of molasses, which were lying amidships, neatly dunnaged with green banana-tree stalks to keep them in position, and asked me to 'oblige him' with a mallet and a straight bit of stick about four feet in length. They were produced.

'Start the bungs of some of these casks, Smith,' said the officer.

The coxswain started the bungs of four of the casks, and then probed each cask in turn, fore and aft, and along the bilges, drawing out each time dripping black, odorous molasses.

'That will do, Smith,' said the officer. Then turning to me, 'Who on earth can swallow such awful stuff as that?' he asked.

I explained that, with boiled rice, it formed part of the rations given to the Kanaka labourers on sugar-plantations.

When we returned to the deck the officer told me that if I wished to sell ten or a dozen hogs, I should get a good price for them from the corvette.

Now, Alan and I wanted the hogs for a special purpose, and I did not like selling any of them to the *Cameleon;* but I thought it best to do so, and although I asked a fancy figure for my 'piggies,' I got it. Owing to the war, fresh meat of any kind was at an extraordinary price. Food of all other kinds was also very scarce, no vessels having arrived from the colonies with supplies for a long time, and none were expected. No copra was being made; and, although there was plenty of money in Samoa, the trading captains wanted copra, not cash.

That evening we killed a hog, and sent it on shore as a present to a white trader friend of mine. In the pig's stomach were two hundred and fifty loose Winchester cartridges for Malietoa, who was hard pressed for ammunition. I also wrote the king a note telling him that I had twenty Winchesters and heaps of cartridges for him, and if he sent some of his chiefs to Vailele plantation for them (with the money) he could have them on the following day.

We lifted anchor at daylight, beat up to Vailele, and landed the casks of molasses. The manager was a friend of mine, and was 'standing in' with me over the business. Within an hour the liquid contents of five of the barrels—which had originally held American pork, and were very suitable for our purpose on account of their extreme length—had been emptied into other casks, and the rifles were being washed and cleaned.

The way Alan and I did it was this. At Tonga we had bought ten empty pork-barrels, and placing a rifle or carbine in position in each, one on the stave next the bung-hole on one side, and one on the other, we secured them by staples from the inside, filled the cask with molasses, and the matter was done. It was Alan's idea. He was, as I have said, a man of resource. Now, had that young lieutenant used a piece of *cane* instead of a stiff stick, and curved its point from the bung-hole down along the bilge, he would have found something!

Malietoa was most anxious that his adherents on the island of Savaii should obtain five thousand cartridges and ten of the rifles, so we re-shipped five casks of molasses and five thousand cartridges, and at once set sail for Matautu, the principal port of Savaii. Here we were closely watched by the rebels, who occupied the town, but who could make no objection to my selling a couple of casks of molasses to the local trader; indeed, they were glad, for all Samoans are fond of molasses. In due course the trader sent the internal fittings of the casks to the persons for whom they were intended, together with two thousand cartridges, which we dropped in through the bung-holes.

In the course of a month we returned to Apia, having got rid of the last of the molasses and cartridges at various places on the coast of Savaii. The hogs came in very usefully. Sometimes we would call at villages inhabited solely

by rebels, but the native pastor of which would be friendly to Malietoa. To him we would make a present of a freshly killed hog, stuffed with from two hundred to three hundred cartridges, like a 'lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts' of the olden time, and so we did well, and earned honest money.

During the time we were away Malietoa had driven all the rebels to the little island of Manono, which he could not attack, as it was too well fortified by stockades, and the rebels also had several cannon. However, peace was restored a few months after.

Four years later I was again in Samoa, supercargo of a Sydney trading-brig, and again found that a civil war was going on under almost similar conditions to the previous one. Provisions were scarce and arms dear. Now, we had on board a number of cases of converted Snider rifles destined for the Caroline Islands, and I determined to get them on shore at Apia in some way or another. First of all I had a secret interview with Malietoa, and then his Majesty and I 'fixed things up.'

I called upon the consuls, and informed them that I had a number of cases of rifles on board, intended for the Caroline Islands; but since leaving Sydney had learnt that the natives of those islands had attacked and wiped out one of the Spanish garrisons, that severe fighting was still going on, and that if the Spanish authorities ascertained that I had arms on board, the ship would be seized and confiscated. The consuls agreed that that was a certainty.

'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I don't want to lose the ship and see the inside of a Manila prison for the sake of a few cases of rifles. Now, if you will allow me to land them here, to remain under your care until I return from the Carolines three months hence, I am willing to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for the storage.' At first they refused.

'Very well, then, if you will not oblige me in this matter I shall not sell a single ounce of any kind of provisions to any white man in Samoa.'

This was a staggerer. Our vessel had a great quantity of provisions for sale, and none were to be had in Apia; so after consultation they agreed to store the arms, and I paid the hundred and fifty dollars in advance. Then the consular police-boat came off, and the cases of rifles were sealed with the joint consular seals, taken on shore, and deposited in the care of the chief of the municipal police (the government of the neutral zone of the Apia district being administered by the consuls).

We sailed shortly after, with several heavy bags of American dollars in the ship's safe; and two nights after we had left, during a heavy downpour of rain the police barracks were burgled, and the cases of rifles carried off holus-bolus. With the rifles also disappeared five native policemen. I can imagine the great rejoicing in King Malietoa's lines that night when the cases were brought in.

An American friend of mine, a fellow-supercargo, succeeded in getting a number of rifles on shore in Samoa by concealing them in cases of corrugated iron that were to form the roof of a new native church—two in every case! The cases were packed in Auckland (N.Z.). Then another man whom I knew well hit upon an excellent device for getting cartridges on shore. The Samoans are passionately fond of tinned salmon and sardines. He opened some hundreds of cases of salmon, took out each tin and partly opened it, stuck in a cartridge or two, soldered the tin again, and gave it a dab of brown paint. For this particular brand of salmon the natives were always ready to pay half-a-dollar instead of the usual quarter, and he was soon sold out.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XIII.—WHAT FLOCKART FORESAW.

THE following afternoon was glaring and breathless. Gabrielle had taken Stokes, with May Spencer (a girl-friend visiting her mother), and driven the 'sixteen' over to Connachan with a message from her mother—an invitation to Lady Murie and her party to luncheon and tennis on the following day. It was three o'clock, the hour when silence is upon a summer house-party in the country. Beneath the blazing sun Glencardine lay amid its rose-gardens, its cut beech-hedges, and its bowers of greenery. The palpitating heat was terrible—the hottest day that summer.

At the end of the long, handsome drawing-room, with its pale-blue carpet and silk-covered furniture, Lady Heyburn was lolling lazily in her chair near the wide, bright steel grate, with her inseparable friend, James Flockart, standing before her.

The striped blinds outside the three long, open windows subdued the sun-glare, yet the very odour of the cut flowers in the room seemed oppressive, while without could be heard the busy hum of insect life.

The Baronet's handsome wife looked cool and comfortable in her gown of white embroidered muslin, her head thrown back upon the silken cushion, and her eyes raised to those of the man, who was idly smoking a cigarette, at her side.

'The thing grows more and more inexplicable,' he was saying to her in a low, strained voice. 'All

the inquiries I've caused to be made in London and in Paris have led to a negative result.'

'We shall only know the truth when we get a peep of those papers in Henry's safe, my dear friend,' was the woman's reply.

'And that's a pretty difficult job. You don't know where the old fellow keeps the key?'

'I only wish I did. Gabrielle knows, no doubt.'

'Then you ought to compel her to divulge,' he urged. 'Once we get hold of that key for half-an-hour, we could learn a lot.'

'A lot that would be useful to you, eh?' remarked the woman, with a meaning smile.

'And to you also,' he said. 'Couldn't we somehow watch and see where he hides the safe-key? He never has it upon him, you say.'

'It isn't on his bunch.'

'Then he must have a hiding-place for it, or it may be on his watch-chain,' remarked the man decisively. 'Get rid of all the guests as quickly as you can, Winnie. While they're about there's always a danger of eavesdroppers and of watchers.'

'I've already announced that I'm going up to Inverness next week, so within the next day or two our friends will all leave.'

'Good! Then the ground will be cleared for action,' he remarked, blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips. 'What's your decision regarding the girl?'

'The same as yours.'

'But she hates me, you know,' laughed the man in gray flannel.

'Yes; but she fears you at the same time, and with her you can do more by fear than by love.'

'True. But she's got a spirit of her own, recollect.'

'That must be broken.'

'And what about Walter?'

'Oh, as soon as he finds out the truth he'll drop her, never fear. He's already rather fond of that tall, dark girl of Dundas's. You saw her at the ball. You recollect her?'

Flockart grunted. He was assisting this woman at his side to play a desperate game. This was not, however, the first occasion on which they had acted in conjunction in matters that were not altogether honourable. There had never been any question of affection between them. The pair regarded each other from a purely business standpoint. People might gossip as much as ever they liked; but the two always congratulated themselves that they had never committed the supreme folly of falling in love with each other. The woman had married Sir Henry merely in order to obtain money and position; and this man Flockart, who for years had been her most intimate associate, had ever remained behind her, to advise and to help her.

Perhaps had the Baronet not been afflicted he would have disapproved of this constant companionship, for he would, no doubt, have overheard in society certain tittle-tattle which, though utterly unfounded, would not have been exactly pleasant. But as he was blind and never went into society, he remained in blissful ignorance, wrapped up in his mysterious 'business' and his hobbies.

Gabrielle, on her return from school, had at first accepted Flockart as her friend. It was he who took her for walks, who taught her to cast a fly, to shoot rooks, and to play the national winter game of Scotland—curling. He had in the first few months of her return home done everything in his power to attract the young girl's friendship, while at the same time her ladyship showed herself extraordinarily well disposed towards her.

Within a year, however, by reason of various remarks made by people in her presence, and on account of the cold disdain with which Lady Heyburn treated her afflicted father, vague suspicions were aroused within her, suspicions which gradually grew to hatred, until she clung to her father, and, as his eyes and ears, took up a position of open defiance towards her mother and her adventurous friend.

The situation each day grew more and more strained. Lady Heyburn was, even though of humble origin, a woman of unusual intelligence. In various quarters she had been snubbed and ridiculed, but she gradually managed in every case to get the better of her enemies. Many a man and many a woman had had bitter cause to repent their enmity towards her. They marvelled how their secrets became known to her.

They did not know the power behind her—the sinister power of that ingenious and unscrupulous man, James Flockart—the man who made it his business to know other people's secrets. Though for years he had been seized with a desire to get at the bottom of Sir Henry's private affairs, he had never succeeded. The old Baronet was essentially a recluse; he kept himself so much to himself, and was so careful that no eyes save those of his daughter should see the mysterious documents which came to him so regularly by registered post, that all Flockart's efforts and those of Lady Heyburn had been futile.

'I had another good look at the safe this morning,' the man went on presently. 'It is one of the best makes, and would resist anything, except, of course, the electric current.'

'To force it would be to put Henry on his guard,' Lady Heyburn remarked. 'If we are to know what secrets are there, and use our knowledge for our own benefit, we must open it with a key and relock it.'

'Well, Winnie, we must do something. We must both have money—that's quite evident,' he said. 'That last five hundred you gave me will stave off ruin for a week or so. But after that we must certainly be well supplied, or else there

may be revelations—well—which will be as ugly for yourself as for me.'

'I know,' she exclaimed. 'I fully realise the necessity of getting funds. The other affair, though we worked it so well, proved a miserable fiasco.'

'And very nearly gave us away into the bargain,' he declared. 'I tell you frankly, Winnie, that if we can't pay a level five thousand in three weeks' time the truth will be out, and you know what that will mean.'

He was watching her handsome face as he spoke, and he noticed how pale and drawn were her features as he referred to certain ugly truths that might leak out.

'Yes,' she gasped, 'I know, James. We'd both find ourselves under arrest. Such a *contretemps* is really too terrible to think of.'

'But, my dear girl, it must be faced,' he said, 'if we don't get the money. Can't you work Sir Henry for a bit more, say another thousand? Make an excuse that you have bills to pay in London—dressmakers, jewellers, milliners—any good story will surely do. He gives you anything you ask for.'

She shook her head and sighed. 'I fear I've imposed upon his good-nature far too much already,' she answered. 'I know I'm extravagant; I'm sorry, but can't help it. Born in me, I suppose. A few months ago he found out that I'd been paying Mellish a hundred pounds each time to decorate Park Street with flowers for my Wednesday evenings, and he created an awful scene. He's getting horribly stingy of late.'

'Yes; but the flowers were a bit expensive, weren't they?' he remarked.

'Not at all. Lady Fortrose, the wife of the soap-man, pays two hundred and fifty pounds for flowers for her house every Thursday in the season; and mine looked quite as good as hers. I think Mellish is much cheaper than anybody else. And, just because I went to a cheap man, Henry was horrible. He said all sorts of weird things about my reckless extravagance and the suffering poor—as though I had anything to do with them. The genuine poor are really people like you and me.'

'I know,' he said philosophically, lighting another cigarette. 'But all this is beside the point. We want money, and money we must have in order to avoid exposure. You'——

'I was a fool to have had anything to do with that other little affair,' she interrupted.

'It was not only myself who arranged it. Remember, it was you who suggested it, because it seemed so easy, and because you had an old score to pay off.'

'The woman was sacrificed, and at the same time an enemy learnt our secret.'

'I couldn't help it,' he protested. 'You let your woman's vindictiveness overstep your natural caution, my dear girl. If you'd taken my advice there would have been no suspicion.'

Lady Heyburn was silent. She sat regarding the toe of her patent-leather shoe fixedly, in deep reflection. She was powerless to protest, she was so entirely in this man's hands. 'Well,' she asked at last, stirring uneasily in her chair, 'and suppose we are not able to raise the money, what do you anticipate will be the result?'

'A rapid reprisal,' was his answer. 'People like them don't hesitate—they act.'

'Yes, I see,' she remarked in a blank voice. 'They have nothing to lose, so they will bring pressure upon us.'

'Just as we once tried to bring pressure upon them. It's all a matter of money. We pay the price arranged—a mere matter of business.'

'But how are we to get money?'

'By getting a glance at what's in that safe,' he replied. 'Once we get to know this mysterious secret of Sir Henry's, I and my friends can get money easily enough. Leave it all to me.'

'But how'——

'This matter you will please leave entirely to me, Winnie,' he repeated with determination. 'We are both in danger—great danger; and that being so, it is incumbent upon me to act boldly and fearlessly. I mean to get the key, and see what is within that safe.'

'But the girl?' asked her ladyship.

'Within one week from to-day the girl will no longer trouble us,' he said with an evil glance. 'I do not intend that she shall remain a barrier against our good fortune any longer. Understand that, and remain perfectly calm, whatever may happen.'

'But you surely don't intend—you surely will not'——

'I shall act as I think proper, and without any sentimental advice from you,' he declared with a mock bow, but straightening himself instantly when at the door was heard a fumbling, and the gray-bearded man in blue spectacles, his thin white hand groping before him, slowly entered the room.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING ABOUT SICILY.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE, late British Vice-Consul at Messina.

SICILY, like Rome, has become nowadays one of the favourite winter-resorts of the clouds of tourists which swarm southward year by year in ever-increasing numbers from our own befogged and chilly island. But it has only become so of late, owing to the agencies which are at work in so many up to now little-known regions, and which are throwing open even the interior of the 'Dark Continent,' and already the Soudan is accessible to holders of circular tickets.

Severed as Sicily was once by distance, and by the real and fancied perils of the road, from Great Britain and Germany, not to speak of the United States, it is not surprising that the island should have remained comparatively speaking a *terra incognita* to all but those very few hardy and enterprising travellers who were not daunted by the uncertain dangers or deterred by the very certain discomforts of a journey thither. Without going too far back, we learn from Brydone (1770) that when he and his friends had decided on sailing for Messina from Naples on the *Charming Molly*, they were regarded with 'admiration and awe' by the Neapolitans, who tried in vain to dissuade them by giving them alarming accounts of the state of the island; but Brydone and his companions held firm to their purpose, and he has left us a record of their venturesome tour through Sicily and Malta in one of the most fascinating narratives of travel ever written.

The advent of the Italian Government heralded a fresh era. Within the last thirty-five years systematic brigandage has been suppressed; railways have been laid down connecting all the cities of the coast, girdling Mount Etna, and uniting some of the towns of the interior to the seaboard; commerce and industry have expanded; and the ancient granary of Rome is no longer closed to the general public.

This being the case, a few particulars from an old resident on the altered conditions of the island, embodying a few hints for those who have *not* unlimited leisure or means, may not come amiss. As to the most pleasurable season for visiting Sicily, I may be allowed to give a few words of advice suggested by my own personal experience.

The most suitable period of the year for taking a trip to Sicily is, as I have mentioned in my article on 'Rome of To-day' (*Chambers's Journal*, 1904), the spring, which out there corresponds with the calendar; for, though March is perfect when fine, the weather is rather undependable at the beginning of the month, but usually settles towards the middle. Leafy June, on the other hand, is always refreshed up to nearly the very end by the cool north-west breezes blowing over the Mediterranean and over the still snowy peaks of the loftier mountains. The herbage and the wild flowers, which are burnt up later on under the fiery rays of the scorching sun of July and August, carpet all the hillsides and fringe the torrent-beds, rendering the absence of trees less perceptible or more endurable to the eye. The tender green of the almond and acacia trees (the last with its feathery leaves and fragrant white blossom), the darker hue of the manna-bearing ash, are at their best and freshest, though they are scarcer in number than they might well be. Sky and sea vie in blueness and clearness; Japanese medlars, cherries, and strawberries are plentiful. Lastly, the bright, long days practically give the visitor at least four hours more of light to enjoy the sights and scenery he has come from so far to view. The winter is, of course, infinitely brighter and warmer than ours—*cela va sans dire*. Even if you come in dark December, there will be a greater percentage of sunny days than at home. Autumn, again, though calm and sunny, is often hot unto sultriness, the erstwhile smiling, verdant plains are yellow and burnt, and the waning days give you so little time that even if you can brave the heat you will hardly be able to do justice to the country; if you cannot, you will lose still more—you may lose half your holiday within a *pension* or an hotel.

The chief charm of the Sicilian landscape lies in the ever-changing mountain scenery which unrolls before your eyes as you speed along the Messina-Palermo or the Messina-Catania line—hills and vales, deep gorges, steep cliffs backed by the lofty Nebrodes chain and other sierras; while at intervals, overtopping them all, the giant cone of Etna shoots skywards, the lord-paramount of Sicilian mountains. Such are the distinctive traits which predominate. Nor is this rugged grandeur unrelieved by spots of softer beauty: fragrant orange and lemon groves, whose dark-green leaves, sweet white blossoms, and golden-yellow fruit stretch along the southern coast for miles and miles, presenting a pleasing contrast to the beetling rocks and boulder-strewn passes. The presence of flowers and fruit at the same time on the same tree is not uncommon here, and is due to the successive abnormal crops of many lemon-trees, which ripen in March and May, and on some plants indifferently between April and November. There is only one blemish on the fair aspect of nature, but it is a serious one. It is the dearth of trees. In the eighteenth century this woeful destruction had seemingly hardly commenced, for Brydone, speaking in 1770 of the impressive view he had beheld from the Cappucini Hill, overlooking the city of Messina and the broad straits beyond, expresses himself in these words:

'The prospect [of the straits] was terminated on either side by the tops of high mountains *covered with woods*.' Farther on he mentions 'fine shady walks on all sides of Messina.' The country has greatly changed since then. The Calabrian mountains and the Sicilian hills are bare and treeless save for some pinasters and ash-trees, which are few and far between. The shady walks have likewise disappeared. The Government has made some efforts to check disafforesting and to re-enforest some tracts in central Italy, and a Commission of Forests has been constituted; but these efforts have so far been too feeble and too ill-directed to produce the desired results.

Robbed as fair Sicily has been of her luxuriant tresses, she has preserved unimpaired through the ages her beauteous features, which it is beyond the power of man to deface. Moreover, she still contains those wondrous remains and relics of her past chequered history, which are nowhere so numerous as in Sicily. She can still show with pride her gigantic Grecian temples of Girgenti, of Selinante, and Syracuse, her Saracen mosque at Palermo, her noble Norman cathedrals of Monreale and Cefalù, one and all symbolising stirring periods in her annals, when Syracuse under Gelon and Dionysius ruled the western waves, or when the Arab emirs were nigh founding a second kingdom of Granada, or when, finally, a Norman dynasty contemporary with our own *did* found one of the most flourishing kingdoms of medieval Europe. As the successive geological strata bear witness to the succeeding changes of the earth's surface, so do Sicilian monuments recall in their style the different historical vicissitudes of the island as surely as does the old red sandstone its period.

The proper season having been selected and the route mentally chalked out, the traveller ought to know something of the people he is going to visit; and the Sicilians deserve some particular notice, from the many peculiar traits they present.

All those nations which have made Sicily their battle-ground, and which have contended for supremacy, or which have conquered Sicily in turn, have left their deep impress on the original Sikels and perhaps Sicanians with whom they have mingled their blood, and with whom they have fused themselves into one compact but compound mass. They have left vestiges of their presence in the language, habits, and character of the modern islanders. Thus their ancient dialect retains still some antique Latin forms long obsolete in central and northern Italy, whilst the blending of some of the national characteristics of many races is more singular still. They have inherited some of the quick wit of the French and some of the ceremonious manners of the Spaniards, from whom they have acquired other less desirable qualities; but, like the inhabitants of many other parts of Italy, they have never had fair-play, and their character has been warped by foreign tyranny and misrule. It is to their credit that these evil influences have not utterly crushed their spirit and hardened their hearts; that they have left them their hospitality, good-nature, and courtesy; and that in these respects they are far superior not only to the uncouth, brutal Roman, but to the Neapolitan and Genoese. Indeed, on this point, as on many others, Brydone's account of the people high and low was true to nature and holds good to this day. The description he gives us of the religious fêtes, of the superstitious reverence of the inhabitants for their local saints, might have been written yesterday. The worship of the Messinese for 'Our Lady of the Letter' (so called from an epistle written by her to her dear and beloved people of Messina) continues as fervid as ever; the devotion of the Catanese for their Saint Agatha—whose veil is the palladium of the town, though it has sometimes failed against earthquakes—is undiminished; the pride of the Palermitans in their Saint Rosalia, in whose honour they burn great quantities of gunpowder every year during her fête, is the same.

The dislike of the Sicilians for their neighbours on the mainland is quite as great. Their mode of ridding themselves by assassination of their foes is not extinct; as the over-zealous Jesuit was sometimes removed to a higher sphere in 1770, so are now more humble individuals, who are sometimes put out of the way if they incur the enmity of some influential *maffioso*. Now and then the *mafia* fly at higher game. The celebrated case of K. C. Notarbartolo, the manager of the bank at Palermo, who was murdered in a railway carriage in the autumn of 1894, is an instance in point. This gentleman was noted for his uprightness and unfaltering courage, which led him to defy the *mafia*, perhaps unwisely—anyhow with fatal consequences to himself. No serious steps were taken to track the murderers until 1900, and that an attempt was made at all is due to the fact of the return to Italy of a son of the murdered man able and willing to undertake the difficult and hazardous task of bringing the assassins to justice. Circumstantial evidence had not been wanting from the very first, but had been neglected; some witnesses now came forward and gave their evidence before the *Juge d'Instruction*, and sufficient *primâ facie* proofs were collected to justify the arrest of several prominent persons inculpated as principals or accessories before the fact. They were indicted; but the venue of the court had to be changed from Palermo to a city of northern Italy, where, after a long, almost interminable, trial in accordance with the invariable practice of Italian courts of law, a verdict of guilty was at last obtained on some of the counts of the indictment, but clogged with so many extenuating circumstances that the accused were let off with relatively light penalties, being condemned to various terms of imprisonment instead of penal servitude. Still, some satisfaction had been given to the claims of justice; and, in view of the rank and personal influence of some of the

accused, the penalty awarded was heavier than had been expected. Many had anticipated an acquittal; the sequel proved that these last were right in their anticipations. The prisoners applied to the Court of Cassation for a new trial on the ground of some informality in the proceedings; and, their application being granted, the Court of Cassation annulled the sentence and ordered the case to be tried anew, with the result that the empanelled twelve good men and true returned a verdict of not guilty, and the released prisoners were welcomed in Sicily like deliverers or public benefactors, and the dark mystery remains as impenetrable as ever.

One might be led to suppose, and with some reason, that this impunity and frequency of crime must render Sicily unsafe for travellers and foreign residents; but this is by no means the case. Such a supposition would be widely at variance with facts, for while the vast majority of the daily murderous assaults and assassinations—though they yield the palm in number to those committed in Rome, which has a proud pre-eminence in that respect—are of sufficiently appalling frequency, they are the outcome of blood-feuds or of sudden brawls, but are rarely of a wanton character, and do not affect the safety of strangers. On the other hand, organised brigandage, which was a standing danger to all, has been completely suppressed under the national Government; so that the tourist no longer requires to be protected against the blunderbusses (or their modern successors, the repeating rifles) of the gentlemen of the road and the bills of mine host, as he would have been in the times when escorts of noted desperados could be obtained to keep both blunderbusses and bills at bay. The Fra Diavolos have vanished off the scene as completely as they have from Hounslow Heath or the moors of Cumberland, though their ghosts haunt the imagination of romantic young ladies, who will not be convinced that some may not have been preserved in the woods of the interior like the aurochs in Lithuania. A gentleman, while taking out a shooting license, wished to know whether it extended to brigands as well as quails—meaning that he would be justified, he trusted, in firing on any person who accosted him suspiciously; for, as he pertinently observed, he would hardly have the time to inquire closely, and preferred shooting his man and inquiring after. All these facts fully bear out the moral that if you give a dog a bad name you may hang him off-hand, however little the dog may have deserved his fate. There is a story told by Brydone which is so illustrative of the savagery and rude ideas of honour which existed among the outlaws of old that it should not be passed over.

A brother of one of these brigands, being in want of money, and at a loss how to procure it, resolved to turn to account the terror his bandit-brother inspired, and applied to the village curate for a loan of twenty ducats. The curate asked for a brief delay to enable him to collect the sum. The other refused, and even warned the poor curate to keep out of his brother's way until he had found the money. Unfortunately, as it turned out for the brother of the bandit, curate and robber met the very next day in a narrow mountain-path. The first fell on his knees in sheer terror, begging for mercy. The robber was as astonished as the priest was terror-stricken. He faltered out the words, '*Il denaro! il denaro!* [The money! the money!] Send your brother to-morrow, and you shall have it.' The robber stopped his entreaties for mercy, telling him that he would scorn to take money from a poor priest, and that if any of his brothers had been mean enough to borrow, he would advance the sum himself. The curate then told the whole story: how the brother of the bandit had demanded twenty ducats from him for the robber. 'Well,' said the robber, 'I will convince you now whether my brother or I am most to be believed. You shall come with me to his house.' On their arrival before the door, the robber called on his brother, who, suspecting nothing, came forth. On seeing the priest, however, he began to excuse himself. The robber told him curtly that there was no possible excuse for his conduct, and that he only wanted to know the facts, whether the other had tried to borrow money of the priest in his (the speaker's) name or not. On his replying in the affirmative, the robber deliberately raised his blunderbuss to his shoulder and shot his brother dead. He then turned to the horror-stricken priest, saying, 'You will now believe that I had no intention of robbing you.' But, as I have said, brigands, like monks, have had their day; and as the former were occasionally needed as the only trustworthy escort a traveller could engage, so were the latter of much public utility as forming the only class who would give shelter and food to the wayfarer in a wild country. Carbineers have now superseded bandit escorts, and comfortable hotels the monasteries of old.

Mr Rose's capture in the later seventies of last century was, I believe, one of the last exploits of systematic brigandage on the old professional lines. According to Mr Rose's own account, he was treated very well by his captors, and parted from them on terms of mutual esteem. The chief of the band felt himself so beholden to Mr Rose for the benefit he had derived from that gentleman's detention that he was wont to send to him from time to time presents of game as a token of regard. There are still, and there will be for a long while, men who have taken to the bush—convicts or assassins fleeing from justice—who will often defy all attempts to capture them. Thanks to the half-hearted action of the local authorities and to the sympathies of the people, they have been known, like the late famous Musolino, to baffle whole battalions of soldiers and carbineers. But they are never to be met with on the beaten track, and if they were they would not meddle with

you unless you meddled with them. Of course, occasional tramps must be guarded against, but so they must be everywhere; and some parts are free even of these. The whole province of Messina, which includes Taormina within its boundaries, is, for instance, so exceptionally orderly that it will compare favourably with the quietest districts in England. The inhabitants in and around Messina are remarkably peaceable and polite. During my long residence among them I never met with anything but civility from high and low, and many a time I have experienced the simple courtesy of the peasantry when rambling over their hilly country, which is so inviting to a pedestrian.

With the establishment of the national Government—an enlightened one in comparison with the despotic and retrograde Bourbon régime—a new era of religious toleration, of civil and political liberty, has opened, and is already bearing fruit, though the crop is scanty as yet. It could hardly be otherwise. No rule, however beneficent, can reform in one generation a people debased by centuries of misgovernment and grinding oppression; and the present Government has many shortcomings; but still some progress has been achieved within the last forty years. The percentage of the illiterate, though continuing to be terribly high (70 per cent.), is declining; some years ago it was over 80 per cent. That it has not decreased more rapidly is due to the inertness of the population, and the supineness of the local authorities in not enforcing the law of compulsory education.

Materially the progress attained is far more marked. The population has risen since Brydone's time from one million five hundred thousand to three million five hundred and twenty-nine thousand two hundred and sixty-six at the last census in 1901, and it is steadily increasing. Of the three chief cities of Sicily, Palermo is one of the most splendid, Catania one of the best built, and Messina one of the most beautifully situated not only of Italy but of Europe.

Commerce, too, is flourishing. The chief articles of export, those essentially Sicilian, are fruit of the citrus group (oranges, lemons, and their various products, citrate of lime, &c.) and sulphur. It has been calculated that Sicily produces more than two-thirds of the oranges and lemons grown in all Italy; and the output of sulphur, according to official reports, averages three hundred and sixty-five thousand tons per annum. Railways now connect all the principal centres of the island, running along the northern and southern coasts, cutting across from Catania to Palermo, and even girdling, as I have said, Mount Etna. This last railway was constructed under the auspices of an Englishman, Mr Thrupp, and the time required to obtain the concession of the line was more than that required for its construction. The line traverses many famous ancient and medieval cities, and goes through a most beautiful and picturesque district, culminating near Bronté (Lord Bridport's seat) at three thousand feet.

[Since Mr Pignatorre wrote this article in Rome, the earthquake disaster of Monday morning, 28th December 1908, has left Messina in Sicily, and Reggio and many towns and villages on the opposite coast of Calabria, a mass of ruins. Messina that was has disappeared. The loss of life and property was enormous, and the catastrophe evoked world-wide sympathy and much practical assistance. Mr Pignatorre frequently mentions Brydone. This is Patrick Brydone (1741–1818), a native of Berwickshire, who acted as travelling preceptor to William Beckford and two others on the Continent, and was afterwards Comptroller of the Stamp-Office. His book, which went through seven or eight editions in his lifetime, is entitled *A Tour through Sicily and Malta, in a Series of Letters to William Beckford, Esq.* (*1773*). Mr Pignatorre (who, as will be seen, entertains a very high opinion of the book), while British Vice-Consul at Messina, rendered the work into Italian, and it was published at 120 Corso Cavour, Messina. Brydone has some ingenious speculations, even at that early date, regarding electricity generated by the waves in the Straits of Messina and elsewhere. Mr Pignatorre gives some taste of the quality of his stories.]

ANTOINE MARCOURT & COMPANY.

CHAPTER III.

HILE the conversation was going on, the medicine-major, taking advantage of the halt, with a great deal of parade had begun to dress the wounds of some of the wounded. Basins were placed in the carts, sponges and bandages, &c., produced; everything, in fact, was done to put the guard off the scent of examining the wagons. Of course we, both officers and men, were on tenterhooks all the time. Poor Lavigny's terribly hard luck had taken all the nerve out of us. His fate might still be ours. We did not know what the General knew, or what he did not know, but luckily our ruse succeeded.

'Have you finished, Lebrune?' asked the colonel sharply.

'Yes, *mon colonel*,' replied the surgeon.

'*Bon. Allons!*'

With very sober faces, as though we had all been deeply wronged, we marched slowly away, till we were well out of sight, and then we gave way to our unbridled delight, congratulating each other on

our luck. Even Lavigny's misfortune, such is human nature, brought home to us the truth of La Rochefoucauld's saying, '*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons quelquechose qui ne nous deplait pas;*' and we laughed for many a day, being safe ourselves, at the fate of our jovial little friend.

Travelling as fast as we well could, we arrived at Lyons without mishap. There was, of course, a good deal to do when we got there; but my chief had promised me a short leave to see my father, as I was consumed with anxiety as to his affairs. Dangani, who, now that he had got about six thousand francs, considered himself quite a rich man, was determined to go to England, where he thought he could make money; but he was deeply grateful for all that we had done for him, and before he started he cleaned and renovated and varnished all our pictures for us, so that for some time he was very busily occupied. As for my five masterpieces, they now looked perfect gems, and I reckoned, even though the amount they would fetch might only be a drop in the ocean, that they would materially help my father, unless I found, alas! as I dreaded, that he had already become a bankrupt.

As fast as the post-boys could take me, I travelled day and night, wrought by conflicting emotions. One moment, with all a lover's longings, I looked forward to seeing my beloved Adèle, while the next I thought of my father and his troubles. The lovely scenery of the mighty Rhone had no charms for me then. I only wanted to get to my journey's end.

I arrived about ten in the morning. I actually passed the house of my fiancée. I had a hard struggle with myself not to tell the post-boy to pull up; but duty conquered for once over love, and we tore on. Through the famous Cannebière we dashed down to the Quai, where my father's office was situated. I feared almost to look up, dreading to find it closed; but no, all seemed as usual. Trembling with anxiety, I hurried through the office. For one moment I looked through a small window of the door of my father's private room ere I entered, and a terrible shock I received, so aged and careworn did my parent look.

'Father, father!' I cried, throwing my arms round him. 'I am home at last, and I hope that all is well.'

'My dear boy,' he answered, 'I almost wish you had not come. Marcourt & Company, alas! I fear, is finished. Your brother is out trying to see if he can stay the crash, but I am afraid that to-morrow the shutters will be up. If I could only get fifty thousand francs by to-morrow — fancy such a bagatelle making any difference to us!—I might stave off my misfortune for a time; but I fear the English have captured *L'Hirondelle* and *Le Lièvre*. If they had only arrived, as they should have done three days ago, I could look all the world in the face. That villain Calières has a bill due to-morrow, and I cannot meet it.'

'Look at these pictures,' I cried. 'Surely they must be worth fifty thousand francs.'

'Buying and selling, my son, are very different things,' he answered despondently.

My brother, with a downcast face, at this moment entered the room, and after our first greeting was over he told us that he had been able to do nothing. Men whose fortunes my father had made now stood aloof. But he got some of my enthusiasm as I pointed to the pictures.

'Try old Dumont the dealer,' he said. 'His real name is Moses. He knows a fine picture when he sees it. I won't come with you. If I did he would —for he knows that we are *au pied du mur*—offer little or nothing. Don't give your name. Say an officer from Spain has some pictures to sell. Take high ground, and say it is immaterial whether he buys them or not. If he will not give fifty thousand francs come away.'

Feeling anything but confident as to the success of my mission, I set off.

The suave old Jew received me with the greatest politeness. 'And what price, captain,' he said gently, 'do you want for them?'

'I am not quite such a fool, my good sir,' I replied, 'as to tell you that; it is for you to say what you will give. I have only just arrived; and if you don't care to buy them—if you think you can buy a Bellini and Botticelli every day of the week, you can. It does not matter to me.'

He took the pictures to the light and examined them closely in every way, and then looked up at me. Of course I had not the slightest idea of their value, but he could tell nothing by my countenance.

'I will give ten thousand francs for them.'

I told him he would ask twenty thousand for the Bellini. This was rather a good shot, as I had not the faintest opinion of its worth, or any knowledge of pictures at all. Then he offered twenty thousand for the lot, then thirty thousand, and finally thirty-five thousand.

Without appearing to mind in the least, but with a very heavy heart, I returned to my father.

'You have not sold them?' said my brother. 'So much the better, because I have just thought of M. Belmondière.'

This Belmondière was one of the greatest flour-merchants in Marseilles. He was enormously rich, and gave great prices for works of art. He was not really much of a judge, but he thought he was. It is those who fancy themselves judges who fall easiest victims to the dealers, who do not hesitate to flatter and fleece them.

Once more I set off, and this time my efforts were successful.

'Dumont says he will give thirty-five thousand francs, does he? Well, I never knew a dealer yet who, unless for an object, was content with 200 per cent. profit; so, if you like to take seventy thousand francs, you can have it now.'

I thanked him, and waited till he returned from

the bank. Though I knew that this amount would only for a time keep off my father's creditors, still, with a comparatively light heart, I hurried back to the office.

'Saved, saved, at any rate for a time!' I cried, as I placed the notes in my father's hands.

'My dear lad,' he answered with a trembling voice, 'if ever I get rich again you shall indeed have this amount back with interest. Now go and tell your mother.' (My mother was a Huguenot, and very serious and religious.) 'She has been praying all the week for the return of *L'Hirondelle* and *Le Lièvre*, but she little thought that you, so wild and such a scapegrace, would save us. Then go and see your dear Adèle, and tell her to come to dinner to-night.'

I did as he directed me, and then hurried off on the wings of love to find my adored Adèle.

Ah, what a meeting that was, and what a lot we had to tell each other! And in the evening, too, what a merry party we were! It was like old times, my brother and sisters said, to see my father laughing and joking again.

'Now,' said my father to my brother Charles when Adèle and her mother had left, and my mother and sisters had gone to bed, 'I do not mean to see that rogue to-morrow. I should lose my temper'—and, to tell the truth, he was rather hasty—'I should say something I should be sorry for afterwards; so I will leave it to you to pay him when he comes to receive the money to-morrow.'

'You must know, François,' said my brother when we were alone, 'that this fellow Calières some time back had a shady scheme for getting a great Government contract by which he would have made thousands, and of course we should also, for he wanted us to join him. It was a case of wholesale bribery of officials. When he knew the particulars, father would, of course, have nothing to do with it. Calières by various tricky methods has become a rich man since then, but he has never forgiven us for that affair. It has rankled in his breast ever since, and when those ships were captured the vindictive rogue, though it was no affair of his, actually took over some bills of ours from a man who was naturally only too glad to part with them, on purpose that he might be the direct means of ruining us. However, thanks to you, Calières will find he has made a mistake; but I fear nothing can save us for long if those two ships don't come in. They are laden chiefly with hides and sulphur, which have both gone up immensely since the campaign in Russia commenced. These two ships are worth half a million francs. They are overdue, but I have not given up all hope. They are commanded by two Dutchmen, brothers, Gustav and Jan Heldricks. They know their business. As bad luck would have it, the moon has been at its full up to yesterday; but it will be as dark as pitch to-night, so now they may be able to evade the English cruisers that hover near the port. The Heldricks would do their best in any case; but if they get through there will be twenty thousand francs for the captains and the crews.'

As the clock struck eleven the following morning, Calières, with a peculiar spiteful smile on his face, accompanied by his lawyer, was ushered into the private room, where my brother had asked me to stay that I might enjoy his visitor's coming discomfiture, which my timely arrival had brought about.

'I fear, M. Calières,' said Charles after greeting them with great politeness, 'that you will be disappointed.'

'Ah, you can't pay!' exclaimed Calières, springing up, his eyes flashing with vindictive pleasure. 'I have got you at last! All over Marseilles it shall be known to-day that the great firm of Antoine Marcourt & Company cannot pay their creditors.'

My brother had purposely let him run on. 'Calm yourself, my dear sir,' he continued slowly, with a touch of irony in his voice that brought an uneasy look into his visitor's eyes. 'I said that you would be disappointed because'—and here he paused—'it is a very easy matter to pay the trifling amount that is due to you.'

Calières stood dumfounded, speechless with rage, at seeing his chance of revenge fading away, as Charles quietly rose to go to the safe and take out a whole bundle of notes. 'These, I think, are for you,' he said, placing five packets of ten thousand francs on the table. 'Please check and count them, for if they are not correct we can easily make it up;' and he casually showed a large bundle of notes of one thousand francs ere he locked them up in the safe again.

With a baffled scowl on his face, Calières sat down and carefully examined and checked the packets. Save for the rustle of the notes and the ticking of the clock, all was still.

'Is it all right?' at last demanded my brother.

'Yes,' replied Calières, and forthwith signed a receipt. My brother had put this in his pocket, and Calières had taken up his hat to go, when suddenly there was a joyous cry from the old bookkeeper and a regular hubbub in the adjoining office.

'Ah, my friends, here I am, you see, safe and sound,' cried a deep, cheery foreign voice. 'I 've always told you that the ship was not built that could catch *Le Lièvre*'——

'And *L'Hirondelle?*'

'She 's all right. Jan will be here in a minute; he is clearing his papers. But where 's the patron—where 's the patron?'

'*Sacré bleu*,' exclaimed Charles, jumping up, 'that 's Gustav Heldrick! The ships are in—the ships are in! *Grace à Dieu*, we are'——

I had heard enough. I stayed to hear no more, but tore upstairs to tell my father, for I knew that his troubles were over, that he could look all the world in the face again. My mother's prayers were answered, and the great house of Antoine Marcourt and Company was saved.

THE END.

A REMINISCENCE OF R. L. S.

By A Lantern-Bearer.

R. L. S., in those early days the writer recalls, projected no shadow of his future greatness. A slender, long-legged boy in pepper-and-salt tweeds, with hair longer than other lads—who did not then sport the trim, close-cropped head so usual to-day—unwilling, because unable, to join in the rougher games that develop sturdy lads, we regarded him as an uncanny departure from all our preconceived ideas of boyhood, but gave him a ready hearing when he told us a tale of derring-do or marvellous adventure. He had about him some indescribable influence that forced us to include him in our childish ploys as looker-on, critic, and slave-driver.

One incident stands out with great clearness: the digging of a pit. In the yellow sands of the West Bay at North Berwick one may delve to great depth without striking stones or rocks; and the children who played there in that long-past August loved to dig a deep pit at the very edge of the links, with the sand thrown out to build up walls round the hole. This added to the depth, and the pit sometimes became a difficult hazard for the unlucky golfer whose ball ran off the green turf.

R. L. S., one fine morning, decided that we should have a deeper and better pit than any one else, and collected by his faithful promise of fame a number of willing workers. He had even then the compelling influence of magnetic personality that could yoke in willing obedience that most difficult team, a band of high-spirited and imaginative children. From the vantage-ground of the overhanging turf he applauded and encouraged our efforts. Sometimes he was upbraided for 'only looking on and talking.' Then he soothed our ruffled tempers with honeyed words, glowing pictures of the glory of the pit when finished, the fire that would be made of driftwood and dry seaweed, the apples we were to eat, and the stories 'we' would tell beside the fire. No one had the remotest intention of competing with R. L. S. in story-making. He was our acknowledged chief in this respect, and his tales, had we known it, were such as the world would listen to in silence and with wonder.

The pit took nearly two days to dig. As it got deeper, and the sand very difficult to throw out, R. L. S. kindly helped by lowering a bucket and hauling it up full of sand, which he added to the banks hard-beaten with our spades. And ginger-beer—rare and costly beverage—was doled out, through the bottle, to the hot party of diggers. R. L. S. had money for this, and was in consequence regarded as a millionaire.

It was a fine pit! Six feet deep and four in diameter, to us it seemed an abyss. And we never thought of the danger it presented to any one walking confidently on the turf above us. In those happy days no guardian of the peace, or at least of the public safety, interfered with the 'wheen wild laddies' of the West Bay, for the fathers of these same laddies golfed the day long over the green plains, and kept a paternal and not always friendly eye on the doings of their boys. Our pit was well out of sight, a little behind the first tee, and had so far escaped notice. Our natural enemies, the caddies, had, luckily for our plan, a very wholesome fear of one commanding spirit among the fathers. One day a malicious caddie descended like a wolf on the fold, defied nurse and the screams of the small boy who had built a sand-castle tastefully trimmed with seaweed and shells, and trampled flat as a flounder the airy fabric. The caddie had not calculated that the first round was nearly over, and that from Point Garry (commonly called 'Pingarry'), the last hole but one, his wicked raid had been noticed by the little victim's father. Six feet three in height, and full of wrath, he ran down the slope, and the caddie fled at full gallop; but his powers were feeble beside those of the magnificent Scot who pursued with his best leg foremost. The caddie gave himself up for lost, fell on his knees, and shrieked for mercy, which he did not get, but instead a sound drubbing before the small crowd that had gathered for enjoyment of the scene. The caddie's father, a burly fisherman, far from resenting his son's chastisement, next day thanked the big Scot for 'pitten some sense intil him.' Since that episode, with all the fathers against them, the caddies had not dared to interfere with those children that were in any way related to or acquainted with the Avenger. And as he happened to be the writer's father, the pit did not need any guardian.

On the afternoon of the second day our ardour faded and our backs were very stiff. The prudent R. L. S. decided that the pit was deep enough, and we descended with a small bundle of driftwood and very dry seaweed, left months ago high on the beach by the spring-tides. With sun and wind it was brittle and easy to kindle, and made only a modicum of smoke, but enough to make our pit a very Tophet. What did that matter? It was fun! The apples were bought—small, sour, and green, six a penny, cheap at the price, if one considered how large a doctor's bill might result. Faint traditions of cholera and more homely colic did not deter us from eating. But R. L. S., wise in his generation, declined apples, as he could not tell stories with his mouth full. He sat in a favourite, and in that space compulsory, attitude, his knees drawn up, his arms round them, and his chin on his knees. In the very dim firelight, and the more perceptible smoke, he looked like a son of the

Witch of Endor. His great gray eyes fixed on us, yet seeing Heaven only knows what strange visions, glowed with a fire greater and more lasting, and his wonderful brain spun a fancy web. *Robinson Crusoe*, *Aladdin's Lamp*, the *Arabian Nights*, and—to one boy at least—Dante's *Inferno* seemed pallid and dull beside the living voice, the vivid words, the reality of this teller of wonderful tales. The little smoky fire, the confined space, faded away; we roamed through Eastern palaces, heard weird incantations, saw sleepless dragons, danced with the Hesperides, and ate the golden apples. Looked back on, more than forty years ago, the glamour comes again. The voice, long silent here, beats once more on the ear with its boyish, soft Scotch accent, more pronounced then than in later years; and, in the knowledge of to-day that Genius talked to us in the sand-pit, lies deep regret that of all the magic that held our hearts still, our thoughts spell-bound, nothing remains but a nebulous outline, a haze that veils glorious scenery. Sometimes, beyond the printed pages of his works, the memory recalls beautiful phrases, melodious setting of everyday words, dreams of faery, and flights of imagination that marked out as other than ourselves the strange boy that we called then Louis Stevenson.

Suddenly we came back to earth, or sand. A golf-ball fell 'plop' on a boy's shoulder. That meant some one would come to look for it. Discretion was the better part of valour; and, with a faint hope of saving the situation and the pit, one boy climbed out to take the ball to its player, against all rules of golf. Too late! A father stood on the brink. Alas for the pit, and all our dreams of ambrosial afternoons and evenings illumined by little bull's-eye lanterns! No more tales, at least in that place. The pit was doomed in a new Apocalypse, and we were ordered to fill it up. Louis, true to himself, went off to find 'another place to talk in.'

Memory recalls the wanderings of the lantern-bearers, and economy of Saturday pennies to purchase the coveted bull's-eye. Once only did the writer escape for one of those delightful adventures, for the bounds set by the father did not meet with the approval of R. L. S., who ventured to the East Bay and the harbour. But the memory of the reek of the hot tin and ill-trimmed wick remains vivid and clear, as described by R. L. S., and perhaps repetition might have dimmed or dulled the enjoyment.

Far away in Samoa, the story-maker sleeps, and his name is set high among the great. Is it far away, or nearer than we dream, that he lives again, with no shadow betwixt his soul and the Unknown? Does he recall the earth-life, its tender and gay memories, with another who was laid in the green kirkyard of North Berwick? Harbour safe and sure have they both found, and 'the wide, untrammelled spaces' of the soul.

The best that was in R. L. S. lives on. In that Hereafter Land his dreams, his hopes, his strivings, find full and satisfying fruition, and he has found an answer to the anxious question in his beautiful essay: 'Surely not all in vain.'

A YARLSIDE ROMANCE.

By THEODORA WILSON WILSON,
Author of *Bess of Hardendale*, *Ursula Raven*, Sketches in *Punch*, &c.

PART I.

EVERY one in Yarlside knew Miss Margaret. After all, she had lived there so long. As the vicarage son and heir remarked when he wandered casually into her garden to steal early snowdrops, 'Was you a welly little girl when I was a tiny baby?'

'No, Teddy; I was quite big—as big as I am now.'

He eyed her wonderingly, then tossed back his straight-cropped head, and remarked with a sigh, 'What a *welly* long time you's lasted, hasn't you?'

'Yes, Teddy, a very long time,' she had answered simply enough. She had involuntarily put up her hand to press back the curling gray which she knew glistened amongst the brown.

The child had scampered away, with Miss Margaret's spring flowers clutched in his hot hands—a present for his 'own mummy;' and she had wandered out through the back-gate, and, following a tumbling beck, had pressed upwards through the wood towards the scar-face, which reared itself so protectingly behind the cottage.

Restlessly she walked—so restlessly that she was obliged to accept the humiliation of having to stop to pant. How long ago was it that she had raced up the brow without feeling the sting at her breast?

She gained the crest at length, and all beyond her, eastwards, lay rough limestone and short herbage. The wind was blowing, and the fell-sheep were eating with their faces towards the wind, their wool pressed tightly backwards.

Margaret found shelter behind a rock, and seated herself with her face westwards.

Far in the distance the snow was streaking the Langdales, Wetherlam, Coniston Old Man, and the rest. The sky overhead hovered a deep, intense blue; but horizonwards the oyster-coloured clouds were edged with rarest gold. Below, in the woods, the naked trees were dimmed with a subtle madder bloom, beeches still clung to their last year's auburn tints, and the green-black yews hung about the scar-face in weighty patches. And deep in the bottom rested the lily tarn, blue as the sky; while the sun poured down wide floods of golden splen-

dour, which burnished the whole wintry levels. And Margaret Langton perceived each beauty of the exquisite width of glory to the uttermost; and then hated it, as she sat there tearing to fragments an innocent tussock of faded grass.

Spring! The hateful, intolerable season, breaking through the long winter with such insolent insistence! The 14th of February to-morrow! How often she and spring had held high festival together on St Valentine's Day! But now they must drift apart for evermore. To-morrow she would be forty.

Day by day this same sun had descended, mocking her with his glory; and each day he had risen again, always young and great and all-powerful, to bring the wide world to harvest. And she had risen as he had risen, only she was a mortal woman, for whom there could be no harvest. As Teddy had said, she had lasted a 'welly long time,' and lasted for what? True, the daintily furnished cottage was her own. It was Miss Margaret who led the choir, superintended the Sunday school, tyrannised over the sick for their healing, over sinners for their highest welfare. Miss Margaret was greatly beloved, and all the children smiled straight into her eyes. She was feared also, or, in the language of Yarlside, 'terr'ble respected.' What could any woman want more?

Her father had left her but a fragment of the old family fortune; but her needs had been modest, and it was not the sense of personal poverty that set those nervous fingers to work, which caused the searching eyes to gaze so drearily over the west.

'To-morrow the dream shall be over! To-morrow I intend to wake!' so she murmured. The sun touched the mountain-tops, and for a lingering moment shot forth a dazzling farewell.

There was a sound of advancing feet, and a genial voice cried, 'I've left summut, Miss Margaret, down yonder. Registered and all.'

The woman's cheek flushed, and she could not control the startled expression on her face. Margaret walked slowly down the wood, slower as the cottage appeared through the trees. Why should she hurry? So she questioned with the dogged despair that beset her soul. For twenty years now the postman had never brought her any real joy. Why should she unnerve herself at this late hour with weak, fruitless conjecture?

She passed into her garden. Her small maid was waiting in the porch, with the letter in her hand and excitement in her eye.

'Here's this, ma'am! And I had to put my name for it and all!'

'Thank you, Belle.' In one swift glance she saw that the handwriting was strange. The fever within her cooled to ice. Even at forty the heart-beats are not quite under control. She ran upstairs with an agility reminiscent of earlier days, and, entering her own room, she locked the door. Then she opened the envelope and took out a single sheet of stiff paper. It was an intimation from a lawyer in Edinburgh that a distant relative had died, leaving her heiress to a little property bringing in eight hundred a year.

She read the letter over twice. Then she tore it across violently, and, kneeling down by her narrow white bed, she broke into an awful convulsion of intolerable weeping.

. . . . . .

Mr Martin Hill, examining certain innermost contents of his pocket-book, started nervously as his clerk breathed unexpectedly at his elbow, 'Sir Thomas wishes to see you, sir.'

'Oh, thank you, Edwards.' He spoke with the politeness he invariably used to the very meanest in the establishment. Yet his brow clouded. His clerk worried him, somehow. But what was the use of being annoyed with Edwards? He had more important matters pressing upon his attention. He closed his pocket-book, and placed a few papers together on his orderly desk with a painstaking accuracy. Then he rose to obey the summons.

'I wish to goodness Sir Thomas would have the sense to clear that old fossil out of my road!' ejaculated Edwards, a young man of brilliant complexion and restless movement. 'An old stager like him asking for a rise! Better ask for one from the old prehistoric ghosts he is for ever running after!'

Martin Hill went down three flights of stairs rather than trouble the boy at the lift, passed along an endless corridor, and knocked at an important-looking door, and in another moment stood in the presence of Sir Thomas Ridgmont-Sanderson, the head of the Imperial Publishing Syndicate.

'Ah, Mr Hill! Yes, one moment. Sit down, will you?' He dropped some torn sheets into a waste-paper basket at his side, then drew forward a letter that was lying on his desk, and let his eyes run over it. He leaned back in his chair, and the sub-editor knew that his chief's mind was absolutely made up. 'As regards the suggestion in this letter, Mr Hill.' He paused and looked at his man keenly. 'You consider that a rise of salary is due to you?'

That certainly was the blunt meaning of the sub-editor's rather involved letter, and he inclined his head.

'A curious want of understanding,' commented Sir Thomas meditatively. 'Surely you have discovered by this time that the higher rates of pay can only be commanded by men who possess that particular temperament, or perhaps I might say instinct, for feeling the pulse of the Great Public, which I regret to say neither I nor my colleagues have found in yourself. Not that I have a word to say against your general work. I understand that it is altogether painstaking, and in its measure valuable.' Here the great man gave a smile which he meant to be reassuring. 'That being so, I entirely anticipate that you may still be of service to us; but

as regards any increase in salary'—— He shook his head decidedly. 'There are men below you whom I could immediately put in your place without disadvantage to the syndicate. Shall we consider this letter withdrawn?'

'I think I understand, Sir Thomas.' There was a grave dignity in the man's manner, in spite of his obvious nervousness. 'I had thought that after all these years'——

'It is, of course, the years that constitute the difficulty,' Sir Thomas interrupted quietly.

Martin Hill coloured from cheek to the high forehead, now being deserted by the once abundant hair. 'I think I understand—your position and mine, sir,' he said steadily as he rose.

Sir Thomas rose also, entirely genial, now that the business was concluded. 'Ah, well, just let me have your definite answer either way in writing this evening. And of course, if at any time you find that you can better your position, I shall be delighted, only too delighted, to assist you. Good-morning!—Ah, Edwards, before your time as usual—a pardonable fault.'

'Good-morning, Sir Thomas.' So said Martin Hill. Then he passed from the room.

(To be continued.)

MOGADOR: A POTENTIAL WINTER RESORT.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.

The Earth is a peacock. Morocco is the tail of it.
Moorish Proverb.

MOGADOR, on the Atlantic coast of Africa, is the most southerly outpost of winter colonisation in Morocco, and possesses many natural features, climatic and geographical, which make for a winter resort. Indeed, were not Mogador situated in this Land of Unrest, it would no doubt have rivalled Algiers or Biskra. There is a legend that its name is derived from a certain enterprising Scotsman called Macdougall, who was wrecked on this inhospitable coast some four hundred years ago, and settled on the site of what is now Mogador. He was held in such esteem by the Moors that they canonised him, and built a *kouba* (shrine) to 'Sid Mogdoul,' and named the port after their tutelary saint.

To the exigent traveller, anxious to get quite away from the well-worn round of travel and the beaten track of the globe-trotter, to whom Tangier and Tunis, and even Damascus or Jerusalem, are familiar and commonplace, who wants to realise what the real unvarnished Orient is, we would say let him go to Mogador. Here there is not the faintest trace of Europe, which might, indeed, be at the Antipodes instead of being within a few days' sail of London. The first view of the white-walled city set in its landlocked harbour, with the dim and visionary hills in the far distance, is singularly striking and impressive.

Passengers to Mogador must, however, be prepared to put up with the inconveniences which are so familiar an experience with travellers disembarking at Jaffa, for in bad weather no boats can land. There is a legend that when the last British Consul married, and had a lot of furniture sent out from England, the Forwood steamer was unable to land it on the outward voyage, and could not do so on her homeward voyage after her trip to the Canaries, and returned to London without touching at the White City at all!

We land at the quaint old water-port gate, above which is the Arabic inscription, 'The glorious King my Lord Mohammed ordered the building of this gate by his servant Hamed, son of Hammou, 1184.' We must not, however, suppose that the gate is as old as the date might lead one to believe, for of course 1184 refers to the Mohammedan era; in fact, the water-gate is actually no older than the eighteenth century. We are at once initiated into Oriental habits when the question comes of passing our luggage through the Customs. The official will probably be absent or engaged. After examining our credentials and passport in a dignified and impassive manner, he will probably 'pass' our baggage with a condescending wave of the hand, though probably much of the backsheesh with which we propitiate his underlings will eventually pass through his hands.

Tangier, with its electric light installation and telephones, is now almost as banal and commonplace from the artistic point of view as Algiers or Alexandria. But to Mogador, indeed, one might suitably apply the picturesque bit of word-painting in which Edmondo de Amicis describes his landing at Tangier: 'I looked, and beheld behind the boats that were coming to take off the passengers a crowd of half-naked, ragged Arabs, standing up to their hips in the water, and pointing out the ship with eager gestures, like a band of brigands rejoicing over their approaching prey. Not knowing who they were or what they wanted, I descended with an anxious mind into the boat with the other passengers. When we had come to within twenty paces of the shore, all this brick-coloured crew swarmed into our boat and laid hands upon us, vociferating in Spanish and Arabic, and making us understand that, the water being too low for us to land from the boats, we were to be transported upon their shoulders—which information dissipated our fears of robbery, and imposed in their stead the dread of vermin. The ladies were borne off in triumph upon stools, and I made my entrance into Africa upon the back of an old mulatto, with my chin resting

upon his bare skull and the tips of my toes in the water.'

There was formerly a small European hotel at Mogador, known as the Fonda Fuera, owned by an enterprising Scotswoman; but this is now closed, and visitors to Mogador will probably put up at the famous Palm-Tree House Hotel, some three or four miles beyond the walls. The hotel is evidently named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as there is not a single palm-tree within sight. 'It lies in a lonely situation, with the advantage of a view and an open wild country all round. It has none of the drawbacks of the city; it is breezy, wild, and bare. The stunted bush and the sand fringe the very walls. It had the country to itself, and there was nothing *but* itself which could spoil that country. It was cool and airy, and oddly quiet. Inside, tiles and open *patios* and big panelled rooms gave all that could be desired; outside, there was an impression of simplicity and freedom.' Such is the attractive description of this remarkable hostelry given by Mrs Isabel Savory in her delightful book, *In the Tail of the Peacock*.

Of course one is prepared to find here the Oriental local colour and the *Arabian Nights* atmosphere which is a common characteristic of all Oriental bazaars, even in 'Giaour-ridden Tangier' and Gallicised Algiers. But at Mogador there is an additional picturesque and romantic element, owing to the presence of the Berbers of the wild Sus Land, a country like the danger-zone between Tetuan and Melilla, nominally subject to the Sultan, but peopled by ferocious tribesmen who acknowledge no master but the sword. A quaint legend of the origin of the Sus is to be found in the Koran. They are supposed to be descended from certain Berbers who were carried off by King David in sacks, and deported from Syria on account of their ferocious character. When the caravan had arrived somewhere near the Atlas Mountains the leader called out in the Berber tongue, 'Sus,' which means 'empty out.' So these exiles were ignominiously tumbled out of their sacks, and the region in which they settled is called Sus to this day.

Perhaps in no bazaar in North Africa accessible to foreigners can a greater variety of curious and quaint native products be obtained than at Mogador. Here we get ostrich feathers, ivories, all kinds of weapons, quaint domestic implements, curios, ornaments, pottery, &c.

In few towns in Morocco open to foreigners can better shooting and fishing be had than in the neighbourhood of Mogador; and there are no vexatious regulations as to the number of big game which may be bagged, as in the Zambesi district, for instance.

The tourist angler would find plenty of sport in the neighbourhood of Mogador. Of migratory fishes, the huge *azlimzah* (*Sciœna aquila*) and *tasargelt* (*Temnodon saltator*, identical with the American 'blue-fish') are often present in large numbers, especially in autumn; while other sporting fish are the bass and spotted bass, gray mullet, pink snapper, and red stump-nose, several varieties of sea-bream, mackerel (though not so frequently found here as farther north), garfish, scad, bonito, lichia, conger, pouting, &c.

The sea-fishing is not so good in Mogador Bay as outside Mogador Island, described by Sir Francis Drake in 1577, when he made the bay the rendezvous for his little fleet of six ships, the largest a hundred tons, the smallest twenty, with which he was preparing to scour the African coast and Spanish Main. Good fishing can be done from some of the outlying rocks of this picturesque and (in spring) flower-spangled island; but landing on it is not always allowed, as, for instance, when it is used as a *lazaretto* or quarantine station for pilgrims returning from Mecca.

The neighbouring little river Kseb, which flows into the sea near the village of Diabat, contains plenty of smallish barbel, also eels and numerous water-tortoises.

There can be no question that Mogador is an economical residence. Indeed, housekeeping is even cheaper than in Malta or Cyprus, perhaps the cheapest winter quarters in the Mediterranean. Mutton can be bought at threepence a pound, and eggs at sixpence a dozen, while vegetables and fruit are about half the prices charged at Gibraltar. A good riding-horse can be bought for five pounds or six pounds, while its keep need not cost more than one pound a month.

Game is plentiful, good bags of partridge, quail, plover, and duck being obtainable within a few miles of the walls.

As a field for a winter holiday, or even as a goal for a three weeks' holiday cruise, Mogador has much to recommend it. It can be reached comfortably and very cheaply by Messrs Forwood's steamers, a line recently acquired by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. This line makes a feature of the twenty-five days' circular voyages, *vid* Gibraltar and Tangier, and home by way of the Canaries and Madeira, for twenty guineas, first class.

AT SEA.

A FAREWELL.

The sea is hush'd in presence of the land,
As thou hast charm'd my spirit in the past.
White in the moonlight, as our ship glides fast,
The coral glaciers of Socotra stand.
Orion, whom, together, we last scann'd
O'er the hedge at Momoyama, shines to-night!
The stars are witness of our farthest flight,
Denying Space. Nor can I joy withstand
While Chance, that bears me from thee, caring not,
Leaves Memory and Imagination free—
The Powers to keep the Past, and give me faith
That, absent, we still share each other's lot,
And, as I roam, each scene, each joyful breath
Enriching me enriches also thee.

LILIAN RAWLINGS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

IT is generally a poor thing to take pride in our own charity; but there may be a fair feeling of satisfaction at the splendid manner in which the British people responded to the appeal made by the Lord Mayor of London to come to the assistance of those poor Sicilians who have suffered so terribly by the recent earthquakes. Foreigners were impressed by the goodness of the heart of Britain when they found that more than sixty thousand pounds were subscribed to the Mansion-House Fund in the short space of six days. The record of these City funds, which of course are national and not at all local to London, is the most wonderful thing of its kind. No fewer than a hundred and sixty of them have been organised since 1872, when they were first started; and it is a curious, if sad, coincidence that the first of all was got up in aid of those who suffered by the great inundation in Italy in the year named. On that occasion the fund reached a total of over seven thousand pounds. It was a small but worthy beginning, and since then no fewer than six million pounds have been collected through this agency for the afflicted in great calamities. Three separate Indian famine funds have realised a total of nearly a million and a half; but the highest on record for a single fund was the one million one hundred and thirty-nine thousand pounds which was obtained at the time of the Transvaal war, though it should be added that in this case the lists were kept open during four mayoralties. In two separate years there have been eight different funds organised. The smallest sum ever collected by a Mansion-House Fund was seventy-one pounds, and it was for the relief of the distressed persons in the Forest of Dean in 1875. One time fifty pounds' worth of coppers was found in the box which may almost daily be seen outside the Mansion-House. The Mansion-House has sent its relief to sufferers from all kinds of disasters and to all parts of the world, without any distinction whatever; and it may well be held that it is the most universal reliever, besides having the supreme merit of being immediate.

* * *

But it is inevitable that overwhelming calamities like that in Sicily, making such a strong appeal to the sympathies of civilised people, must have a somewhat prejudicial effect upon other funds that are in constant need of assistance from the public purse; and from the point of view of the managers of these funds the earthquakes happened at the worst possible time, just when the public were about to make their annual subscriptions to the hospitals and other institutions. On the whole, the flow of public money to the London hospitals is well maintained, despite the difficulties of the times; but the usefulness of some of the smaller hospitals is occasionally hampered by shortage of funds. These hospitals are certainly one of the features of modern London that the people may be proud of, and the amount of work that they do must seem almost incredible to those who have no intimate knowledge of them. Take, for instance, the wonderful London Hospital, in the eastern part of the Metropolis. More than six million patients have been relieved through this agency since it was founded, and for the last five years the wards have contained a daily average of about eight hundred sufferers. For more than a hundred years the great receiving-hall, from which the patients admitted are sifted into the various wards, has been open day and night; and it has been estimated that on an average a serious case enters it about every three minutes, while during every twenty-four hours an average of forty-eight patients are put under anæsthetics. The number of out-patients seen daily is considerably over a thousand. Then, again, there is St Bartholomew's Hospital, which in the course of a year admits over a hundred thousand patients. We get a curious view of the enormous extent of the work

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

done by an institution of this kind in the records of its dispensary. It is nearly three hundred years since the governors of St Bartholomew's first came to a decision that they must have a dispensary of their own on the premises. Before that time the physicians and surgeons who attended had to take with them the various remedies which were needed by the patients to whom they were giving their attention. The governors' report was that: 'According to an order of the 22nd day of January last (1614), as concerning oyntments, salves, phisicke ministered to the poore of this hospital, that they, upon consyderation, had thincke it fytt and necessary for the more better curings of the poore, that all the oyntments, salves, and phisicke applied to and for the helpe and cure of the said poore be made in some convenient place within this hospital, whearby the poore may the rather and the better be provyded of these necessaries.' So Humphry Croxton was appointed the first apothecary to the hospital, and the place where he dispensed was called the 'apothecary's shop,' and the dispensary is even called the 'shop' to this day, though for long there has been no apothecary. And from this 'shop' we are told that over two and a half tons of boracic acid go forth into the wards every year to be used for surgical lotions, and particularly for the eyes, a ton of bicarbonate of soda and three hundredweight of bismuth salts (both of which are used to a large extent in digestive mixtures), and two and a half tons of Epsom salts. Think of it—two and a half tons of Epsom salts!

* * *

Sir Hubert von Herkomer did a good thing the other day when he pointed out some of the peculiar evils from which artists suffer at the present time. Never were such prices paid for pictures as now, but never have artists found the struggle for existence so severe; and it is probable that the artistic sense and taste of the people at the present time are not so fine as they have been in past generations. Here, then, we have some contradictory circumstances. The explanation is simply this: that these high prices are paid for pictures often not because the people who pay them are such excellent connoisseurs, but simply because they regard these purchases, made in the auction-rooms in competition with others like themselves, as a kind of sport. They have the joy and excitement of conflict, the tense moments of the crisis, the attention and the admiration of a crowd of people looking on, and the glory of victory and sorrow of defeat. The picture is a medium, an excuse for this contest. Sir Hubert, in referring to what he himself called 'this modern gambling in old masters,' said that it was due not to the love of art but to the pride of price, and he could not too strongly emphasise the fact that antiquarian-value was not art-value, and that nothing could be more illogical than the prices at which the works of the old masters were changing hands. He quoted the case of Millet's 'Angelus,' for which the artist was originally paid the sum of forty pounds. Then it was sold for seventy-two pounds, while at subsequent changes of owners it fetched four hundred and eighty pounds, then fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, next six thousand four hundred pounds; up it went after that with a jump to twenty-two thousand one hundred and twenty pounds, and at last an American millionaire purchased it for thirty-two thousand pounds! In making his protest Sir Hubert said that the artistic value of a picture was fixed when it left the painter's easel, and it was monstrous that art should be utilised for the speculations of the auction-room. He suggested that a percentage of these extravagant prices should go to the descendants of the artist, and that, failing such descendants, the State by law should receive such percentage, and apply it to the purchase of works by living artists. The State would have plenty of scope for selection, for lately we came by an estimate that more than a hundred thousand pictures were offered for sale at the London galleries in the course of a year. It is said that at any time from October to July there are ten thousand pictures on exhibition at these galleries, and that at least once a month—and in the case of the smaller galleries two or three times—the whole lot are cleared out to make room for a fresh supply. What becomes of all these acres of painted canvas nobody seems to know. The works of scarcely any deceased master have attracted more spirited speculation in the auction-room of late years than those of Sir Thomas Lawrence. A few years ago they were realising a steady two or three thousand guineas each; but early in 1907 there was one sold for four thousand, while in the summer of that year what was known as the Peel Lawrence—being the portrait of Julia Peel (afterwards Countess of Jersey) as a child, entitled 'Childhood's Innocence,' which was sent along by the trustees of the settled estates of Sir Robert Peel of Drayton Manor—fetched eight thousand guineas, and even at that the purchaser seemed to have a right to consider he had a bargain, since an offer of ten thousand guineas was made privately before the auction.

* * *

We believe that there is an increasing taste for really good literary work of the lighter philosophical kind, and it is a good taste; but the ideas of many of us seem to be a little disturbed when we come to make an examination of some real statistics as concerning the books that people read and that are being made for them. New books have been divided into six classes. One goes under the title of 'Fiction and Juvenile Works, &c.,' a second is 'Theology and Philosophy,' a third is 'History and Biography,' a fourth is 'Arts and Sciences,' a fifth is 'Poetry and the Drama,' and the sixth is 'Travels, &c.' Now, what order would you, reader, be inclined to suggest these books hold in the estimation of and in popularity with the general public—not

a particular class, remember, an educated and cultured and thinking class, but the entire mass of the public, including philosophers, statesmen, dukes and duchesses, office-boys and servant-girls? Interpreting your thoughts, may we not say that certainly Fiction must be first? Then, remembering the modern vogue for romantic biography and other circumstances, we would place 'History and Biography' second; but having in mind the British Empire, the vast wanderings far afield into strange lands of its sons, and the spirit of adventure which has always imbued the nation, we think that 'Travels, &c.' must be very close up—a good third. Perhaps 'Arts and Sciences' would be fourth. We would have confidence in placing 'Theology and Philosophy' fifth, and, hard as it might be to do it, we would have to dump 'Poetry and the Drama' into the sixth and last position. That is how most of us would reckon up the taste of the general reader. See, then, how it corresponds and does not correspond with the real truth, as carefully ascertained. Book publishing is naturally on the increase, though not rapidly so. In 1905 six thousand eight hundred and seventeen new books (we are not speaking of reprints) were issued; and in the three following years the numbers were six thousand nine hundred and eighty-five, seven thousand seven hundred and one, and seven thousand five hundred and twelve. In each of these four years the fiction section held a long lead; and, though it is now being threatened from a most unexpected quarter, it hardly looks like being caught up in our time. About a quarter of all new books published belong to it. Now here comes a surprise. Second to 'Fiction' in the 1905 contest among the different classes was 'Theology and Philosophy.' It was a hard struggle between the three sections that followed the leader; but 'Theology and Philosophy' came in well ahead at the finish, with 'History and Biography' third, and 'Arts and Sciences' fourth. You who have been looking for a brave show for 'Travels, &c.' inquire anxiously where they are, and if they started in the race; and, alas! we see them just coming along round the far corner, a miserable last, beaten badly even by 'Poetry and the Drama.' This is one of the surprises of the race, and the other one is the great display of 'Theology and Philosophy.' This 'form,' as sportsmen would say, is confirmed in the following year, when the same order is maintained; but 'Theology and Philosophy' show a weakening, and 'Travels' a very slight strengthening, which is much more than discounted by a fine spurt made by 'Poetry and the Drama.' But in 1907 there is a great upheaval. Except that the invincible 'Fiction' keeps in the first place, all the others have new occupants. Some will note with a certain satisfaction that 'Theology and Philosophy' get beaten for second place, but the books that do it are not what we would have expected. It is the 'Arts and Sciences' that jump into this place of honour, while 'History and Biography' drop into fourth place. 'Travels' at last does something to justify our early belief in it, and gets the better of 'Poetry and the Drama' by a single book—something of a Cadmean victory this.

* * *

Meanwhile, the issue of reprints is increasing marvellously, and is now nearly twice as numerous as it was only three years ago. It becomes evident that the new novel has a harder battle to fight in the future than it has had in recent years, and just at present readers as well as publishers are seriously complaining that the new fiction that is being supplied to them is poor stuff. A feeling which seems to be common to many writers in these days is that life is much too short to admit of the slow and studious methods of the old novelists, and they make balm for their artistic consciences by urging that the best work of a man is that which is tumbled out from his brain at white-heat. The other day we read the praises of a young novelist who had devoted only fourteen evenings to the preparation and completion of his *magnum opus!* The reputation of poor Anthony Trollope has been made to suffer because he had his clock in front of him as he worked, and made a point of grinding out so many words in the hour; but what a deliberate, painstaking craftsman was he in comparison with the modern man, who has already come by the device of speaking his works into a phonograph, from which a staff of clerks reduces them to writing! Despite the poor show made by 'History and Biography' in the battle of the books, the result of which we have recorded, there is no doubt that what we call romantic biography, the field for which is vastly rich and is only just now beginning to be explored by writers, is fast increasing in favour. Tales of the time of Napoleon are especially popular. Some time since we remarked upon the Napoleonic craze, as it may be called, which pervades the taste of the time in literary and other matters, and it continues unabated. A publisher told us the other day that there is no new book so certain of a reasonable success as a book on Napoleon, and such books are being turned out in numbers. We have lately been interested in a little one that is different from others, and most excellently interesting. It is called *Napoleon*, and is the work of Mr J. T. Herbert Baily, editor of the *Connoisseur Magazine*, from whose office it is published, and it consists of tales, and nothing but tales, mostly on the personal side and very piquant; while there are some fine portraits of Napoleon at different periods of his career. For the last hundred years we have been saying all the bad things about him that we could think of, and have tried to excuse or have passed over the miserable boorishness of Sir Hudson Lowe's custodianship of the fallen Emperor at St Helena; but now there are signs of a new feeling being abroad. Not once but several times lately have there been writings in which the most has been

made of his virtues, while his faults have been shown to be less hideous than they had been imagined. It is being delicately suggested that he was really a good sort of man who fulfilled an inevitable, and to some extent distasteful, destiny as humanely as he could, who always sought for peace and avoided war unless it were thrust upon him! These are times which are severely shaking most of our old beliefs and traditions. What shall we believe in? What shall we like and dislike? How will all our views be changed by the time our young men are gray-haired, and an aeroplane will be moored to the chimney of every workman's cottage!

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONCERNS THE CURSE OF THE CARDINAL.

GABRIELLE and Walter were seated together under one of the big oaks at the edge of the tennis-lawn at Connachan. With May Spencer and Lady Murie they had been playing; but his mother and the young girl had gone into the house for tea, leaving the lovers alone.

'What's the matter with you to-day, darling?' he had asked as soon as they were out of hearing. 'You don't seem yourself, somehow.'

She started quickly, and, pulling herself up, tried to smile, assuring him that there was really nothing amiss.

'I do wish you'd tell me what it is that's troubling you so,' he said. 'Ever since I returned from abroad you've not been yourself. It's no use denying it, you know.'

'I haven't felt well, perhaps. I think it must be the weather,' she assured him.

But he, viewing the facts in the light of what he had noticed at their almost daily clandestine meetings, knew that she was concealing something from him.

Before his departure on that journey to Japan she had always been so very frank and open. Nowadays, however, she seemed to have entirely changed. Her love for him was just the same—that he knew; it was her unusual manner, so full of fear and vague apprehension, which caused him so many hours of grave reflection.

With her woman's cleverness, she succeeded in changing the topic of conversation, and presently they rose to join his mother at the tea-table in the drawing-room.

Half-an-hour later, while they were idling in the hall together, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Walter, you're great on Scottish history, so I want some information from you. I'm studying the legends and traditions of our place, Glencardine. What do you happen to know about them?'

'Well,' he laughed, 'there are dozens of weird tales about the old castle. I remember reading quite a lot of extraordinary stories in some book or other about three years ago. I found it in the library here.'

'Oh! do tell me all about it,' she urged instantly. 'Weird legends always fascinate me. Of course I know just the outlines of its history. It's the tales told by the country-folk in which I'm so deeply interested.'

'You mean the apparition of the Lady in Green, and all that?'

'Yes; and the Whispers.'

He started quickly at her words, and asked, 'What do you know about them, dear? I hope you haven't heard them!'

She smiled, with a frantic effort at unconcern, saying, 'And what harm, pray, would they have done me, even if I had?'

'Well,' he said, 'they are only heard by those whose days are numbered; at least, so say the folk about here.'

'Of course it's only a fable,' she laughed. 'The people of the Ochils are so very superstitious.'

'I believe the fatal result of listening to those mysterious Whispers has been proved in more than one instance,' remarked the young man quite seriously. 'For myself, I do not believe in any supernatural agency. I merely tell you what the people hereabouts believe. Nobody from this neighbourhood could ever be induced to visit your ruins on a moonlit night.'

'That's just why I want to know the origin of the unexplained phenomenon.'

'How can I tell you?'

'But you know—I mean you've heard—the legend, haven't you?'

'Yes,' was his reply. 'The story of the Whispers of Glencardine is well known all through Perthshire. Hasn't your father ever told you?'

'He refuses.'

'Because, no doubt, he fears that you might perhaps take it into your head to go there one night and try to listen for them,' her lover said. 'Do not court misfortune, dearest. Take my advice, and give the place a very wide berth. There is, without a doubt, some uncanny agency there.'

The girl laughed outright. 'I do declare, Walter, that you believe in these foolish traditions,' she said.

'Well, I'm a Scot, you see, darling, and a little superstition is perhaps permissible, especially in connection with such a mystery as the strange disappearance of Cardinal Setoun.'

'Then, tell me the real story, as you know it,' she urged. 'I'm much interested. I only heard about the Whispers quite recently.'

'The historical facts, as far as I can recollect reading them in the book in question,' he said, 'are to the effect that the Most Reverend James Cardinal Setoun, Archbishop of St Andrews, Chancellor of the Kingdom, was in the middle of the sixteenth century directing all his energies towards consolidating the Romish power in Scotland, and not hesitating to resort to any crime which seemed likely to accomplish his purpose. Many were the foul assassinations and terrible tortures upon innocent persons performed at his orders. One person who fell into the hands of this infamous cleric was Margaret, the second daughter of Charles, Lord Glencardine, a beautiful girl of nineteen. Because she would not betray her lover, she was so cruelly tortured in the Cardinal's palace that she expired, after suffering fearful agony, and her body was sent back to Glencardine with an insulting message to her father, who at once swore to be avenged. The king had so far resigned the conduct of the kingdom into the hands of his Eminence that nothing save armed force could oppose him. Setoun knew that a union between Henry and James would be followed by the downfall of the papal power in Scotland, and therefore he laid a skilful plot. Whilst advising James to resist the dictation of his uncle, he privately accused those of the Scottish nobles who had joined the Reformers of meditated treason against His Majesty. This placed the king in a serious dilemma, for he could not proceed against Henry without the assistance of those very nobles accused as traitors. The wily Cardinal had hoped that James would, in self-defence, seek an alliance with France and Spain; but he was mistaken. You know, of course, how the forces of the kingdom were assembled and sent against the Duke of Norfolk. The invader was thus repelled, and the Cardinal then endeavoured to organise a new expedition under Romish leaders. This also failing, his Eminence endeavoured to dictate to the country through the Earl of Arran, the Governor of Scotland. By a clever ruse he pretended friendship with Erskine of Dun, and endeavoured to use him for his own ends. Curiously enough, over yonder'—and he pointed to a yellow parchment in a black ebony frame hanging upon the panelled wall of the hall—'over there is one of the Cardinal's letters to Erskine, which shows the infamous cleric's smooth, insinuating style when it suited his purpose. I'll go and get it for you to read.'

The young man rose, and, taking it down, brought it to her. She saw that the parchment, about eight inches long by four wide, was covered with writing in brown ink, half-faded, while attached was a formidable oval red seal which bore a coat of arms surmounting the Cardinal's hat.

With difficulty they made out this interesting letter to read as follows:

'RYCHT HONOURABLE AND TRAIST COUSING,—I commend me hartlie to you, nocht doutting bot my lord governour hes written specialye to you at this tyme to keep the diet with his lordship in Edinburgh the first day of November nixt to cum, quhilk I dout nocht bot ye will kepe, and I know perfitlie your guid will and mynd euer inclinit to serue my lord governour, and how ye are nocht onnely determinit to serue his lordship, at this tyme be yourself bot als your gret wais and solistatioun maid with mony your gret freyndis to do the samin, quhilk I assuris you sall cum bayth to your hier honour and the vele of you and your houss and freyndis, quhilk ye salbe sure I sall procure and fortyfie euir at my power, as I have shewin in mair speciale my mynd heirintil to your cousin of Brechin, Knycht: Praing your effectuously to kepe trist, and to be heir in Sanct Androwis at me this nixt Wedinsday, that we may depairt all togydder by Thurisday nixt to cum, towart my lord governour, and bring your frendis and servandis with you accordantly, and as my lord governour hais speciale confidence in you at this tyme; and be sure the plesour I can do you salbe evir reddy at my power as knawis God, quha preserve you eternall.

'At Sanct Androwis, the 25th day of October (1544). J. CARDINALL OFF SANCT ANDROWIS.

'To the rycht honourable and our rycht traist cousing the lard of Dvn.'

'Most interesting!' declared the young girl, holding the frame in her hands.

'It's doubly interesting, because it is believed that Erskine's brother Henry, finding himself befooled by the crafty Cardinal, united with Lord Glencardine to kill him and dispose of his body secretly, thus ridding Scotland of one of her worst enemies,' Walter went on. 'For the past five years stories had been continually leaking out of Setoun's inhuman cruelty, his unscrupulous, fiendish tortures inflicted upon all those who displeased him, and how certain persons who stood in his way had died mysteriously or disappeared no one knew whither. Hence it was that, at Erskine's suggestion, Wemyss of Strathblane went over to Glencardine, and with Charles, Lord Glencardine, conspired to invite the Cardinal there, on pretence of taking counsel against the Protestants, but instead to take his life. The conspirators were, it is said, joined by the Earl of Kintyre and by Mary, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Lord Charles, and sister of the poor girl so brutally done to death by his Eminence. On several successive nights the best means of getting rid of Setoun were considered and discussed, and it is declared that the Whispers now heard sometimes at Glencardine are the secret deliberations of those sworn to kill the infamous Cardinal. Mary, the daughter of the house, was allowed to decide in what manner her sister's death should be avenged, and at her suggestion it was resolved that the inhuman head of the Romish Church should before his life was taken be put to the same fiendish tortures

as those to which her sister had been subjected in his palace.'

'It is curious that after his crime the Cardinal should dare to visit Glencardine,' Gabrielle remarked.

'Not exactly. His lordship, pretending that he wished to be appointed Governor of Scotland in the place of the Earl of Arran, had purposely made his peace with Setoun, who on his part was only too anxious to again resume friendly relations with so powerful a noble. Therefore, early in May 1546, he went on a private visit, and almost unattended, to Glencardine, within the walls of which fortress he disappeared for ever. What exactly occurred will never be known. All that the Commission who subsequently sat to try the conspirators were able to discover was that the Cardinal had been taken to the dungeon beneath the north tower, and there tortured horribly for several days, and afterwards burned at the stake in the courtyard, the fire being ignited by Lord Glencardine himself, and the dead Cardinal's ashes afterwards scattered to the winds.'

'A terrible revenge!' exclaimed the girl with a shudder. 'They were veritable fiends in those days.'

'They were,' he laughed, rehanging the frame upon the wall. 'Some historians have, of course, declared that Setoun was murdered at Mains Castle, and others declare Cortachy to have been the scene of the assassination; but the truth that it occurred at Glencardine is proved by a quantity of the family papers which, when your father purchased Glencardine, came into his possession. You ought to search through them.'

'I will. I had no idea dad possessed any of the Glencardine papers,' she declared, much interested in that story of the past. 'Perhaps from them I may be able to glean something further regarding the strange Whispers of Glencardine.'

'Make whatever searches you like, dearest,' he said in all earnestness, 'but never attempt to investigate the Whispers themselves.' And as they were alone, he took her little hand in his, and looking into her face with eyes of love, pressed her to promise him never to disregard his warning.

She told him nothing of her own weird experience. He was ignorant of the fact that she had actually heard the mysterious Whispers, and that, as a consequence, a great evil already lay upon her.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLLAND HOUSE CIRCLE.

WE hear some talk in these days of a great revival of the political *salon*, particularly on the Liberal side of politics. To an extent it has already been accomplished; and, of course, the politicians of the other way of thinking have had their famous drawing-rooms for gossip-places continuously. But society in modern times is so much disintegrated from a variety of causes, and some of the finer social arts are considered as of so much less consequence than they once were, that we doubt exceedingly whether a band of the cleverest and most powerful enthusiasts could ever organise a *salon* that would be in the least degree comparable with some of the most famous of the days of our great-grandfathers. We do not now cultivate the peculiar sympathies and interests which are necessary. Now, it is just about a hundred years since there flourished at Holland House one of the most celebrated *salons* that have ever existed. Lord Holland was, of course, the Whig statesman, and his lady was one of remarkable strength of mind, intellect, and social dominance. This pair attracted to their mansion everybody who was any one at all; a considerable social world seemed to have it as its centre, and what has come to be known as the Holland House circle was one of the most wonderful aggregations of intellect. Somehow, feeling that there is a dullness about these present times, born of anxiety, overcrowding, and the premium which is put upon mere smartness and commercialism at the expense of better virtues, one always turns with pleasure to the contemplation of incidents of the social history of this dead age; and not a book of its kind has been published since last summer that is better worth reading and affords nicer enjoyment than Mr Lloyd Sanders's gossipy account of *The Holland House Circle*, published by Methuen's. We have pictures of the Hollands and of all whom they encountered, and lively anecdote in rich abundance. Lady Holland established a considerable reputation for her asperity of manner, and deserved it; but there was proper womanliness in her nature after all. Some one once asked her whether in her opinion Lady Byron loved Lord Byron, and she answered pensively, 'She must have done so; he was such a lovable person. I remember him sitting there, with that light behind him, looking so beautiful!' We have her in another mood when Guizot called on her and found her alone. He asked her if she were often in that solitary state, and she answered, 'No—very seldom; but when it occurs I am not without resources;' and, pointing to the portraits on the walls, she added, 'I ask the friends you see to come down. I know the place that each preferred, the arm-chair in which he was accustomed to sit. I find myself again with Fox, Sheridan, Romilly, and Horner; they speak to me, and I am no longer alone.'

At the dinner-table Lady Holland's imperiousness was at its best—or worst. As Mr Sanders

tells us, she tyrannised over all who came in contact with her, including her husband; but it was all, perhaps, in the way of kindness. One time Lord Holland was not permitted to dine in a white waistcoat, which loomed large upon his portly figure, suggesting, as Luttrell whispered in an aside, the image of a turbot standing on its tail. His wife declared that she would not sit down unless he changed it, and he was obliged to comply. Again, he was duly relieved of his crutches when they had ceased to become a necessity and were employed as a matter of habit. 'Put away your nasty crutches, Lord Holland,' the lady exclaimed; 'you look as if you were in prison.' 'Oh, dear woman,' he appealed, 'pray, let me have them; I like to have them near me.' The answer was, 'Impossible!—Mary, take away your papa's crutches.' There was then a large party of distinguished people present, including the Dutch Ambassador. Her rudeness to those about her was not purposeless. Mr Sanders concludes properly that she would never have exercised her social autocracy for forty years had it not been instinctively felt that there was method and reason in her castigations, which were undeniably administered without fear or favour, so that neither the highest in the land nor the most confirmed habitués of Holland House escaped. We are told here that the greater lights expected to rule not only the day but the night as well. A dominant individuality and an occasional display of the whip were needed to preserve the amenities. Lady Holland intervened with the calm assurance of an accepted dictator; and, if her manner was insolent, she always respected those who stood their ground. At the fitting moment there came the tap of the fan on the table, and, 'Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else.' Did not Macaulay himself write of her, 'The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one, "Go!" and he goeth; and to another, "Do this!" and it is done. "Ring the bell, Mr Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell! You will spoil it!" "Mr Allen, take a candle, and show Mr Caradock the picture of Bonaparte"'?

Rogers used to relate how, one day when he was coming away from a call at Holland House, Lord Holland asked him, 'Well, do you return to dinner?' to which the answer was, 'No, I have not been invited;' and the question was settled, for her ladyship herself determined the constitution of her dinner-table. There was generally a crush of seats at it, and much careful arrangement was necessary. Lady Grey complained to Creevey of having to dine sixteen at table instead of nine, and Greville grumbled because Lord Melbourne and Tom Duncombe arrived there when there was no room for them, with the result that 'Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing our arms prettily pinioned.' 'Luttrell,' she cried one day, 'make room;' to which he answered, 'It will have to be made. It does not exist.' Moore tells how an unfortunate Mr Gore was abruptly ordered to vacate his chair for some more favoured guest; and Lord Melbourne once rose in his wrath, after she had fidgeted him by making him change when he was seated to his liking, and walked off to his house with 'I'll be d—d if I dine with you at all!' And so on in the most agreeable entertainment.

A YARLSIDE ROMANCE.

PART II.

THROUGHOUT the routine business that afternoon, Martin Hill's mind circled round the letter he must write to his chief. Was he himself to place the damper down for ever upon the lingering glow of his life's hopes? He was forty-five years of age. The thought of his present pittance burned his face with humiliation. He knew that, in one sense, he was too good for the post. His whole soul loathed the infinitesimal detail for the infinitesimal ends. Then why was he there? Why had he never dared to 'get on' as other men got on? Where lay that fatal flaw in himself that condemned him to failure?

But was he a failure? His proud soul scorned the evil word. He had certainly never made money; but at least his name was known well enough in the archæological world. His opinion was asked for and treated with respect by officials at the British Museum and South Kensington. Members of archæological meetings were familiar enough with his grave white face and piercing brown eyes. They looked with respect upon his keen, intelligent questions, and depended upon his accurate knowledge. But then archæology was no money-making business.

So his leisure had gone in the intimate study of past ages, and his working hours in providing entertainment for the idle attention of an undiscriminating public. He had for long years felt himself gripped in a position he loathed, yet ever feared to relinquish. At least it brought him his bread and his books. But on this afternoon the whole waste of his life rose up before him with a torturing accusation of want of enterprise and initiative, an accusation of false pride, and—intolerable agony—of culpable unfaithfulness.

No, no! Anything but that last charge! At least he had been faithful! He had surely the right to refuse to bring the woman he loved into his own poverty. Twenty years ago he had told

her proudly that he would never come for her until he could come strong enough to keep her in comfort. So confident had he been in his own powers for success! And month by month he had watched for this success which had ever eluded him, until it had now come down upon him with an illumination of agonised remorse that she would be forty to-morrow. Her youth-time had passed, ere he was aware of it, in waiting for him. That his youth should have passed was of little importance, but that hers should have gone! He knew that she had never married; but he knew also that, ashamed of his own failure, he had actually ceased communicating with her for at least ten heartless years. Yet in the depth of his being he still thought of her as the girl who climbed the apple-tree one sunny September morning, and flung the fruit at his feet.

'A telegram, sir.' Edwards's quiet, startling voice again.

Martin opened it nonchalantly. It doubtless referred to endless copy.

'Will you accept Editorship of new *Archæological Journal?* Salary five hundred. Reply Secretary.'

'Ah!' So the unwonted ejaculation was wrung from him.

'Nothing wrong, sir, I hope?' asked the clerk concernedly.

'No, no, thanks. But I am going out to tea. Shall be back in half-an-hour if the editor wants me.'

Hill took down his worn coat and shabby hat, and escaped. Even a tea-shop held more privacy than that close little den of his, with the ever-present Edwards.

'Editorship of an *Archæological Journal!*' The vision danced before his eyes. The full blood was in him after all. Success, with laggard steps, had found him. Here was the one position flung at him which he felt he could take with honour. He took out his note-book, and over tea and toast drafted two letters of delirious import—the one accepting the proffered post, the other resigning the sub-editorship in the Imperial Publishing Syndicate.

Then he took out his pocket-book and glanced within. The girl's eyes smiled up into his, faithful as always.

His work at the office kept him late that night. Yet he had time to pack hastily, leave his address with his landlady, and catch the mail train north.

Martin Hill reached Farbiggin Station at about five o'clock, and was soon walking up the silent street of the little, gray-built town. Turning ever westwards, he at last gained the fell. Thin gray mist swathed his onward path. In the half-light it seemed questionable whether he would be able to track the two-mile route. But in his long archæological tramps he had often set himself worse problems; and, confident in his little pocket-compass, he disappeared into the misty depths as the town clock clanged six behind him. He attacked the mist fearlessly, and it cleared before him with a strange, ghost-like welcome. Walls loomed suddenly before him; he climbed them. Sheep started up clumsily; he passed them softly. Eastwards, from behind him, the sun was rising opaquely; and as he was watching eagerly for familiar landmarks, they approached him one by one. Gaining confidence, he walked faster, with quick, short steps, as a city-bred man walks. He found he had gone but a few yards astray when at last he gained the scar-face and gazed down into the lightening wood.

St Valentine's Day, and her birthday! Surely, at last, he and she might forget the years, and be boy and girl together!

He turned down the rocky track, and, stooping, bathed his face and hands in the icy beck. Then he smoothed back his thin hair and arranged himself sensitively.

A new misgiving oppressed him. After all, ten years was a very long time. He must not startle her. He walked slower. Yet in time he perforce reached the garden gate, and looked up at her window. Her blind was drawn back; her lattice was wide open to the crisp morning air.

As he stood there for a moment irresolute, she stepped out into the porch.

'Margaret!'

'Martin!' Her eyes stared and feared.

He advanced quickly, anxious to reassure. 'Many, many happy returns, dearest!' Somehow the words sounded all hollow and distant.

'But how'—— She threw out her hands, as though to keep back something from her. Then she turned, and he followed her into the tiny parlour.

Fearing intrusion, he closed the door upon them. She had seated herself on the low window-seat.

He came close up to her, longing to throw himself down close beside her; but there was something in the woman's attitude that withheld him.

'You are not angry, Margaret dearest?' he pleaded.

'Dearest!' So she flung the word back upon him, and rose to her full slender height. There was a wild passion of misery in her face that stung him.

'Dearest!' he repeated emphatically. 'Always dearest! Yesterday I succeeded, and to-day I have come as I promised.'

'Promised!' The word darted forth bitterly. She was trembling so that she was forced to sit down again. 'How dared you come?'

'Because—— Oh, won't you understand? We can marry now. Yesterday I had nothing to offer you. To-day I have an income'——

'Have you?' she interrupted. 'What a glorious fact! I wonder how much this income is, for which you have slowly strangled the soul of a woman for twenty years. Twenty years, Martin Hill, since you robbed me of my heart, and buried it deep, deep down in the years! Perhaps you have for-

gotten that years count up, one by one. I am forty to-day.'

He sank down on a low chair at her side. 'How I have wronged you! But you will forgive? It can't be that you will not forgive, Margaret? I know I deserve nothing—nothing; but you will come. You must come!'

'Must!' She drew out the word slowly. Her face was ghastly in its drawn whiteness. 'You have worked your own will; you have nourished your pride all these years. I also have nourished mine.'

'You mean'——

'If you could not trust me with your poverty, do you dare to insult me by bribing me with your wealth? I refuse to give away the ashes of my womanhood to any man. At least what is left is my own!'

She had begun to shiver violently. There was no fire in the grate. Her breakfast was spread in another room. There was a momentous silence between them.

Martin Hill's flushed face had paled also. Seeing this woman, he knew, indeed, that in every real thing that mattered in life he had failed.

During that silence the simple womanhood in her crept back. She looked at her visitor more quietly, and her expression calmed.

'You have come over the fell from Farbiggin? Then you will need some breakfast.' She rose and left him.

As he sat on, gazing furtively round the room, with all its old familiar objects, his crime against her rose up before him in ghastly detail. He heard her talking to her maid in the sweet depth of tone he remembered so perfectly. Preparation was going forward for his comfort. At least she was not going to cast him breakfastless from her door.

In a few minutes she returned, collected enough, perhaps a little ashamed. 'I am sure you must need something. Come, will you?'

She served the fragrant coffee, and helped him only too bountifully. She talked of little things, the journey, the weather, the outside news, the spring, and he tried manfully to second her efforts. Yet each, watching the other, knew that the meal and the talk were pretence and sham, and they learned accurately also what the years had done.

The meal was over at last, and the intolerable position must be ended somehow. Margaret Langton respected the effort the man made to cut the difficulty. It was he who rose first from the table.

'Then you would rather I did not tell you about it before I go? I must reach London again to-night.'

'Of course you may tell me anything you wish,' she admitted, rising also.

'Then, I wonder, have you still that little arbour in the apple-orchard?'

Her brow burned again, and a tenderer look would somehow creep into her eyes. Here was a hint of the old absent-minded boy who had once wooed her.

'You forget,' she said; 'this is February and winter.'

'No, I forget nothing. Get a cloak if you like, but call it spring.'

To get the cloak was at least an excuse to fly his presence.

'It is such a poor tale,' he began quietly—'so much poorer and more disgraceful than I ever thought it until I found myself here. Perhaps it would be better not to tell it at all.'

'I think you had better tell it,' she said.

So he told it, simply and truthfully, in all its weakness and cowardice, sparing himself no pang, no humiliating admission, until it was in her to cry out to him to stop. Yet she held herself in resolutely.

And at last he laid the momentous telegram on her knee.

'So, you see, my stupid, selfish hobby has led me to you in the end, if only to say good-bye. I see now that I have no right even to ask you to believe that in all truth I have loved you, and you alone, all through the years.'

There was the ring of a bicycle-bell in the lane, and they heard a voice saying, 'Any one of the name of Hill staying here?'

'A telegram!' she said. 'I will go.'

She sent the boy round to the kitchen to wait, and brought the telegram back in her hand. 'Life crowds in Yarlside,' she said quietly.

She stood leaning against the rickety arbour-support, trying not to notice as he read.

The paper fluttered to his feet. He rose and stood set and stiff, as though daring any one in all the world to approach him.

'Martin!' she ventured.

Her voice broke the tension. He threw out an awful, maddened curse.

'How dare you?' She shook him by the arm, and forced him back to the seat. 'What is it? Tell me!'

She stooped for the telegram, but he snatched it from her and crushed it violently in his palm.

'It is all right!' he laughed out wildly. 'You were quite right after all! Woman's instinct! Fool! fool! But if there be law in England—— Has the boy gone? Stop him! For Heaven's sake stop him!'

'Hush!' she said soothingly, nerved to an exaggerated coolness at sight of the man's abandoned passion. 'There is no hurry. He can wait for hours.' She seated herself beside him. 'Now, show me the telegram.'

He unclenched his hand, partly because of the authority in her tone, and partly because—well—nothing mattered any more.

She smoothed out the paper, and read it with a careful deliberation.

'Know nothing of any proposed new journal. Fear some practical joke. So sorry.—SECRETARY.'

Somehow he dared not watch her as she read. He leaned his cold, damp forehead down in his burning hands.

In a flash her woman's brain pieced up the whole tragic situation. He had thrown up his reality for a dream. He was penniless as on the first day he had wooed her.

'Who is your enemy?' she asked, with all the sharpness of pain in her tone.

'I did not know I had any enemy—except myself.' The words came out half-smothered from between the hands.

She waited thoughtfully, then said quickly, 'Who will get your post at the syndicate, now that you have resigned?'

He looked up, startled at her wit. 'Oh, well, Edwards, I expect. But you would never think'—— He was rising, as if then and there he would make a dash for Edwards's throat.

But she stopped him, pressing her hand firmly on his knee.

'Never mind. What does Edwards matter? You were saying, before we were interrupted'——

'But we were interrupted! That paper has interrupted us for ever! You could never think that I would press you further after that! Not even to say good-bye. I cannot forget you. To have seen you once more has been'—— His voice broke in spite of his savage effort. 'Of course I understand. It has all been my own fault. A man must reap as he has sown, and God help me not to play the coward!'

'Martin, why will you make it so difficult for me? Will you not listen even to one short sentence?'

'I beg your pardon.'

With the opportunity the words failed her. She wanted to tell him that she loved him still, that she had tried to kill her love, but had failed. She wanted to tell him—oh, so much! Instead, she sat there tongue-tied.

'What would you say?' he asked deferentially.

Their eyes met, and he grasped her hand so that she could have cried with the pain of it.

'Suppose, Martin,' she said hurriedly, 'that you still wish to go on with the true work the world needs of you, but for which it will never pay. Do you think you could love me well enough to let me be your paymaster?'

He looked hard at her, and she felt the pressure on her hand relax.

Desperately she spoke. 'I also had news yesterday—better, truer news than yours. I am a rich woman as our small world would think—eight hundred a year in addition to'——

'Where are you?' So called a shrill, eager voice.

Vicarage Teddy burst into sight, hugging a huge woolly bear in his fat arms. 'Many happy returns of you's birfday! Why, what's zat man doin'?' The child walked slowly, eying the stranger cautiously.

'Mr Martin Hill, Teddy. He has walked all the way from Farbiggin, and he is rather tired.'

'Are you? It's not sutz a welly long way, is it? My daddy can walk it, and he's not tired.'

'Perhaps I am older than your daddy.' Martin raised himself, and tried to speak in his ordinary tone.

'Oh, lots and lots!' said the child frankly. Then he suddenly plumped down his bear into Margaret's lap. 'I'se brought you Teddy-Bear for you's own self! Mummy said I might. Mummy said to daddy, "Poor Margaret! *suts* a pity she hasn't some one of she's welly own. So I bronght him. He likes bread-and-milk, and lots of sugar; and at night, if he cries for me, you must kiss him, and tell him I'll be back welly soon in ze mornin'. I've told him, and he says he'd like to stay wiff you, when you's got nobody of you's welly own. Oh, Miss Margaret, you mustn't czy! Teddy-Bear hates czyin' peoples, so mummy says.'

'Then I won't.' Margaret brushed back the foolish tear. 'But, Teddy dearest, I have got some one of my very own. See, he has come to me for my birthday!' It was she now who took the hand of the man, and held it fast.

Teddy stood back, put his hands behind him, and looked seriously from the one to the other. 'He's a welly old one,' he said dubiously. But immediately his eyes brightened. He relifted Teddy-Bear and nestled his nose under his own dimpled chin. 'Then *my* Teddy-Bear needn't stay wiff you, if you's got one of you's welly own.' He sighed with transparent relief. 'Which would you rather have—Teddy or you's welly old one?' He looked from her face to that of his treasured pet with exceeding anxiety.

'I would rather have the "welly old one," thanks, Teddy. Kiss me, my precious boy!'

The child cast Teddy-Bear ignominiously to earth, leaped to her lap, and hugged her tumultuously.

'May I have a kiss too?' asked the man sitting so near.

'Me or her, did you mean?'

'Both,' said the man.

'Me first, then.' Teddy bestowed and received a kiss with princely condescension—hurriedly, however, as though his mind had already wandered.

'Now, it's you's turn,' he said to Margaret. 'He can do it to you while I go and tell mummy that you doesn't want my Teddy-Bear, because you's got one of you's welly own.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HARNESSING WIND FOR GENERATING ELECTRICITY.

IN this country the utilisation of windmills for the purpose of generating electricity has not attracted the attention it deserves, although it should offer an easy means of solving many difficult problems at present existing in remote districts in connection with light and power, as the periods of absolutely dead calm experienced in these islands are few and far between. On the other hand, in Germany and Denmark such installations are becoming quite common, owing to their ease of manipulation, efficiency, and economy. Considering that windmills are already extensively used here for raising water and performing other operations, the reluctance to adopt a more scientific means of utilising such energy is somewhat remarkable. The installation simply comprises the steel tower with vaned wheel, from which the power is transmitted by a vertical shaft to the power-house below containing the dynamo, and also a small petrol or oil engine as a stand-by to be used at those times when there is insufficient wind to drive the wind-turbine. Considering that with a light wind six horse-power can be furnished, one is practically sure of the apparatus being in action for quite 90 per cent. of the days in the year, so that the demands upon the oil-engine are very slight; while during the period the wind-turbine is in operation electricity is being generated practically for nothing. The electrical equipment is provided with suitable automatic devices to prevent overdriving, so that when the wind attains too great a velocity only sufficient is consumed by the dynamo to meet its maximum output requirements, or it may be disconnected altogether during such heavy stresses of weather as storms. Owing to the substantial nature of the windmill, it can withstand the heaviest wind-pressures without any tendency to collapse or be thrown out of alignment. The cost of installation naturally varies according to locality of the site and capacity of the plant; but a fair impression may be gained from the results attending the operation of a small plant at a private country-seat in Germany. This particular installation, which furnishes from six horse-power with a twelve-foot wind to about thirty horse-power with a twenty-four-foot wind, displaced a twin petrol-driven set. The cost of the wind-turbine, complete with accumulators, was nine hundred and eight pounds, and the stand-by petrol-engine cost another six hundred pounds, which, with other incidental expenses, made a total capital expenditure of sixteen hundred and thirty-five pounds. The petrol installation which it displaced cost about six hundred pounds less; but this difference in initial outlay is more than compensated for in the reduced cost of operation, for whereas the purely petrol-driven installation cost three hundred and thirty-eight pounds to maintain per year, the wind-turbine set only costs two hundred and twenty-seven pounds. This striking difference in operating charges is primarily due to dispensing with skilled attendance which was formerly necessary, coupled with decreased consumption of petrol. So effective is the system that it has been found possible to rely on the wind for as long as ninety days at a stretch, without once calling the petrol-motor into service. In view of these circumstances it is perfectly obvious that in these islands the more extensive application of such a system would prove highly successful, since the energy thus procured can be transmitted to the most remote parts of a farm for both lighting and power.

PICTURE POST-CARD PROJECTING-LANTERN.

A recent invention which should do much to increase the present popularity of the pictorial post-card is a reflectoroscope, by means of which the illustration may be thrown upon a screen in precisely the same manner as the ordinary lantern-slide. Nor does the operation necessitate any resort to photography. Instead of the light being transmitted through the picture and lens on to the sheet, the image is thrown by reflection. The apparatus resembles the favourite magic-lantern of our young days. The post-card is placed at the back of the lantern, and the rays of an exceedingly intense light are concentrated thereon from two reflectors, and the image is thus projected on to the sheet. Various efforts to secure such a result by this means have been made, but hitherto have proved abortive, because it was not found possible to obtain a sufficiently powerful light for the purpose. In this case, however, a special burner has been evolved which with gas and incandescent mantles yields a beam of three thousand candle-power. The result is that the illustration on the post-card is reflected on the sheet with brilliancy, clearness, and splendid definition in all its colours. It is equally applicable to monochrome illustration, and should be of decided utility to photographers, who may obtain the same magnified results from their prints, produced by any process, as if they went to all the trouble and labour of preparing glass lantern-slides. Even pictures printed in newspapers and books may be projected by this means with equal success. Any system of illumination, such as petroleum or electric light, may be used; but gas is recommended, and therewith the operation costs only one farthing per hour. It is a highly ingenious scientific apparatus, and, as its cost is within the range of all, should meet with wide popularity.

AN INGENIOUS RAW-MEAT JUICE-PRESS.

Probably every family has experienced at some time or another the need of the raw juice from a

piece of meat for either dietetic or medicinal purposes. An invention to obtain this comprises a circular vessel with an orifice at the base containing a series of corrugated metal discs a trifle less in diameter than that of the interior of the receptacle. The latter is closed with a tight-fitting lid carrying a screw which forces the plate to which its lower end is attached down into the vessel. The operation is equally simple. The meat is cut into thin slices of about two inches diameter. A disc is placed at the bottom of the vessel, then on top of this a piece of meat, followed by another disc, upon which in turn is inserted another piece of meat, and so with alternate pieces of meat and discs until the vessel is filled, when it will contain about three and a half ounces of meat. The uppermost layer is a disc upon which the cover is placed and secured. The screw is then turned, and the pressure of the corrugations upon the meat forces the juice from its cells, which flows along the grooves and then falls to the bottom of the press, being drawn off through the orifice at the base as required by simply tilting the apparatus. By twisting the screw gradually the juice is made to escape in a steady stream until practically the whole of the fluid content of the meat has been driven out. From one charge of meat about one and three-quarter ounces of juice can be extracted, which is about five times as much as is obtainable with the ordinary types of presses. The vessel is thoroughly hygienic. All parts coming into contact with the meat are of nickel, which is unaffected by the chemical constituents of the fluid, while neither rust nor corrosion can result. Moreover, it dispenses entirely with the old-fashioned linen bag or pressing-cloth, and 50 per cent. of juice is obtained.

PRESERVING WOOD FROM DECAY AND VERMIN.

One welcome tendency in modern building and decoration is a reversion to the more extensive use of wood with a view to reproducing a twentieth-century modification of medieval picturesque timber embellishment. Our ancestors, however, made extensive resort to the sturdy oak or other well-seasoned hardwoods; but in these days of commercialism the softer woods are pressed into service. To arrest decay, ensure preservation from verminous attack, and impart an aspect of age to the material, careful selection of the medium with which the wood is to be covered is required. Remarkable ingenuity has been devoted to the elaboration of a substance in which these three indispensable conditions are efficiently fulfilled, but it has proved no easy task. Possibly the best results that have been secured are embodied in the preparation known as 'solignum,' the possibilities of which have been demonstrated at various exhibitions recently. It is a fluid composition, applied in the usual manner with a brush, possesses great covering capacity, and, what is more important, improves with age both in appearance and resistant qualities. Interior and exterior woodwork executed in the brown shade of this preparation assumes a pleasing solid character, and for this reason it is being extensively adopted. For tropical use it is equally advantageous, as it offers a certain protection against the attacks of the white ant and other destructive pests. Recently the preparation has been devoted in a modified form to the preservation of brick and stonework with similarly marked success. For this class of operations it is practically transparent, and sinks right into the surface of the material, the exterior of which, as it were, armours the more susceptible interior. For the resistance of damp it is superior to asphalt, and its use upon outside walls liable to percolation or penetration by driving rain and moisture is preferable to the disfiguring tar so often used for this purpose. Recently, too, it has come into extensive vogue for the staining of floors, in which connection it should have great possibilities, since, unlike the ordinary stains used for this purpose, which are of the water variety, it does not wear off, but retains its appearance irrespective of the extent of traffic, whether the surface be subsequently varnished or left in its original condition, requiring only periodical rubbing down with Baltic linseed-oil as a cleanser, which also assists materially in the maturing of the stain.

MODERNISING A THREE THOUSAND YEAR OLD INDUSTRY.

To introduce modern scientific methods into an industry which is practised to-day upon exactly the same lines as it was three thousand years ago is an experiment which is exceedingly bold, especially as it is uncertain whether modernisation will actually bring about the required improvement. Yet such a development is being effected in connection with the pearl-fishery of Ceylon. When this monopoly was leased to private enterprise by the Government in return for a specific annual rent, it was further stipulated that the concessionaires should expend the sum of two hundred thousand pounds in improvements for the purpose of obviating any possibility of the ultimate disappearance of this gem-yielding mollusc and rendering the fishery more regular. In the past, years of abundant harvest have been followed by periods of barrenness. Under such circumstances the supply of these highly prized jewels has been very intermittent. The improvements contemplated comprise the artificial preparation of the sea-bed, or 'cultching,' as it is called, with suitable materials to which the spat can make itself secure, and the removal of any possibilities of its dislodgment therefrom by storms and tidal currents. This is no easy matter, since operations have to be carried out over an area of twenty-five square miles, upon which thousands of tons of cultch are to be dumped. Then, again, it has been found that certain small localities are peculiarly adapted to the fruitful cultivation of the spat, but while it is maturing it so densely crowds the bank that the bivalves, through

lack of space, cannot develop properly. Transplantation is consequently being resorted to; but here also the matter is one of supreme difficulty. In dealing with these oysters one has to calculate in hundreds of millions, for a single bed will contain over four hundred million young oysters. Marine biological science has not yet evolved any means of picking up the spat in bulk without seriously disturbing the molluscs' resting-place, so that, pending the production of a suitable apparatus therefor, the work is being carried out by hand by the native divers. Search is also being made for new banks, since, as the same areas have been regularly fished during the past thirty centuries, they have become somewhat depleted, and it is necessary to cast farther afield. Success has attended this effort in a remarkable degree; but an obstacle exists in the depth of water in which the beds are revealed, as the native diver's limit of working is about fifty-four feet, and anything exceeding this maximum is practically unavailable, unless further improvements are effected in diving engineering.

THE EVILS OF UNNECESSARY NOISE.

The campaign is being continued abroad against unnecessary noise caused by unscientifically constructed road-vehicles, church bells, cries of itinerant vendors and musicians, sirens and whistles, motor-propelled cars which receive imperfect overhauling, and the units of which in motion consequently set up such a jarring, clanging sound that every moment presages the precipitation of the internal mechanism into the roadway. Probably New York is the noisiest city in the world, but recent legislation has done much to reduce the noise. Any citizen can invoke the law in protest against screeching parrots, yelping dogs, wheezy, scratching phonographs, and so forth, while special inspectors are detailed to spot the flat wheel of the tram-cars, which is a particularly serious offender. In one month no less than one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight flat wheels were condemned and ordered to be removed. In St Louis bells must not be used for calling attention to wares, steam whistles are forbidden, street music is barred, and penalties against any other unnecessary noise are relentlessly enforced. In Detroit even the whistling of trains and boats is strictly limited to a certain code. Washington is still more stringent, while in Baltimore all kinds and grades of steam whistling is prohibited between 6 P.M. and 7 A.M. On the Continent the agitation is equally aggressive. The piano-fiend has his hours of practice limited in Berlin, where the street-organ has been banished for nearly a quarter of a century. The small towns of Prussia limit the performances of street bands to one day a week, and even then the instruments have to pass the searching test of an officer. Similarly, gay Paris is wrestling with the problem, and the first step has been the prohibition of street music in every form. Zurich is endeavouring to enforce a 'curfew' for church bells, which are an intolerable nuisance in that city. The hospitals protested against the clamour they create every half-hour between four and seven in the morning, and appealed to the legislature. It must be admitted that the church bell is a distinctive contributor to the general din, but were its summons to its adherents only issued during the day the average person would not so much object. In the Spanish port of Bilbao even this concession is not granted, on the plea that bell-ringing is quite out of place in a modern city. In all the large towns in Britain there is also far too much nerve-racking, unnecessary noise.

A DRY PHOTOGRAPH-MOUNTING PROCESS.

By means of a recent invention, the ordinary method of mounting photographs with some form of wet glutinous paste may be dispensed with. This is a dry, adhesive process comprising a thin sheet of stout tissue-paper very similar in appearance to tracing-paper. The paper is inserted between the photographic print, which has been thoroughly dried, and the mount. All that is then necessary is to apply a little pressure with a heated iron, which dissolves the materials with which the inserted film has been impregnated on both of its two surfaces, so that the print is caused to adhere tightly to its support. The process is applicable to the mounting of photographs upon any material with equal facility. The simplicity of the operation is obvious, and it enables the work to be carried out very rapidly. In large establishments the work is accomplished by means of a machine; but the amateur, with his two or three prints to be mounted now and again, can secure the same results with a heated domestic flat-iron. The application of heat in this manner has a burnishing effect upon glazed prints; but, on the other hand, the distinctive surface and grain of other papers, such as platinotype, are unimpaired. Should it be desired to unmount the print, this can easily be achieved without inflicting any damage. The process is already in operation in most manufacturing photographic establishments.

A NOVEL CINDER-SIFTER.

To the frugal housewife a handy and novel little device which will reduce domestic labours and assist in the more economical use of fuel will doubtless commend itself. This is a new type of cinder-sifter, which permits the operation to be carried out in the room, thereby averting unnecessary journeys. It comprises a small circular vessel about twelve inches deep by some eleven inches wide. Near the top is a projecting circular band on the inside, upon which rests a sieve or riddle so inserted that it can be oscillated to and fro by means of a small handle projecting through a slot in the outer case. The contents of the grate are emptied into the riddle and the lid placed on top. By giving the projecting lever a few movements to and fro the riddle is

agitated, causing the dust to fall to the bottom, when the sieve is lifted bodily out and the cinders replaced in the grate. The design of the appliance prevents any dust from escaping into the room, while there is an absence of waste, and the sifting movement is such as to require but slight physical effort. The device is of sufficient capacity to deal with some ten grates before requiring emptying of the ashes. The considerable wastage in fuel which at present exists in connection with the domestic fire-grate through the discarding of partially burnt coal can successfully and easily be avoided by this natty little contrivance.

LIFE-SAVING EXPERIMENTS BETWEEN SHIP AND SHORE.

The greatest recent success in such experiments was probably attained by the aerial torpedo, which is the invention of Lieutenant Unge, of the Swedish army, and which, curiously enough, was designed as an engine of destruction. Experiment proved its efficiency in this respect in a potent manner, but it has been turned to striking advantage in a more humane field of usefulness. Briefly it may be described as a very improved rocket, minus the tail. It comprises a small circular steel shell a few inches in length, filled with a slow-burning compound, the gases of which in combustion escape through the blades of a small turbine carried at the lower end, imparting not only the forward-propelling motion, but a high rotary action as well, which ensures accuracy of flight. The projectile is not fired from a cannon or mortar, but rests idly in an inclined open trough. It is fired with a fuse at the nose, and the ignition of the non-explosive compound within immediately sets up the revolution of the turbine. As the torpedo shoots up the trough it catches in its flight a loose ring, to which the life-line is attached. The tests proved the projectile to be possessed of long range and remarkable accuracy in flight, being fired to a distance of three hundred and sixty yards, and striking the target. A notable point in connection therewith is that, unlike the majority of such devices, the line carried is sufficiently strong in itself to be used for the breeches-buoy, so that no time is lost after it has been secured in commencing the passage of the unfortunate persons upon the wreck to the shore or to the deck of a friendly vessel.

THE DULCITONE.

The dulcitone is a musical instrument on the lines of the pianoforte; but instead of the sound being produced from steel wires, as in the pianoforte, steel forks (like tuning-forks) without shanks are substituted, which are acted upon by the key-hammers. A special feature is the conveyance of the vibrations from each fork to the sounding-board by means of a semicircular steel spring. The mechanism is a down-striking one, and the keys, weight and depth of touch, repetition, and damping are all exactly in agreement with those of the piano. No tuning is required. The tone, though not loud, has great sweetness and carrying power, and is effective both for solo playing and as an accompaniment to other instruments or the voice. These qualities and its portability are amongst its chief recommendations. While the five octave piano weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, the dulcitone weighs but forty-three pounds. It is the invention of Mr Thomas Machell, Glasgow.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

AN INCIDENT OF THE YANGTSE.

FOR the last three days and nights the puny engines of the Hankow river-steamer had been battling against the current of the mighty Yangtse. From the dismal mud-swamps of Shanghai we had gradually steamed our way through the rich, fertile country, stopping to take up the native passengers now on the right bank, now on the left, until the deck beneath us was packed with humanity, and we were heartily tired of the swirling yellow stream and the teeming yellow crowds.

On this, the third day, we were in the neighbourhood of Kiu-kiang, where the great river flows through a more mountainous region. On either side rise dark cliffs; in mid-stream rocky islands heave high up, crowned with quaint pagodas and Buddhist temples; while away to the north-west you can see the summits of the Muling Mountains towering into the brazen sky. The heat was intense. All day long the burning rays of the summer sun poured down on us, rendering the deck unbearable and the tiny saloon a fiery furnace; and at night we seemed to move on the face of the waters through a moist, almost tangible, heat that left us listless and inert.

Of the four European passengers, three of us had travelled up from Shanghai; and, in spite of the climate, the smells, and mosquitoes, we had managed to pass the time as pleasantly as possible. There was Lieutenant Haylett of the China Squadron, a naval officer of some thirty years, who was travelling up to Hankow; young Lewis was coming out for the first time to an up-river Consulate; while I was returning from leave in England to my occupation in the

Imperial Customs, amid the din and stinks of a Chinese city.

The fourth and last was a poor, degraded wretch who had come aboard at a village above Wu-hu, in company with a single native servant. In diametrical opposition to all unwritten laws of the East, he—a European—had been ferried out in the public boat in company with the natives to meet the steamer, had clambered on board with the rest of them, and then had demanded his rights as an Englishman to a cabin on the upper deck. Although we were not favourably impressed with the first appearance of our fellow-passenger—for he was unkempt and dirty, and, moreover, seemed in an advanced stage of *delirium tremens*—no objection could be raised; and so, after paying the compradore, he took possession of the remaining cabin. Here, to our relief, he remained, attended only by his faithful 'boy,' who kept him supplied at frequent intervals with brandy, and sought to calm his more violent ravings.

No one knew his name or his original occupation, and the only person who vouchsafed any information about him was a Protestant missionary, a worthy man who wore Chinese dress and a pig-tail, and lived on the lower deck with the natives. 'I wonder who the poor fellow is,' he remarked to us. 'I have met him up-river somewhere, but he would not allow me to do anything for him.' We imagined him to be one of those unfortunates who, having been dismissed from office through drink, stay on in the country, and live almost as the natives. It appeared he was wandering up and down the river, stopping at filthy native inns and keeping himself alive by brandy.

It is no pleasant thing to see a white man 'go down' in the East, as the chances of his ultimate redemption are few—very few indeed. If he is not sent home at once he soon sinks very low, and when his self-respect is gone, and he is 'left and abandoned of his velvet friends,' he soon becomes an object of contempt and loathing. Despised by foreigners and natives alike (for the vice of drunkenness is abhorrent to the Chinese mind), he slinks away, a forgotten pariah, and seeks to hide himself in dark and unclean places.

Idly we speculated as to the ultimate end of 'the Drunk' (as we called him for want of a better name), pitied his plight, and when his ravings disturbed our slumbers we swore, and then forgot him altogether.

It was, as I have said, the third day of the voyage, and we hoped, if the gods were favourable and put no inconvenient mud-bank in our course, to land at Hankow on the next day. From that port, a short journey would take me to my occupation, and then the old routine would begin again, with all its interest and annoyances.

There is something singularly attractive in the very last day of leave, something to which one clings with a feeling of affection, and always reminds one in some vague, obscure way of the lightship at the Nore, which, as it winks its last good-bye on the starboard quarter, seems to the outward-bound passengers the final tangible link with London.

Gradually the burning sun crossed the firmament above, scorching and blistering the paint-work and accentuating the fetid smells of the creeks, until at last it sank reluctantly behind the flag-pole at the bows, where the Red Ensign drooped and quivered. The deep, dark-blue of the summer sky gave place to a paler hue, and then, with all the suddenness of the East, the friendly stars came out and twinkled.

Late that night we were sitting on wicker-chairs on deck, commenting on the bitterness of things in general; after-dinner bridge had ceased, the captain had long since turned in, and we were too lazy to seek our respective cabins.

With perhaps some vague forebodings of a new life in a new country, Lewis, fresh from an English public school, had lost his customary cheerfulness, and was depressed and moody, and I could not help thinking of the five more weary years which would have to roll before I should see again the white cliffs of Dover rise from the blue of the English Channel. In this tiny steamboat, and on this mighty river, we felt ourselves exiles indeed, and so we began to talk, as men will in the East, of the good old days in England: of the lights of Piccadilly Circus, of the hansoms jingling down the Mall, of glorious runs in the Hunting Country, of Devon rivers and breezy uplands. And so, touching now on one topic, now on another, we gradually came to things more intimate; and, whether it was due to the influence of the Eastern night or the fact that we were the only Europeans for miles around, the great barrier of reserve seemed lifted up, and, although only the chance-acquaintances of half a week, we found ourselves talking as friends together of our lives, our aims, our hopes.

The subdued murmur of voices that rose with the fumes of opium from the deck beneath us, and the rhythmic beat of the engines, were the only sounds to disturb the stillness of the night as we plodded onwards under the canopy of stars. It must have been long after midnight when Lieutenant Haylett began to tell us his reason for travelling up the Yangtse.

'Lord Sanderdale—you know his place in Sussex—well, his youngest son was my greatest friend. My father's estate marched with Sanderdale, and we were often together in those early days.'

He paused to light a fresh cheroot, and I saw his face, illumined for an instant by the glow of the match, soften at the memories of his boyhood's years.

'We were left pretty much to our own devices, he went on, 'as I was an only son and Jim was the youngest of many brothers. I don't think he had a very good time at home. It always seemed as though he had arrived too late, and wasn't wanted.

And as his father and elder brothers snubbed him on every possible occasion, he grew out of sympathy with them, and used to try to avoid them by staying with us for weeks together. Lady Sanderdale died when he was about thirteen, and that made matters worse at home; for, poor old Jim! he was always his mater's favourite.

'He grew a bit wild after that—due, I suppose, to lack of family influence; but he was as straight as a die, and no end plucky. He saved my life once. It was near Chanctonbury Ring, on the top of the Sussex Downs. There was a sou'-westerly gale in the Channel, and the wind along the ridge of the Downs was enough to blow the hair off your head. My pony took fright, and bolted with me straight to where the cliff sheers off to a disused chalk-pit, with a clear drop of ninety feet below. I could not have altered his course for a million; but, just about ten feet from the edge, Jim suddenly charged down and stopped us dead. No, I wasn't hurt; but—his pony's neck was broken.

'About three years afterwards he went up to Oxford and I came out East on the *Archimandrite*. He was the first person to meet me on my arrival home, and he told me he was leaving the country. He had played a bit fast-and-loose at Oxford; but the climax came one night when he got drunk at Sanderdale, and his father, the personification of respectability, gave him a hundred pounds and told him to shift for himself.'

Haylett rose from his chair, leaned over the taffrail, and gazed into the darkling river beyond. Away on the bank twinkled the lights of a native village, and softly over the water came the quavering notes of a high-pitched Chinese song.

'What became of him?' asked Lewis quietly.

Haylett resumed his chair. 'A friend of the family was a partner in a large tea-factory in Hankow, and he offered him a position as book-keeper. Poor old chap! it wasn't much in his line, but he went out at once.

'I saw him off at Tilbury, and he promised to let me know of his movements from time to time. The last letter I had was four years ago, and since then I have been away from England. I had hoped to have got up the Yangtse sooner; but we have been stuck in the Mediterranean, in the Persian Gulf, Vancouver, the Bermudas, and elsewhere, and at last I got on the China Station.'

A shuffling noise behind caused us to turn our heads, and we saw that 'the Drunk' had crept out of his cabin, and was waiting his turn to speak. He stood in the full light of the saloon lamp, swaying upon his feet, with tangled beard and dirty linen.

Lewis moved uneasily and half-rose from his chair, and we felt that the jarring note had been struck, that the harmony of the night was broken, and the old barrier of reserve came down again.

The poor wretch began to talk in a voice painfully assuming the rights of fellowship—painfully off-hand as one who expects and means to resist a refusal: 'I say, I want you fellows to do me a small service. One can't trust these yellow brutes, you know. I have been feeling very ill; it must be this accursed climate, and—and I may be much worse to-morrow. Will one of you post this letter at the British post-office at Hankow—a letter of repentance to my father from the prodigal son?'

The letter fell from his nerveless hand as he spoke, and lay in the circle of light between us; and, with a gasp of horror, I saw the address: 'To the Lord Sanderdale, Sanderdale Towers, Sanderdale.'

'My God!' The exclamation came from Lieutenant Haylett, who had been watching the speaker narrowly, and I turned and saw that he was as pale as death. I remember the scene so well, and it has recurred to me on many a lonely night in after-years: the staggering figure of the drunkard; the pale, set face of Haylett, as he strove to realise the position and say some words of comfort; the perplexed, embarrassed face of Lewis; and, over all, the deathly, sickening stench of opium.

And then James, son of Lord Sanderdale, fell in an inert mass on the deck. We knelt to his aid; but years of privation and debauch had told upon that wasted frame, and we saw that the Angel of Death had passed and claimed him.

. . . . . .

Some two hours afterwards the gold ball of the sun peeped above the stream astern, glinted on the brass-work of the steamer, and turned the muddy river and the swirling *chow-chow* water into one blaze of crimson glory. And then we knew that the Night of Death had passed, and that another sweltering day had come.

NANGA PARBAT MOUNTAIN AT DAWN.

All fairy-like and far away
The dome of Nanga Parbat gleams
Across the mists of opening day—
A place of unsubstantial dreams.

The great, gaunt precipice below
Is one with the soft sky. Above,
The cruel miles of ice and snow
Hang floating like a tender dove.

So may life's distant retrospect
Seem to the earth-freed spirit's gaze,
With calm, majestic beauty deckt
And lit by love's eternal rays.

NEVILL ELIOT.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

IN THE PRIMROSE-TIME.

By C. EDWARDES.

CHAPTER I.

INSTEAD of obeying his father this Saturday afternoon when the brass-foundry was closed, Albert Chinley obeyed a mysterious whispering Somebody inside him. There was a soft westerly wind, and the Somebody suggested not only that the greening country would look charming on such a blue-and-white day, but that he might again chance upon a certain young lady with wayward brown, wind-kissed hair.

'Take your cousin Elizabeth for a walk, Albert,' said Albert's father gruffly when the jam-dumpling was done with.

'I don't particularly want,' said Albert slowly.

'It don't matter,' said father, 'whether you want or not. Business is business all life over, and the sooner we have your cousin's two thousand pounds in the works the better for us three parties concerned. You're six-and-twenty, and it's time you married. Elizabeth's as level-headed a wench as there is.'

Elias Chinley heaved a chair round to the fire and took out his pipe. He was as nearly satisfied with himself as he generally was. His word was law in the small world of his immediate environment, both at the Chinley Foundry in Wazeley Street and at home.

Having filled his pipe, father looked round. 'What are you wasting your time for?' he asked. 'When I was your age I didn't want telling twice to be after your mother. I enjoyed myself according to nature. Bring her to tea when you've tired her. There's no nonsense about Elizabeth Price. It does me good to talk to such a sensible person.'

'Well,' said Albert, 'I'll be off;' and he made for the door. He was accustomed to his father's despotism, but seldom coloured as now, even when it showed so humiliatingly for him. The suggestion of a smile preceded the blush. It had followed that allusion to his cousin Elizabeth and enjoyment according to nature. He might have made an uncivil retort. Elizabeth was not amiss as a remote cousin on his mother's side, but even upon that footing the less he saw of her the better. As for marrying her, it gave him secret shudders to think of it. And as for enjoyment in the natural processes of courtship, it was inconceivable with Elizabeth.

'That's right,' said father; 'and don't be so backward with her. She'll never be twenty-nine again, and she's beginning to know it. I'll send out for some muffins ready. We'll put tea at six o'clock, to give you plenty of time with her.'

Albert made no comment. He went down the suburban street with uncertain steps, and it was then that the Somebody inside him started its tricks. He never *had* treated his cousin Elizabeth as a sweetheart, and, Heaven helping him, he never would, for one father or ten fathers. The Saturday a fortnight ago among the Gorry Bridge primroses had firmly rooted this resolve in him. And now, after scant resistance, he yielded to the agreeable promptings of this internal Somebody. 'Why not run down and endeavour to see her again?' urged the Somebody; and, tightening himself upon his gold-banded gorse-stick, Albert said, 'I will.'

He waited twenty minutes for the next train, but once off he became feverish. Cousin Elizabeth hadn't a look in at his heart now. While he stared at the leafing trees and glinting brooks of the landscapes he recalled the details of that ramble by the rippling Gorry a fortnight ago. She was singing when he caught her in the lane between the stream and the steep red-sandstone slope, and the breeze rumpled her hair above her pretty ears entrancingly. She had dropped a bunch of primroses, and, with unconscious artifice, Albert first picked them up and then asked her if they were hers. The question seemed to her very amusing. She had blue-gray

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

eyes, a small straight nose, a mouth all smiles and close-set little white teeth, and in her chin was a dimple. The woods were packed with primroses, she said. She had thrown those others away because they were bruised. She had sat upon them.

Mischief ensued. If he would like to see where the finest primroses in the district were to be found, she would show him. She did. They had to push through a bramble of bushes and alders to the water-side, and there, on a six-inch path, hidden from the road, they meandered while she picked and picked for him. It seemed as keen a pleasure for her to pick them as for him to watch her. She thought nothing of it. Stooping didn't weary her at all; she had a strong back, she said. She had lived in the country all her days, and hated it—except in the spring. He, of course, belonged to the town, she judged. He looked it—so grave, and with such a clean collar, handsome necktie and gloves, and especially such a walking-stick.

The adventure ended at the old black bridge where three roads met.

'Here they are!' she exclaimed, offering him the fresh nosegay. 'Throw those rubbishy ones into the water. That's my father at the door.'

Albert had already, in the townsman's way, admired the lonely cottage by Gorry Bridge—a half-timbered little gem of rural picturesqueness, with creepers over it, a garden before and behind, and a budding orchard on one side. A mineral-water intimation and an 'apartment' card were in its windows.

Albert himself had then returned reflectively to the railway station. But so far from abandoning the primroses she had spoiled by sitting on, he wrapped them in his pocket-handkerchief, and had them still in a locked drawer.

And so here he was again. Wallflowers and daffodils graced the cottage garden, the orchard was white with pear-blossom, and the 'apartment' card was still in the latticed window. But he was not so brave as he had imagined. He did not even enter and ask for lemonade. A vexatious timidity drove him away and up into the woods which screened the brook from the north winds. That 'apartment' card made his mouth water. What bliss to spend even a mere week-end under the same roof with her!

He was just realising that he had gone far enough, and might sit down among the primroses and hazels and watch for her, when he espied something. A pair of tiny bronze boots, side by side, their toes pointing at the sky! Climbing on cautiously, Albert discovered an entire human being fast asleep in the sunshine. More still, it was She! Her head was pillowed in her hands, and primroses were all round her. The twigs of a tree made a dancing shadow on her face, which, thus diapered, at first seemed to move. But, holding his breath, he understood that it was only the dappling of the breeze.

She was even lovelier than his stored memory of her. With lips parted like her own, and trembling from head to foot, Albert felt as he felt when he was near the altar in church. And then a sacrilegious temptation came over him. One Sunday last autumn his cousin had fallen asleep in the home-parlour, when he and she were left together, and father had entered and imperiously demanded—before Elizabeth—why he had not taken proper natural advantage of his cousin's lips thus at his mercy. He had parried the question with the utmost difficulty.

He remembered the incident now, and—longed. He dropped upon one knee. It was an utterly reckless moment. He stooped until he could feel her warm breath. And then his chivalry prevailed. Whispering 'No, it would be too bad!' he sat and looked at her. This privilege he might at any rate share with passing birds and the sun.

A little more, and he slipped away down to the road and the pretty cottage which had become a temple to him. He introduced himself to the white-whiskered old gentleman whom he had already seen. He drank a bottle of lemonade, but not because he was thirsty. He said he wanted to spend a few days in the country by-and-by; and he proposed to begin with a week-end next Saturday.

The old gentleman's name was John Hollowbone—an odd name, at which Albert did not smile. He was in every respect accommodating. The terms would be nine shillings from Saturday to Monday, and he was sure his 'darter' would do her best for any visitor.

'Capital, Mr Hollowbone,' said Albert faintly; 'you may depend on my coming.' He shook the old gentleman warmly by the hand. At the door he was reminded that he owed twopence for the lemonade. It made him laugh nervously, and the old gentleman also laughed.

'That's all right, sir,' he said when Albert apologised. 'My darter Jenny tells me I'm boun' to be spry wi' folks.'

'Certainly, Mr Hollowbone,' said Albert. 'It's the only way. I shall look forward to Saturday. About three o'clock.'

He went off with the word 'Jenny' in his heart. It was a perfect name for her. Dear, lazy, lovely little Jenny, sleeping in the sunshine!

CHAPTER II.

THE Fates were kind to him this afternoon. They not only gave him his desire with Jenny, but even while he was meditating how to excuse himself to father about Elizabeth, he met Elizabeth herself. It was a quarter to six, and home was at hand.

He greeted her with respect rather than affection,

and mentioned father and the muffins. 'I was to have called for you,' he said, 'about three.'

Cousin Elisabeth had a long nose with the outline of a candle-extinguisher. She turned it at him sharply. 'Well, why didn't you?' she asked, also sharply.

'I found I couldn't. The governor will be down on me. I wonder if you'd let him think we've been a walk? But it's too much to ask.'

'Oh, you silly boy!' laughed Elizabeth. 'I shouldn't have gone with you, so there's no harm done. You're too simple, Albert; I detest such simplicity in a man. You're a funny pair, you and your father.'

'I don't understand you!' said Albert, trying to bridle a little.

'And never will,' said Elizabeth. 'But we mustn't disappoint Mr Chinley and his muffins, bless the man! And you may leave all the explaining to me, on one condition.'

'What's that?' asked Albert, instantly suspicious.

'That you don't make a martyr of yourself trying to entertain me afterwards. Go and play billiards at the club.'

He promised. It cost him nothing. And for once he felt almost tender towards Cousin Elizabeth when he had accompanied her indoors and heard her promptly drive home the insinuation that they had had a pleasant and sufficiently long time together.

He was a cipher at the tea-table. Elizabeth and father talked town's matters and politics like two men, and ate muffins. And presently Albert rose and hurried to the door. Father called after him, but Elizabeth's voice intervened. 'Let the poor boy go, Mr Chinley!' she said, with a note as of pleading and laughter combined.

Save for his earlier excitement of the afternoon, Albert might well have meditated about Cousin Elizabeth's peculiar tactfulness and complacency. He had better food for thought, however. It was 'Jenny' all the time, or nearly. Nor when he came home at ten o'clock did father bring him to book for his unruly flight. He expected to feel the rough side of father's tongue, but nothing of the kind. Indeed, father was the first to retire, after an extraordinary spell of silence and fire-gazing.

'You can put the lights out,' he said gruffly; not another word, even about Cousin Elizabeth!

And so a new week began. It was a week of heart's travail for Albert. Each day brought him nearer to the week-end and all it might mean for him; but it was not until the Friday that he gave father any hint of his presumption. On the Friday evening he brought a fishing-rod to tea.

'What's that thing for?' asked father.

'It's for fish,' replied Albert. And then his courage took the bit in its teeth. 'I'd like to spend Saturday to Monday in Worcestershire, if you don't mind, sir. I haven't had a change since Christmas.'

Father burst into no temper. 'Let's have a look,' he said. He pieced the rod and flicked its taper tip at an enlarged, and unflattering, portrait of himself in a distant corner. 'H'm!' he then said; 'what stream do you think of fishing?'

'The Gorry, by Acton Carne. It looks very decent.'

'For two straws,' said father, 'I'd come with you.'

Albert could have choked. For two straws! The horrible prospect! His tongue clave to his teeth.

'But,' Mr Chinley added, 'I don't think I will. You may have the whole day to-morrow. Elizabeth says you look pale.'

'Oh, thanks, father!' said Albert, with plenty of blood in the cheeks Elizabeth thought pale.

'Nothing to thank *me* for,' said father. 'You're old enough to please yourself in such matters. Fact is—— But we'll have some words about that after supper.'

Commonly Mr Chinley's mouth was a grim thing; but for once it seemed to be on the verge of an emotion. Still with the rod in his hand, he looked at his son as if he were no despot, but a man of benevolent ideas tinctured with brooding sadness.

'Aren't you well?' asked Albert, feeling that something ought to be wrong somewhere.

'As well as I ever was in my life,' replied father. 'Here, take this to bits.'

He walked solemnly from the room, and Albert repacked the rod. Albert felt translated into the vestibule of heaven. He was actually *free* to rush to Jenny in the morning. Nor was this all. During the week Elizabeth had twice come to talk politics, and both times he had been permitted to glide away and leave Elizabeth and father to themselves. Nor had father made any fresh reference to his slackness as a wooer, although he was slacker than ever!

Father's communication after supper was still more surprising. He talked like one conscious of his mortality. Because anything might happen to him at any time, it was right that Albert should begin to have an assured position in the world. He was twenty-six, and from the 1st of June was to have two hundred a year.

'I'll keep a hundred of it for your board and lodging while you're with me,' said father; 'but—in the course of things you'll be fending for yourself one of these days. There! And don't ask no questions!'

Albert asked no questions. He understood neither it, nor his father, nor his father's mysterious continued neglect to drag Cousin Elizabeth to the front. He expected to have Cousin Elizabeth held to him like a pistol; it was to be either her and the two hundred a year, or the old footing of just fifty a year for clothes and pocket, with father's

curse into the bargain. But no; the two hundred a year was unconditional, and father was—for him—almost sorrowful about it.

Albert was a happy man that night, even before he began to dream. And he dreamed of Jenny and primroses and kisses, which made him even happier. The primroses she had doomed to so glorious a death were under his pillow, and perhaps they helped his dreaming.

(To be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF ALGERIA.

By Captain P. Blair Oliphant.

PART I.

As he looks down from the heights of Mustapha Supérieur upon the town of Algiers there is but little to suggest to the traveller that he is in Africa. The blocks of high stucco-buildings, with their red-tiled roofs and balconied windows, are new and distinctly French in feeling. The well-planned streets, with their double rows of trees on either side and tram-lines along the middle, might be the streets of Marseilles or of any of the towns on the French Riviera. Even the luxurious vegetation which fills the waste places or adorns the well-laid-out spaces does not dispel the illusion; for here are to be seen many of the trees and shrubs which flourish with almost equal splendour on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. Palms and the gray wild-olives, the rich dark-green of orange-trees spotted with golden fruit, and the paler hue of lemons; feathery bamboos and graceful pepper-trees; and clinging to the margins of embankments and cuttings, or where the crumbling rock crops out from the hillside, are gray-green aloes and the forbidding cactus. Here and there the aloes have shot up tall, tree-like seed-stems, with golden trunks and little branches of seed springing from them with almost conventional precision.

On the road below, which winds steadily upwards towards the highest point of the range of hills which fringes the Bay of Algiers, known as Colonne Virol, there are villas and hotels standing in their own gardens, some frankly European in design, others with a half-hearted attempt at Moorish architecture, and just a few real old Moorish houses, flat-roofed and with windows arched and barred. Over porch and trellis the purple bougainvillæa gives a touch of vivid colour against the white walls, and in sheltered spots the date-palm, india-rubber tree, and other tropical plants attain considerable dimensions, though they may never bring their fruit to perfection. But the glory of the flora of Algiers is the eucalyptus, which the French have imported from Australia and planted in groves and by the highways. The eucalyptus has taken kindly to the North African soil and climate, and has enriched the landscape with its gracious symmetry and delicate verdure. In its habit, the eucalyptus is as strange as many other indigenous products of the Antipodes, for it sheds its bark and not its leaves, trailing from stem and branches long sheaths of russet-brown, and leaving the smooth trunk gleaming silver-gray in the dappled shade of its drooping foliage.

The prospect of red roofs and luxuriant vegetation slopes down to the seashore, and ends in the blue waters of the bay and the open sea beyond. Northward is the harbour and mole, where lie the shipping and rows of barges stacked high with coal to replenish the bunkers of ocean-going vessels. On the south-east the bay curves out to sea, fringed by the suburbs of the town, and in the distance by the white walls of scattered villages. Beyond rise the rugged crests of the Atlas Mountains, the barrier between the fertile plains of the Tell and the infinite barren wastes of the Sahara.

Such is the general prospect from the heights of Mustapha, and, with a bright sky above and the genial warmth of the North African spring in the air, nothing could be more alluring. But in the first impressions there is nothing suggestive of the strange continent where one is always finding something new. We must look more closely at the life which stirs on the high-roads and in the densely packed quarters of the old city to discover something of the soul of the land. The main road winding up from the town to the summit of the suburb of Mustapha affords but few glimpses of native life, though it gives an idea of what France has done for the development and adornment of her most cherished colony. Here is the palace of the Governor, a low, domed Moorish structure, almost hidden by the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden. There is a guard at the gate of Chasseurs d'Afrique, resplendent in uniforms of pale blue, with crimson breeches.

The French are justly proud of their regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and of the Zouaves with their semi-barbarous uniforms, for they are both workman-like corps of seasoned men, with all the pride and dash which are the characteristics of their nationality. They have a very different appearance from the ordinary line regiments in France—as great a difference, perhaps, as there is between our home and Indian battalions. On the opposite side of the road is a marble statue of Marshal MacMahon,

at one time Governor-General of the colony. A tram-car, trailing behind it an open wagon packed with a mixed freight of French, Arabs, and foreigners, clatters between the guarded gate of the palace and the statue of the great French soldier, as though to emphasise the fact that military glory is of no avail unless accompanied by commercial progress. But as it whirls out of sight round a bend in the road it does not tell us how far the commercial enterprise which France has lavished upon the town of Algiers has proved remunerative, and we are left to speculate as to whether the expansion of Algerian commerce justifies the enormous expenditure which is being incurred in extending and beautifying the town. The exportation of wine, wheat, and dates must needs be prodigious if it is to pay for the expansion and upkeep of the colony, to say nothing of the garrison of sixty thousand men. But France feels an intense pride in her African possession, and, if she has to pay dearly for it, she reaps her reward in sentiment.

A mixed team of mules and horses, three in the shafts and four strung out tandem-fashion in front, jolts down the road to the jangling of bells and the crack of the driver's whip. Behind them is a cumbrous cart with half-a-dozen great casks of wine upon it. It passes on towards the town, and is followed by a drove of panniered donkeys carrying sand for the new buildings. They are herded along by an Arab with a dirty *burnous* over him and a twisted cord of camel's hair round his head. The donkeys spread themselves over the road, careless of the traffic, and the driver has to push and hustle them aside on the approach of carts or motors. At the corner where the road to the Boulevard Bru forks from the main road there is a group of Arab women and boys. The women, in baggy white trousers, with *haiks* over their heads, are veiled from below the eyes; the boys are lithe, active, and intelligent. They are not at the corner without a purpose. They know that the great white hotels which flank the road are the habitations of visitors and sightseers of many nations, and that small coins are often obtainable from them for the asking, if it is done prettily and with importunity. They will follow a likely-looking tourist for half a mile, sometimes pleading, sometimes demanding, but always persistent. It is said that the best way to be quit of them is to answer their entreaties in German, when they will desist.

Such are the glimpses of life which are to be had on this side of the town of Algiers. There is but little that is characteristic of the Orient, and much to suggest the well-planned French suburb. The natives that we meet with seem foreign to the place; they are but figures set in an incongruous background. The hotels, and the tram-car, and the groups of tourists examining the landmarks, guide-book in hand, are more in keeping with their environment than the Arab and his drove of tiny donkeys, or the veiled white figures which pass silently along the footpaths.

But if we turn our backs on the lovely prospect of the bay and the rugged Atlas Mountains, and, passing through the new French streets of the town, come down upon the Place du Gouvernment, we shall find ourselves on the threshold of another world. Just across the square rise the low, massive white walls of the Djama el Djedid, with its great central dome and square tower. It is a mosque of the Hanefa sect, and it stands like a sentinel at the foot of the ancient Arab city, which rises in a bewildering labyrinth of alleys and vennels, of tiers of blind walls and flat roofs, to the old Kasbah of the Deys, which forms its apex. Very imposing and solid is the Djama el Djedid. The outer walls are devoid of arches or pillars, and the few windows that look out upon the square are small and set high up.

The interior is almost as severely plain as the exterior. There is the inevitable fountain near the entrance, at which the Faithful must cleanse their hands, feet, and faces before they enter upon their devotions. In the centre of the mosque, below the frescoed dome, there is a raised pulpit, and along the walls at intervals are little recesses into which the *marabouts* (or holy men), to whom they are allotted, alone are allowed to enter. There is a second pulpit of carved marble, very beautifully wrought, at the east end of the building. The floor is covered with carpets and matting, and round the pillars—before which the worshippers prostrate themselves in prayer or sleep away the hot hours of the afternoon—there are bands of matting to the height of three feet. There is one very curious feature in the architecture of this mosque—it is built in the form of a cross; and the explanation of this peculiarity throws a light on the medieval history of Algiers. It was built over the site of an old mosque by order of one of the Deys in the seventeenth century. Now, the man whom the Dey employed to build it was a Genoese, one of the many Christian slaves who fell into the hands of the piratical Algerines, and with courage which outran discretion he caused it to be built in the form of the secret symbol of his own faith; for which act of devotion he suffered death by impalement by order of the Dey.

Just across the road from the Djama el Djedid is the old slave-market, where many thousands of captive Christians were exposed for sale as slaves. The story of their capture and enslavement is the history of Algiers for three hundred years, and will be treated more fully in another article.

Close to the Djama el Djedid, in the Rue de la Marine, is another mosque known as the Djama el Kebir. This is the oldest mosque in Algiers, dating from the eleventh century, and the most beautiful. A splendid façade of fourteen arches supported on white marble pillars is a recent

addition, the columns having been removed from a mosque near by, which was pulled down, and re-erected in their present position. The entrance to the mosque is by an arcaded courtyard, where is a very beautiful marble fountain, shaded by orange-trees, at which the worshippers perform their ablutions. The mosque itself is built round the courtyard, and is divided by pillars supporting indented Moorish arches into numerous arcades. The massive doors are of cedar-wood, carved and painted. The floor is covered with carpets and matting; but beyond a few chandeliers hanging from the vaulted ceiling, and the pulpit for the *imam*, the interior is bare.

In the neighbourhood of these two mosques, which stand at the foot of the native city, are several other buildings of historical and picturesque interest. There is the Dey's Palace, now used as the Winter Palace of the Governor-General. Like all old Moorish houses, it is built round a central courtyard, and is very richly embellished with carved marble pillars and old Delft and modern Arab tiles. The doors are of cedar-wood, panelled with oak in tiny square and oblong panels. The dining-hall has a ceiling of carved and painted cedar-wood. Occupying one wing of the upper story is the old harem of the Pasha. The arrangement of this is of interest, as showing the manner in which the somewhat complicated matrimonial affairs of the much-married Mohammedan were managed. The whole wing is divided into two apartments by a wall with an opening in it. The inner apartment was the abode of the ladies; the outer the anteroom, where the eunuch who guarded the sanctity of the harem waited upon the orders of the secluded women. The opening between the two apartments was covered with a heavy curtain, and there is also a little square hole in the partition, covered by an iron grille, through which the guardian could communicate with his charges, and into which he put the lamp when the shades of night fell upon the seclusion of the harem. Hassein Pasha, whose palace it was in the past, seems to have had more than the orthodox four wives allowed by the Koran; for at either end of the women's apartments is a niche, in each of which three of his wives slept; and in the centre is a third niche sacred to the favourite lady. There are marble arches across the room dividing it into three parts, and presumably these were screened by curtains. The outer apartment of the harem is decorated with beautiful old Italian paintings, and the ceilings of both are of cedar carved and painted in rich, dull colours.

Next to the Governor's Palace is the Cathedral of St Philippe, formerly a Mohammedan mosque. It is one of the most conspicuous buildings in Algiers, with its great flight of steps leading up to the arched doorway, and its two high towers on either side. In a side chapel is a marble tomb containing the bones of St Geronimo, who is regarded by the Christian population as the patron saint of Algiers; though an unbending papacy refused to inscribe Geronimo's name in the Roman Calendar of Saints, whether on account of his Arab birth or because his bones refused to perform the miracles necessary for canonisation is not certain. The story of the martyrdom of Geronimo was told by Hædo, Abbé de Fromesta, in his account of Algiers, written in 1612. Geronimo was a native of the country about Oran. As a child he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and brought up in the Catholic faith. He was subsequently carried off by some Arabs, who took him back to his own people, amongst whom he spent some years as a professed Mohammedan. But he subsequently returned of his own accord to Oran, desiring 'henceforth to live in the faith of the divine Saviour.' The Spanish Vicar-General was delighted at the return of Geronimo, and, to mark his appreciation of the latter's constancy, permitted him to enter the Spanish guard as a paid soldier, and married him to a young Arab slave of his household.

Geronimo seems to have served with distinction, and, under the patronage of his august friend, prospered exceedingly, until, on an unfortunate day in the month of May 1569, he fell into the hands of the Algerine pirates. It was not long before the story of Geronimo's conversion to Christianity became known to his captors, and pressure was brought to bear, by persecution and chains, by promises and threats, to bring him back into the fold of Islam; but to no purpose. Then the Moors laid the case of Geronimo before the Pasha Euldj-Ali, who, with the genius for ferocious cruelty which was the one constant trait of all the Deys of Algiers, devised a punishment to fit the crime of Geronimo's obstinacy. It so happened that a bastion was being constructed for the defence of the gate of Bab-el-Oued, and Euldj-Ali, while inspecting the works, noticed an empty concrete mould lying on the ground. He gave orders that it was not to be filled, as he had a use for it. The next day he sent for Geronimo and asked him whether he would return to the faith of Islam. 'I am a Christian, and a Christian I will die,' replied the martyr. 'As you please,' returned the Pasha, and he showed him the empty concrete mould. 'You shall be buried alive.' So poor Geronimo was put into the mould, the concrete was poured in, the Janissaries stamped on his body, and the block of concrete was built into the walls of the fort Bab-el-Oued.

So accurate was the account given by Hædo of the spot where the block enclosing the body of the martyr was laid that when the fort was pulled down in 1853 the skeleton of Geronimo was found enclosed in a block of concrete, in which the body had left an impression. A plaster cast was taken from the mould in the concrete, which may be seen in the museum at Mustapha Supérieur. The bones of the martyr were collected and removed to the Cathedral.

Looking towards the bay from the Place du

Gouvernment, one sees the famous Peñon and the mole which defied all the Powers of Europe for centuries. The Peñon was built originally by the Spaniards on a small rocky island facing the harbour, about two hundred yards from the shore. From this point of vantage they harassed the Algerines for twenty years. The mole was the work of Kheir-ed-din, brother of Barbarossa, and of successive Pashas and Deys, who gradually connected the small islands which lay off the shore with one another and with the mainland; so that the name of El Djezair ('the Islands'), which has been corrupted into Algiers, is no longer applicable. As specimens of real old Arab architecture, some of the buildings on the mole are exceedingly interesting. The massive gateway, the vaulted ceilings with iron rings at the crowns of the meeting arches from which it was the custom of the Deys to hang their prisoners, the beautiful white marble fountain, the vaults where the prisoners were huddled together, the old pieces of ordnance, no longer threatening the fleets of Europe through the embrasures of the walls, but set up as posts at corners and gateways—these and the very stones beneath our feet conjure up a vision of the bloodiest tyranny that ever disgraced the shores of the Mediterranean, of the most shameful and prolonged humiliation that ever befell the collective Powers of Europe.

There are many other buildings of interest to be seen round about the Place du Gouvernment and the Cathedral of St Philippe; but on the slope of the hill behind them lies the old native city, where we can see Arab life as it exists to-day, and as it has existed for centuries, untouched by French civilisation and the ardent hand of the reformer. A turn from the street of Bab-Azoun, with its modern shops and arcaded façade, and we find ourselves in the heart of the Orient. The narrow valley mounts upwards, by irregular cobbled steps, between the high, blind walls of houses whose upper stories almost meet across the passage, shutting out the sun and the light of day. At intervals, to right and left, are mysterious byways leading beneath vaulted passages to the unknown. But we follow the upward path, passing solid closed doors, studded with brass nails or embellished with exquisite brass-work and knockers, and set in lintels of wrought marble. Here and there a tiny oriel window, barred with iron, projects from the wall, or round beams of undressed timber slanting upwards support the overhanging walls of the upper stories. Presently we find ourselves between rows of little open shops, where the necessaries of Arab life and the simple luxuries of their frugal households can be obtained. Here semolina is sold for *cous-cous*, the staple food of the country; next door is a butcher's shop with uninviting parcels of meat hanging from the ceiling and piled up on the window-ledge; opposite these are vegetables of all descriptions, the vicious-looking red pepper-pod striving to hide itself amongst its withering leaves; then an Arab café, where a dozen loungers are passing the time in desultory conversation or playing a game of draughts over an occasional cup of black coffee.

There is no need for a Licensing Bill in the native city of Algiers, for the inhabitants are all good Mohammedans, to whom the taste of strong waters is, or should be, unknown. Some of the little shops contain cheap and tawdry goods of European origin; in others are sweetmeats and toys for children, or earthenware drums and curious musical instruments of the guitar family (having but two strings and a body formed from the shell of a tortoise over which a skin of parchment is tightly stretched) for the delectation of the elders and those who delight in dancing.

If we turn down one of the mysterious passages which connect one irregular thoroughfare with another, and, passing under the dark and vaulted recesses, emerge at last upon the next upward alley, we find ourselves in a street of open doors, at which unveiled women sit in patient expectancy. It is the street of the Ouled Naïls—of the women who are born to wickedness—who return to their tribe when they have amassed a dowry of shame, to marry and bring forth daughters who will follow in their mothers' footsteps without reproach.

Behind the forbidding walls which border these narrow, sunless streets, the dwellings are constructed on the same principle as the more commodious Moorish villas. The door opens upon a narrow passage, at the end of which is a small open courtyard. The rooms, which are long and narrow, open off the central court; and queer, spiral staircases, which look as though they were hewn from the solid rock, give access to the upper stories. Round the walls of the rooms mattresses are laid on the tiled floor, and there is a low wooden table, a chest of drawers or cupboard of unmistakably cheap European make, and perhaps a tawdry modern mirror on the wall.

At last we emerge into the open at the top of the city, with a feeling that we have passed through a page of the *Arabian Nights*. In front of us the ground slopes up to the Kasbah, the old fort of the Deys, with its grim battlements and embrasures. On the right of the great archway which gives access to the fort is the Pavilion of the Fan—the chamber in which the interview between the French Consul and the Dey Hussein took place, when the tyrant, losing patience with the representative of the French nation, struck him on the cheek with his fan, and thereby precipitated the final overthrow of an iniquitous Government. And even as we gaze upon the historic chamber, a tram-car rattles beneath the ancient gateway as an outward and visible sign of European civilisation and progress.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XV.—FOLLOWS FLOCKART'S FORTUNES.

ONE evening, a few days later, Gabrielle, seated beside her father at his big writing-table, had concluded reading some reports, and had received those brief, laconic replies which the blind man was in the habit of giving, when she suddenly asked, 'I believe, dad, that you have a quantity of the Glencardine papers, haven't you? If I remember aright, when you bought the castle you made possession of these papers a stipulation.'

'Yes, dear, I did,' was his answer. 'I thought it a shame that the papers of such a historic family should be dispersed at Sotheby's, as they no doubt would have been. So I purchased them.'

'You've never let me see them,' she said. 'As you know, you've taught me so much antiquarian knowledge that I'm becoming an enthusiast like yourself.'

'You can see them, dear, of course,' was his reply. 'They are in that big ebony cabinet at the end of the room yonder—about two hundred charters, letters, and documents, dating from 1314 down to 1695.'

'I'll go through them to-morrow,' she said. 'I suppose they throw a good deal of light upon the history of the Grahams and the actions of the great Lord Glencardine?'

'Yes; but I fear you'll find them very difficult to read,' he remarked. 'Not being able to see them for myself, alas! I had to send them to London to be deciphered.'

'And you still have the translations?'

'Unfortunately, no, dear. Professor Petre at Oxford, who is preparing his great work on Glencardine, begged me to let him see them, and he still has them.'

'Well,' she laughed, 'I must therefore content myself with the originals, eh? Do they throw any further light upon the secret agreement in 1644 between the great Marquess of Glencardine, whose home was here, and King Charles?'

'Really, Gabrielle,' laughed the old antiquary, 'for a girl, your recollection of abstruse historical points is wonderful.'

'Not at all. There was a mystery, I remember, and mysteries always attract me.'

'Well,' he replied after a few moments' hesitation, 'I fear you will not find the solution of that point, or any other really important point, contained in any of the papers. The most interesting records they contain are some relating to Alexander Senescallus (Stewart), the fourth son of Robert II., who was granted in 1379 a Castle of Garth. He was a reprobate, and known as the Wolf of Badenoch. On his father's accession in 1371, he was granted the charters of Badenoch, with the Castle of Lochindorb and of Strathavon; and at a slightly later date he was granted the lands of Tempar, Lassintulach, Tulachcroske, and Gort (Garth). As you know, many traditions regarding him still survive; but one fact contained in yonder papers is always interesting, for it shows that he was confined in the dungeon of the old keep of Glencardine until Robert III. released him. There are also a quantity of interesting facts regarding "Red Neil," or Neil Stewart of Fothergill, who was Laird of Garth, which will some day be of value to future historians of Scotland.'

'Is there anything concerning the mysterious fate of Cardinal Setoun within Glencardine?' asked the girl, unable to curb her curiosity.

'No,' he replied in a manner which was almost snappish. 'That's a mere tradition, my dear—simply a tale invented by the country-folk. It seems to have been imagined in order to associate it with the mysterious Whispers which some superstitious people claim to have heard. No old castle is complete nowadays without its ghost, so we have for our share the Lady of Glencardine and the Whispers,' he laughed.

'But I thought it was a matter of authenticated history that the Cardinal was actually enticed here and disappeared!' exclaimed the girl. 'I should have thought that the Glencardine papers would have referred to it,' she added, recollecting what Walter had told her.

'Well, they don't; so why worry your head, dear, over a mere fable? I have already gone very carefully into all the facts that are proved, and have come to the conclusion that the story of the torture of his Eminence is a fairy-tale, and that the supernatural Whispers have only been heard in imagination.'

She was silent. She recollected that sound of murmuring voices. It was certainly not imagination.

'But you'll let me have the key of the cabinet, won't you, dad?' she asked, glancing across to where stood a beautiful old Florentine cabinet of ebony inlaid with ivory, and reaching almost to the ceiling.

'Certainly, Gabrielle dear,' was the reply of the expressionless man. 'It is upstairs in my room. You shall have it to-morrow.'

And then he lapsed again into silence, reflecting whether it were not best to secure certain parchment records from those drawers before his daughter investigated them. There was a small roll of

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

yellow parchment, tied with modern tape, which he was half-inclined to conceal from her curious gaze. Truth to tell, they constituted a record of the torture and death of Cardinal Setoun much in the same manner as Walter Murie had described to her. If she read that strange chronicle she might, he feared, be impelled to watch and endeavour to hear the fatal Whispers.

Strange though it was, yet those sounds were a subject which caused him daily apprehension. Though he never referred to them save to ridicule every suggestion of their existence, or to attribute the weird noises to the wind, yet never a day passed but he sat calmly reflecting. That one matter which his daughter knew above all others caused him the most serious thought and apprehension—a fear which had become doubly increased since she had referred to the curious and apparently inexplicable phenomenon. He, a refined, educated man of brilliant attainments, scouted the idea of any supernatural agency. To those who had made mention of the Whispers—among them his friend Murie, the Laird of Connachan; Lord Strathavon, from whom he had purchased the estate; and several of the neighbouring landowners—he had always expressed a hope that one day he might be fortunate enough to hear the whispered counsel of the Evil One, and so decide for himself its true cause. He pretended always to treat the affair with humorous incredulity, yet at heart he was sorely troubled.

If his young wife's remarkable friendship with the man Flockart often caused him bitter thoughts, then the mysterious Whispers and the fatality so strangely connected with them were equally a source of constant inquietude.

A few days later Flockart, with clever cunning, seemed to alter his ingenious tactics completely, for suddenly he had commenced to bestir himself in Sir Henry's interests. One morning after breakfast, taking the Baronet by the arm, he led him for a stroll along the drive, down to the lodge-gates, and back, for the purpose, as he explained, of speaking with him in confidence.

At first the blind man was full of curiosity as to the reason of this unusual action, as those deprived of sight usually are.

'I know, Sir Henry,' Flockart said presently, and not without hesitation, 'that certain ill-disposed people have endeavoured to place an entirely wrong construction upon your wife's friendship towards me. For that reason I have decided to leave Glencardine, both for her sake and for yours.'

'But, my dear fellow,' exclaimed the blind man, 'why do you suggest such a thing?'

'Because your wife's enemies have their mouths full of scandalous lies,' he replied. 'I tell you frankly, Sir Henry, that my friendship with her ladyship is a purely platonic one. We were children together at home in Bedford, and ever since our schooldays I have remained her friend.'

'I know that,' remarked the old man quietly. 'My wife told me that when you dined with us on several occasions at Park Street. I have never objected to the friendship existing between you, Flockart; for, though I have never seen you, I have always believed you to be a man of honour.'

'I feel very much gratified at those words, Sir Henry,' he said in a deep, earnest voice, glancing at the gray, dark-spectacled face of the fragile man whose arm he was holding. 'Indeed, I've always hoped that you would repose sufficient confidence in me to know that I am not such a blackguard as to take any advantage of your cruel affliction.'

The blind Baronet sighed. 'Ah, my dear Flockart! all men are not honourable like yourself. There are many ready to take advantage of my lack of eyesight. I have experienced it, alas! in business as well as in my private life.'

The dark-faced man was silent. He was playing an ingenious, if dangerous, game. The Baronet had referred to business—his mysterious business, the secret of which he was now trying his best to solve. 'Yes,' he said at length, 'I suppose the standard of honesty in business is nowadays just about as low as it can possibly be, eh? Well, I've never been in business myself, so I don't know. In the one or two small financial deals in which I've had a share I've usually been "frozen out" in the end.'

'Ah, Flockart,' sighed the Laird of Glencardine, 'you are unfortunately quite correct. The so-called smart business man is the one who robs his neighbour without committing the sin of being found out.'

This remark caused the other a twinge of conscience. Did he intend to convey any hidden meaning? He was full of cunning and cleverness. 'Well,' Flockart exclaimed, 'I'm truly gratified to think that I retain your confidence, Sir Henry. If I have in the past been able to be of any little service to Lady Heyburn, I assure you I am only too delighted. Yet I think that in the face of gossip which some of your neighbours here are trying to spread—gossip started, I very much fear, by Miss Gabrielle—my absence from Glencardine will be of distinct advantage to all concerned. I do not, my dear Sir Henry, desire for one single moment to embarrass you, or to place her ladyship in any false position. I'——

'But, my dear fellow, you've become quite an institution with us!' exclaimed Sir Henry in dismay. 'We should all be lost without you. Why, as you know, you've done me so many kindnesses that I can never sufficiently repay you. I don't forget how, through your advice, I've been able to effect quite a number of economies at Caistor, and how often you assist my wife in various ways in her social duties.'

'My dear Sir Henry,' he laughed, 'you know I'm always ready to serve either of you whenever it lies in my power. Only—well, I feel that I'm in your wife's company far too much, both here

and in Lincolnshire. People are talking. Therefore, I have decided to leave her, and my decision is irrevocable.'

'Let them talk. If I do not object, you surely need not.'

'But for your wife's sake?'

'I know—I know how cruel are people's tongues, Flockart,' remarked the old man.

'Yes; and the gossip was unfortunately started by Gabrielle. It was surely very unwise of her.'

'Ah!' sighed the other, 'it is the old story. Every girl becomes jealous of her step-mother. And she's only a child, after all,' he added apologetically.

'Well, much as I esteem her, and much as I admire her, I feel, Sir Henry, that she had no right to bring discord into your house. I hope you will permit me to say this, with all due deference to the fact that she's your daughter. But I consider her conduct in this matter has been very unfriendly.'

Again the Baronet was silent, and his companion saw that he was reflecting deeply. 'How do you know that the scandal was started by her?' he asked presently, in a low, rather strained voice.

'Young Paterson told me so. It appears that when she was staying with them over at Tullyallan she told his mother all sorts of absurd stories. And Mrs Paterson—who, as you know, is a terrible gossip—told the Reads of Logie and the Redcastles, and in a few days these fictions, with all sorts of embroidery, were spread half over Scotland. Why, my friend Lindsay, the member for Berwick, heard some whispers the other day in the Carlton Club! So, in consequence of that, Sir Henry, I'm resolved, much against my will and inclination, I assure you, to end my friendship with your wife.'

'All this pains me more than I can tell you,' declared the old man. 'The more so, too, that Gabrielle should have allowed her jealousy to lead her to make such false charges.'

'Yes. In order not to pain you, I have hesitated to tell you this for several weeks. But I really thought that you ought at least to know the truth, and who originated the scandal. And so I have ventured to-day to speak openly, and to announce my departure,' said the wily Flockart. He was putting to the test the strength of his position in that household. He had an ulterior motive, one that was ingenious and subtle.

'But you are not really going?' exclaimed the other. 'You told me the other day something about my factor Macdonald, and your suspicions of certain irregularities.'

'My dear Sir Henry, it will be far better for us both if I leave. To remain will only be to lend further colour to these scandalous rumours. I have decided to leave your house.'

'You believe that Macdonald is dishonest, eh?' inquired the afflicted man quickly.

'Yes, I'm certain of it. Remember, Sir Henry, that when one is dealing with a man who is blind it is sometimes a great temptation to be dishonest.'

'I know, I know,' sighed the other deeply. They were at a bend in the drive where the big trees met overhead, forming a leafy tunnel. The ascent was a trifle steep, and the Baronet had paused for a few seconds, leaning heavily upon the arm of his friend.

'Oh, pardon me!' exclaimed Flockart suddenly, releasing his arm. 'Your watch-chain is hanging down. Let me put it right for you.' And for a few seconds he fumbled at the chain, at the same time holding something in the palm of his left hand. 'There, that's right,' he said a few minutes later. 'You caught it somewhere, I expect.'

'On one of the knobs of my writing-table perhaps,' said the other. 'Thanks. I sometimes inadvertently pull it out of my pocket.'

A faint smile of triumph passed across the dark, handsome face of the man, who again took his arm, as at the same time he replaced something in his own jacket-pocket. He had in that instant secured what he wanted.

'You were saying with much truth, my dear Flockart, that in dealing with a man who cannot see there is occasionally a temptation towards dishonesty. Well, this very day I intend to have a long chat with my wife, but before I do so will you promise me one thing?'

'And what is that?' asked the man, not without some apprehension.

'That you will remain here, disregard the gossip that you may have heard, and continue to assist me in my helplessness in making full and searching inquiry into Macdonald's alleged defalcations.'

The man reflected for a few seconds, with knit brows. His quick wits were instantly at work, for he saw with the utmost satisfaction that he had been entirely successful in disarming all suspicion; therefore his next move must be the defeat of that man's devoted defender, Gabrielle, the one person who stood between his own penniless self and fortune.

'I really cannot at this moment make any promise, Sir Henry,' he remarked at last. 'I have decided to go.'

'But defer your decision for the present. There is surely no immediate hurry for your departure! First let me consult my wife,' urged the Baronet, putting out his hand and groping for that of Flockart, which he pressed warmly as proof of his continued regard. 'Let me talk to Winifred. She shall decide whether you go or whether you shall stay.'

(To be continued.)

THE SNARE OF POULTRY-FARMING.

By HORACE W. C. NEWTE, Author of *The Square Mile, The Wife, The Master Beast,* &c.

WHENEVER the follower of a sedentary occupation revolts at the conditions of his employment, his thoughts lightly turn to poultry-farming as an alternative and more congenial means of livelihood. There is, doubtless, every excuse for this delusion, there being many inducements, from specious advertisements in organs of repute to articles in journals devoted to the interests of small farming and poultry-breeding, to urge him upon his disastrous course. All that appears to be required is the capital with which to make a start. Moreover, the amount of ignorance which exists upon the matter has only to be encountered to be believed, ninety-nine people out of every hundred asserting that there is money in the game. On the face of it, nothing could be more seductive. The life is an open-air one and provides plenty of variety, the profits considerable, the risks infinitesimal; also, there is the additional attraction of being one's own master, and thus being able to do one's work in one's own way. But——

It is the writer's purpose to reveal the pitfalls, the ultimate hopeless disaster which awaits any one who is so foolish as to embark his capital in this enterprise, even with some experience in its many ramifications. If this is successful in preventing one person from putting his all in such a venture, these words have not been set down in vain.

Before getting to business, it would be as well to mention the two or three departments of poultry-farming in which there is money, but which are not for the beginner or outsider in the poultry-world, otherwise the undoubted success of these branches will form admirable pegs on which to hang refutations of my contention.

Duck-breeders in the vale of Aylesbury make a good thing out of the successful breeding of great quantities of ducks. They have been at it for years; they have all the ropes of fattening them in the shortest time and of marketing them to the best advantage at their finger-ends. They are greatly assisted by the properties of the grit which is to be found in the district and scarcely anywhere else. So aware are these duck-breeders that they have got a good thing that it is very difficult to get good stock-ducks of the pure Aylesbury strain.

Another exception are the cultivators of the Surrey fowls, so called, which are not indigenous to Surrey. These fowls, which fetch such good prices in the spring of the year, are in reality reared in West Sussex. The poultry-farmers of this district purchase enormous quantities of pullets all over the country, and by a scientific system of cramming by machinery obtain a remarkable plumpness in a short space of time. Poultry-farming in West Sussex is a close corporation, the business going from father to son. There is no doubt that these people make a considerable profit on their outlay. Not so very long ago it would have been possible to say something of the money that was to be obtained from the breeding of geese; but those easily reared birds have been superseded by the more expensive but delicate turkey, so that many poor people who, particularly in Essex, once made a good thing out of that interesting and highly intelligent bird find their occupation gone.

Now for the question of poultry-farming as it confronts the average beginner, who usually has some experience of poultry-keeping. If he has decided to put his money into this industry he will look out for a suitable site on which to begin operations. He will be surprised to find what a number are in the market to select from. In deciding which he will take, common-sense will tell him that the nearer he is to a large town the easier it will be to find a market for his stuff; on the other hand, the proximity to a city will mean a considerable addition to his rent; land, of course, fetching much more an acre nearer a town than farther afield. Also, he may be tempted by the comparative cheapness of a heavy soil to start operations on this, which only means that disaster will overtake him considerably quicker than had he farmed lighter land, clay being inimical to the well-being of poultry.

The farm having been selected, our beginner will probably find that the fixtures and goodwill can be had fairly cheaply from the last poultry-farmer, who supplies any plausible excuse for his giving up the business. Our poultry-farmer, if his tastes are simple, would pay about thirty pounds a year for his house, a pound an acre for poor soil, and anything up to thirty shillings an acre for really suitable land. What he pays for the fixtures and goodwill depends entirely upon his credulity. He would probably not buy up the stock of the last tenant, not from reasons of common-sense, but because he would have—as what poultry-farmers have not?—obstinate views on the subject of the most suitable breeds to keep.

Supposing he decides to back his fancy, he will probably go in for two breeds: one for egg-laying purposes, the other being what is known as a utility fowl—that is, a hen who will sit, lay, and, if killed, will make a fine table-bird. The selection of his breed of laying hens will cause him much anxiety, as purchasers have a preference for brown eggs, while the most prolific egg-producers are the Mediterranean breeds, which always lay white ones.

A further word on the subject of selecting strains. This is nearly always done at the dictates of the fashion prevailing for the moment in poultry

circles, which is apt to change more or less at the bidding of those vendors who naturally have an interest in creating new demands. The excellences of a given breed are proclaimed to the four winds of the poultry-world; the defects are left for the poultry-farmer to discover. Our poultry-farmer will commence with anything from a hundred of each of his two selected breeds, and he will doubtless be puzzled whether to buy a comparatively cheap lot, which may be going, or an expensive number from a reputable and well-known breeder. Here let it be said that the best are cheapest in the end; although they may not lay so well as the barn-door hen—this will be hotly denied—they will fetch more when the inevitable time arrives at which the disgusted poultry-farmer looks about for something better to do.

Having got his stock, our poultry-farmer will then buy incubators and brooders, which will cost him a pretty penny, unless he is able to get them second-hand, when it is essential for him to know what he is buying. The coops and many of the pens he will probably knock up himself; owing to the greatly increased cost of wire-netting in the past two years, this last will run into many pounds.

After he has got his stock and accessories, the most immediate matter is the feeding of the former, when our poultry-farmer will discover the chief reason why his present occupation cannot pay. Owing to free trade (so called), most of our corn-stuff is threshed abroad. In consequence the by-products, such as bran, sharps, and barley-meal, which are some of the most important ingredients in poultry-food, are not available at a price that would make it possible for poultry-farming to pay. However, as our poultry-farmer is now committed, he will get quotations from local corn-merchants, and choose the most suitable. He must also buy vermin-proof bins for his grain and meals, otherwise he will suffer from the depredations of rats, the extent of which has only to be known to be realised. He will also buy a ledger, and having entered his many initial expenses, he will look forward to rapidly filling the credit side of his account.

It is to be presumed that our poultry-farmer is going to do all his work himself—to pay a pound a week for labour is out of the question—so he will find his day fully occupied, perhaps more fully than he bargained for. He will be up betimes, when he will have his stock to feed and water, his breeding-pens to arrange, his fences to repair, and all the thousand and one things which will keep him hard at work till sundown, when he will have his books to make up and his correspondence to attend to. Later there will be the incubators and brooders to look after, when, with fair luck, he will considerably increase his stock.

All this time, beyond the selling of eggs, which scarcely pays, owing to the cost of feeding his stock, he has to live, which means further inroads upon his already attenuated capital. He will soon, however, look for returns, when he will find that there are many unexpected and dismal surprises in store. To begin with, he will discover that if he advertises (at so much an insertion) day-old incubator-hatched chicks at sixpence each, he is only one of many others with like wares to sell, and that a newcomer has an infinitesimal chance of finding a market. He will also find that his carefully and expensively fattened pullets fetch nothing approaching the price he anticipated getting. For spring pullets, which fetch four shillings, and more, in the shops, the utmost he would get from the higgler or shopkeeper with whom he would deal would be two and threepence a head, and then they must be in the best of condition.

Next we come to the question of eggs. It is argued by the inexperienced in such matters that if ten good hens will lay fifty eggs between them a week, a hundred will lay five hundred in the same time. Nothing of the kind. The number of eggs obtained is in inverse ratio to the number of hens kept, and no amount of plausible arguing can alter this axiom of poultry-keeping. Also, as time goes on, the birds will decrease their output, owing to being kept on the same ground. It is here that our poultry-farmer will suffer if he has taken over some one else's poultry-farm. In a comparatively short time illness will attack his pens, and his stock will die from contagious diseases caused by hens picking over contaminated ground. So long, however, as his hens lay, he will naturally desire to obtain the best market for his eggs. Should he be so fortunate as to have a large private connection, he will do well if he can sell his eggs, when these are plentiful, at a shilling a dozen—that is, if his customers are willing to pay the carriage. Otherwise, should he open negotiations with London dealers, he will find that he is handicapped by excessive railway charges and the millions of foreign eggs which are dumped in England at a cheaper rate than he can market his. Besides, as if every factor of the matter were in league to injure him, he will find that when his hens lay well eggs are correspondingly cheap, whereas in winter the birds have to be meat-fed to lay eggs in any appreciable quantity, which not only costs money but is prejudicial to the laying capacity of the hens in the following early spring.

Should our poultry-farmer attempt to sell fertile eggs for setting, he will find himself in competition with countless others, both professional and amateur; these last, by reason of their circumstances, being content with a narrower margin of profit. At all times our poultry-farmer's stock, particularly his chicks, are liable to suffer from the vagaries of the British climate, and to be subject to losses from such cunning vermin as rats, foxes, and stoats.

The wear and strain on the nerves of a constant succession of the inevitable minor losses of poultry-farming have to be experienced to be appreciated. Our poultry-farmer's further pursuit of his calling will depend on the amount of capital at his disposal and his stock of obstinacy. Should neither

of these be exhausted, he will, doubtless, discover that the only way to get rid of the perils attending the contamination of the ground is to plant fruit-trees all over his property — this will cost him a pretty penny—divide it in halves, and use these for poultry in alternate years. Upon the subject of combining fruit and poultry farming I am not qualified to speak; but I can quote the late Mr R. D. Blackmore the novelist, who assured me that no form of fruit-farming could possibly show a profit in the British Islands. He knew what he was talking about; he was an ardent fruit-farmer, and had lost many thousands of pounds in the endeavour to make it pay.

Short of selling his stock and appliances for what they will fetch, and clearing out, our poultry-farmer has two ways of making a living. In the first place, he can become a middleman, when, with the aid of a horse and cart, he can buy from farmers and others and sell at a profit to town dealers. This is altogether a different matter from raising eggs himself. In the second place, he can wax fat by taking in pupils (in more senses than one) at substantial premiums, the while he writes constantly to the papers to tell all and sundry of the money there is in poultry-farming. So much for the ordinary forms of the industry.

He may try his fortune at the breeding and showing of prize birds, when his last state will be worse than the first. If he has plenty of capital at his command, he may go in for large stocks of all the best breeds, trusting to dispose of these at fancy prices to the many amateur breeders in the kingdom. Here he will be handicapped by being in competition with firms that have spent time and money in making their name. Where a few years ago there were a few of these, their number is now legion.

The novice may ask how it is that journals of repute advocate poultry-farming. The reply is that papers exist by reason of their advertisements, and that columns devoted to poultry and kindred interests indirectly puff wares the advertisements of which decorate other parts of the journal.

To any one who is contemplating poultry-farming as a living, I would like to state that every county is dotted with poultry-farms to let; that I have known many men who have lost their all at it, not one who has earned anything like a living. One case in particular I have in my mind. It was that of a friend—he had previously farmed in Canada—who had his own land, made his own coops, henhouses, and the like, did all his own work, had as a customer a big London club which took all the stuff he could send at a good price, and was within easy-sending distance of London. This was his experience: the first two years he made nothing; the third year, thirteen pounds; the fourth, nothing; whereupon he was only too glad to get a job in town.

In conclusion, it is only fair to admit that where poultry are fed on house-scraps anything from a dozen to twenty will well repay for the trouble and outlay. It is also profitable to keep many more about a farm, where there is plenty of waste stuff which can be utilised for poultry-food. But to embark one's all on poultry-farming pure and simple, as things are at present, is nothing more nor less than a tedious means of committing financial suicide.

Since the above was written the writer has met a man who cheerfully loses a hundred and fifty a year at poultry-farming. The work takes all the stuffing out of a shrewish wife.

A BUDGET OF OLD LETTERS FROM EGYPT.

By Dr George Milligan.

AMONGST recent discoveries in Egypt none have awakened a more widespread interest than the countless papyrus documents that have been brought to light. Some of these have been found amidst the ruins of ancient houses and temples; others have formed part of the cartonnage in which crocodile-mummies were enveloped; but far the largest number have come from the rubbish-heaps on the outskirts of the towns and villages, to which they had been consigned as waste-paper instead of being burned, as is so often the case amongst ourselves.

The difficulty of deciphering these frail papyrus-leaves is, of course, very great. Not only has the writing often become blurred and indistinct, but the papers themselves were frequently torn across or partially destroyed before being thrown out; and it has required the unwearied skill and patience of many English and Continental scholars to piece them together, and reproduce them in such a form that their meaning can be understood.

The documents themselves are of the most varied character, the greater bulk being of a more or less official nature—judicial proceedings, wills, contracts, leases, receipts, and so forth. But along with these there have also been recovered many private letters, which — like all true letters — are often of the most self-revealing character, and call up before our minds the whole domestic and social life of Egypt in a manner that before their discovery was wholly impossible.

The best way to show this is to give a few specimens of the letters themselves. And we may begin with a couple of letters which were addressed by his two sons to the architect Cleon, who acted as commissioner of works in the Fayûm district about the middle of the third century before Christ. A large amount of Cleon's correspondence has come down to us, and deals with such business matters as com-

plaints by the quarrymen against their overseer, or the necessity of imposing an additional salt-tax to secure an adequate water-supply. But the two letters that follow are of a more directly personal nature. The letter of the younger brother, Polycrates, may be placed first. It is marvellously complete, without a *lacuna* of any sort, and, according to Dr Mahaffy, who edits it in the collection of *Flinders Petrie Papyri*, is written 'in a beautifully clear and correct hand.' The contents leave a good deal to conjecture; but Polycrates had apparently been borrowing from his elder brother Philonides, and now, perhaps with the view of being enabled to repay him, writes to his father, asking him to interest himself on his behalf with King Ptolemy II., on the occasion of his visit to celebrate the Arsinoe festival:

'Polycrates to his father, greeting. I am glad if you are in good health, and everything else is to your mind. We ourselves are in good health. I have often written to you to come and introduce me, so that I may be relieved from my present studies. And now, if it is possible, and none of your work hinders you, do try and come to the Arsinoe festival. For, if you come, I am sure that I shall easily be introduced to the King. You must know that I have got seventy drachmas from Philonides. Half of this I have kept by me for necessaries, but the rest I have paid as an instalment of interest. This happens because we do not get our money in a lump sum, but in small instalments. Please write to us yourself, that we may know how you are circumstanced, and not be anxious. Take care of yourself that you may keep well, and come to us in good health. Farewell.'

We have no means of knowing what was the result of this appeal; but alongside of the foregoing there may be set a subsequent letter written by Philonides, which exhibits the same characteristics of careful calligraphy. Whatever else Cleon had done for his sons, he had at least given them a good education. Unfortunately, the first part of Philonides's letter is lost; but he also had been making some request about the King, for the first words recovered are: . . . 'for so it will be possible to find the King propitious for the future.' Then he proceeds in a truly filial tone:

'Assuredly, nothing is to me more important than to take care of you for the rest of your life, worthily of you, worthily of myself; and if any mortal chance should befall you, to see that you receive all honour. Indeed, it will be my chief concern to take care of you honourably, both while you live and when you have departed to the gods. Above all things, then, make every effort to be released finally [from your office]. But if you see it is not possible [try] about the time of the falling of the Nile, when there is no risk, and it will be possible for Theodorus to stay behind and act as deputy, to come, in order that for this season you may sojourn with us. But keep this in your mind, that you absolutely must not have any annoyance, but that I shall have thought out everything, that you may be free from trouble. Good-bye.'

For our next letter we may turn to the Serapeum, or great temple of Serapis, at Memphis. Amongst its inmates, as we learn from various documents, were certain persons who had taken up their abode there as 'recluses.' The precise nature of the vows they took upon them is still a matter of discussion amongst scholars; but from the letter before us they were evidently not binding for all time. Isias, at any rate, clearly thinks that her husband has been 'in retreat' long enough, and in a tone of mingled affection and irony writes to urge him to return home. The original letter, which is dated on the 24th July 168 B.C., belongs to the British Museum collection, and has been edited by Dr F. G. Kenyon:

'Isias to Hephæstion her husband, greeting. If you are well, and other things are turning out with you according to your wishes, it would be as I perpetually pray the gods. I myself am in good health, and the child, and all in the house, making mention of you continually. When I received your letter from Horus, in which you explained that you were in retreat in the Serapeum at Memphis, I immediately gave thanks to the gods that you were well. But that you did not return when all who were shut up with you returned distresses me. For, having piloted myself and your child through out of such a crisis, and having come to the last extremity because of the high price of corn, and thinking that now at last on your return I would obtain some relief, you have never even thought of returning, nor spared a look for my helpless state. While you were still at home, I went short altogether, not to mention how long a time has passed since, and such disasters, and you having sent nothing. Then Horus, who took my letter, brought back word about your having been released from your retreat, and I am utterly distressed. Nor is this all; but, since your mother is in great trouble about it, I entreat you for her sake and for ours to return to the city, unless, indeed, something more pressing occupies you. Pray take care of yourself that you may be in good health. Good-bye.'

From the fact that the letter was found in the Serapeum, it would appear that Isias's entreaty was not answered.

With this there may be compared a letter from Oxyrhynchus, so well known through the marvellous discoveries of the Oxford scholars Drs Grenfell and Hunt. It is addressed by a certain Hilarion to Alis, his wife, and throws a lurid light upon the manner in which female child-life was regarded, under certain circumstances at any rate:

'Hilarion to Alis his wife, heartiest greetings, and to my dear Berous and Apollonarion. Know that we are still even now in Alexandria. Do not

worry if, when all the others return, I remain in Alexandria. I beg and beseech of you to take care of the child, and as soon as we shall receive a present I will send it up. If you bear offspring, may there be much happiness! If it is a male, let it be; if it is a female, expose it. You told Aphrodisias, "Do not forget me." How can I forget you? I beg you, therefore, not to worry.'

The care of their little plots of land was naturally a main concern of the Egyptian peasants, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find many letters dealing with agricultural matters. The proper irrigation of the fields, for example, at the time of the Nile's rising was then as now a matter of essential importance, and explains the peremptory tone with which in the following letter a small proprietor summons his dilatory son to return and attend to his work, or else it will be impossible to find a tenant for their lot:

'Hermocrates to Chæras his son, greeting. Above all I pray that you may be in health . . . and I beg you . . . to write regarding your health, and whatever you wish. Already, indeed, I have written you regarding the . . . and you neither answered nor came. And now, if you do not come, I run the risk of losing the lot [of land] which I possess. Our partner has taken no share in the work, for not only was the well not cleaned out, but in addition the water-channel was choked with sand, and the whole land is untilled. No tenant would be willing to take it over, only I continue paying the public taxes without getting back anything in return. There is hardly a single plot that the water will irrigate. Therefore you must come, otherwise there is a risk that the plants are lost. Your sister Helene greets you, and your mother reproaches you because you have never answered her. In addition, security is demanded by the tax-gatherers. . . .'

This letter, which comes from the great Berlin collection, belongs to the first century after Christ; and from much the same period we have an exceedingly interesting bundle of fourteen letters which were found by Drs Grenfell and Hunt in a house at Kasr el Banât, a village in the Fayûm. They are strictly a family budget, and are for the most part addressed by the head of the family, a certain Lucius Bellenus Gemellus, to his son Sabinus or (? his nephew) Epagathus, who seem to have managed his affairs for him. The letters extend over sixteen years, and the latest, written by Gemellus himself when he was seventy-seven years old, bears traces of his advancing age in the 'shaky and illegible' character of the handwriting. The general impression the editors have formed of the character of Gemellus from his letters is that 'of a shrewd old man of business, somewhat wilful and exacting, but of a kind and generous disposition'—qualities which will be readily recognised in the following short extracts. We take them from Drs Grenfell and Hunt's admirable translations of the letters:

'Lucius Bellenus Gemellus to his own Epagathus, greeting. I blame you greatly for the loss of the two pigs owing to the fatigue of the journey, when you had in the village ten animals fit for work. Heraclidas the donkey-driver shifted the blame from himself, saying that you had told him to drive the pigs on foot.'

'Please carry forward the digging of the olive-yards and their ploughing up and hoeing, and plough up and hoe the fallows, and urge the driver to do his proper work every day, and do not unite a number of bulls.'

'Lucius Bellenus Gemellus to his son Sabinus, greeting and continual good health. You must know that Elouras the royal scribe is become deputy for the strategus Erasus, in accordance with a letter of his highness the præfect. If you think it well, send him an artaba of olives and some fish, as we want to make use of him. Send us for the house some . . . and olives, for they have no fresh olives at the house.'

'Send ten cocks from the market for the Saturnalia, and for Gemella's birthday-feast send some delicacies and . . . and an artaba of wheaten bread. Send the animals to carry manure at the vegetable-ground at Psinachis, and the manure-carts, for Pasis is crying out that we must not allow it to be dissolved by the water, and let them fetch his hay. Send the animals at once.'

The mention of the 'birthday-feast' in the last of these extracts recalls to us the love of the inhabitants of Græco-Roman Egypt for entertainments of all kinds, and we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that several formal letters of invitation, inviting guests (who are not directly mentioned by name) to be present at these, have been recovered. From the close resemblance of phraseology in these letters, notwithstanding differences of locality and date, it is obvious that certain formulas for the purpose had become as much stereotyped then as they are amongst ourselves now. Here, for example, is an invitation to dinner in the second century:

'Antonius, son of Ptolemæus, invites you to dine with him at the table of the lord Sarapis in the house of Claudius Sarapion, on the 16th, at 9 o'clock.'

Or take this invitation to a wedding-feast a century later:

'Herais requests your company at dinner in celebration of the marriage of her children at her house to-morrow, the 5th, at 9 o'clock.'

While with these may be compared this somewhat more detailed summons to one Serenia to attend a religious festival about the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century:

'Greeting, my dear Serenia, from Petesoris. Be sure, dear, to come up on the 20th for the birthday-festival of the god, and let me know whether you

are coming by boat or by donkey, in order that we may send for you accordingly. Take care not to forget. I pray for your continued health.'

These three letters were all found at Oxyrhynchus, and there may be added to them this short letter from Tebtunis, in which a brother invites his sister to come up to 'town' for the New Year:

'Damas, assistant, to Artemidora my wife, greeting. Before all else I make obeisance for you every day. Please come up to the metropolis at the New Year, since I myself also am coming up to the city. Greet your mother and your father. I pray for your health.'

Naturally, letters to or from members of families who had left their homes bulk largely in the particular class of correspondence of which we are speaking; and amongst these there occur a number of soldiers' letters, of which the following is a highly interesting specimen. Its 'situation' has been ingeniously reconstructed by Professor Deissmann in his last work, *Licht vom Osten* ('Light from the East'). According to this, the writer, Apion, son of Epimachus, has been enrolled as a soldier in the Roman army, and along with his comrades takes ship for Misenum. The passage is stormy; but, thanks to the care of his fathers' god Serapis, Apion is saved, and on landing writes to acquaint his father with the fact, and to tell him of the new life that is opening up before him. Already he has received three gold pieces in payment of his travelling expenses, and has got the new Roman name which, according to regular practice, was bestowed on him as a non-Roman on entering the army. With an ardent expression of filial piety and the customary greetings, and the added mention of a little portrait of himself he had taken the opportunity of enclosing, the letter concludes. In full it runs as follows:

'Apion to Epimachus his father and lord, heartiest greetings. Above all I pray that you may be in health, and may always live in love and prosperity with my sister and her daughter and my brother. I thank the lord Serapis that when I was in danger at sea he straightway saved me. When I entered Misenum I received my travelling-money from Cæsar, three gold pieces. And I am having a good time. I beg you, therefore, my lord father, write me first of all a few lines regarding your health; secondly, regarding that of my brother and sister; in the third place, that I may kiss your hand, because you have brought me up well, and on this account I hope to be quickly promoted, if the gods so will. Give many greetings to Capito, and to my brother and sister, and to Serenilla and my friends. I send you a little portrait of myself at the hands of Euctemon. And my [military] name is Antonius Maximus. I pray for your good health.'

Curiously, a second letter of this same soldier has also come to light. It is written several years later, and shows that by this time the writer was married and had a son. From the fact that it is addressed to his sister Sabina, we may perhaps conjecture that the writer's father, Epimachus, was now dead:

'Antonius Maximus to Sabina his sister, heartiest greeting. Above all I pray for your health, for I myself also am in health. When I was making mention of you before the gods of the district, I received a short note from Antoninus our fellow-citizen, and when I learned from it that you were well, I was exceedingly glad. I also do not lose any opportunity of writing you regarding my health and the health of those with me. Greet Maximus much, and my dear Kopres. There greets you my wife Aufidia and Maximus my son, whose birthday-feast is the 30th Epiph according to the Greek calendar. Greet the lord . . . I pray that you may be well.'

It is tempting to go on quoting, but one more example must suffice. And here we may fall back on the famous schoolboy's letter. Its amusing terms—some of which lose a good deal of their force in an English version—have led to its becoming widely known. But as, through the labours of various scholars, the text, as first published in vol. i. of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, has now been amended in several particulars, we may reproduce it in a fresh translation:

'Theon to Theon his father, greeting. You did a fine thing! You have not taken me away along with you to the city! If you do not wish to take me away along with you to Alexandria, I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or wish you health. But if you did go to Alexandria, I won't take your hand, or greet you again henceforth. If you do not wish to take me away, this will come to pass. And my mother said to Archelaus, "He upsets me. Off with him!" But you did a fine thing! You sent me gifts, great ones . . . ! They deceived us there, on the 12th, when you sailed. Send for me, then, I beseech you. If you do not send, I won't eat, I won't drink. There now!'

Comment is needless.

HER COMING—HER GOING.

If it be winter when she come
I do not feel his breath;
The glow in her dear eyes would warm
The very heart of death.

If it be summer when she go,
Ah me! all fair things pass;
She takes the sapphire from the sky,
The emerald from the grass.

And yet she comes, and yet she goes,
As lightly as a bird;
The calm lake of her maiden soul
By love—or me—ne'er stirred.

M. Hedderwick Browne.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

BY THE BRIMMING LOIRE.

By GEORGE DODDS.

THOUGH the largest of the French rivers, the Loire is yet too variable in its moods to be of much service for navigation. After rains it will sometimes rise to such a height that inundations occur, which the inhabitants of its towns and villages have scarcely learned to control. In spring it stretches, a wind-ruffled waterway like an arm of the sea, between far-separated banks; in summer it will probably be dry. Hence it could not compete with the smaller but more uniform Seine, whose waters washed the lands which early became famous in French history, and where the great French cities were to rise.

But the Loire has a charm of which few rivers in the world can boast. In this respect it might almost be set in competition with the Nile, for its lands in the olden time attracted kings. There they built their magnificent palaces, garnished with everything that the splendid art of the time could yield; and there, free from the affairs of State and personal ambition, they enjoyed in forests abounding in game 'the noble sport of venerie.' It is the will of the French people—ardently republican though they may be—that these châteaux, whether they belong to the nation or to the towns swept by their shadows, be kept in a thorough state of repair, and for purposes of historic interest be easily accessible to the travellers who visit them. In cases where a château is the property of an individual, these matters are perhaps even better attended to.

Automobilism has brought about an immense improvement in French roads during the past ten years or so. Smooth, and also on account of recent rain dustless, they lay straight as an arrow for miles, save in the villages, where they seemed to wriggle up into knots, with a speed-limit sometimes as low as (at Mosnes) four and three-quarter miles per hour. But the motor must be a great source of anxiety to the shepherds and shepherdesses who graze their small mixed herds of sheep, goats, and cattle on the broad grassy roadsides, and to the farmer on his way to and from market, whose unaccustomed horse will prance and snort in terror for a few doubtful seconds as the car goes past.

Coming from Paris, we feel the spell of the Loire with all its power and charm at Orleans. What Orleans suffered during the Revolution, during the invasions of 1815 and 1870, are matters not so near to the imagination as the two famous years 1427 and 1428, when it was invested by the English army. King Charles VII., uncrowned, and afraid of being crowned, was at the fortress of Chinon, eighty miles westward, the remotest and strongest refuge available for him. There, weeping and pitiable—for Agnes Sorel was not yet at Court to inspire him as she afterwards did—this feeble monarch heard of the steadily encroaching tide of English invasion, and felt in his own heart the terror which now lay over France. But the touch of the infinite came in the appearance of Joan of Arc—that touch which scatters armies; and (though it involved almost superhuman labour on her part) not only Orleans but France was free. Orleans remembers, and worthily celebrates her memory every May.

The Maid of Orleans is one of the great assets of the town. She gives her name to one of the main streets. Notre Dame de Recouvrance is a church erected in grateful memory of what she was enabled to do. In one bronze memorial her mailed figure on horseback is represented as giving thanks for her victory; in another, she tramples a wounded Englishman beneath her horse's hoofs, a thing we can hardly imagine her doing save in the rush of battle. Another statue is in the Hôtel de Ville. Sherer's painting of this wonderful girl is in the Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture, and enough relics of her have been found to give her name to another museum. Incidents of her life fill the tapestries and stained-glass windows of churches. The house in which she lived is 37 Rue du Tabour. Could we penetrate the homes of Orleans we should

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

find her picture in many a room, as we find multitudinous reproductions of her in the shop windows and on the ubiquitous picture post-card. Everything is here to keep her history before the mind—illustrated papers and non-illustrated pamphlets. Press and pulpit give themselves to the task, and not in Orleans alone. We heard of a Paris preacher who discoursed on her life for nearly an hour and a half, with frequent and pungent references to '*Les Anglais*.' The Maid of Orleans deserves it all, and it is but small amends to make for the fate which befell her, for that is a dark blot on the history both of France and of England—the France which betrayed her, and the England which raised her cross. One imagines that the annual insistence on these things can hardly be favourable, in Orleans at least, to the *entente cordiale*.

At Orleans we find ourselves on the track of another of the great women of history whose fascination never wanes—Mary Queen of Scots—difficult to compare or contrast with the Maid of Orleans, yet not unlike the Maid in her power of infusing her spirit into others. In 1560 she and her husband, Francis II., had been residing at the Hôtel de Ville in Orleans, then a royal palace, and were just on the eve of departure to Chenonceaux, a beautiful château on (or rather in) the Cher, sixty miles from Orleans, on account of the alarming condition of the king's health. Furniture, tapestries, and pictures were all packed for the removal, and the palace in Orleans was empty; but before a start could be made the king caught a chill while attending service in the chapel of St Croix, and was carried back to the bare room, where a bed was hastily extemporised on the floor. There, in a chamber divested of every sign of royalty and even of comfort, the young King of France ended his short reign and his feeble life, his beautiful, broken-hearted wife at his side to soothe his dying moments; an event this which allayed many fears in Scotland, but which for the young widowed queen was the first of a long series of such singular misfortunes as combine now to render her a figure in history most profoundly to be pitied.

They were on their way to the Château of Chenonceaux when this darkness overshadowed Mary's life. There is much to see between Orleans and this lovely palace of Diana of Poitiers; but we may take them consecutively. For Chenonceaux lays claim to have been the place where Francis II. and Queen Mary spent their honeymoon two years before. This, however, seems to be a mistake, for the scene of the happiest days in Mary's life was the Château of Villers-Cotterets, fifty miles north-east of Paris, on the way to Rheims. Chenonceaux, however, if deprived of this charm for the Scottish imagination, abounds in historic and architectural interest. It is strangely placed in the bed of the river Cher, whose waters have swept beneath its arches and washed its foundations for nearly four hundred years. On the bridge which leads to the mid-stream portion of the building runs a two-storied gallery—the work of Diana, who had received the château from Henri II.; but the whole was greatly altered and embellished by the Queen Catharine de Médicis, who forced Diana to give it up and take Chaumont in exchange. As we see it to-day, still further beautified by successive alterations, it has no more pathetic memory than that which puts it in contrast with that bare chamber at Orleans in which the young King of France closed his eyes for ever on all earthly palaces.

Chaumont is a smaller château on the Loire, fifteen miles nearer Orleans than Chenonceaux, situated loftily on the southern bank. It has thus another kind of picturesqueness of location than that of Chenonceaux in mid-stream, and it commands one of the finest views of the Loire which the country affords. Memorials abound of the days now gone three and a half centuries into the past, when the figure of Diana flitted about its interesting rooms, not infrequently, we may say, with a frown on her fair face as she thought of that imperious queen the strength of whose will she was not able to resist.

After leaving Orleans and passing through villages heavily wreathed in wistaria and budding vines, where the road is now pink and now white with the falling blossom of the chestnuts, our first stop is at Clery, a village which has in its church not only the tomb of Louis XI., but also a famous statue of the Virgin and Child of considerable antiquity. It is claimed for this *morceau de chêne* that in 1670, on a Monday in Pentecost, during part of a service conducted by canons of the church, it seemed to become alive and to change colour, and that at different times, during two and a half hours, tears fell from the eyes of the Virgin and from those of the infant Jesus! In remembrance of this, a procession of pilgrims was instituted, which was observed on each anniversary up till 1793. Then, on account of the Revolution, it fell into abeyance; but when one hundred years had passed, the restoration of that pilgrimage took place in 1893, through the influence of Monseigneur Dupanloup. This is a valuable asset for the church of Clery, whose clergy, like those of the rest of France, are now thrown for their support on the freewill offerings of their people.

Then comes Chambord, situated in a park which is surrounded by a wall nearly twenty miles in length. The park is mostly forest, but the château stands in a large open space, which in olden times was meant to give some chance of dealing with sudden assaults. It is an imposing spectacle as we approach it by one of the park avenues. There are three groups of buildings, separated by two massive towers and flanked by two more, and the steep roofs are crowned with many turrets and lanterns. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and, though never finished, is so large as to contain four hundred and forty rooms, while in its stables is accommodation for one thousand two hundred

horses. When we enter, we find the Salamander—emblem of Francis I.—all over the lofty ceilings. The first striking feature is the double spiral staircase with its open balustrades, of such clever construction that a person at the top could descend without being observed by another coming up. On the landing is a great guard-room, so that the dwellers in Chambord had their home at the heart of an army, as well as girded with stone walls and deep leagues of forest. On this river, which strings these old palaces together in a shining galaxy, we shall not see again anything like Chambord.

That, however, does not mean that the charm of the Loire is exhausted there. Amboise is only thirty miles farther on—Amboise with its massive towers, up whose spirals horses and carriages used to wind their way to the famous terrace where kings have met. There is the low-lintelled doorway of the room—raised, however, since those days—against which Charles VIII. struck his head when hurrying out to his game of tennis, and from the consequences of the blow lost his life. But darker memories lie embedded in the history of Amboise, to recall which gives one a grim glimpse into the kind of influences amidst which the young Queen of Scots lived in France; for one can stand by a window in the older part of the castle, through which she and her Court looked on the massacre of one thousand two hundred Huguenots, who under La Renaudie had plotted to gain possession of her husband, so as to remove him from the baleful influence of his mother, Catharine de Médicis—a sort of preliminary, this shedding of Huguenot blood, to the Massacre of St Bartholomew, for which Catharine again was so largely responsible. What shudderings passed through the heart of the girl-queen as she saw the blood-soaked castle court, and head after head hung out, till there were rows of them dripping blood from the lofty balustrade? Remembering these things, and without pronouncing her capable or incapable of the methods of that mother-in-law who both hated and feared her, must we not admit that the fears which were entertained by John Knox as to Mary's influence in Scotland were, to say the least, exceedingly reasonable? These things were done at Amboise in the shadow of a chapel which to-day, in its restored form, is one of the finest gems of Gothic architecture in existence. Round its walls the carven stone is delicate as pendent lace, and as the evening breeze enters through the open door you expect to see this lace-work flutter at the touch of the moving air. Under the spell of such exquisite art it becomes a trifling incident to find this inscription upon a stone in the floor: '*Sous cette pierre reposent des ossements recueilles dans les fouilles de l'ancienne chapelle royale d'Amboise lesquels on suppose que se trouve la dépouille mortelles de Leonardo di Vinci, né en 1452, mort en 1519.*'

From Amboise the view is so fine and so extensive that Tours shows its cathedral towers twelve miles away. In less than an hour we are in the favourite city of the old Kings of France, and a handsome old town it is. France has no finer Gothic cathedral than that of Tours, so gorgeous in its ornamentation, yet so harmonious, its windows still filled with the 'original magnificent stained glass.' Tours has ever been close to the heart of history, and from the far-off days of St Martin and St Gregory has been much in evidence on account of the great names upon the roll of her citizens or otherwise closely associated with her. Alcuin, by birth a Yorkshire man, and afterwards the friend of Charlemagne, and greatest scholar of the eighth century, during eight years of residence in Tours made its school the most famous in the empire. Balzac, the Sir Walter Scott of French literature, was born there in 1799; and to Touraine we owe Descartes, founder of modern philosophic method (whose life was saved through the mildness of its climate), the mirthful Rabelais, and the solitary idealist but exquisite poet, Alfred de Vigny.

In the environs of Tours many of the most interesting of the ancient French châteaux are situated, and by undulating roads of good surface they are all easily accessible to the cyclist or motorist. The Plessis les Tours of *Quentin Durward* is but a scanty ruin. Azay le Rideau, clasped with streams, and Usse on the hillside, with the overhanging forest, are two of the smaller buildings, almost as perfect as when their first builders took down their scaffolding, scarcely even 'dashed with the stain of time.' These remind us of where Scotland found her models for her baronial buildings as her grim, square keeps were evolving into something more pleasing to the eye. Loches, with its towers and walls, its dungeons, oubliettes, and oratories, was a vast fortress, and has been the dwelling-place of many kings, of whom there is but little trace now, save in the tree planted by Francis I. and the tomb raised by Charles VII. in memory of Agnes Sorel, whose recumbent effigy rests with two lambs at the feet and two cherubs looking down into her eyes. More vivid impressions come to us of the prisoners in the dungeons at Loches, for these have left memorials of their misery carven on the pitiless walls. Particularly interesting are the inscriptions of an imprisoned Duke of Milan and the altar hewn out of the wall by an imprisoned bishop. There are, however, worse dungeons than these, for in the Tour Ronde is a bell-shaped room where hung the iron cages in one of which Cardinal Balue was confined for eleven years. It is said that Balue himself was the inventor of these cages, and that they were of such construction as made it impossible for a man either to lie down or to stand upright. Down the stair that led to this dungeon Louis XI., that 'universal spider,' would come to look at his prisoner and torment him with his gibes. The Cardinal, however, was at length released and loaded with honours by Pope Sixtus IV., being made papal legate to France and Bishop of Albano. Philip de Comines, the historian, who has described this form of imprisonment with some vivid-

ness, underwent it himself here for eight months, having fallen under the suspicion of the Court. 'I have ventured,' he said, 'on the great ocean, and the great waves have devoured me.' Loches, truly, has been the scene of many despairs.

Langeais does a good deal to blot out these horrors from the imagination. It is a masterpiece of fifteenth-century military architecture; but now it lies at the heart of peace, its history still going on, and more beneficently than of old. To wander through its dim rooms, all furnished after the manner of the far-away past, is like wandering through 'the corridors of time.' It is now the property of a rich Parisian family, from whom much kindness is received. They admit the public to visit these rooms, allow the children of the town to play in the court every Thursday, and have fitted up one large room on the top story as a hospital, to which the lady, with a fine Christian generosity, brings down some children from Paris to be nursed, if possible, back to health.

Returning to Paris by Chenonceaux and Blois, through the breaking of the back-axle of the car we have to perform the six miles that lie between us and the nearest railway station in a French farmer's *charrette*—the slowest, most primitive, and most uncomfortable mode of locomotion available in this land of the automobile. Perhaps the worst result of the accident was that the great Château of Blois had to be scamped. Blois by itself is worthy of a visit to France. Over the sloping town the splendid façade of Francis I. looks with its hundred windows, some orielled, others recessed, with pillared balcony beneath, the full length of its long and lofty roof—a pile of exceeding magnificence and beauty. As one approaches nearer and enters the court, the complexity of the carven stonework in balcony, window, and grand staircase fills the spectator with surprise. The exquisite architecture puts out the history for the moment. And yet what comings and goings in this court, what pageant and procession, as armed men rode out to war or chase or tournament, or as the stately funeral passed slowly beneath the gateway! Amongst those myriad rooms there are notable birth-chambers and death-chambers, prisons and oratories; there Louis XII. entered into 'atmospheric existence;' and here Catharine de Médicis, lonely and unlamented, crime-stained but conscienceless, passed to her account. Here the third Duke of Guise, who had become ambitious of the French crown and on that account intolerable to Henri III. (the worst king whom France had yet known), fell, along with his brother the Cardinal de Guise, by the mercenary daggers of the king's assassins, while hireling monks were in the next chamber to the Duke, praying for 'the success of a great scheme.' Though these tragedies and crimes become more vivid when one stands in the rooms and prisons where they befell, yet the main impression Blois gives is in the spell which its marvellous wealth of art casts over the mind. Seated in our hotel in Paris next evening, we agree that never before have we found a holiday more rich in vivid historic suggestion, or more satisfying in visions of beauty, than this by the *castled* Loire.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XVI.—SHOWS A GIRL'S BONDAGE.

WALTER MURIE had chosen politics as a profession long ago, even when he was an undergraduate. He had already eaten his dinners in London, and had been called to the Bar as the first step towards a political career. He had a relative in the Foreign Office, while his uncle had held an Under-Secretaryship in the late Government. Therefore he had influence, and hoped by its aid to secure some safe seat. Already he had studied both home and foreign affairs very closely, and had on two occasions written articles in the *Times* upon that most vexed and difficult question, the pacification of Macedonia. He was a very fair speaker, too, and on several occasions he had seconded resolutions and made quite clever speeches at political gatherings in his adopted county, Perthshire. Indeed, politics was his hobby; and, with money at his command and influence in high quarters, there was no reason why he should not within the next few years gain a seat in the House. With Sir Henry Heyburn he often had long and serious chats. The brilliant politician, whose career had so suddenly and tragically been cut short, gave him much good advice, pointing out the special questions he should study in order to become an authority. This is the age of specialising, and in politics it is just as essential to be a specialist as it is in the medical, legal, or any other profession.

In a few days the young man was returning to his dingy chambers in the Temple, to pore again over those mouldy tomes of law; therefore almost daily he ran over to Glencardine to chat with the blind Baronet, and to have quiet walks with the sweet girl who looked so dainty in her fresh white frocks, and whose warm kisses were so soft and caressing.

Surely no pair, even in the bygone days of knight and dame, the days of real romance, were more devoted to each other. With satisfaction he saw that Gabrielle's apparent indifference had now worn off. It had been but the mask of a woman's whim, and as such he treated it.

One afternoon, after tea out on the lawn, they were walking together by the bypath to the lodge

in order to meet Lady Heyburn, who had gone into the village to visit a bedridden old lady. Hand-in-hand they were strolling, for on the morrow he was going south, and would probably be absent for some months.

The girl had allowed herself to remain in her lover's arms in one long kiss of perfect ecstasy. Then, with a sigh of regret, she had held his hand and gone forward again without a word. When Walter had left, the sun of her young life would have set, for after all it was not exactly exciting to be the eyes and ears of a man who was blind. And there was always at her side that man whom she hated, and who, she knew, was her bitterest foe—James Flockart.

Of late her father seemed to have taken him strangely into his confidence. Why she could not tell. A sudden change of front on the Baronet's part was unusual; but as she watched with sinking heart she could not conceal from herself the fact that Flockart now exercised considerable influence over her father—an influence which in some matters was already proved to be greater than her own.

It was of this man Walter spoke. 'I have a regret, dearest—nay, more than a regret, a fear—in leaving you here alone,' he exclaimed in a low, distinct voice, gazing into the blue, fathomless depths of those eyes so very dear to him.

'A fear! Why?' she asked in some surprise, returning his look.

'Because of that man—your mother's friend,' he said. 'Recently I have heard some curious tales concerning him. I really wonder why Sir Henry still retains him as his guest.'

'Why need we speak of him?' she exclaimed quickly, for the subject was distasteful.

'Because I wish you to be forewarned,' he said in a serious voice. 'That man is no fitting companion for you. His past is too well known to a certain circle.'

'His past!' she echoed. 'What have you discovered concerning him?'

Her companion did not answer for a few moments. How could he tell her all that he had heard? His desire was to warn her, yet he could not relate to her the allegations made by certain persons against Flockart.

'Gabrielle,' he said, 'all that I have heard tends to show that his friendship for you and for your father is false; therefore avoid him—beware of him.'

'I—I know,' she faltered, lowering her eyes. 'I've felt that was the case all along, yet I'——

'Yet what?' he asked.

'I mean I want you to promise me one thing, Walter,' she said quickly. 'You love me, do you not?'

'Love you, my own darling! How can you ask such a question? You surely know that I do!'

'Then, if you really love me, you will make me a promise.'

'Of what?'

'Only one thing—one little thing,' she said in a low, earnest voice, looking straight into his eyes. 'If—if that man ever makes an allegation against me, you won't believe him?'

'An allegation! Why, darling, what allegation could such a man ever make against you?'

'He is my enemy,' she remarked simply.

'I know that. But what charge could he bring against you? Why, if even he dared to utter a single word against you, I—I'd wring the ruffian's neck!'

'But if he did, Walter, you wouldn't believe him, would you?'

'Of course I wouldn't.'

'Not—not if the charge he made against me was a terrible one—a—a disgraceful one?' she asked in a strained voice after a brief and painful pause.

'Why, dearest!' he cried, 'what is the matter? You are really not yourself to-day. You seem to be filled with a graver apprehension even than I am. What does it mean? Tell me.'

'It means, Walter, that that man is Lady Heyburn's friend; hence he is my enemy.'

'And what need you fear when you have me as your friend?'

'I do not fear if you will still remain my friend—always—in face of any allegation he makes.'

'I love you, darling. Surely that's sufficient guarantee of my friendship?'

'Yes,' she responded, raising her white, troubled face to his while he bent and kissed her again on the lips. 'I know that I am yours, my own well-beloved; and, as yours, I will not fear.'

'That's right!' he exclaimed, endeavouring to smile. 'Cheer up. I don't like to see you on this last day down-hearted and apprehensive like this.'

'I am not so without cause.'

'Then, what is the cause?' he demanded. 'Surely you can repose confidence in me?'

Again she was silent. Above them the wind stirred the leaves, and through the high bracken a rabbit scuttled at their feet. They were alone, and she stood again locked in her lover's fond embrace.

'You have told me yourself that man Flockart is my enemy,' she said in a low voice.

'But what action of his can you fear? Surely you should be forearmed against any evil he may be plotting. Tell me the truth, and I will go myself to your father and denounce the fellow before his face!'

'Ah, no!' she cried, full of quick apprehension. 'Never think of doing that, Walter!'

'Why? Am I not your friend?'

'Such a course would only bring his wrath down upon my head. He would retaliate quickly, and I alone would suffer.'

'But, my dear Gabrielle,' he exclaimed, 'you really speak in enigmas. Whatever can you fear from a man who is known to be a blackguard—

whom I could now, at this very moment, expose in such a manner that he would never dare to set foot in Perthshire again?'

'Such a course would be most injudicious, I assure you. His ruin would mean—it would mean—my—own!'

'I don't follow you.'

'Ah, because you do not know my secret—you'——

'Your secret!' the young man gasped, staring at her, yet still holding her trembling form in his strong arms. 'Why, what do you mean? What secret?'

'I—I cannot tell you!' she exclaimed in a hard, mechanical voice, looking straight before her.

'But you must,' he protested.

'I—I asked you, Walter, to make me a promise,' she said, her voice broken by emotion—'a promise that, for the sake of the love you bear for me, you will not believe that man, that you will disregard any allegation against me.'

'And I promise, on one condition, darling—that you tell me in confidence what I, as your future husband, have a just right to know—the nature of this secret of yours.'

'Ah, no!' she cried, unable longer to restrain her tears, and burying her pale, beautiful face upon his arm. 'I—I was foolish to have spoken of it,' she sobbed brokenly. 'I ought to have kept it to myself. It is—it's the one thing that I can never reveal to you—to you of all men!'

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF HIDDEN WEALTH.

By W. A. Atkinson.

FROM time to time we are reminded by the moralist of the assiduous and anxious thought which must be given to the management of large fortunes. No part of this anxiety, save in exceptional conditions, arises out of a fear of the actual loss of bullion, specie, or plate; it originates rather in those subtler risks attending the fluctuations of stocks, the rising and falling of market-prices, and the profitable or unprofitable investment of capital. In ancient times conditions were reversed. The question then was, how to hold the actual specie or plate safely and conveniently, so that one might lay one's hands upon the stock and use it as required. The difficulty now is how to lend it safely and profitably, how to get it out of one's hands, where it lies unproductive, and, by putting it out at interest, live upon the fruits of it. The factors which make for success in the two cases are very different. Strong walls and secret hiding-places give little contentment to the modern millionaire. Public opinion or the varying whims of the markets had little effect upon the affluent squire of the past, whose wealth was locked up as hard cash in an iron-bound chest in the strongest recess of his country house.

From very early times the hoarding of coins has been a common, and indeed a necessary, practice. The frequency with which, in this country, stores of Roman coins are turned up by the ploughshare or laid bare by the pick and shovel of the excavator shows how general the practice of hiding treasure in the ground was with these invaders. Many of these hoards are contained in metal or earthenware jars, and they consist usually of a great number of the small coins which were current at the time when the receptacles were buried in the ground. They were, indeed, working treasuries, and not stores of wealth such as a miser would accumulate. Only a few months ago, for instance, a farmer was ploughing in a field near Stanley, not far from an old Roman road, when the ploughshare struck an earthenware vase lying about two feet in the ground, which upon examination was found to contain over five thousand bronze coins, chiefly of the time of Constantine the Great. About sixteen years ago an almost identical discovery was made at Langwith, near York. In this instance the urn which the ploughshare brought to light held over six thousand brass coins of the reign of Constantine. More valuable, however—to select one more instance—were the contents of a copper chest found near Bingley in 1775 by a farmer who was making a drain. In this receptacle there was close upon a hundredweight of Roman silver pieces, coined at fifteen different periods, the earliest being of the time of Julius Cæsar. It is worthy of remark that this discovery turned the efforts of the local coiners (of whom there was a notorious gang) into a new channel, and they began to counterfeit Roman coins.

The discovery of hoards accumulated and put by in more recent times is not so common an event, by comparison, as we might expect. It was long before post-Roman Britain attained the high civilisation which it had enjoyed in Roman times, and never again was it so completely laid waste as during the Saxon invasions. It was long, therefore, before money again acquired the general utility and importance which it had possessed under the Romans; and when it did so there was no general break in the regular progression of social growth, throwing the country back upon barbarous times and customs in which money had little or no comparative value. Treasure which was laid by in the times of the Lancastrian kings might be discovered in the reign of Elizabeth, and it had at once a recognised value as bullion, if not as current coin. And, again, the habitable sites and

dwellings where treasure was likely to be hidden by accident or design were in most instances continuously occupied from Saxon times, and there was thus greater probability that the hidden stores would be brought to light than was the case in the generally deserted and forgotten sites of Roman times.

Still, the discovery of medieval hoards is not of uncommon occurrence. In July 1902 an exceptional discovery of this kind was made at Colchester by the workmen who were engaged in taking down the premises of the London and County Banking Company, which were about to be rebuilt. Six feet below the surface of the ground they found a leaden casket which contained nearly twenty thousand silver coins of an early period, many of them of the reigns of Stephen, John, and Henry II. They were all in good condition, which, considering the perishable nature of silver, affords excellent testimony to the protective character of the leaden receptacle in which they were buried. At Oulton, near Leeds, a small discovery of a somewhat similar kind was made in 1905, and was the subject of an official inquest. Some men who were engaged in digging a hole to receive the carcass of a horse struck a metal vessel, which proved to be an urn of peculiar shape. Within the urn were discovered about two hundred silver coins dating from the sixteenth century.

The hiding or hoarding of treasure is a subject often referred to in our literature, and it has occasionally employed the pen and the brush of the illuminator of manuscripts. An illumination of a fourteenth century manuscript at Oxford depicts a couple of men lowering a metal-bound box into a bricked vault by means of a couple of cords. Several persons are looking on, and one of them is a priest holding a book and sprinkling holy water over the box. The inference would seem to be that the treasure was being consecrated to religious use; but whether that be so or not, the means employed for its due preservation are significant of somewhat lawless and uncertain times.

There is evidence that the hiding of money in secret places in the ground was a well-known practice some three hundred years earlier than this. Stigand, the Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, thus disposed of his treasures; and it is said that he spent the closing years of his life as a veritable miser at Winchester, having about his neck the cord of a little key which fitted a box wherein he kept a list of his money-bags buried in secret places.

The curious legend of 'The Thief of the Treasury,' translated by Dr Luard in the *Life of Edward the Confessor*, in the Rolls Series, affords indirect evidence that in those early times the central national treasury was nothing more nor less than a hoard of gold stored in the royal bedroom of the palace at Westminster. While the king lies in his bed, the chamberlain, Hugo, enters the room, and takes such money from the treasure-chest as he wants. A scullion of the kitchen, entering a little later, finds the chest open, and, thinking the king asleep, helps himself to a portion of its contents. Having hidden this stolen treasure, he returns again and yet again for more. But at the third time the steps of Hugo are heard approaching the chamber, and the king good-humouredly advises the scullion to fly quickly, lest he be discovered by the chamberlain, who will not leave him even a halfpenny.

Numerous treasure-chests of various periods survive to remind us how universal was the custom of securing wealth within the walls of houses. The iron-bound so-called Domesday Chest, with its three massive locks, is one of these. Its woodwork is two inches thick, and sheeted with iron both within and without, in addition to the iron bands and iron nails. Its weight is at least a quarter of a ton. Down to the seventeenth century or later these iron-bound boxes were in use, and some of the more recent ones have locks of most elaborate construction, occupying the whole of the inside of the lid, and shooting a dozen bolts in all directions, even in some cases into the corners of the box.

A manuscript of the fifteenth century contains an illumination in which Avarice is represented as an English trader counting his money. His metal-bound treasure-chest, not in this instance a large one, stands upon the table, and its open lid reveals a store of coins filling the box to its edges, and suggesting a hoard of several hundreds, if not even a few thousands, of pounds—a substantial sum in those times.

Merry Mr Pepys, who laid his soul bare in his secret diary, was not without a touch of avarice. Listen to this confession: 'This day I received four hundred and fifty pieces of gold more of Mr Stokes, but cost me twenty-two and a half pence change; but I am well contented with it, I having now nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds in gold, and will not rest till I get full three thousand. . . . My wife and all the maids abed but Jane, whom I put confidence in; she and I, and my brother, and Tom and W. Hewer, did bring up all the remainder of my money and my plate-chest out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study with the rest, and the plate in my dressing-room; but, indeed, I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place.' A very sagacious conclusion, and one which many others must have arrived at in those times—such, for instance, as the father of the poet Pope, who, when he retired from business in the City, carried with him into the country a strong chest containing nearly twenty thousand pounds, from which he drew the sums for his household expenses as he required them.

The times were now ripe for the institution of banks of a modern character, and they originated shortly after the Restoration. Informal banking

had formed a branch of the goldsmith's business for a long time before this; but the action of Charles I. in seizing some two hundred thousand pounds placed by the merchants of London in the Royal Mint for safety, and the general disturbances caused by the Civil War, must have forced many to fall back upon their own resources for the preservation of their wealth. What, under the circumstances, could be safer or more convenient than a private hoard lodged in some secret place in one's own house?

Sir Henry Slingsby, when quartered at Newark with the king in 1645, grew short of money. He accordingly made a secret journey to his home near York, making the actual entry into his house by night, where he stayed one day, and returned with forty pounds in gold, the visit being made so secretly that scarce any in his own house knew that he was there. A secret hiding-place was indispensable for these private hoards at this particular time. Two rival factions were roving over the country, neither of them disposed to be too nice about sacrificing the private wealth of their opponents to the public uses favoured by themselves.

It was the common opinion of writers on economics in the seventeenth century that much currency was hidden in ceilings, behind wainscots, and in secret drawers. Hogarth, in his print of 'The Inheritance,' forming one of the set of 'The Rake's Progress,' has depicted a shower of coins falling from the ceiling of the room where a workman has accidentally disturbed the moulding. Old cabinets and secretaires of any size have usually one or two secret drawers or cupboards often most ingeniously contrived. It is surprising how well these secret corners elude detection, even when their existence may be expected or inferred. Some years ago the wife of a Kentish labourer was breaking up an old chest of drawers, when she discovered a secret compartment nearly filled with gold coins of the reigns of William III. and George II. The chest had been purchased for a few shillings about twenty years previously, and the fact that this little store of coins had not been discovered earlier was all the more strange because in all probability the drawers had been several times repaired.

A curious list of hiding-places for money is afforded by two old books of memoranda and receipts relating to the Fulham Pottery Works in 1693 and 1698. There are two hundred and forty guineas in a wooden box in a hole under the fireplace in the garret. There are four hundred and sixty more in two covered receptacles under the fireplace in the old laboratory. Behind the door of the little parlour there is a can containing some milled money. Two boxes full of money were placed in two holes of the great furnace, from which they were to be drawn by a long, crooked iron standing behind the kitchen door. In all, ten or a dozen such hiding-places are named, and the money was variously contained in boxes, bags, cans, pots, and purses.

There can be little doubt that the practice of hoarding money and valuables in private houses gave great encouragement to crime. A glance through the pages of early volumes of the *Annual Register*, largely devoted to the chronicles of crime, reveals a number of apparently hastily planned robberies, which resulted in rich hauls out of all proportion to the occasion. Some thieves get in at the garret-window of a house in Devonshire Square, and carry off from the owner's bedchamber an iron chest containing cash, notes, and other valuables to the amount of ten thousand pounds. Two men enter the Custom-House at Limerick, and in a few minutes carry off cash to the amount of about eighteen hundred pounds. Such is the character of the crimes which were then most successful—a bold, quick bid for the treasure-chest, which was almost certain to be well-stocked, and very often convenient for removal by two or three thieves acting in concert.

IN THE PRIMROSE-TIME.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER went to the foundry with his usual regularity at a quarter to nine, and Albert caught the nine-eighteen train into Worcestershire. His luggage consisted of the rod, a handbag, and a host of hopes.

It was significant that Jenny's other name, Hollowbone, had not jarred upon him during the week. In truth, he almost forgot she had another name. That remarkable—indeed ugly—second name belonged to her father; as touching Jenny, it was only a temporary accident of birth. He could think of her as Jenny, or Jenny Chinley, but not as Jenny Hollowbone.

At half-past ten he reached the cottage, but at twenty-five minutes to eleven he was staring at Jenny herself in leaden-eyed confusion.

'My darter, Mrs Possett,' said Mr Hollowbone when Albert was in the stiff little parlour, and she had come from another part of the house to his call. —'And this is the gentleman, Jenny.'

It was Jenny, sure enough; yet not his Jenny. She was beautiful, but cold as ice; and she treated him like a stranger.

'How do you do, Mr Chinley?' she inquired with a composure worthy of Elizabeth herself. 'I hope we shall make you comfortable.'

Her fingers were as cold as her eyes, and she wore

a wedding-ring. His ears had *not* deceived him; she was a 'Mrs.' He let her hand fall as if it were something disagreeable.

'We didn't expect you so soon,' she went on, with some light fidgeting of the eyebrows.

'Well, Jenny,' said the old man, 'that's no fault o' mine. He said the afternoon.—Didn't you, now?'

Albert admitted it. 'It's—all right,' he murmured. 'That is'—— She was certainly Jenny, though with that appalling ring on her finger, and without the laughing radiance of the other day. Eyes, mouth, ears, and hair were the same, and—— 'I sha'n't want anything to eat, thank you, until the evening. I'll get something, somewhere. I'll go out fishing.'

'There's no fish in the brook, Mr Chinley,' said Mr Hollowbone; 'but never you mind. You're young, and there's allers plenty for the young to do.—I'll go and feed the pigs, Jenny. You and the young gentleman won't need me.'

There was a work-basket on the table, and a black stocking with a needle in it. As Mr Hollowbone departed Jenny gathered the stocking and basket together.

'I didn't know you were married,' Albert then blurted out, as if he were aggrieved.

'Didn't you?' said she, and her eyes added plainly, 'What is that to do with you?'

'Does he live here?' asked Albert, with staring eyes.

'Does who live here?'

'Mr—Possett!'

'My husband is dead,' she said.

'Dead!' cried Albert.

One side of Mr Hollowbone's white whiskers then reappeared, and he told Albert that his bedroom was at the top of the stairs, to the left. 'Some folks like to wash their hands,' he explained jocosely.

Bewildered by his disappointment, Albert could scarcely speak. 'I'll take a stroll round,' he stammered.

Jenny was smiling for the first time that day, and it brought back a little of her earlier charm. A very little. The dimple was not present. Apparently hers was a chin-dimple that came and went. There was not another trace of it yet.

'Yes,' she said, 'give us a few minutes, please. The room will be much cosier when the fire is lit. And if a chop and some bread and cheese will do for your dinner'——

'Yes, thank you, Mrs Possett,' said Albert.

Both words came hard to him, especially the 'Mrs.' But he felt rather better already. She could never again be to him the angel who had picked primroses and slept with her lips just parted in a smile; but it was perhaps something that Mr Possett was dead. And yet no; ere he was in the road he knew that she was nothing to him; it was a bubble pricked.

What a fool he had been! And what enigmas women were! To pretend not to recognise him, and to keep it up even when they were alone!

He crossed the road to the bridge, leaned upon the parapet, and burned with unreasonable shame. Supposing he had kissed her a week ago! It was a volcanic idea. He went off with long strides down the water-side lane, his fingers clenched in his pockets.

What would have happened if he *had* kissed her—a married woman—and a widow—and she had awakened? And the odds were that she would have awakened.

He walked a mile or more with bent head and agitations of the most contrary kinds. He did not hear the music of the stream, nor heed the profuse spangling of primrose gold in the green and crimson of the wood. He wished himself back in town. The week-end that was to have been a rapture had become an ordeal. The Jenny he had worshipped was a deceiver, and he—very much what Cousin Elizabeth had always, and notably of late, implied that he was.

The road descended with the stream, and at length turned at right angles where the gables and chimneys of a house appeared among the trees on the right, with a rosy apple-orchard backing to the stream, and a smooth lawn in front.

Albert glared gloomily at the house. He didn't want yet to see anything that reminded him of men and women; but there it was, unavoidable.

A bath-chair was on the lawn, containing an old man in a shawl and—incongruous spectacle—a top-hat. By him sat a girl, with some embroidery, bare-headed.

Albert stood still and looked behind, in staggering perplexity. It was Jenny—Mrs Possett! She had changed her frock, from brown to sea-blue, and done her hair differently. This was his first belief, before he had had time to recognise its absurdity.

And then the girl glanced up from her work, and the sweet face of those other Saturdays proclaimed itself. She rose and approached him, with an expression in her eyes which, in particular, made Albert long to rush at her and clasp her to him. 'I thought it was you,' she said, with delicious calmness; and there stood the chin dimple which he had missed in Jenny. 'I didn't tell them. I kept it as a secret. How do you do, Mr Chinley? You see, I've got your name quite pat.' She opened the gate and gave him her hand.

Albert gasped like an expiring fish. 'Oh!' he said, 'I *am* glad.'

'Are you?' said she, with still more of that particular expression in her eyes.

'I'm glad you're not Jenny. You can't be,' he said. 'But how alike you are, only you're younger!'

'I'm not younger,' she laughed. 'We're the same age to an hour, and always have been ridiculously alike. But Jenny married when she was seventeen, and I've had more sense, that's all. Didn't you know I was here?'

'My word! no,' said Albert heartily. 'If I'd known I shouldn't have been so wretched. I'—— He lowered his voice and peered at the bath-chair.

'It's only Uncle Progress,' she said. 'Come and be introduced. Poor old dear! he had a stroke last year, and I'm taking care of him. He's very deaf; but he knows about you, though the others don't. What fun it is, seeing you again! He kept sheep in New Zealand for years and years, and I'm his little lamb. That's what he says.'

She tripped ahead, and, putting her arms round the pathetic figure in the chair, related her news.

'This is Mr Chinley, dear. You remember? I gave him the primroses, and when I was asleep last Saturday—— Oh!' She peeped round, and her pursed lips and merry eyes told Albert something. —'Well, I don't care. I knew you wouldn't do it. I was so frightened, though; you came so near. It was all I could do to keep from shrieking. But I liked you all the better when you didn't.'

Then, for many minutes, Albert behaved like a man in dreamland.

The old gentleman in the bath-chair had weak blue eyes. His words came disjointedly; but Albert answered his questions with extreme accuracy, Betty aiding him. She was Betty, not Jenny.

His ailments notwithstanding, Uncle Progress had plenty of wits. His inquiries were as practical as Albert's own father. He ascertained about the brassfoundry in Wazeley Street, and about Albert's small family circle. Betty made brief comments on the results of this deliberate cross-examination.

'Oh, how nice!' she said, for example, when Albert avowed his standing in the world; and she proclaimed it to her uncle. 'His father gives him two hundred a year, dear. Isn't that splendid?'

'Trade is a good thing. It's the best kind of work,' muttered Uncle Progress. 'Better than sheep-farming.' His last question before he yawned was this, 'What brings you down here?'

But Albert was saved from that test. The yawn seemed to touch a spring in Betty.

'You've talked *quite* enough!' she cried. 'You are not to speak another word, dear, until I say you may. I'm taking you in now.'

Albert pushed the chair to the house. '*Do* let me!' he begged, wide awake again; and Betty accompanied him, with smiles and praise of his carefulness.

'He'll go to sleep now,' she told him; 'and I'll walk back with you to father's.'

But the old gentleman was not so obedient. He spoke once more, in spite of other yawns.

'I like his looks. Give him a glass of wine,' he said; and only when Albert had drunk this, with the grave hope that Uncle Progress would soon be better, did the old gentleman close his eyes.

The walk back to Gorry Bridge made the fourth deep mark upon Albert's heart. First the primroses; then the temptation in the wood, and its sequel of desires; next the discovery that she was Betty and not Jenny; and lastly this.

She was all sweet transparency now. She asked him his age, and told him that she and Jenny were twenty-two. Every one said she was a child for her age; but she couldn't help it, even if it were true—and she thought it wasn't. Uncle Progress was so fond of her because she was lively, and because troubles ran off her like rain off a house.

And Albert told her things. He began with his shock about Jenny, and that made her laugh until she seemed to cry. He confessed openly about the temptation of a week ago; and he told her finally, when the cottage was before them, that she, and she only, had brought him to Gorry Bridge for the week-end. 'There!' he said, as brave as a Palladin; 'now you know!'

She bore the blow well. 'It's most interesting,' she said, with pretty blue-gray lightnings in her eyes; 'but I—happened to guess it.'

And then she changed her mind. She wouldn't come in with him. She would run back to Lane End. But he was to be sure and make friends with Jenny—'poor old Jenny,' whose husband had shot himself pulling his gun through a hedge a year ago last March.

'You see,' she said, 'being twins, if *she* doesn't like you, I'm afraid I sha'n't.'

'When shall I see you again?' he asked hungrily.

'Oh, I don't know,' she said, with an airy shrug; 'but I shall go into the wood soon after dinner. It's my playground when the flowers are out.'

'I'll be there,' said Albert. 'And—you know why, Betty?'

'I can't *think* why,' she replied, 'and perhaps I sha'n't go after all. Good-bye.'

There could be no lovelier smile on any face in any land of earth than the smile with which she parted from him. So thought Albert as, with the firm tread of a man and a high head, he returned to Jenny and Mr Hollowbone.

CHAPTER IV.

AT two o'clock Albert made for the wood, after winning astonishingly upon Jenny's esteem. He praised everything she set before him, from the willow-pattern plates to the cheese.

'Why,' said Jenny, 'I never saw such a change in any one. It only shows what a few minutes' good country air can do. We didn't know what to make of you at first, Mr Chinley; but I think I shall like you now.'

'I mean you to,' said Albert earnestly, 'in a way.'

He climbed into the wood near Lane End at about a quarter past two, and eyed Uncle Progress's house until a quarter to three. Only then did Betty come forth, whistling softly, and down he plunged to join her.

'We'll go where I went to sleep last week,' she said, when he wished to help her to climb immediately.

And there it was, among the primroses once more, that Albert told her of his love and longing.

They sat side by side, and she listened and smiled, and—at length—put her hand into his. And then, just as they were, without another word spoken, he flung his arms around her and kissed her, wide awake.

This was the real beginning of his week-end.

On Sunday Jenny and Mr Hollowbone were informed, and Jenny's 'Well, I declare!' paired with Mr Hollowbone's 'I never heard anythin' so sudden in all my days!'

But it was bad news to neither of them, for, in accordance with Betty's instructions, Albert had on Saturday evening told Jenny as much about himself as Uncle Progress had already drawn from him. Jenny had liked this amiable trait in him, though wondering. Now she understood.

Albert marched away to Lane End after this confession, and there he dined.

Uncle Progress also knew, and was kind about it. But he hoped, feebly, poor old man, with watery eyes, that there would be no marrying in haste. 'She'll have most of what I leave, young man. I tell you so that you may tell your father. But don't be in a hurry.'

Albert promised anything and everything. It was enough for him at present that Betty loved him.

And then they returned to the primroses. They were there when the sun shone high, and there when it set; and they were there once more early on the Monday.

When it was time for Albert to run for the train, Betty ran a quarter of a mile with him. He wouldn't let her run more than that; but he kissed her under an oak-tree, and reminded her for the fifth or sixth time that in four days there would be another Saturday.

'I wish an earthquake would swallow the four days,' Betty said yearningly.

He hugged her once more, wished the same, and hastened on. The road was a winding one, and he was soon lost to sight.

. . . . . .

At eleven o'clock he entered the foundry office, and didn't care what happened to him. If father swore—as he sometimes did—he would bear it patiently. He would then explain to father that if Elizabeth had a million a year he wouldn't marry her; whereas he would joyfully beg in the streets with Betty by his side. This to show father what true love was.

Father met him with a heavy countenance and bloodshot eyes, but language scarcely in keeping.

'Good-morning, my boy,' said father. 'Y—you're late. Never mind.—And just go into the yard somewhere, Evans, and you too.'

Evans was the salaried clerk, and the 'you too' a new office-boy. They went almost like pellets from a gun.

'Anything the matter?' asked Albert.

'Shut the door. I want to get it off my chest,' said father, more bloodshot still. 'Sit on that stool.'

Father folded his arms and paced. It was a small office. His pacing was like a caged lion's.

But for Betty, Albert would certainly have felt alarm. Had the business come suddenly to smash? Or had father really an incurable disease which he meant to announce with characteristic directness?

Albert sat on the office-boy's stool and waited for the storm to break.

And then father stopped pacing, and dropped his hand on Albert's shoulder like a blacksmith's hammer on an anvil. 'My boy,' he said thickly, 'she's too old for you, and I—I'm going to wed her myself. Call me whatever you like. It's the first time I've undersold a market since I started in business. I fought ag'in' it for months; reckoned you and she'd hit it off, give you time; but nature's done the job. There's more sense in that woman's little fingers than in the brains of most. And see here, Albert, she said straight she always looked on you as a babby, and always would. That did it; that and nature. "How about the babby's father, Elizabeth?" I axed her, carried away, and she gave me her hand in a moment. What do you think of me, my son?'

Albert kept his countenance like an actor. 'When did all this take place?' he asked, with a stiff neck.

'Saturday, at tea-time, my boy,' replied father huskily.

'Muffins?' suggested Albert, like a cross-examining lawyer.

But the expression in father's eyes cried to the heart-strings even of his son.

'You're mocking me, my boy,' said father, still a penitent and unshriven.

'No, I'm blessed if I am,' exclaimed Albert, all elation and forgiveness now. He stood up from the stool, and put *his* hands on *father's* shoulders. 'It's my turn now, sir,' he said.

. . . . . .

He made a longer story of Betty than father of Elizabeth. Father inserted ejaculations, but they had no effect on him. Only when he was nearly through, and he mentioned, in parenthesis, that Betty would inherit five or six thousand pounds when Uncle Progress went to heaven—only then did father's tongue burst loose and prevail.

'By gum, lad,' he declared, 'but you're smart! I'd never have thought it of you—never; not if I'd lived to a hundred. Five thousand pounds! See here. I tell you what. Take your hat and ask the architect to step round. We'll have plans out for enlargement of premises this week. And when you've done that, go and tell her all about it.'

'Her!' exclaimed Albert, with pricking ears.

'Your cousin Elizabeth, my boy.'

'O—h!' said Albert. 'All right, if I must. I thought you meant Betty. It seems years since I said "Good-bye" to her.'

Father broke into a bluff but gratifying laugh. 'You young dog!' he said. 'Well, get along with you. You can take the rest of the day off, and run down and say "Good-bye" to her again.'

Albert rushed at his hat.

THE END.

CHARON'S FEE.

By G. L. Apperson, I.S.O.

THERE has recently been arranged in one of the large rooms of the British Museum an extremely interesting exhibition of objects relating to and illustrative of the daily life of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The exhibits illustrate that life in both its public and its domestic aspects. Here the visitor may see dolls and furnishings for dolls' houses; children's toys of all kinds; the circular discs once believed to have been used as vouchers for theatre or amphitheatre seats, but now regarded as counters for games; specimens of the stylus; waxed wooden tablets for writing; dice; knucklebones or 'dibs' of various materials; pigments; specimens of various kinds of footgear and wearing apparel; articles of ancient furniture; pumps; weights and measures; and a hundred other things illustrating the daily life of old.

There is a special series exemplifying ancient burial customs; and one of the most striking of the objects in this section is a finely formed Athenian urn containing calcined bones, among which can be seen, actually yet sticking to the jawbone, the obolus which was placed in the dead man's mouth to serve as Charon's fee for ferrying him across the Styx. This is an extraordinarily vivid illustration of the way in which archæological discovery bridges the ages, and brings the modern inquirer or student, or even the most casual onlooker, into close contact with—into the immediate presence, as it were, of—a concrete instance of ancient belief and ritual.

The obolus, originally of silver and later of bronze, was worth about three-halfpence of our money, and was certainly not an extravagant fee for crossing the Stygian stream. The coin was not always placed in the mouth of the dead. Sometimes it was placed in the hand, and in other cases in a kind of purse which was deposited beside the body. A more curious mode of disposal of the fee for the ferryman was revealed many years ago when a Gallo-Roman cemetery dating from the days of the later Roman Empire was discovered near Vernon, in the department of Eure, France. Twenty-two skeletons were unearthed, each with an earthenware vase under the right arm and in one of the eye-sockets a bronze coin. Coins are often found in ancient burial-places without anything to indicate the manner in which they were originally disposed; but in many cases there can be but little doubt that they represent Charon's fee.

Sir Thomas Browne, in his noble *Urn Burial*, describing ancient customs, says: 'That they buried a piece of money with them as a fee of the Elysian ferryman was a practice full of folly.' From a common-sense point of view this may be true; but it is remarkable how deep a hold this particular 'folly' had upon the popular mind. It lasted for long centuries after paganism had given way to Christianity. Like many other pagan customs and observances, it continued in a slightly changed form under a thin veneer of Christian nomenclature. John Aubrey, the seventeenth-century antiquary, tells us that when he was a boy, 'before ye Civil Warres, I heard 'em tell that in ye old time they used to putt a Penny in dead persons' mouths to give to St Peter; and I thinke that they did doe so in Wales and in the north country.' It was a quaint idea to substitute St Peter, the keeper of the gate, for Charon, the ferryman of the Styx; but the quotation, like many other references and allusions in Aubrey's writings, shows how deep was the cleavage between things new and old that was made in England by the great Civil War. It is doubtful whether this provision of a fee for St Peter survived that troubled period in any part of England.

In rural France the custom of putting a coin in the hand of the dead survived until quite recently, and perhaps still exists in the more out-of-the-way parts of the country. Hamerton, in his *Round My House*, which was written a little more than thirty years ago, says that the peasants of Burgundy maintained the old classical custom simply from force of habit. 'They have forgotten Charon,' he wrote, 'and cannot tell you why they put the coin into the dead hand; but they would not omit the ceremony. A much more touching practice is that of putting flowers into the coffin of a child. They tell you their reason for this, which is, that the child must have them to play with. This, too, is a classical idea—the old idea that life of some kind continued dimly in the tomb itself.' The old Roman ideas and observances, under various disguises and after undergoing sundry transformations, still exercise much power, and have much real dominion over the minds of the rustic folk of eastern France. Hamerton shows how strongly the Burgundian peasantry believe in magic and sorcery of obviously classical origin. Their religion, in sundry respects, is in fact but slightly disguised paganism.

A curious instance of the Charon's fee practice from the same country-side was more recently

recorded by the late Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff in one of his volumes of gossiping *Notes from a Diary*. Writing in 1893, he noted that a lady had told him that her maid, who was a Burgundian, distinctly remembered seeing an old woman at Autun put a sou into the hand of a dead child. She asked the reason, and received the reply, '*C'est pour payer le trajet à Charon.*' 'Could there be,' remarked the diarist, 'a more curious proof of the depth to which Roman civilisation penetrated the Gaulish mind?' The most remarkable feature of this story, if correctly reported, is that the Burgundian woman should know the name and occupation of the Stygian ferryman. One cannot help being a little sceptical, not as to the alleged deposit of the coin—that, no doubt, was actually seen and clearly remembered—but as to the reply attributed to the Burgundian peasant woman. There is, of course, the difficulty, on the other hand, that the reference to Charon was hardly likely to be invented by the most ingenious of lady's-maids, whose classical knowledge is not usually very extensive; but the difficulty of belief in the peasant woman's knowledge and accurate application of it seems even greater.

SOME SHARES IN NIMPIM.

'YOU wrote asking me to call about some business to my advantage,' said Dennis Poldavy Kippen, mining engineer, with acerbity. 'Had I known it was only an invitation to join the directorate of your tin-pot Nimpim Mines I could have said "No" without troubling to come near you. I don't give away my professional experience for the pay of a guinea-pig.' He banged the big consulting-table in the company's board-room with a muscular fist, his rotund, clean-shaven face flushing as he spoke.

Mr Gerald Broun-Catkin, secretary to the concern, a hard-featured little man, elevated his bushy eyebrows in surprise at this outbreak, but he forbore from retaliation in kind. 'In that case, Mr Kippen,' he returned with outward suavity, 'may I inquire why you recently bought a considerable block of what you term tin-pot Nimpims? The share-transfer necessarily passed through my hands, so that I am aware of the transaction.'

Kippen's rather boyish face took on a deeper red. 'That is my affair,' he growled, being given to speaking his mind; 'not yours.'

'I quite agree, but the circumstance explains my troubling you. My chairman — Lord Tinkerton, you know—noticed the transfer; also that the shares had belonged to the late Mr Telmah, who was one of our directors. "By Jove!" his lordship said to me, "if the buyer of these is Kippen the mining-man, it would be worth while asking him whether he'd take Telmah's seat. I've heard Kippen talked of as a rising fellow in his profession, and we are badly in want of some one on the board who understands technicalities." So I wrote you as instructed,' concluded Mr Broun-Catkin.

'It is just as I thought, then,' retorted the engineer, rising to go; 'you want to pick my brains at the price of those of your fancy figureheads. But I don't work on such terms. You'll hear from me as a shareholder,' he added curtly, 'if the company does not get out of the mess I suspect it is in. Good-morning.'

He moved to the door, but the other interrupted. 'Stop a moment!' he exclaimed. 'You are entirely mistaken regarding the terms. His lordship said that if we employed you professionally, of course it would be necessary to pay accordingly. In fact, he indicated that his idea was to suggest to the board that you should be sent out to report on the property.'

Kippen resumed the chair he had vacated. 'Why didn't you say so sooner?' he snapped. 'I have no use for a directorship, but am always willing to talk about professional employment. Go ahead.'

'Of course,' the secretary demurred, 'I have no official authority to explain.'

'I understand; only get ahead. Time is money.'

'You know that our mines are in the hinterland between French and Portuguese Guinea, in West Africa?'

'I know they are said to be in one or other.'

'The company took over and paid for concessions from both. We also sent out a manager, with European miners, and have shipped much machinery in accordance with demands the manager sent home. He indicated that long ere now we might expect gold returns, but none have come; and, to be frank, his recent reports have been erratic, to say the least. Some one must go out.'

'Whoever goes had better pack his clothes in a coffin,' commented Kippen calmly, 'if he prefers closed burial to being planted in the open. The climate usually attends to the preparatory arrangements. What will you pay?'

'What will you go for, and when?'

'Five hundred guineas paid before I leave, and all expenses refunded. I can start at once.'

Mr Broun-Catkin thought that he might with advantage adopt the other's independent tone.

'My directors are unlikely to agree to such an exorbitant fee,' he returned curtly; 'but I shall consult them and advise you soon. Good-morning.'

'As you please,' responded Dennis indifferently. But he wore the appearance of an anxious man as, upon leaving the Nimpim office, he made his way towards Chelsea, where he called at a tiny flat whose door bore the name of Telmah. A tall, lissome girl opened it to his summons, smiling a

welcome from dainty red lips and steadfast gray eyes.

'How is Mrs Telmah to-day, Miss Theresa?' asked the visitor.

'Much as usual,' she returned, 'but more than usually depressed, I fear. She broods so over father's death and our fallen fortunes. But I am thankful to say she is sound asleep now in her own room.'

'Then,' said Kippen relievedly, 'we can talk.'

She led the way into a bare little parlour.

'I think,' he began there, rather abruptly, 'that I shall be able to make that search for you.'

She clasped her hands, her face shining.

'You are a friend indeed!' she exclaimed gratefully. 'But,' she whispered, hesitating, 'will it not be very dangerous?'

'Not if I can keep clear of absinth and gin,' he laughed easily. 'That mixture, with the climate, is certainly risky; but I think I can be fairly drink-proof on a pinch. The curious thing about the affair is that the opportunity to go has come through Lord Tinkerton.'

He watched her closely, and she paled somewhat.

'What a strange coincidence! He was here yesterday again, and I mentioned to him how kind you had been in taking over those unsaleable Nimpim shares of poor father's, and otherwise.'

'I wish you had not told him!' Kippen's brows drew down. 'What did he say?'

'He seemed annoyed that he had not been told the shares were for disposal. He said to mother that she knew he had the best right to help us.'

'Why?' Kippen's eyes were blazing.

The girl's colour came and went again. 'It is hard to tell,' she faltered; 'but it is right you should know—now. He has desired mother's permission to ask me to—to marry him, and she is urging me to consent. She is so tired already of living in what seems poverty to her,' Theresa Telmah added pathetically.

'And you?' There was pity now in his voice.

'You know it is impossible,' she answered, meeting his gaze frankly from tear-filled eyes.

'I know,' he returned grimly, 'why Lord Tinkerton thinks it good I should go to Guinea; he fancies I am too frequently at this flat.'

The girl crimsoned, but did not speak.

'But he does not know,' Dennis continued more cheerfully, 'that the opportunity is just what I would jump at on your account. Keep him at arm's-length, little one, until I return—with what you want.'

She had clasped both his hands. 'Pray Heaven you do!' she murmured fervently.

'Of course I shall,' he assured her; 'but I must leave first, and I'll see you again when I get my marching orders.'

These came with remarkable promptitude, conveyed by Mr Broun-Catkin in person. 'I have seldom been more surprised,' he explained, 'than at my board's acceptance of your very high terms; but the chairman insisted, and most generously offered to pay your fees himself. I have the money here for you, and full instructions and powers. The only condition is that you must start without a day's delay. His lordship has gone out of town, and desires that you will not wait even to see him.'

'I won't,' grunted Kippen. 'I leave to-night.'

He knew he could catch a prompt steamer, and did so. Ten days later he bumped ashore in a surf-boat upon the beach near Konakri, in French Guinea. Shambling across the shining sand towards him came a man in white drill, his face blotchy, his eyes full of feverish light, his gait unsteady.

'My sweet uncle!' he cried, catching at Kippen's hand and missing it. 'Another Britisher, by all that's good, to keep me company in this double-heated Hades! Head's my name—Jerry Head. What's yours?'

He cackled foolish laughter, and the new-comer took him firmly by the arm, having been on the coast before.

'That looks like a café,' he said, pointing to a white-roofed bamboo shanty. 'Let's go there. Now,' he went on when they were seated under its veranda, 'what's your fancy in poisons?'

The wreck leaned confidentially towards him. 'I can get along on absinth,' he answered huskily; 'but that, in the Cape smoke they keep here, makes me feel that I've as many lives as a cat.'

Dennis ordered this concoction, then waited for it to bring increased intelligence to his new acquaintance. 'I'm called Kippen,' he said as the sodden face lit up—'Dennis Poldavy Kippen, mining engineer. And you, I take it, are the manager of the Nimpim Mines. What are you doing down here?'

The man's jaw dropped. 'Good Lord!' he gasped, 'are you to take charge?'

'I am authorised to act as I see fit. Answer my question.'

'I'm recruiting,' Head muttered sullenly. 'It isn't healthy at Nimpim. The other whites went out one time. I planted the lot, then had to come down to pick up a bit, and chase along the machinery—it's mostly bogged between here and the mines.'

'Your reports have not explained all this.'

'Reports be blamed! How do I know what was in them with my temperature fit to warm the pit?'

'What about the reef?'

'It's no end rich. The assayer got four to five ounces a ton everywhere we opened on it.'

'Who was the assayer? I did not know you had one.'

'He came to the coast on his own. Not here—somewhere down Calabar way—a while ago. Was some kind of young swell at home, after hunting or exploring, or such giddy nonsense. He was striking for Timbuctu; but his boys scooted, and he drifted

in alone on us at Nimpim, pretty well expended. I dashed him drugs and nursing, and he began to get on his legs about the time we were sampling the reef. I found he could assay, and asked him to make the tests, for just then I filled up with a dose of fever that rattled me like a disintegrator. I told him to address the results direct to the chairman, and send them down by a special runner; but I reckon he must have been cut up on the road out. Anyhow, I've never had any acknowledgment either of them or of a private letter I managed to scrawl to send with them, saying that Nimpim was as full of fever as of gold, and that I didn't believe any white man could keep alive in the district. I was right'—the manager became maudlin—'because every mother's son except myself is under the s-sod now. Even Ducatt'——

'Was he the assayer?' Kippen snapped.

'Didn't I say so? Even Ducatt is gone, and he was tough stuff. When no reply came to that packet he made up for me he turned down-hearted, and declared he must get home. He filled up with fever again, too, and started one day when he was a bit light-headed. I wasn't fit to stop him, and he has never been heard of since.'

Head's trembling hand tinkled a bottle-neck against his glass's rim, but Kippen gripped his wrist.

'No more now,' he said sharply. 'You start with me for Nimpim as soon as porters can be had.'

Head's brassy complexion blanched to sickly white. 'I'm not fit yet,' he stammered. 'I won't!'

'Then,' retorted Dennis, 'I shall ask the authorities to lock you up on a charge of criminal mismanagement—probably the local prison is even more unhealthy than Nimpim. Buck up, man!' he added, 'and I'll dash you as much of your pet poison as is good for you as we go along.'

Very occasionally brutality backs true kindness. It did so in this instance. Kippen's forceful arguments told, and within forty-eight hours the two had started inland through the reeking jungle. Thereafter Dennis watched over his companion as though he had been his brother, recognising that the success of his mission depended mainly upon the local knowledge locked within the manager's drink-steeped brain. After weeks of painful travel the little expedition topped the summit of a low range, and Head, raising himself in the hammock in which he was being carried, shouted to Dennis, 'There is the darned place!' He pointed downwards towards where a spur from the range jutted into a vast swamp, steamy with malarious mists rising through rank tropical water-growths. This peninsula was comparatively bare, and when they descended upon it they found some rusty iron shanties clustered near some shafts surrounded by snake-haunted débris. There they camped, and, having supped, Kippen issued his orders.

'We'll go below at dawn,' he said to Head, 'and you'll show me what you've done. The day after, I mean to prospect the country close by, and have a palaver with the natives.'

'You'd better leave them out.'

The tone caused Kippen to look smartly up; it held more decision than usual.

Head took a long pull at the extra allowance of liquor which he had claimed in honour of their arrival, then proceeded: 'They are Wotali—cannibals and fiends incarnate. I kept them off before by dashing "squareface" to their boss witch-doctor in casefuls. You have not the stuff to do that, and they'll wipe us out some time. You thought yourself mighty clever, old man,' he leered, 'in forcing me up here; but I've bested you, for now you'll never go down again. Neither shall I,' he concluded recklessly; 'but then I was booked, anyhow.'

'I knew all about the Wotali,' said Kippen; and his companion gaped at the statement and his coolness. 'You've made an extra special ass of yourself,' he went on, 'if not worse. It was not likely I would come up here without inquiring about the niggers; and, as it chances, I have a letter from your assayer, written amongst them. There it is.'

He handed over a dingy scrap of torn paper, which the manager perused with deep interest.

'It's Ducatt's fist,' he muttered, astounded, 'and he says the tribe caught him going down, and won't let him go; but he is sending this out by a passer-by to the coast in the hope that it may bring assistance. Whom did he address this to?'

'To a lady. I have undertaken to find him.'

Head stood erect, for once like a real man. 'You're white clean through,' he declared with lurid oaths. 'I've been worse than mean; but forget that, and I'll swear off drink till this is finished. Give your orders, and count on me.'

'That's bully!' returned Dennis simply, gripping his hand. 'We'll stick to my programme,' he added.

They started to descend the shaft-ladders by the weird, gray light forerunning sunrise. The sinkings were shallow, and the excavations beneath small, so that in the first the engineer soon saw all there was to see.

'Now for the next,' he said, starting to ascend. But he sprang back as a fearful chorus of savage yells, shrieks, and groans sounded down from above.

'Wotali!' cried Head. 'They've rushed the camp!'

'Just so,' Kippen concurred calmly. 'It will save me the trouble of calling on them. But we'll want all our wits to get out of this very pretty mess.' His tone pulled the other together, as he intended. 'You told me just now,' he continued, 'that you had driven a heading from here out to the level of the swamp. Is that heading passable still?'

'We can try, but I doubt it.'

'And I think I saw some explosives down here?'

'Left by mistake,' explained Head.

'Then,' returned Dennis, 'we'll shift the niggers with an earthquake.'

They crawled on elbows and knees along the partially fallen heading, pushing a small box of dynamite tenderly before them to within a short distance of the outlet, where they fixed a detonator to a cartridge, and went on trailing the fuse behind them. Kippen, who led, put his right hand and arm, the former holding his revolver, through the narrow hole on the verge of the swamp in order to draw himself out. The pistol was gently twisted from his fingers.

'Excuse me,' said an English voice; 'but I would prefer not to risk any shooting just at present.'

Kippen struggled up through the dense growth over the entrance, to face a man decorated rather than clothed with skins, feathers, and shells; his skin, where it showed through these, burnt almost black.

'Mr Ducatt, I presume?' said Kippen.

'Yes. And you?'

'I have an introduction from Miss Telmah, who got your letter; but that must wait. Please explain how things stand here now,' Dennis urged.

'I was crazy when the niggers caught me, and, for protection, pretended to continue so until they have come to regard me as a most valuable fetich, and I have had no chance to escape. When they rushed your people I slipped away here to warn whoever might try to get clear by the heading. The Wotali are busy making palaver about going down the shaft to catch you.'

'Head and I have prepared a little surprise packet for them,' remarked Kippen; 'but we can better it now we've met you. Could you tempt them all down?'

'If I went first. Then I could slip out here.'

'I wish you'd work it. We'll wait where we are.'

Ducatt vanished. Within an hour he emerged from the hole.

'I've bagged the lot,' he reported, panting.

'Fire the fuse, Head,' said Dennis, 'and follow us.'

They raced up the slope to the shaft, down which Ducatt shouted, to the amazement of the savages crowded below. Surprise changed to wild terror as a thunderous crash rattled them like peas in a pod.

'You know their lingo.' Kippen turned to Ducatt with the air of a specialist directing a major operation. 'Ask if they are ready to obey.'

'They will obey,' the other interpreted.

'Then they must yield their weapons as they come up, they must furnish us with porters to replace those they have killed, and they must quit this district as a tribe.'

'They agree to all,' translated Ducatt from the frenzied cries that rose out of the pit. 'We may trust them; they have had a proper fright.'

. . . . . .

'I have called to assure you'—Kippen was interviewing Mr Broun-Catkin six weeks later—'that in my opinion Nimpim will soon be paying big dividends. I found your manager very sick; but he has made a wonderful recovery, and has taken charge again. You will, however, require a new chairman.'

'What do you mean?' demanded the secretary.

'It is not a story I can put in my official report. You know he inherited through the assumed death in the Niger region of a cousin named Ducatt. But Miss Telmah, Ducatt's fiancée, received a communication apparently from him, about which, as her friend, she consulted me, and I volunteered to go out to investigate. Just then Lord Tinkerton, who desired to marry Miss Telmah, took alarm at my visits to her, and sent me to Nimpim, thinking the climate would wipe me out. Instead, I discovered that a package, supposed to have been lost, containing a letter from Ducatt, and very valuable assay-results from the mines, had been duly mailed from Konakri to Lord Tinkerton, who suppressed it. Ducatt and I saw him yesterday, when he acknowledged everything.'

'Shocking!' ejaculated Mr Broun-Catkin.

'There's another thing,' continued Kippen. 'You will get a transfer soon for these shares of mine. Your fee paid me very fairly; and, as I don't want more than that out of the business, I'm going to give them to Miss Telmah as a kind of wedding-present. But I won't ask her to complete the transfer until she can sign it as Theresa Ducatt, Lady Tinkerton. That will save you some trouble, I expect. Good-morning.'

IN THE WOODS.

I turn from life's familiar ways
To tread the forest-path again.
The friendly silence of the woods
Seems wiser than the speech of men.

In language I have learned to hear
There comes a message on each breeze.
How could I feel myself alone
With the companionable trees?

And as two hearts in unison
Can hear a thought - though unexpressed;
So I, akin unto the woods,
Find speechless sympathy is best.

How foolish seems our wisdom here!
How small the trivial thing that grieves!
Who would not cast his care away
Who hears the laughing of the leaves?

And miracles by myriads
To eyes anointed to behold
Each little beech-leaf that the frost
Has touched and turned to palest gold.

Georgia Davies.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

TENNIEL AND DU MAURIER.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

IN 1864 the gaiety of the nation was eclipsed by the death of John Leech. As a matter of course, John Tenniel stepped into the place of the chief cartoonist of *Punch*, and thereafter, for thirty-five years, week by week, dealt with current history. Fourteen years earlier, on the resignation of Richard Doyle, he joined the staff. Fifty years later, on the 3rd of December 1900, being the date of his jubilee of service and that of his retirement, the usual course of the weekly dinner was interrupted in order to present him with a silver tobacco-box. It bore a brief inscription of affection and farewell, followed by the signatures of the staff, reproduced in fac-simile.

His first cartoon will be found on page 44 of volume XX. of *Punch*. It represents Lord John Russell as Lord Jack the Giant-Killer, armed *cap-à-pie*, advancing to assail Cardinal Wiseman, the agent of papal aggression. To the last Tenniel reproduced his idea of the dog Toby then first committed to paper. But his fancies of Mr Punch and of John Bull in the flesh in course of time vastly improved in individuality and vigour. The original of one of his last cartoons, appearing in *Punch* on the 19th September 1900, he presented to me as a parting gift after long colleagueship. It is of historic value, representing Kruger sculling his boat away from the wreck of the Transvaal. 'The Sinking Ship' it is called, and shows how firm and delicate was the artist's touch even in his jubilee year.

Dining with us one night in Ashley Gardens, and, as was his genial custom, waiting for a last smoke after the other guests were gone, he invited his hostess to make a selection from his cartoons, promising to give her the original. After a prolonged search, of itself a pleasure, she chose a cartoon incidentally marking the infant days of the Fourth Party. Gladstone and Hartington, two majestic figures in knightly panoply, ride in the centre of the picture. By the roadside, drawn as an impudent gamin, a vulgar little boy, is Lord Randolph Churchill jeering at them.

It was one of the fancies of *Punch*, subtly indicative of the situation when Lord Randolph came to the fore, to present him either as a boy or as a man of undersized growth. He was, I should say, fully five feet ten; a disposition to stoop, reproduced in his son Winston, partially detracting from a height that rather exceeded the average. A more marked, deliberately designed playfulness in this direction is shown in the case of Mr Thomas Gibson Bowles, sometime member for King's Lynn, one of the ablest parliamentarians of his day. In 'Toby's Diary' he was always called 'Cap'en Tommy,' and lurid stories were told of his prowess at Trafalgar, and even later sea-fights, where he lost an arm and a leg. E. T. Reed, seizing the idea, always drew him with a wooden leg and a hook where his right hand ought to be.

There is a story of the Ladies' Gallery, which must be true since Mr Bowles tells it, indicating the confusion arising out of this malpractice. The member for King's Lynn interposing in debate (a not unfamiliar habit with him), a young lady in the Gallery asked, 'Who's that?'

'That is Mr Tommy Bowles,' said her mother.

'Oh no!' insisted the inquirer. 'Cap'en Tommy Bowles has a wooden leg and only one arm.'

At the weekly *Punch* dinner I sat almost immediately opposite Tenniel, and for nearly twenty years had the opportunity of benefiting by study of his gentle nature and perfect manner. Among his colleagues there was difference of opinion as to whether he more resembled Colonel Newcome or Don Quixote. Even with the burden of fourscore years on his shoulders, he was one of the youngest at the table. His lithe, upright figure, his ruddy countenance, and his bright look belied his years. Conjoined with a healthy body was a sunny, wholesome disposition. Through an exceptionally long life, brought in contact with innumerable people of varied kind, it is safe to assert that he never made an enemy. His friends mustered in troops, the most attached being those admitted to the closest intimacy. In the wider circle outside the *Punch*

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

office his name is perhaps as familiar as any spoken in the English tongue. It was his mission through fifty years to shoot Folly as it flew, to strike at fraud and corruption wheresoever they raised their heads, to touch with delicate though firm hand the political problems of the hour. This task he accomplished with an unfailing fancy, a delightful humour that never degenerated into coarseness nor was ever lacking in dignity.

As noted, the *Punch* staff took their private farewell of Tenniel on his retirement. The public were not disposed to be left out of the reckoning. He was invited to attend a farewell dinner, at which the Prime Minister, Mr Arthur Balfour, presided. Amongst the hosts were a gathering of men distinguished in various walks of life, the like of which has rarely been seen even in London. Literature, Science, Politics, Art, and Drama were specially and worthily represented.

A touching incident marked the progress of the memorable evening. The Premier having, in one of his most charming speeches, proposed a toast to the guest of the evening—'a great artist and a great gentleman'—Tenniel rose to reply. He was received with an outbreak of cheering that literally broke him down. He had prepared a speech doubtless marked by the manly simplicity that characterised his every word and action. He stood for some moments with shaking hand and quivering lips, vainly endeavouring to recall the opening sentence. The words would not come back to memory. After struggling for some time amid the murmur of sympathetic cheers, he abruptly sat down. It was agreed in conversation that no speech, however pointed and well-ordered, could have exceeded the eloquence of this ungovernable flood of emotion.

'A speech that makes one in love with silence' was Augustine Birrell's happy description of the episode.

Though Tenniel ceased from his long labour, he remained a member of the *Punch* staff. His seat at the Table is to this day at his disposal, and his long clay churchwarden pipe, with his monogram on the bowl, is preserved in the rack. I fancy he intended occasionally to look in on Wednesday nights. Indeed, he wrote to me on the 25th March 1907: 'Now that spring, according to the almanac, has really begun (it's snowing at the present moment), I am looking forward to the happiness of meeting all the dear clever boys again, and, on the earliest Wednesday I can manage, shake hands.'

Only once did he go through the ordeal.

It was an odd coincidence that, where all the rest smoked cigars, he and Keene should have displayed a remarkable preference in the matter of pipes. Tenniel was faithful to his churchwarden. Keene smoked an odd little pipe, one of a collection dug up, it was said, in excavations near the old London Wall. It was very like the minute tube the Japanese smoke, varying inasmuch that whilst the Jap's pipe is made of metal, the early English specimens were clay. The great art of smoking them was to preserve a sod of tobacco left after the pipe went out. Two or three of these would fill a pipe, and Keene's grim face was illumined with ecstasy as he smoked the villainous residuum.

The subjoined correspondence tells its own story:

'42 Ashley Gardens,
21st July 1891.

'Dear Mr Akers Douglas,—I wonder if you have had time to take note of the remarkable—indeed, in the history of British journalism, the unprecedented reception Mr Punch met with on his Jubilee.

'It suggests an opportunity, which I venture to think will not be unpalatable to Lord Salisbury, of the Premier's joining in the tribute. The mainstay of *Punch* now and for nearly forty years past is John Tenniel. His name is a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. He is one of the few conspicuously successful men who have not an enemy in private or professional circles.

'I do not know whether you are personally acquainted with him. He has friends in several of your colleagues in the Ministry, who recognise in him the very pink of English gentlemanhood.

'I venture to suggest that the Jubilee of *Punch* would be a fitting occasion for the Crown to pay some compliment to the veteran artist. I know such an action would be as much appreciated by the *Punch* staff as if it were conferred individually upon each member, whilst in artistic and general circles it would be acclaimed.

'I should add that I write to you without concert with any of my colleagues, so that if nothing can be done in the matter there will be no feeling of having suffered rebuff.—Yours faithfully,

'Henry W. Lucy.'

'12 Downing Street, S.W.,
July 27th, 1891.

'Dear Mr Lucy,—I have delayed any answer to yours of 21st, hoping that I might have been able to see my chief on the subject. I have not been able to do so as yet, and therefore all I can say is that it will be a great pleasure to me to urge at the first opportunity the claims of Mr John Tenniel.

'I have not the pleasure of Mr Tenniel's acquaintance in the flesh, but he has no warmer admirer than—Yours truly, A. Akers Douglas.'

Mr Akers Douglas was at the time this correspondence passed Chief Whip of the Unionist party, an office known as that of the Patronage Secretary.

Lord Salisbury missed the opportunity of performing a gracious and popular action. In the following year a General Election brought Mr Gladstone into office. I sent Sir William Harcourt a copy of the above letter, asking him to bring the matter personally under the notice of the new Premier. '*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*,' Sir William wrote to me in a letter expressing warm

approval of the suggestion. Within a few months the knighthood was bestowed.

The subjoined refers to an autograph letter from the author of *Through the Looking-Glass*, of which I had seen a copy. It stated that Tenniel, unable to undertake the illustration of the book, had recommended Doyle for the work. Thinking it would interest Tenniel, I sent him a cutting containing the text:

'10 PORTSDOWN ROAD, MAIDA HILL, W.,
June 12th, 1907.

'MY DEAR H. W. LUCY,—"Tho' lost to sight" ever held in happiest remembrance. I thank you and Mrs Luey very heartily for the two kind letters.

'The little episode in your admirable London Letter concerning Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass*, and Dicky Doyle certainly took me rather by surprise, in that I have not the very remotest recollection of the circumstance. How I, in my right mind and perfectly sober senses, could for a moment have thought of persuading Lewis Carroll (failing myself), or agreeing with him in any way, that Dicky Doyle would be equal to illustrating *Through the Looking-Glass*, fills me with an amazement which might well puzzle the best of conjurers.

'When, having, ages ago, forgotten all about it, I saw the little paragraph with poor Dodgson's letter to Dicky in print, it gave me rather a turn to think that what it described occurred just fifty years ago, and that I am now in my eighty-eighth year!

'However, that I am wonderfully well in health "I give Heaven praise," the great trouble being steadily increasing blindness, the mere thought of which fills me with terror and dismay. Even now I read and write—especially write—with difficulty. In which distressful circumstance I can only hope and pray that you and your dear wife will kindly and gracefully forgive this belated acknowledgment of the London Letter, and with ever kindest regards to both, believe me, as of old, very sincerely yours,

JOHN TENNIEL.'

For a man in his eighty-eighth year, dim-sighted withal, the four-page letter is a marvel of firm, clear writing.

At the *Punch* Table Du Maurier was always called 'Kicky.' I spell it so without authority, for I never saw it written. Others write it 'Kiki.' Some 'In Memoriam' notes which appeared in print after his death brought me interesting correspondence on the subject. Burnand wrote: 'Du Maurier was "Kiki," not "Kicky." He got the name in his French student-days. Kiki is a thoroughly French sobriquet.' This is interesting and authoritative. But it is obvious that the French pronunciation of the name so spelt would be 'keekee,' whereas he was always 'Kicky' at the *Punch* Table.

On the other hand, the late Ernest Hart, writing to me at the same date, testifies:

'In an album belonging to my sister, Mrs. Vignal, is a drawing, made many years since by the late accomplished artist, whom we all deplore, of Mr Whistler and himself. It is signed "Jimmy and Kicky." They are walking jauntily along, arm-in-arm, and are excellent portraits of the two friends as they were in the flesh upwards of thirty-five years ago. Subsequent events lend a special interest to this sportive but now plaintive souvenir.'

For more than thirty years Du Maurier had his place at the Wednesday dinner of the *Punch* staff. It was an appropriate but pathetic close to his life that it ebbed out with the finish of a Wednesday. About nine o'clock on the evening of the second Wednesday in 1896 there came to his colleagues at the *Punch* Table a telegraphic message conveying the latest bulletin. It was by no means despairing. It encouraged the hope some clung to that when spring came round, and all nature's best productions brightened into new life, we should have 'Kicky' back again at the Table. Two hours later, at a time when, through ordinary weeks of a long career, he would have been quitting the Table on his way homeward, the end of all his journeys was signalled. He could not hear the echo of Thackeray's grim song round Mr Punch's mahogany-tree:

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Of late years he had not been a constant attendant at the Wednesday dinner. As he lived on Hampstead Heath, it was no slight undertaking to dine in Bouverie Street with the prospect of engaging a cabman willing near midnight to brave the final lap of the long journey. He had some humorous stories of his struggles with reluctant cabmen in facing the last quarter of an hour. That through many years he should have attended so regularly was testimony to his affectionate associations with the scene and the company.

In an undated letter, probably written somewhere about 1892, he shrewdly discourses on the difference between his work and that of his old friend Leech. At the foot he drew a dead lion, labelled Leech, and a live jackass, with the initials 'D. M.':

'NEW GROVE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

'DEAR LUCY,—Very many thanks for your excellently well-written and most appreciative article, which has muchly touched and gratified your little D. M., in spite of the ever-inevitable comparison with Leech, whose aims and methods were the antipodes of mine.

'And indeed I ought not to complain of such a comparison, for if the greatest artist is he who gives the greatest pleasure to the greatest number (in-

cluding myself), Leech is certainly the greatest artist that ever lived. To be mentioned in the same breath (or par.) with him is an honour.

'Even Thackeray himself complained of being constantly compared to Dickens, who was ten times as popular as himself—and didn't even write for *Punch*, and wasn't even dead! Not that *I* am for comparing such featherweights as Leech, Du M., and their likes with the likes of Thackeray and Dickens. The pen is a so much bigger engine than the pencil that the wielders thereof, *cæteris paribus*, stand on very different platforms. I only wish to point out the distinction between the artist (either *penny* or *pencilly*) who tries to depict people as they really are, and the artist who has the enviable gift of so exquisitely distorting them that the sacrifice of truth is more than compensated for by the side-splitting laughter the performance creates. They are really not fit objects for a parallel. The former is too much handicapped by the comparative severity of his aim and method. Not even "the colour of Titian and the design of Michael Angelo" will win him favour when the funny man is by. *Tant il est bon de bien rire!*

'*Contrastez-nous, si vous voulez; ne nous comparez pas!* Briggs's horse is running away with a delightful but impossible person. It's a joyous nightmare; my polo ponies are under the perfect control of gilded youths, whose object is to look their best in the eyes of lovely woman! But beautiful as man and horse can be, if in real life Briggs's horse were to run away with his master across the polo-ground at Hurlingham, I guess the polo-players would be cut of it in the memories of that happy day. Fortunately for them, no man that is being run away with could ever look so funny as Mr Briggs.

'*But*, also, and *en fin de compte*, nobody feels more than I do (who know him thoroughly by heart) that Leech stands alone, unapproached hitherto, and probably unapproachable.

'(I have generally stuck to the "classes" because C. K. seems to have monopolised the "masses." Division of labour.)

'What a long letter! and not very clear after all. At all events, I am much obliged to you for the sympathetic touch with which you have treated—Yours ever, G. DU MAURIER.

'*P.S.—A Mercredi!*—Mitre—Hampton Court.'

He took little part in the keen discussion that leads up to the conception of the cartoon. But he closely followed it, occasionally offered a suggestion, eagerly seized, tossed about pancake-making fashion, and in the main adopted.

It was after the conclusion of stern business that Kicky came to the front. When, as was his custom of summer nights, he took off his coat, lolled back in his chair, lit another of his illimitable cigarettes, and began to talk, his personality loomed large at the Table. He was a delightful conversationalist, his talk lambent with fancy and humour. Those who have never had the pleasure of sitting in his company will find a satisfying reflex in his novels. When he discovered, to his own amazement, that, in addition to being a great artist, he was a born novelist, he created and established his phenomenal success by refraining from strained effort. I do not know any writer whose printed words are more like his ordinary talk than some of the best passages in *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* are to Kicky's after-dinner talk at the *Punch* Table. In reading them, I hear his pleasant voice with its musical intonation of every syllable, a gift that came to him with his French birth.

Here, in a letter from Du Maurier's editor, is a new, perhaps simpler, view of *Trilby*, regarded as a literary work:

'*30th Septbr.* 1894.

'DEAR LUCY,—I think you darkly hinted your willingness to "do" *Trilby* in *Punch*. By all means. It is, as far as I have read it, a decidedly clever as well as an interesting and amusing book; the freshness of the style being marred by the introduction of the commonest, cheapest Music Hall slang of the present day, unintelligible to many now, and Syro-Chaldee to the ordinary reader in the near future. . . .

'The deistic Little Billee sneering to his worthy confidant, a dog, at what he is utterly incapable of appreciating (I do not say of understanding or comprehending) represents that tyrannical braggart school of French Deism (absolute Atheism is impossible) which would, in the name of Liberty of thought, burn, behead, and crucify all who might venture to differ from themselves; as in fact they did in the Great Revolution, and as they did again under the Commune in our own day.

'Of which the sum is this: If you agree with me, just introduce one line suggesting that it would have been better to have curtailed (this contains no covert allusion to the Dog) Little Billee's inordinately long and somewhat commonplace monologue in vol. ii., and still better would it have been (if that monologue were essential to the scheme) to have done as Thackeray would most certainly have done, and reverently answer "the Spirit that denies" in one of those confidential paragraphs of which W. M. T. was a master. —Yrs. truly, F. C. BURNAND.'

On Wednesday nights Kicky was always in the fullest flood of high spirits, his talk irradiated with flashes of subtlest humour. With failing health, he was apt to be influenced by low spirits. Success from a new avenue, sunlit by quite unusual glow of pecuniary reward, came to him too late. He never was the same man after he made his great success with *Trilby*. I remember one night in the early summer of the year of his death, dining with us at Ashley Gardens, he met Lord Wolseley. Talking about Du Maurier's forthcoming as yet unnamed novel, the Field Marshal, with the freedom of an old friend, asked what was its title.

'I think,' said Du Maurier, with a humorous smile, 'I'll call it *Soured by Success*.'

There is many a true word spoken in jest. I am afraid truth underlay this little flash of humour.

Perhaps, after all, the secret of his dolour was failing health. A not too robust frame succumbed to the efforts of an unselfish, strenuous life whose fluttering spread a wide wave of pleasure among mankind. In accordance with his directions, Du Maurier's body was cremated at Woking. The ashes, placed in a casket, were buried under a yew-tree in a corner of Hampstead Parish Church, within sound of whose bells long years of his life were passed. At the open grave, so small that it seemed prepared for a little child, Canon Ainger, long time a close friend, with faltering voice read the solemn passage: 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground.'

Among the group who stood bareheaded whilst the casket was reverently placed in the grave were Du Maurier's colleagues, most of whom had been present when, on a Wednesday in July, he came down to sit, for the last time, in the little circle his presence brightened for more than thirty years. He looked curiously gray in the face, one sadly remembers, and, to begin with, was unusually quiet. But he brisked up when cigarette-time came, and stayed late in merriest mood. On this day in chill October we had come to bury Kicky, not any more to hear his pleasant talk.

Et puis bon soir.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XVII.—DESCRIBES A FRENCHMAN'S VISIT.

'MONSIEUR GOSLIN, Sir Henry,' Hill announced, entering his master's room one morning a fortnight later, just as the blind man was about to descend to breakfast. 'He's in the library, sir.'

'Goslin!' exclaimed the Baronet in great surprise. 'I'll go to him at once; and, Hill, serve breakfast for two in the library, and tell Miss Gabrielle that I do not wish to be disturbed this morning.'

'Very well, Sir Henry;' and the man bowed and went down the broad oak staircase.

'Goslin here, without any announcement!' exclaimed the Baronet, speaking to himself. 'Something must have happened. I wonder what it can be.' He tugged at his collar, to render it more comfortable; and then, with a groping hand on the broad balustrade, he felt his way down the stairs and along the corridor to the big library, where a stout, gray-haired Frenchman came forward to greet him warmly, after carefully closing the door.

'Ah, *mon cher ami!*' he began; and, speaking in French, he inquired eagerly after the Baronet's health. He was rather long-faced, with beard worn short and pointed, and his dark, deep-set eyes and his countenance showed a fund of good humour.

'This visit is quite unexpected,' exclaimed Sir Henry. 'You were not due till the 20th.'

'No; but circumstances have arisen which made my journey imperative, so I left the Gare du Nord at four yesterday afternoon, was at Charing Cross at eleven, had half-an-hour to catch the Scotch express at King's Cross, and here I am.'

'Oh, my dear Goslin, you always move so quickly! You're simply a marvel of alertness.'

The other smiled, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, said, 'I really don't know why I should have earned a reputation as a rapid traveller, except, perhaps, by that trip I made last year from Paris to Constantinople, when I remained exactly thirty-eight minutes in the Sultan's capital. But I did my business there, nevertheless, even though I got through quicker than *messieurs les touristes* of the most estimable Agence Cook.'

'You want a wash, eh?'

'Ah no, my friend. I washed at the hotel in Perth, where I took my morning coffee. When I come to Scotland I carry no baggage save my tooth-brush in my pocket, and a clean collar across my chest, its ends held by my braces.'

The Baronet laughed heartily. His friend was always most resourceful and ingenious. He was a mystery to all at Glencardine, and to Lady Heyburn most of all. His visits were always unexpected, while as to who he really was, or whence he came, nobody—not even Gabrielle herself—knew. At times the Frenchman would take his meals alone with Sir Henry in the library, while at others he would lunch with her ladyship and her guests. On these latter occasions he proved himself a most amusing cosmopolitan, and at the same time exhibited an extreme courtliness towards every one. His manner was quite charming, yet his presence there was always puzzling, and had given rise to considerable speculation.

Hill came in, and after helping the Frenchman to take off his heavy leather-lined travelling-coat, laid a small table for two and prepared breakfast.

Then, when he had served it and left, Goslin rose, and, crossing to the door, pushed the little brass bolt into its socket. Returning to his chair opposite the blind man (whose food Hill had already cut up for him), he exclaimed in a very calm, serious voice, speaking in French, 'I want you to hear what I have to say, Sir Henry, without exciting yourself unduly. Something has occurred —something very strange and remarkable.'

The other dropped his knife, and sat statuesque and expressionless. 'Go on,' he said hoarsely. 'Tell me the worst at once.'

'The worst has not yet happened. It is that which I'm dreading.'

'Well, what has happened? Is—is the secret out?'

'The secret is safe—for the present.'

The blind man drew a long breath. 'Well, that's one thing to be thankful for,' he gasped. 'I was afraid you were going to tell me that the facts were exposed.'

'They may yet be exposed,' the mysterious visitor exclaimed. 'That's where lies the danger.'

'We have been betrayed, eh? You may as well admit the ugly truth at once, Goslin!'

'I do not conceal it, Sir Henry. We have.'

'By whom?'

'By somebody here—in this house.'

'Here! What do you mean? Somebody in my own house?'

'Yes. The Greek affair is known. They have been put upon their guard in Athens.'

'By whom?' cried the Baronet, starting from his chair.

'By somebody whom we cannot trace—somebody who must have had access to your papers.'

'No one has had access to my papers. I always take good care of that, Goslin—very good care of that. The affair has leaked out at your end, not at mine.'

'At our end we are always circumspect,' the Frenchman said calmly. 'Rest assured that nobody but we ourselves are aware of our operations or intentions. We know only too well that any revelation would assuredly bring upon us—disaster.'

'But a revelation has actually been made!' exclaimed Sir Henry, bending forward. 'Therefore the worst is to be feared.'

'Exactly. That is what I am endeavouring to convey.'

'The betrayal must have come from your end, I expect; not from here.'

'I regret to assert that it came from here—from this very room.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because in Athens they have a complete copy of one of the documents which you showed me on the last occasion I was here, and which we have never had in our possession.'

The blind man was silent. The allegation admitted of no argument.

'My daughter Gabrielle is the only person who has seen it, and she understands nothing of our affairs, as you know quite well.'

'She may have copied it.'

'My daughter would never betray me, Goslin,' said Sir Henry in a hard, distinct voice, rising from the table and slowly walking down the long, book-lined room.

'Has no one else been able to open your safe and examine its contents?' asked the Frenchman, glancing over to the small steel door let into the wall close to where he was sitting.

'No one. Though I'm blind, do you consider me a fool? Surely I recognise only too well how essential is secrecy. Have I not always taken the most extraordinary precautions?'

'You have, Sir Henry. I quite admit that. Indeed, the precautions you've taken would, if known to the world, be regarded—well, as simply amazing.'

'I hope the world will never know the truth.'

'It will know the truth. They have the copies in Athens. If there is a traitor—as we have now proved the existence of one—then we can never in future rest secure. At any moment another exposure may result, with its attendant disaster.'

The Baronet halted before one of the long windows, the morning sunshine falling full upon his sad, gray face. He drew a long sigh and said, 'Goslin, do not let us discuss the future. Tell me exactly what is the present situation.'

'The present situation,' the Frenchman said in a dry, matter-of-fact voice, 'is one full of peril for us. You have, over there in your safe, a certain paper—a confidential report which you received direct from Vienna. It was brought to you by special messenger because its nature was not such as should be sent through the post. A trusted official of the Austrian Ministry of Foreign Affairs brought it here. To whom did he deliver it?'

'To Gabrielle. She signed a receipt.'

'And she broke the seals?'

'No. I was present, and she handed it to me. I broke the seals myself. She read it over to me.'

'Ah!' ejaculated the Frenchman suspiciously. 'It is unfortunate that you are compelled to entrust our secrets to a woman.'

'My daughter is my best friend; indeed, perhaps my only friend.'

'Then you have enemies?'

'Who has not?'

'True. We all of us have enemies,' replied the mysterious visitor. 'But in this case, how do you account for that report falling into the hands of the people in Athens? Who keeps the key of the safe?'

'I do. It is never out of my possession.'

'At night what do you do with it?'

'I hide it in a secret place in my room, and I sleep with the door locked.'

'Then, as far as you are aware, nobody has ever had possession of the key—not even mademoiselle your daughter?'

'Not even Gabrielle. I always lock and unlock the safe myself.'

'But she has access to its contents when it is open,' the visitor remarked. 'Acting as your secretary, she is, of course, aware of a good deal of your business.'

'No; you are mistaken. Have we not arranged a code in order to prevent her from satisfying her woman's natural inquisitiveness?'

'That's admitted. But the document in question, though somewhat guarded, is sufficiently plain to any one acquainted with the nature of our negotiations.'

The blind man crossed to the safe, and with the key upon his chain opened it, and, after fumbling in one of the long iron drawers revealed within, took out a big oblong envelope, orange-coloured and secured with five black seals, now, however, broken.

This he handed to his friend, saying, 'Read it again, to refresh your memory. I know myself what it says pretty well by heart.'

Monsieur Goslin drew forth the paper within and read the lines of close, even writing. It was in German. He stood near the window as he read, while Sir Henry remained near the open safe.

Hill tapped at the bolted door, but his master replied that he did not wish to be disturbed.

'Yes,' the Frenchman said at last, 'the copy they have in Athens is exact—word for word.'

'They may have obtained it from Vienna.'

'No; it came from here. There are some pencilled comments in your daughter's handwriting.'

'They were dictated by me.'

'Exactly. And they appear in the copy now in the hands of the people in Athens! Thus it is doubly proved that it was this actual document which was copied. But by whom?'

'Ah!' sighed the helpless man, his face drawn and paler than usual, 'Gabrielle is the only person who has had sight of it.'

'Mademoiselle surely could not have copied it,' remarked the Frenchman. 'Has she a lover?'

'Yes; the son of a neighbour of mine, a very worthy young fellow.'

Goslin grunted dubiously. It was apparent that he suspected her of trickery. Information such as had been supplied to the Greek Government would, he knew, be paid for, and at a high price. Had mademoiselle's lover had a hand in that revelation?

'I would not suggest for a single moment, Sir Henry, that mademoiselle your daughter would act in any way against your personal interests; but'——

'But what?' demanded the blind man fiercely, turning towards his visitor.

'Well, it is peculiar—very peculiar—to say the least.'

Sir Henry was silent. Within himself he was compelled to admit that certain suspicion attached to Gabrielle. And yet was she not his most devoted—nay, his only—friend? 'Some one has copied the report—that's evident,' he said in a low, hard voice, reflecting deeply.

'And by so doing has placed us in a position of grave peril, Sir Henry—imminent peril,' remarked the visitor. 'I see in this an attempt to obtain further knowledge of our affairs. We have a secret enemy, who, it seems, has found a vulnerable point in our armour.'

'Surely my own daughter cannot be my enemy!' cried the blind man in dismay.

'You say she has a lover,' remarked the Frenchman, speaking slowly and with deliberation. 'May not he be the instigator?'

'Walter Murie is upright and honourable,' replied the blind man. 'And yet'—— A long-drawn sigh prevented the conclusion of that sentence.

'Ah, I know!' exclaimed the mysterious visitor in a tone of sympathy. 'You are uncertain in your conclusions because of your terrible affliction. Sometimes, alas! my dear friend, you are imposed upon, because you are blind.'

'Yes,' responded the other bitterly. 'That is the truth, Goslin. Because I cannot see like other men, I have been deceived—foully and grossly deceived and betrayed! But—but,' he cried, 'they thought to ruin me, and I've tricked them, Goslin—yes, tricked them! Have no fear. For the present our secrets are our own!'

(To be continued.)

OXFORD AND EDINBURGH: A CONTRAST.

IT is some time now since R. L. Stevenson summed up in a single paragraph the difference between a university education in Oxford and in Edinburgh. All that can be attempted is to develop the subject along the lines suggested by him, without any of his rare felicity and terse vividness of phrase. Certainly his standpoint is not that of a severely impartial judge, for who can write of his Alma Mater without a bias in favour of her especially distinctive traits? He does not waste much space on the ideal world of gardens, 'where young men of wealth and leisure lead a semi-scenic life, costumed, disciplined, and drilled by proctors;' he concentrates all his playful, loving irony on the 'crowded classrooms,' 'the gaunt quadrangle,' 'the freedom alike from restraint and gentility,' of his own student-days. Even so, the great lines of contrast are there. For the Oxford world is peculiarly and essentially 'ideal.' Nowhere else does a young man get so complete, and yet so 'safe,' a rehearsal of life; nowhere else is reality so carefully concealed, and at the same time so ably travestied. All the elements are there but one: responsibility. Idleness and industry, thrift and extravagance, asceticism and self-indulgence, may all be given a trial without incurring the full penalty of recklessness, and with a quite unnatural likelihood of a reward for virtue. Physical, moral, intellectual self-development, the life of the student, of the country gentleman, of the athlete, of the

politician, even of the journalist or the actor, may all be sampled and thrown aside in the magic years between matriculation and a degree. All roads are open except one—the road to final ruin. Thither the way is barred by those gentlemen to whom R. L. S. assigns such versatile functions: the proctors and their allies. Once transgress the broad limits allowed to youthful extravagances, once show yourself a serious scoundrel, and you disappear from among the players of a game which you obviously do not understand, lest you should tempt them to follow your example and to mistake the rehearsal for the real drama. But if you *will* only 'play the game,' yours is indeed an enviable position. Nowhere else is youth so completely supreme. No other city—not even Cambridge—is so thoroughly a university town. You stand on the Cumnor Hills or on the road above Elsfield, and the beautiful vision of the little, old city—the 'glittering Thames,' the old trees, 'the dreaming spires and antique towers,' all the most familiar features so often celebrated—seems wholly sacred to academic usage, consecrated to the service of some three thousand fortunate young men and of their deferential advisers. It is indeed a city of gardens, set in a country-side which inspired Milton's *L'Allegro* and Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, the sweet, unambitious English scenery which is as lovable as it is distinctive. What a kingdom this for those same fortunate young men! No one ventures to dispute their pre-eminence. The river is the place where they pursue at once the great business of rowing and the amusements of sailing and punting. The stray barges which sometimes struggle up to Folly Bridge on some merely commercial errand look pitifully out of place amidst the swirl of passing eights, with their rhythmic swing and rattling oars. Again, the meadows and the parks are intended (at any rate in their eyes) primarily to give the undergraduates a congenial setting for a Sunday stroll and for week-day games. The inevitable nursery-maids and their charges as well as the other circumambient townsmen are present merely on sufferance. The 'sights' of the city are the colleges where 'the men' reside, the halls where they dine, the libraries where they may read, and above all 'the men' themselves. In the summer they live in an atmosphere of American homage, made rather inconvenient by American curiosity. The High Street is lined with shops competing to supply them with the best purple socks, the best briars and meerschaums, the best sporting prints. What happens to the shopkeepers in the vacation? It is a nice problem; for surely the custom of a stray don or two, chained to North Oxford by examination-papers, cannot tide them over those dreary six months!

The picture is over-coloured perhaps, but still it represents, it is submitted, the undergraduate point of view with considerable accuracy. The University is, as a matter of fact, not co-extensive with Oxford, nor is the undergraduate a synonym for the University. The city has at least one title to fame as the owner, since the days before Domesday, of those twenty-five acres which are now Port Meadow. The senior members, loosely called 'the dons,' are so far from being negligible that the government of the whole University is, broadly speaking, in their hands. In the sphere of university business the omnipotent undergraduate has no voice. Still, the life, the spirit, the broad characteristics of the place are contributed by that 'ever-rolling stream' of four-year generations. To use their own slang, it is they who 'buy' the place. It is their fresh, naïve, half-humorous, half-serious 'experiments in living' which fascinate the townsmen, alternately amuse and alarm the dons, and completely absorb themselves.

In Edinburgh it is a very different story. Here there is no suggestion of the university town. From any one of the innumerable points of view round Edinburgh you may see a sight which even an Oxonian must confess to be by no means inferior to the Elsfield view itself. To the Scotsman, one suspects, there would seem to be no comparison whatever; he would find it hard to grant the Thames valley the title to be considered scenery at all. At any rate, if Oxford be a beautiful city, Edinburgh is above all a fine and noble one. Arthur's Seat and the Pentlands, the Forth and the Highland hills, these form a setting very different from the quaint charm of the Berkshire ranges. It is something more than the difference between Cowper and Wordsworth. In the city itself the Castle Rock rises like a throne above as tangled a medley of human life as was ever swept together helter-skelter into one small piece of hilly ground. But 'swept together' is the wrong word; rather the city seems to have been built up with many years of painful effort, blindly and without plan, into a whole of unconscious grandeur. The whole effect is inexpressibly suggestive of the restless strugglings of humanity, breathless and yet impotent, under the wide sky and among the changeless hills. From the outside, at any rate, it does not suggest the home of peaceful sinecures and philosophic solutions of eternal problems.

From the outside, again, Edinburgh University seems to breathe in a different atmosphere from that of Oxford. Here the amiable fiction that the race is to the young is not so sedulously maintained. The drama seems to be far less of a rehearsal; there is less carelessness and irresponsibility, and a corresponding amount of concentration and narrowness of purpose, a juster sense of proportion. The Edinburgh man has begun the battle of life, the Oxonian is still winning prizes and taking buffets in the lists. Thus in the capital of Scotland the undergraduate feels himself to be a mere by-product, at most a single wheel in a vast machine. His goings and comings to classes or games or meetings make scarcely a change in the traffic of a busy metropolis. He can come into touch at every turn with the big things of life; the real world of wealth

and fashion, the real world of misery and crime, the real world of effort and industry and earnestness are thrown together in exceptional closeness of contact in this most romantic of British cities. So far from living in a sheltered 'grove of Academe,' the Scotch student has an almost unique opportunity of grasping the glaring contrasts, the stirring realities, of life; it is his own fault if he becomes a pedant or a prig, his own merit if he keeps clear of vice and ruin. No one stands to him *in loco parentis* except his own sturdiness of character and his own sense that he must draw a line somewhere. In Oxford temptations are few and safeguards many; in Edinburgh the relations are reversed.

It certainly comes as a shock to the Oxford man to discover that here, as he might say, every one is a 'Tosher,' dons included. By this violent abbreviation of the title of 'unattached student' he is accustomed to express some amount of contempt, or at least of pity. And he finds it hard to understand a university which seems to get along without that peculiar piece of subtle constitutional balance, the relation that keeps together and apart a bankrupt university and a group of wealthy colleges. He is accustomed to professors who only emerge from a course of research to give lectures equally unprofitable (for the schools), to a tutor whose theories on his character and attainments are at once 'futile' and inconvenient, to a double process of extortion under the head of 'Battells' and 'Dues.' He knows that the proctors' fines are a great bulwark of university finance, and that if the proctor be a member of his own college he has a good chance of escaping without the customary five-shilling fine. In brief, he has a sort of intuitive grasp of the principles of a complicated federation, which he is often incapable of turning to account in researches into (strictly) political science. In Oxford, in fact, reality is sacrificed to *esprit de corps*. The Fellows of the various colleges are themselves a close corporation, co-opting to all vacancies, exposed to all the temptations and reaping all the advantages of a common life. To the best type of don the college is at once a mother and a son. Natures of real depth and warmth have found in college business and college teaching an outlet for all their best instincts and a sphere of influence of wide extent and value. The outside world has become for them a battle in which they could best fight by deputy, and many of the foremost combatants have felt that they owed their success to them. The undergraduates, on their side, have an even more intense, though less deep-rooted, patriotism. 'Outcollege men' are their rivals in athletics and in the schools, to be defeated with almost as much zest as the champions of rival universities. They sedulously train themselves to an attitude of armed neutrality and virulent criticism against all but the members of their own college. Amongst a group of the latter they form a bond of the very closest intimacy, a relation which is the distilled essence of friendship. Within these groups may be united men of the most varied tastes and interests, for the link is not necessarily a common course of study, but rather those attractions of type and character whose strength is often far greater than that of mere intellectual affinities. Such friendships are the one abiding treasure conferred by Oxford, the great justification of the sheltered life, the idleness dignified as 'leisure,' the distorted enthusiasms of that parody of the real world. Taking root as they do in a carefully prepared soil of irresponsibility and light-heartedness, they are proof against all the shocks of experience and a permanent connection with the ideal days of youth. The Edinburgh student makes real and lasting friendships too, but they are the friendships of men of the world shaped by common experience, based on common interests; there is in them perhaps more intellectual stimulus—for there it is not bad form to talk 'shop'—but less romance. There may have been a great deal of nonsense talked about the charm of medievalism and the refining influence of 'sweet and solemn cloisters.' But to lean out of a fifteenth-century window into a moonlit garden at midnight discussing ultimate reality with a temporary atheist is a unique experience, with a value quite distinct from the profundity of the conclusions arrived at.

All this militant corporate feeling is very faintly reproduced in Edinburgh. In brief, there is here neither a tutorial nor a collegiate system in the Oxford sense of the terms. The professors and their deputies are directly concerned merely with the intellectual development of their classes as a whole; there is little individual tuition, and even less of that system of tactful supervision which expands itself at meetings of the senior common-rooms, when, it is reported, the purblind don shows an alarming acquaintance with the achievements of recent revellers. The lines of division between the students are thus drawn far more in accordance with their special studies than at Oxford; medicals and 'Old Quadders' tend to live separate lives, and different sets find it hard to maintain an acquaintance with each other's members. At the same time, the Union plays a part as a common meeting-place very different from the Oxford equivalent, where the Library and the Debating Hall are the chief features made use of by the 'best men.' The various 'houses' and 'halls,' too—a kind of amalgamation managed by a committee of the occupants of what in Oxford are called 'digs'—have a measure of corporate life; and university athletics, for those who are qualified to take a part in them, are another common bond. Clubs and debating societies are rife in either University, but the latter especially seem a more vigorous growth in the argumentative North. Still, it is broadly true that Edinburgh, with far greater powers of self-government than Oxford, has far less *esprit de corps*.

Indeed, it seems probable that a good many of the peculiarities which distinguish the two Universities

arise as much from national character and conditions as from the difference of site and history. If Edinburgh University had been situated in a small town, a sheltered valley, since seven hundred years ago, even so it would probably have been something very different from Oxford. The young men who come up to the latter establishment are many of them a closer approximation to the type of Lord Byron than to that of Robert Burns. And in the affairs of men (and of boys) there is a broad distinction between those whose whole ambition is to save money and those for whom the supreme art is that of spending it. It matters not whether the one type fails in its ambition and the other over-cultivates its art; they can never meet on equal terms or see life with the same eyes. Those magnificent young people who employ the 'cabbies' of Oxford to drive them to and from their games, whose picnics on the Cherwell are only one degree less *recherché* than their lunches in college, whose costume is always either extravagantly careless or meticulously correct, who, in fact, are the aristocracy of the University in everything but intellect, have no corresponding type in Edinburgh. Rhodes scholars say that what they have learnt in Oxford is to expect the college porter to touch his hat to them and their scout to call them 'sir.' And no doubt a good number of young men acquire a graceful knack of getting things done for them which may or may not be useful in after-life. But all this bespeaks a degree of civilisation of which the Scotch student cannot boast. The social hierarchy is not so highly organised; the standard of expenditure is considerably lower among those who haunt the Infirmary and the classrooms. The humble tram-car to which the 'blood' cannot be persuaded to condescend is often eschewed from another motive in the North. Here, again, Edinburgh is closer to real life than Oxford. For many men their time at Oxford is the most luxurious they will ever enjoy; they burn recklessly far better coal than they will ever be able to afford in the future; they entertain on two hundred and fifty pounds a year (and debts) on a scale which would mean an income of several thousands in 'married life.' In Scotland, on the other hand, a university career may mean a sacrifice such as may never have to be made again. Instead of four years' idleness to prepare for a dreary and laborious life, it may represent four years' privation to gain the first step towards success. Just as the medical school, no doubt, helps the student to experience of real life while he is 'up,' so when he 'goes down' it holds out hopes of something better than a curacy or an undermastership. At any rate, it cannot be denied that the Scotch student is a far more careful, serious, hard-working person, when he is conscientious or ambitious, than the English; and that his pleasures, if he be so inclined, are, whether innocent or not, at least less expensive. The Scotsman cannot afford to throw a veneer of Byronic romance over his youthful follies or premature vices; there is nothing aristocratic about him whether he is or is not marked out for success in life. Compare the picturesque Gothic of Magdalen or Merton with the dour symmetry of the old Quadrangle, and it is easy to see parallels amongst the types which frequent them.

Still, the student is not perpetually pursuing, with compressed lips and square-set jaw, the road either to hard-earned success or to inexpensive dissipation. Wayside flowers contrive to bloom about his bleak country-side, and he himself occasionally relaxes the tension of effort and goes out to meet that 'lighter hour' which is the constant preoccupation of his southern brother. And here he is assisted by an ally whose presence was not even heralded in R. L. S.'s youth. The absence of college rules and restrictions makes possible a condition of things which gives the lie to Edinburgh's alleged lack of civilisation. The position of women-students at Oxford is one of seclusion, reminiscent of governesses and 'crocodiles.' The undergraduate confronted with the problem of chaperonage is reduced to despair. Indeed, things could not well be otherwise, when so few of the ladies live anywhere but in the Halls, where restrictions and formalities are an essential part of the system. At Edinburgh, on the other hand, there is far more freedom, and etiquette is based rather on unwritten, but therefore doubly recognised, law than on the formal edicts of authority. The women-students play a part in university concerns which is apportioned simply to their interest and capacity. That august body the Students' Representative Council has ladies amongst its members. Debating societies with both men and women members are quite numerous. In fact, there is throughout an atmosphere of open and self-respecting comradeship between students of both sexes which seems to the southerner eminently courageous and sensible. Youthful romances are perhaps not so rigorously confined to the vacations as in the South, but on the whole the young people seem to show a power of regulating their own concerns on certain well-defined principles which might well disappear in a less liberally governed society.

As regards other manifestations of the students' lighter moods, it behoves an outsider to speak with diffidence. But Edinburgh, it would seem, has its characteristic equivalent for those evenings when the less sporting members of the colleges, both senior and junior, are 'screwed up,' or their furniture distrained upon as fuel for a 'bonner;' when, in fact, some college success has to be celebrated with becoming boisterousness. As might have been expected, the 'out-college man' is too much of a stranger to form a welcome ally in an Oxford 'rag.' Noises of all sorts arise far more spontaneously in the absence of members of another college, whose criticisms would probably be unfavourable. At Edinburgh, where the 'classes' have far more corporate feeling, and there is no such strong cross-division to break them up, the natural outlet

for public opinion is the classroom rather than the Quad. We have no desire to reveal the innocent devices by which the undergraduate is wont to distinguish between those whom he respects and those of whom he disapproves. And on the other side, we feel it would be impertinent to investigate the student's methods of adjudicating upon his lecturers. The atmosphere, it appears, is often bracing, and it does not do to show lack of command of your subject if you desire to make yourself heard. At any rate, it is a very different thing to face an organised and critical audience of keen Scotsmen than to harangue politely a heterogeneous collection of Oxonians who will attempt to discourage you only by yawns. Outside the classroom world the distinction still holds. The Oxford undergraduate never realises his corporate unity except at the various athletic contests against Cambridge, particularly the 'Rugger Match.' At the dreary ceremony of the Encænia, it is true, he is expected to be politely and moderately facetious at the expense of the recipients of degrees. Contrast this chartered—nay, almost subsidised—libertinism with what is known as 'the Rectorial.' At a General Election the Oxford term is postponed on purpose to save the undergraduate from the contact of faction. In Edinburgh the students have an election all to themselves, fought out on party grounds and in a spirit of robust partisanship worthy of the best traditions of the party system. Here again the outsider feels his powers inadequate. He can only say that if there were a Lord Rector at Oxford the proctors would have their hands full, and the University chest would ultimately be replenished by a very welcome addition to its contents.

No man can serve two masters, nor two universities. It will have become pretty obvious to which of the two the present writer cleaves. He can only hope that he may be forgiven for the inaccuracies and omissions of the one (and the smaller) half of his treatment of the subject, and for the disproportionate expansion of the other half. After all, can one have more than one Alma Mater, and is she not always the best possible?

DISILLUSIONED.

By A. Fraser Robertson, Author of *A Middle-Aged Romance*, &c.

WHEN Mildred Darvell married Roger Bagstock, and came to settle with her husband in Gilchester, more than one, struck by an indefinable incongruity in the pair, hazarded the speculation, 'What could she possibly have seen in him?' Cynics solved the problem in a word. 'A good match!' they said.

But, for once, cynics were mistaken. The explanation was to seek in quite another quarter. The truth was that Mildred—loitering through a peaceful girlhood among leafy country lanes, living a free, untrammelled life close to Nature, with a visionary student for father and books for companions—had unconsciously caught the trick of idealising; and pre-eminently she had idealised the married state. It represented to her mind, first and foremost, a communion of souls; secondly, a dual pilgrimage through life, in which similarity of tastes, unanimity of pursuits, a common endeavour to uplift and benefit one's fellow-creatures, each played a part.

So, when she met Roger Bagstock at the house of a friend, and he proposed to her, she found no difficulty whatever in idealising his prosaic, unromantic personality; in inserting him, so to speak, as the central figure in the mental picture she had conjured up. Then, too, Cousin Jack's was a fading image. He had been away for so long. She had almost forgotten that he had ever occupied the foreground. Altogether, Mildred was prepared to embark on her new life with high hopes.

One day, on the eve of their wedding, she voiced some of the fervent aspirations of her inmost heart. 'We shall be able to cultivate our mutual tastes, Roger; to ride our hobbies together,' she said to her lover. The unaccustomed plural pronoun held a charming novelty for her.

'We've got to furnish our house first,' came her fiancé's practical response. 'That will take a good slice of money as well as of time.' And he looked serious. A passion for economy had successfully survived the acquisition of great riches.

'But it will be such pleasant work!' she said in her pretty, eager way, like the bubbling of a fountain. Her spontaneity was one of her chief charms. 'We can poke round old shops together, pick up curios, collect odds and ends, and be in no hurry.'

But one day, when they had been married about a month, and were still on their honeymoon, Mrs Bagstock came to the conclusion, *à propos* of the house furnishing, that either her husband had misunderstood her or that she had misunderstood her husband.

'By the way,' he observed, 'about the house. I thought it better to have everything cut and dried, so I gave Marston & Seale orders not to stop short at the staple articles, but to supply all the small things as well—the ornamental as well as the essential; in fact, from attic to basement, to make the house ready for us to step into. I got an estimate first, of course.'

Mildred's face expressed an incredulous dismay. 'You don't mean that you have let Marston & Seale supply *everything*,' she said slowly—'the things that no one could possibly choose but ourselves, all

the little *et ceteras*—the almost personal trifles—that express one's individuality?'

Her husband looked taken aback by her unexpected earnestness, and answered with some asperity, 'Haven't I made myself clear? I have given Marston & Seale *carte blanche* to make the house habitable, down to the smallest detail—to leave nothing out. It will save no end of trouble. I can assure you they know what they are about. You don't need to be afraid of omissions. Their estimate was stiffish, but in a matter of the sort it doesn't do to haggle.'

Mrs Bagstock opened her lips to speak, but on second thoughts swallowed alike her words and her chagrin.

The house, when she was introduced to it, proved to be precisely what she had expected: ornate, expensive-looking, tasteless, stiff, expressive of nothing but the upholsterer's art. And everything had been provided, down to photo-frames and flower-glasses! Mildred's heart sank. At least, they could not provide the photos and the flowers!

'Uncommonly well done!' Mr Bagstock commented, contemplating his possessions with pompous satisfaction. And she, feeling called upon to say something, faltered in reply, 'It certainly seems complete.'

Roger complacently rattled some loose coins in his pocket before going off to the machinery works where he coined the money on which he so unwearingly plumed himself.

The newly married couple did not want for hospitality from their neighbours. It happened to be the season in Gilchester for a succession of ponderous dinner-parties, and to these Roger and his wife were systematically bidden. Mrs Bagstock was pretty and lady-like, and Roger was a man of substance and a power in municipal affairs. The people whom they met at these functions seemed to the young wife inexpressibly dreary, prosaic, and narrow-minded, with no thought beyond their 'common' round, their business prosperity, the vulgar well-being of themselves and their children.

After a series of these, Mr Bagstock proposed to return the neighbours' hospitality.

'And I'll have the thing done handsomely, mind you! No stint about it! No matter what it costs. I want it to be better done than any one else's,' he announced in his bombastic way from the hearth-rug, rattling the coins in his pocket, according to custom.

Then Mildred's irrepressible longing burst bounds. 'Roger,' she pleaded from behind the coffee-pot, 'don't you think we might strike out a line for ourselves? Do let us! Don't let us give one of those costly, dreary dinners, where the sole business is eating and drinking. Let us rather ask one or two congenial spirits, and make conversation and perhaps music a part of the programme.' She coloured, half-abashed at her own temerity.

Her husband's heavy brows met in a frown. Then he guffawed derisively. 'My dear girl,' he said, 'it strikes me you've a thing or two to learn. And the first is that the people who compare a well-cooked dinner and champagne *ad lib.* with a dose of music and high-flown talk don't inhabit this part of the globe. No, no! Do as I say. I'll make out the list. You can write the invitations. And the thing is to be well done, mind you.'

By this time, when her husband's thick lips took that obstinate set, Mildred had come to know that protest was futile, that her only safe course lay in dumb acquiescence.

And yet a few days later she made another attempt to catch the vanishing skirts of those ideals with which she had started her married life. 'Roger,' she said, 'I've been thinking. Couldn't we do something together—you and I—in the evenings, those we spend at home?'

He had a trying way of opening his pig-like eyes to their fullest extent when she made a proposition he considered impracticable. He did this now, frowning, too, in fretted surprise. 'I can't stand your fiddle-faddling games for two—bézique, draughts, and such like,' he returned; 'though I can take a hand at whist when I'm wanted.'

'I don't mean games,' she explained patiently. 'But I've unpacked my books from home. I thought I might read you some of my favourites. Or if you would prefer to read to me? Then there is my music. If you came to the drawing-room, I could play to you. We have been so busy mixing with other people since we married,' she added half-shyly, 'that we don't seem to have had time to get nearer each other.'

'Piano-playing generally sends me to sleep,' he rejoined bluntly. 'But, bless my soul! don't mind me. Go to the drawing-room after dinner if you wish to, and leave me to my pipe.'

'Suppose, rather, I read to you while you smoke in the library,' she suggested, loath to relinquish her dreams of making their dual existence something like what she had pictured it.

'Read if you like,' he assented ungraciously.

She had long ago unpacked her treasures from home. The house had seemed less dreary since her books and music had arrived. Her fingers fluttered uncertainly over her bookcases while she made her choice. Would he like a volume of poems or of essays? Better perhaps begin with the essays, she told herself. She fixed on Emerson's *Society and Solitude*. Her heart swelled high with hope. She would yet save their life from becoming engulfed in this sordid materialism that threatened it!

She put on one of her prettiest frocks, and after dinner crossed the hall to the library, her hand linked affectionately in her husband's arm.

They took easy-chairs on either side of the hearth. Roger lighted his pipe and intimated in a tolerant tone that she might 'fire away.'

She opened her book and began a little nervously. She gathered courage as she proceeded. Roger smoked. His silence seemed to say that he was interested. She had struck the right note at last!

Books were to prove the bond, the lever by which he was to be raised out of the slough of materialism into which circumstances had sunk him. They were to penetrate the thick crust by which his higher nature was being overlaid. An agreeable glow warmed her at the thought.

She knew she had a pleasing, musical reading voice. She became aware presently, without looking up, that Roger had knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it on the chimney-piece. He was apparently too much absorbed to light another. Elatedly she read on, throwing all her heart into her occupation.

Suddenly a sound struck on her ear—regular, rhythmic, stertorous. She looked up in startled amaze, to be succeeded by chagrin, then bitter disappointment. Her audience was *asleep!*

Thus abruptly brought to earth, she contemplated the heavy, sensuous features before her, the puffy closed eyes, the half-open mouth, the large limbs luxuriously relaxed in repose. She listened to the placid snoring with almost a feeling of repugnance. Her book had fallen shut on her lap. Gradually the muscles of her face began to work. Two difficult tears gathered in her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. 'It isn't any good,' she said to herself with a voiceless sob.

But Mildred Bagstock was not easily discouraged. And she had begun her married life with such high ideals, such dreams of congenial companionship, of purposeful living! She could not relinquish these without a struggle. If the cultivation of mutual tastes was an impossible bridge with which to span the gulf that divided her and her husband, what of philanthropy—the benefiting of others? Did that offer no opening? She would at least try it.

Circumstances favoured her.

'Roger,' she said one day, 'Mrs Selwyn has been here. She is greatly interested in the scheme of benefiting the navvies who are coming to construct the new railway line. She is anxious to rouse the people round. Her idea is to get up a drawing-room meeting, with suitable speakers. But her room is too small. She asked me if I would lend ours. I feel very strongly that, surrounded as we shall presently be by this class, their moral and physical welfare constitutes a very real responsibility.'

She had got thus far when her husband looked up from his morning paper and cut across her.

'The less you take to do with the navvies the better,' he said, and 'clicked' his tongue against his teeth in a final way peculiarly abhorrent to her. 'As a class, they are degraded and depraved to the last degree.'

'But, Roger,' she pleaded, 'isn't it all the more our duty to do what we can to elevate them?'

'I won't have you mixing yourself up with anything of the sort,' he said dogmatically. 'I have no sympathy with the thing. Isn't your life full enough as it is, with your social duties, your calls, the ordering of your household, the exercising of your horses, that you must needs go meddling with outside affairs? I'm sure you've had enough of gaiety since you came north to satisfy most women!'

'Oh, you don't understand, Roger!' she cried, goaded to self-defence. 'It isn't *that* I want. Calls, and long, heavy dinners, with dull, commonplace people, whose one idea is pecuniary prosperity! I am sick and surfeited with these things. I want to *do* something with my life—to improve myself, to make the world a shade better, to help some one upwards. I have a soul as well as a body, Roger, and my soul is being starved!'

It was an occasion for Mr Bagstock to open his eyes to their widest and to fix them in disapproving astonishment on his young wife. What high-flown rot she talked at times! She ought to be made to drop some of that ridiculous sentiment of hers. He hated a woman to go into heroics over nothing.

'If you ask me,' he said irritably, rattling the inevitable coins in his pocket, 'I call you confoundedly discontented. It seems to me that you have an uncommonly good time of it all round. Yours is a lot most women would envy. Money, comfort, fine clothes'——

She broke out in an ejaculation of repulsion, throwing out her hands as if to ward off the hateful words. 'Money, comfort, clothes!' she echoed. 'Are these all one has to live for? Does life offer no nobler ambitions?'

He chose to be offended. Bluntly regardless of other people's feelings, he was yet, like many of his type, astonishingly sensitive where his own were involved. 'I'm afraid, having married me, you'll have to be content with what I've got to give you,' he said in deeply injured accents. 'It seems to me' —with a clumsy attempt at irony—'that, considering what I took you from, you are not exactly to be pitied. The world, in fact, might even call you lucky.'

She turned wearily away. She did not attempt to soothe him as she sometimes did when he flared up, or to smooth away her own offending statements. A hard, despairing recklessness seemed to have taken possession of her. Every finer feeling was dried up, warped, shrivelled.

'Content with what he has to give me!' she echoed when he had left her. Her hands clasped each other loosely in her lap; her head drooped dejectedly forward. 'Poor fool that I was, to imagine that marriage with *him* could ever be a union of souls!'

It was a few weeks later that her cousin Jack came home from abroad. She had, in a measure, lost her soft, rounded beauty, her pretty, eager, spontaneous manner. She had grown dull and apathetic. He came to lunch. Roger Bagstock was never at home for lunch. Jack found a smartly dressed woman, her once gracious manner grown hard and metallic, her beautiful face mask-like, stiffened into the semblance of a statue. He voiced

his startled surprise without thinking. 'In Heaven's name, Milly, what have you been doing to yourself?'

She coloured hotly, quivering at his words. Then gradually, beneath the rush of glad emotion the sight of him brought, the old crowding memories, the interest of hearing his experiences, the subtle delight of being with a kindred spirit, the metallic manner softened and melted, and left her the old Milly he had loved ever since he could remember. But as she became soft and gracious as of yore, he himself grew tongue-tied. His pulses throbbed in wild, uncontrolled fashion. The awful conviction swept over him that she was unhappy.

When he was leaving her his self-control broke down. In an agony of resentful compassion, of impotent sympathy, ambiguous, unconsidered words poured impetuously from his lips. Crushing her delicate fingers in a fierce grip and looking into her beautiful, changed face, his own twitching the while and the veins standing out like thick cords, he stammered, 'Milly, remember, should you ever want help, you have but to command me!'

She was strangely moved by his vehemence and a certain undefined electricity in the air. He left her trembling.

Ah, what a day it had been! In the sunshine of his companionship her withered soul had seemed to expand again. The warm glow of mutual interests had animated her. A new life had pulsed in her veins. She had basked again in a fellow-creature's sympathy, thrilled to his broad, generous views of life.

That night, how happened it that every single detail of her sordid surroundings seemed to stab her separately and individually? How was it that she recoiled with an irrepressible repugnance from her husband's presence, that all the ugliness of his familiar ways suddenly stood out in jarring, accentuated relief? He seemed to eat more noisily than usual. Her sensitive ears shuddered, though she had fondly imagined they were growing dulled and accustomed. And, oh crowning offence! why, after dinner, did he undo the lowest confining button of his waistcoat? Why did he rattle the loose coins in his pockets, straddling on the hearth-rug (his favourite attitude), looking out on his possessions—herself among the number—with the aggressive complacency of the prosperous self-made man? Why, oh, why, finally, did he goad her to her doom?

She made a last appeal with the desperate instinct to ward it off. 'Roger,' she pleaded, unaware of the ring of entreaty in her tones, 'let me have Clare and Harold for a week's visit. You know I haven't seen them since my marriage.'

A swift frown furrowed her husband's heavy brows. 'Clare and Harold!' he echoed. 'No, thank you! I am not particularly inhospitable, but that type of visitor doesn't appeal to me. Propose some one a little less stilted and a little more human than that high-flown sister of yours and her impecunious curate, and I may consider it. I couldn't live up to them.'

'But you would see so little of them,' she urged. It was against her principles to remonstrate with him, browbeating being the invariable tactics with which he met that species of warfare. 'You are away all day. You have even taken to working in the evenings.'

'And aren't you the last who should complain?' he snapped at her, in ready offence. 'Who benefits more directly than yourself, pray? Compare your circumstances with your sister's, for instance. She's hardly better than a pauper, while you want for nothing that money can give. Look at me!' He swelled himself out. 'Is there a better or more successful business man in the country, though I say it, that shouldn't? And while other men have been pitch-forked into positions, I have myself alone to thank—my own sheer, dogged push and perseverance.'

'Oh, I know, I know!' she said wearily. How sickeningly familiar was the well-worn phraseology! 'But, Roger, money isn't everything,' she reminded him, fixing him with dumb, appealing eyes.

'It's a biggish bit, if it isn't the whole,' he retorted sententiously.

She sat still, utterly baffled and defeated, when he had left her. She had been like a bird beating helpless, broken wings against its cage-bars. A choking sensation was in her throat at the veto on her sister and brother-in-law. But she was long past the tearful stage, even farther removed from the beseeching one. *She realised that there was no escape for her!*

She was very quiet over her next move, merely dry-eyed and desperate. She deliberately took pen and paper, and scribbled a note to her cousin: '*I can stand this no longer! I am going to you.*—MILLY.'

Then she folded, sealed, and addressed it. She would post it later, so that Jack would have it the first thing in the morning. When she had laid it away in her davenport she wandered feverishly over the house, from one ugly room to another, a burning spot on either cheek, an ominous glitter in her eye. She took up a book, then laid it down; opened the piano, only to close it after half-a-dozen bars.

Roger was late that evening, but that was nothing unusual. He was so absorbed in his money-grubbing that he usually allowed himself bare time to dash home in time for dinner. Presently she noticed that a cab stopped before the door. Voices sounded in the hall—strange voices. He had brought home a friend, but her eye did not brighten at the thought. It would inevitably be a man who would talk 'shop' all through dinner, that dreary, sordid theme of 'profit and loss' that she sometimes thought would take her brain, as if life were made up of £ *s. d.*

Then the servant's voice was in her ear: 'Mr Bagstock is in the library, ma'am. The doctor is with him, and Mr Beveridge. He has met with an accident at the works.'

She went downstairs, something seeming to clutch at her heart-strings.

Her husband was lying white and still on the couch. There was nothing shocking in his appearance, only the stunning contrast between him as he now looked, white, helpless, inert, and him as he had looked a few hours earlier, in the full flush of health.

He opened his eyes at her entrance. She went and bent over him. 'Milly,' he whispered, 'don't leave me!'

'Grave internal injuries.' That was what the doctor told her. He had fallen into the well of the hoist. It was a miracle he had escaped with his life. 'No, no bones broken; but the case more delicately complicated—in reality, worse than if there had been.'

They got him to bed.

'Mr Bagstock is asking for you,' they told his wife when he was settled. She went to him at once. He was lying, white and still, with closed eyes, but they opened at her entrance, and his hand beckoned dumbly. She bent her ear to his lips.

'Milly, stay with me!' he whispered.

'Of course, Roger,' she said, and gave an involuntary guilty start.

Half-an-hour later a sudden recollection made her furtively seek to withdraw her fingers from his clasp, but he resisted tentatively.

'Only for five minutes,' she breathed in his ear. 'I promise to be back in five minutes.'

He let her go at that. She opened the door and sped swiftly and noiselessly along the passage to her room. With unfaltering fingers she unlocked her davenport, lifted a note from the top, and tore it in a dozen pieces.

That night the doctor said, 'I've sent for a couple of nurses, Mrs Bagstock.'

'Only one, please,' Milly said firmly.

'But it may be tedious,' he urged.

'Even so,' she returned.

Tedious! The days lengthened to weeks, and the weeks to months. Life was no longer made up of ponderous social functions, rounds of calls, dreary country drives, but of the narrow limits of the four walls of a sickroom. And yet for the first time since her marriage it seemed to Mildred Bagstock that she *lived!*

'Stay beside me! Do not leave me!' It was the constant reiterated refrain of the dying man. He was like a child. His utter dependence roused in his wife all her latent maternal tenderness. Repulsion changed to pathos, contempt to a passion of pity. She did not spare herself. She refused to leave him almost for needful food and air. Doctor's prohibitions, relatives' protests, were powerless to tempt her from the sickroom. Was it merely the pathetic, clinging dependence of the strong man that moved her, or did an unspoken gratitude for escape from deadly peril prompt her? Whatever it was, she remained with him to the end.

. . . . . .

And Jack never knew—even after he had claimed her for his wife, and she had begun to realise some of her early aspirations, to taste something of that congenial companionship for which her soul had so passionately hungered—never knew how near she had come to wrecking his sacred ideal of her.

SHOULD NEW CALEDONIA BECOME BRITISH?

By JOHN GAGGIN, Author of *Among the Man-Eaters, &c.*

To the hearth of our people's people,
To her well-ploughed, windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high altars
Where the Abbey makes us we.
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine,
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power House of the Line.

Once—in our time—is there a man?

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT is being rumoured all over Australia that the people of the French colony of New Caledonia, in the western Pacific—white and black alike—are preparing a large petition to the Government of France, praying for the cession of the island and its dependencies to Great Britain, and the matter will shortly be placed before both Governments.

Would it not be most advisable, for all concerned, that such a transfer could be effected, firstly, in the interests of the New Caledonians themselves; and, secondly, to the advantage of ourselves, Britishers and Colonials alike, perhaps also much to the convenience of the Republic? There are not many French residents—apart from the officials—in the group, and it is a subject of common report that the colony costs the French Government a very large sum annually in the form of subsidies, and yet the people are restless and far from contented. For some years now criminals have not been sent to the island. The home Government gets little or nothing as a set-off in return for its very large yearly expenditure. The natives (all of the great Melanesian race) to a man much dislike also their present white rulers, and two or three native risings have had to be put down with a heavy hand.

In this connection, some years ago the writer happened to be in Noumea for the first time, the chief town of New Caledonia. Wishing to see the city, I rose at 5 A.M.—not a bad South Sea habit in a warm land—and hied me to the streets.

Presently I met a stalwart native standing in the middle of the empty roadway, with half-a-dozen sticks of sugar-cane and a dozen 'drinking-nuts' (young cocoa-nuts), the ice-creams of the Pacific. I speak many native languages, so I went up to the fellow, proposing to trade; and as I approached, spoke in dialect after dialect. But when I got within a few yards of the big fellow he gave a loud snort, took to his heels, and fled out of sight. I secured the nuts, &c., and returned to my friend's house. I met the frightened one in the town afterwards, went up quietly, took him to a shop, and made his heart glad with pipes, tobacco, a red *sulu*, and a bunch of beads. He knew my nationality after a little, and then became very friendly. Now, in no British possession would a native clear out in this way from any of us.

Would it not be well for our old motherland to offer the island of Mauritius to France in exchange for New Caledonia? Of course, as is well known, the latter is much larger than the Isle of France, being about two hundred and fifty miles in length by thirty broad; but then much of the land is sterile and unproductive, while the lands of Mauritius are among the most fertile in the world. There is not a sugar-estate in New Caledonia, while Mauritius is full of them. The Seychelle group of small islands, close to the Isle of France and Réunion, might be thrown in as a *quid pro quo* for any interest the French hold in the New Hebrides (there are less than three hundred French residents there), and also the Loyalty Isles (Lifus), close to New Caledonia, whose natives are Protestants to a man. The political prisoners now kept at the Seychelles could easily be removed to the Andaman Islands, already being used for such purposes. The good taste of our allies may well be trusted to preserve the unique coral church at Mahe, the largest isle of the Seychelle group.

The whole thing seems a fair bargain for both sides, and calculated to preserve the *amour propre* of our neighbours over the way. The inhabitants of Mauritius are also of French extraction mostly, and would probably hail with delight the exchange. The island is close to Madagascar, which Lord Salisbury, for some unexplained reason, gave over to France some years back to do as she liked with. Closer still is the island of Bourbon, where likewise the reunion would be received with much joy. The sugar of Mauritius would also doubtless completely stop the importation of the German beet product into France.

Thus would all French interests be conserved about that coast, and certainly lead to French colonial prosperity and trade extension there.

From our own British Imperial point of view—at least so it seems to a mere oversea colonial—the exchange would be very advantageous to all concerned. The group could be added to the Fijis or the Commonwealth, or even form a separate colony, and its mineral resources of nickel, cobalt, and even a little coal could be developed as never can be done under present conditions. The island is surrounded by British possessions on all sides, and is close to Queensland. The group was even discovered by our own Captain Cook in 1774. There are few French—as I before observed—apart from officials. The settlers on the land are from everywhere but from France, while the contrary is the case in Mauritius. Of late years this latter island has lost much of its strategic, political, and commercial importance, to us at least. The sugar it now exports is a mere bagatelle to that from the Fijis and North Queensland, and, although worthy of consideration from a French standpoint, can affect us not at all. Of course we all know the island is surrounded by glorious memories of military and naval achievements in the past; but what part of our great Island Empire has not such? it may be asked. Also, is it not very probable that in a few years, when the Panamá Canal will be completed, much more British shipping will frequent these Southern Seas than is at present the case?

Perchance, if an exchange so manifestly advantageous to both sides were brought about, it might mark an epoch not only in our 'old, old island story,' but also in the lives of both Mr Asquith and the Earl of Crewe, the present Secretary for the Colonies, and lead mayhap to new and unthought-of harmony between this country and La Belle France. At all events it would remove a cause of frequent friction as to the New Hebrides, and act as oil on the machinery of Franco-British friendship. Of this there can be little doubt. The whole matter seems well worthy of the very grave consideration of both the British and French Governments. It need hardly be remarked that such an exchange, if it could be made, would be much appreciated alike by Australians and New Zealanders, who, so to speak, are on the verge of the Empire.

TO LOVE.

Oh, let me gaze into those eyes of thine,
And dream the days away!
Feast on the treasure of their love divine,
And learn what they would say.
Then, Love, this life shall have no care
If thou art there.

Oh, let me press those lips to mine,
And taste the sweetness of their love!
Earth has no charm to equal thine,
Nor yet the heavens above.
Life cannot give a greater bliss
Than thy sweet kiss.

Oh, let me have thee all mine own,
And let me live in thee!
Thy heart, thy soul, be mine alone,
In life, death, and eternity.
Then, Love, the future all shall be,
Happy in thee.

RICHARD THIRSK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

WHAT are called statistical abstracts have generally an uncommonly dull appearance when they emanate from Government departments; but such appearance is often proved to be deceptive when the figures presented come to be grouped and analysed. Any son of Britain who takes pride in the Empire may derive most pleasurable entertainment from examination of an official compilation lately issued dealing with the extent and some of the existing circumstances of that Empire. The book has a forbidding look, but it is found to be like a fairy tale of power and progress during the last fifteen years. It is told that there are now 11,332,000 square miles of territory under the Union-jack, and that the number of people living on it in 1901, which is the latest year for which complete figures are available, was 385,357,000. Thus there is an average of thirty-four persons to each square mile. When the census was last made it was discovered that Calcutta had assumed the place of second city of the Empire, which distinction had previously been held by Bombay. The population of Calcutta has been increasing at a very rapid rate during the last two decades, and it now stands at only a little over seven thousand short of the million; Bombay is only a few thousands behind, and occupies the third place in the Empire list; while Glasgow comes fourth, more than a hundred thousand less. Amazing increases are shown in the cases of Montreal and Johannesburg. In the former case the population in 1891 was 219,616, and it is now 450,000; while Johannesburg in 1891 contained but 26,000 people, and has now 188,000. It was found, when the numbers of the live-stock of the Empire were reckoned up in the year before last, that there were 8,000,000 of horses, over 100,000,000 of cattle, and over 200,000,000 of sheep. Within the brief period of ten years a most astounding development in the production of minerals has taken place. In 1897 some £4,500,000 was the worth of the diamonds obtained, while in 1907 it was nearly £9,000,000. The production of gold rose in the same period from £14,000,000 to £50,000,000, of silver from less than £1,000,000 to nearly £3,000,000, of coal from £64,000,000 to £134,000,000, of copper from £1,500,000 to £6,000,000, and of tin from a little over £3,000,000 to £10,500,000. And in these ten years the cotton grown within the boundaries of the Empire increased from 992,000,000 to 1,235,000,000 pounds, and the tea from 270,000,000 to 430,000,000 pounds. We are told that in 1893 the value of the foreign and inter-Imperial trade of the Empire amounted to £902,000,000, and that by 1907 it had risen to the wonderful total of £1,667,000,000. Foreign trade was 74·2 per cent. of the whole, and inter-Imperial trade 25·8 per cent. It is all a dazzling tale of millions and millions, and a constant multiplication.

* * *

These are the days of income-tax anxieties and of many arguments and indignant protests arising therefrom, and some other statistics which were got out a little while since have a special interest now. It was found that there are only twenty people in the country who pay income-tax on larger sums than £50,000 a year; but there are 241 people who have the problem set them annually of disposing of from £10,000 to £50,000, and there are more than twice as many who have from £5000 to £10,000 to live upon. Less than 1000 persons are returned as having from £3000 to £5000 a year; but there are 1539 who have from £2000 to £3000, and 6155 who have between £1000 and £2000. A separate reckoning was made of people who come within the category of employés, and it was ascertained that there are only four who pay on incomes of between £5000 and £10,000, eleven on incomes of from £4000 to £5000, nineteen on incomes between £3000 and £4000, and fifty-five who, on their own showing, are paid from £2000 to £3000 a year for their services. Further, it is said that these figures do not include Government, Corporation, and public company officials, of whom 114 are

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

tabled as being assessed on incomes exceeding £5000, 144 on incomes between £4000 and £5000, and 236 on incomes between £3000 and £4000. Although poor people may not derive any particular pleasure from the contemplation of the riches of others as here indicated, they have some material for the framing of those ideal budgets of theirs which are adapted to their own special circumstances. The contemplation will also inevitably create certain doubts. Many people will ask, for instance, whether it can really be that there are only fifty-five 'employés' in the country whose earnings range between £2000 and £3000 a year, and also whether all the 'employés' who get from £4000 to £5000 can be telling the truth about their affairs when it is found that those who declare themselves are only a little band of eleven all told. But whether he is a poor man or a rich one himself, the sceptic, one surmises, has generally a large fund of sympathy for the persons who are overmodest in their declarations to the surveyor as to the extent of their resources. There is year by year a serious record of overassessment by the surveyors which in a certain measure seems to some people to justify little deceptions that may be practised by the taxpayer. It has been shown that in one instance there was overassessment to the extent of £13,000, and that when the Commissioners were considering the inflicting of penalties of over £3000 for underpayment they found instead that they must order the repayment of nearly £400. In another instance, when £220 was claimed a repayment of £7 had to be made instead. The year before last the Treasury had to repay nearly £3,000,000 sterling, but only did so after the sufferers had gone through a long process of claim before a special department. The case has been quoted of a London chemist who was assessed for two consecutive years at £800, although he well knew that his profits did not reach anything like that figure. However, he paid without protest; but when in the following year the greedy surveyor increased the assessment to £1200 he took advice, and a full examination of his affairs showed that he was making only £335 a year. He was, therefore, entitled to an abatement of £150, and the result was that instead of paying on £1200, as he was told he must, he eventually paid on £185 only.

* * *

Just before the assembling of Parliament for this present session the chiefs of State had a very considerable fright. The story goes that one of their number lost in the street a document, the contents of which were of extreme importance, and which it was necessary should be held in the strictest secrecy. It is said that the Prime Minister in calling a meeting of the Cabinet issued a summons to each member, in which the agenda of matters to be discussed was briefly set forth. At all times such communications are obviously of the most private and confidential character; but this one was particularly so from the circumstance that one of the matters mentioned had reference to certain proposals for national defence in relation to foreign armaments. It may or may not have been the case that the document would have been valuable to some foreign Power; but it was distinctly unpleasant to have no knowledge as to its whereabouts, and that too at the time that the King and the Kaiser were associating in Berlin. The loss, so it is related, was not discovered until the Ministers assembled in Downing Street, when the delinquent searched through all his pockets in vain, and a general consternation was created. Eventually the one who was the cause of all the trouble went home in a very unhappy frame of mind, but some time later was vastly relieved on a servant-girl calling at his house with the document in its official envelope, the address upon which had enabled her to do so. She had found it in the street! The Prime Minister was promptly informed of the safety of the paper, and the mind of the Cabinet became serene again. This is not the first time that Cabinet documents have thus gone astray. One time, just before the Home Rule Bill of 1893 was introduced, a confidential copy of it was left by an absent-minded Minister on a table in the library of the Reform Club, and it was only when he had reached Whitehall that he discovered his loss. Much alarmed, he hurried back to Pall Mall, but just when he was entering the club again he met his private secretary with the bill in his hands. It was a most fortunate coincidence that this gentleman had chanced to see it lying on the table almost as soon as his chief had gone, and he captured it before any one else had an opportunity to glance at it. The enormity of such offences as these is best appreciated when it is understood what extreme precautions are taken in advance to ensure absolute secrecy. When these documents are sent to be printed the work is distributed among a large number of trustworthy compositors, each man being allowed to set up only two or three lines of type, so that he can have no knowledge about the general contents or meaning of the whole thing. The fragments are then arranged in order by a confidential overseer, and after the necessary number of printed copies have been struck off the type is at once broken up. Each copy is delivered by hand to the Minister for whom it is intended.

* * *

People heard a little while since about a certain measure of rest and self-effacement which were said to be contemplated by the Kaiser. It is possible that the individual element in German government may be less prominent and forcible in the future than it has been in the past; but there are already many indications that the nervous restlessness of the Emperor is not to be overcome, and those who care more for an intensely interesting study of human nature than for much-discussed difficulties of diplomacy, some of which may be real and others imaginary, will not regret that this is the case. One who has had a close connection with Court affairs at Berlin related to us lately some interesting

particulars concerning the amazing energy of this monarch, and some characteristic anecdotes. It is said that a kind of semi-official examination was once made of the amount of work of a governmental sort that had been done by His Majesty in the course of one year, and it was then revealed that he had attended to 5857 matters belonging to foreign policy, and to 50,134 affairs of home government. During this period his military and naval Cabinet sent out over a hundred thousand despatches, and it was declared that in a large proportion of cases the Kaiser himself dictated them. On an average his political Cabinet forwarded four hundred letters or despatches every day, and on occasions of national fêtes or the birthdays of members of the Imperial Family as many as two or three thousand have been sent out. It was added that beyond all this the Emperor wrote with his own hand in that one year no fewer than seven thousand personal and private letters. There seems to be a certain fitness in all this when it is remembered that the Fatherland indisputably holds the title of being the most letter-writing nation of Europe, for it has been shown that in one fiscal year of the International Postal Union it sent a total of nearly eight thousand million pieces of mail-matter, while Great Britain and Ireland had less than five thousand millions to their credit, France more than a thousand millions less than that, while Russia and Italy each sent only about a sixth of what Germany did.

* * *

One good story that may be told, with the authority that has been mentioned, has reference to a statue of Bismarck which the Emperor had ordered to be designed with a view to its being placed in a certain cathedral. The commission was given to the sculptor Begas, who in due course completed the work, in which he represented Bismarck as the guardian angel of the Hohenzollerns. The first the Emperor knew about the nature of the design was when the finished statue was submitted to him for his approval, when, in the most candid terms, he expressed his displeasure. 'What nonsense!' he exclaimed. 'We Hohenzollerns need no protector. We protect ourselves!' Thereupon he gave orders that the statue should be destroyed, and at the same time sketched a new design himself, showing Bismarck as a medieval German knight, and gave it to Begas for his guidance in making a new statue. We are told that, despite the alleged new programme of self-effacement, the Kaiser's vivacity in private life, so far from being diminished, increases, and never did man appear to be less careworn and unhappy. And in this private life he is quite famous for his charm. His gallantry towards the fair sex is perfect. At an informal dinner on one occasion an American lady was in conversation with him when a certain famous German salad was offered to her. As it was handed over her right shoulder, and the Kaiser was at her left hand, she was in a sore predicament in that she did not dare to turn her face from His Majesty in order to help herself to the salad. She betrayed some natural confusion. The Kaiser took in the situation at a glance, and, looking at the lady with a smile, observed to her, 'A Kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot!' And then one day he called at the house of the Prince of Pless just about the time of luncheon, and was placed at the head of the table. But this place he gave up a few minutes later, when, seating himself between the Princess of Pless and the Duchess of Ratibor, he called out to the Prince, 'Pless, take the seat that you customarily occupy. I willingly renounce my prerogative for the pleasure of sitting between two beautiful women.'

* * *

The feverish intensity of the study and experiment in the search for the quite satisfactory aeroplane at the present time cannot be exaggerated. No scientific discovery has ever been prosecuted with greater vigour or intelligence, and there is a general feeling that we must be on the eve of a grand consummation of all this effort. Most of those connected with this work appear to have a presentiment that complete success will come at last, not through the process of gradual improvement on the machines that are now being tried, but by some grand *coup* in discovery which will at once solve entirely this tremendous problem. The inventors all the time are groping for the hidden key which for a certainty is in existence. Always they are watching and thinking of the birds, the present masters of flight. Mr Wilbur Wright once said in America that his impression of flight in its most perfect form was flight without the use of a motor, and he has always in his mind the buzzard's way of flying as his ideal. If you watch the buzzard flying, he says, you will see that under most conditions he expends exceedingly little energy. He takes advantage of the rising currents of air in order to mount aloft, and then, when he has attained a considerable height, he planes forward with outstretched wings, sometimes covering many miles before he comes near to the ground again. Then, if he wishes to go still farther, he again profits by a rising eddy of wind, and again lets himself glide downwards when the moment has come. His output of force is practically nil; he merely balances himself. The wind travels in eddies or spirals, which are cone-like in form, and on which all manner of objects are carried upwards. These currents of air are just the things that disturb the aeroplanists when they fly under present conditions, because they have to pass through them and counteract them by mechanical means. When the art is developed, Mr Wright feels sure that they will aid him rather than annoy him. It is when there is almost an absence of wind that these spirals become most pronounced. When the wind is very strong they do not take the same form, and consequently are not of the same value for lifting purposes. 'The buzzard,' says this keenest student of aeronautics, 'does not go out in high

winds. When we study the question we find that most birds remain under shelter when the wind attains anything like a considerable force, and that is why we claim that with one of our present machines, and with reasonable practice, we can remain out flying as long as the birds.' But the ultimate object is to fly better than the birds, and some of these optimistic people are telling us that at no very distant date we shall be able to buy for a hundred pounds an aeroplane that will do it.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—REVEALS THE SPY.

THE Twelfth—the glorious Twelfth—had come and gone. 'The rush to the North' had commenced from London. From Euston, St Pancras, and King's Cross the night trains for Scotland had run in triplicate, crowded by men with gun-cases and kit-bags, while gloomy old Perth station was a scene of unwonted activity each morning.

At Glencardine there was little or no grouse; therefore it was not until the partridge season opened that Sir Henry invited his usual party.

Gabrielle had been south to visit one of her girl-friends near Durham, and the week of her absence her afflicted father had spent in dark loneliness, for Flockart had gone to London, and her ladyship was away on a fortnight's visit to the Pelhams, down at New Galloway.

On the last day of August, however, Gabrielle returned, being followed a few hours later by Lady Heyburn, who had travelled up by way of Stirling and Crieff Junction, while that same night eight men forming the shooting-party arrived by the day express from the south.

The gathering was a merry one. The guests were the same who came up there each year, some of them friends of Sir Henry in the days of his brilliant career, others friends of his wife. The shooting at Glencardine was always excellent; and Stewart, wise and serious, had prophesied first-class sport.

Walter Murie was in London. While Gabrielle had been at Durham he had travelled up there, spent the night at the 'Three Tuns,' and met her next morning in that pretty wooded walk they call 'the Banks.' Devoted to her as he was, he could not bear any long separation; while she, on her part, was gratified by this attention. Not without some difficulty did she succeed in getting away from her friends to meet him, for a provincial town is not like London, and any stranger is always in the public eye. But they spent a delightful couple of hours together, strolling along the foot-path through the meadows in the direction of Finchale Priory. There were no eavesdroppers; and he, with his arm linked in hers, repeated the story of his all-conquering love.

She listened in silence, then raising her fine clear eyes to his, said, 'I know, Walter—I know that you love me. And I love you also.'

'Ah,' he sighed, 'if you would only be frank with me, dearest—if you would only be as frank with me as I am with you!'

Sadly she shook her head, but made no reply. He saw that a shadow had clouded her brow, that she still clung to her strange secret; and at length, when they retraced their steps back to the city, he reluctantly took leave of her, and half-an-hour later was speeding south again towards York and King's Cross.

The opening day of the partridge season proved bright and pleasant. The men were out early; and the ladies, a gay party, including Gabrielle, joined them at luncheon spread on a mossy bank about three miles from the castle. Several of the male guests were particularly attentive to the dainty, sweet-faced girl whose charming manner and fresh beauty attracted them. But Gabrielle's heart was with Walter always. She loved him. Yes, she told herself so a dozen times each day. And yet was not the barrier between them insurmountable? Ah, if he only knew! If he only knew!

The blind man was left alone nearly the whole of that day. His daughter had wanted to remain with him, but he would not hear of it. 'My dear child,' he had said, 'you must go out and lunch. You really must assist your mother in entertaining the people.'

'But, dear dad, I much prefer to remain with you and help you,' she protested. 'Yesterday the Professor sent you five more bronze matrices of ecclesiastical seals. We haven't yet examined them.'

'We'll do so to-night, dear,' he said. 'You go out to-day. I'll amuse myself all right. Perhaps I'll go for a little walk.'

Therefore the girl had, against her inclination, joined the luncheon-party, where foremost of all who paid her little attentions was a rather foppish young stockbroker named Girdlestone, who had been up there shooting the previous year, and had on that occasion flirted with her furiously.

During her absence her father tried to resume his knitting—an occupation which he had long ago been compelled to resort to in order to employ his time; but he soon put it down with a sigh, rose, and taking his soft brown felt-hat and stout stick, tapped his way along through the great hall and out into the park.

He felt the warmth upon his cheek as he passed slowly along, down the broad drive. 'Ah,' he murmured to himself, 'if only I could once again see

God's sunlight! If I could only see the greenery of nature and the face of my darling child!' and he sighed brokenly, and went on, his chin sunk upon his breast, a despairing, hopeless man. Surely no figure more pathetic than his could be found in the whole of Scotland. Upon him had been showered honour, great wealth, all indeed that makes life worth living, and yet, deprived of sight, he existed in that world of darkness deceived and plotted against by all about him. His gray countenance was hard and thoughtful as he passed slowly along, tapping the ground before him, for he was thinking—ever thinking—of the declaration of his French visitor. He had been betrayed. But by whom?

His thoughts were wandering back to those days when he could see—those well-remembered days when he had held the House in silence by his brilliant oratory, and when the papers next day had leading articles concerning his speeches. He recollected his time-mellowed old club in St James's Street—Boodles—of which he had been so fond. Then came his affliction. The thought of it all struck him suddenly; and, clenching his hands, he murmured some inarticulate words through his teeth. They sounded strangely like a threat. Next instant, however, he laughed bitterly to himself the dry, harsh laugh of a man into whose very soul the iron had entered.

In the distance he could hear the shots of his guests, those men who accepted his hospitality, and who among themselves agreed that he was 'a terrible bore, poor old fellow!' They came up there—with perhaps two exceptions—to eat his dinners, drink his choice wines, and shoot his birds, but begrudged him more than ten minutes or so of their company each day. In the billiard-room of an evening, as he sat upon one of the long lounges, they would perhaps deign to chat with him; but, alas! he knew that he was only as a wet blanket to his wife's guests, hence he kept himself so much to the library—his own domain.

That night he spent half-an-hour in the billiard-room in order to hear what sport they had had, but very soon escaped, and with Gabrielle returned again to the library to fulfil his promise and examine the seal-matrices which the Professor had sent.

To where they sat came bursts of boisterous laughter and of the waltz-music of the pianola in the hall, for in the shooting season the echoes of the fine mansion were awakened by the merriment of as gay a crowd as any who assembled in the Highlands.

Sir Henry heard it. The sounds jarred upon his nerves. Mirth such as theirs was debarred him for ever, and he had now become gloomy and misanthropic. He sat fingering those big oval matrices of bronze, listening to Gabrielle's voice deciphering the inscriptions, and explaining what was meant and what was possibly their history. One which Sir Henry declared to be the gem of them all bore the *manus Dei* for device, and was the seal of Archbishop Richard (1174–84). Several documents bearing impressions of this seal were, he said, preserved at Canterbury and in the British Museum, but here the actual seal itself had come to light.

With all the enthusiasm of an expert he lingered over the matrice, feeling it carefully with the tips of his fingers, and tracing the device with the nail of his forefinger. 'Splendid!' he declared. 'The lettering is a most excellent specimen of early Lombardic.' And then he gave the girl the titles of several works, which she got down from the shelves, and from which she read extracts after some careful search.

The sulphur-casts sent with the matrices she placed carefully with her father's collection, and during the remainder of the evening they were occupied in replying to several letters regarding estate matters.

At eleven o'clock she kissed her father good-night and passed out to the hall, where the pianola was still going, and where the merriment was still in full swing. For a quarter of an hour she was compelled to remain with the insipid young ass Bertie Girdlestone, a man who patronised musical comedy nightly, and afterwards supped regularly at the 'Savoy;' then she escaped at last to her room.

Exchanging her pretty gown of turquoise chiffon for an easy wrap, she took up a novel, and, switching on her green-shaded reading-lamp, sat down to enjoy a quiet hour before retiring. Quickly she became engrossed in the story, and though the stable-chimes sounded each half-hour she remained undisturbed by them.

It was half-past two before she had reached the happy *dénouement* of the book, and, closing it, she rose to take off her trinkets. Having divested herself of bracelets, rings, and necklet, she placed her hands to her ears. There was only one ear-ring; the other was missing! They were sapphires, a present from Walter on her last birthday. He had sent them to her from Yokohama, and she greatly prized them. Therefore, at risk of being seen in her dressing-gown by any of the male guests who might still be astir—for she knew they always played billiards until very late—she took off her little blue satin slippers and stole out along the corridor and down the broad staircase.

The place was in darkness; but she turned on the light, and again when she reached the hall.

She must have dropped her ear-ring in the library; of that she felt sure. Servants were so careless that, if she left it, it might easily be swept up in the morning and be lost for ever. That thought had caused her to search for it at once.

As she approached the library door she thought she heard the sound as of some one within. On her opening the door, however, all was in darkness. She laughed at her apprehension.

In an instant she touched the switch, and the place became flooded by a soft, mellow light from lamps cunningly concealed behind the bookcases against the wall. At the same moment, however, she detected a movement behind one of the bookcases against which she stood. With sudden

resolution and fearlessness, she stepped forward to ascertain its cause. Her eyes at that instant fell upon a sight which caused her to start and stand dumb with amazement. Straight before her the door of her father's safe stood open. Beside it, startled at the sudden interruption, stood a man in evening-dress, with a small electric lamp in his clenched hand. A pair of dark, evil eyes met hers in defiance—the eyes of James Flockart.

'You!' she gasped.

'Yes,' he laughed dryly. 'Don't be afraid. It's only I. But, by Jove! how very charming you look in that gown! I'd love to get a snap-shot of you just as you stand now.'

'What are you doing there, examining my father's papers?' she demanded quickly, her small hands clenched.

'My dear girl,' he replied with affected unconcern, 'that's my own business. You really ought to have been in bed long ago. It isn't discreet, you know, to be down here with me at this hour!'

'I demand to know what you are doing here!' she cried firmly.

'And, my dear little girl, I refuse to tell you,' was his decisive answer.

'Very well, then I shall alarm the house and explain to my father what I have discovered.'

(To be continued.)

BIRDS AS TRAVELLERS.

By the Hon. GLADYS GRAHAM MURRAY.

IN the whole realm of Nature there is no exact analogy to the migration of birds—'birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing.' They are the great travellers, the winged vagabonds of life; but their vagrancy is conducted on well-considered lines. Their pilgrimages are seldom uncertain; there are regular principles to guide their nomad careers, their courses being carefully chosen and lying within fairly definite areas.

The essential facts of migration are generally familiar. We know that every spring we look for the return of the swallow, the herald bird of summer, and we are sure that as autumn comes round they leave our shores again until the following spring; whilst in the autumn the fieldfares and redwings visit us, remaining throughout the winter and taking their departure

> When the cool aspen fingers of the rain
> Fell for the eyelids of the earth in spring.

All this we realise, and yet there remain many unsolved problems in connection with this wonderful subject.

We must not confound the regular migration of birds with local movements. For instance, the voyage of the sandpiper from the banks of the Tay to its winter quarters in Africa is quite a different affair from the oyster-catcher leaving our midlands for the coast-lines. Migration proper is that mysterious instinct which urges many birds to set out twice a year on a long and perilous expedition by certain well-defined routes; and we owe much to the patient researches of those naturalists who have taken up their quarters in such spots as Heligoland, the west of Denmark, and Fair Isle, over which the stream of migration passes, for most of the knowledge we possess.

Lighthouses and lightships are the best places whereon to study the subject at first hand. The Isle of May, for instance, was visited last year by two naturalists, Miss Rintoul and Miss Baxter, who made some interesting notes on the various birds which, passing that region, are attracted by the great lantern. The fact that hundreds of birds are killed by dashing themselves against the glass is a reminder that wherever the footsteps of man are traced it is often at the expense of the wilder denizens of the earth.

At St Catharine's Point, near the southern end of the Isle of Wight, there is a large lighthouse. One can readily imagine the marvellous glare of an electric light of fifteen thousand candle-power when I was informed by the keeper that the heat generated inside the lamp was so great as to melt a lump of metal as though it were a piece of wax. Here, as in most other similar places, the guardians of the lighthouse keep a schedule of all the birds that come within their observation. These records, along with specimens of the dead birds, are forwarded weekly to the Secretary of the British Ornithologists' Union, whose duty it is to study these notes and to formulate a yearly report. The lighthouse-keepers are also able to identify many birds which pass sufficiently close to be seen or heard, and others which are so exhausted that they rest on the building before proceeding on their flight.

Let us try to picture the travels of a swallow when it leaves us in the autumn, in order to gain some slight idea of what migration means. To arrive at its winter quarters in West Africa, the swallow may fly direct across the Mediterranean or by the short cut to Gibraltar, or from Italy to Malta, and so to Algeria and across the Sahara Desert; or it might follow the coast-line, and so come to Liberia and the Gold Coast, or it may choose the Nile valley, which is a great migration-route for thousands of European birds. A naturalist living in Delagoa Bay has told us how a swarm of swallows once took rest after a storm, and sat in rows on the cornice and bedstead until the morning sun beckoned them out again.

The direct Nile route is taken by many species which reach Cape Colony and the Transvaal. The kestrel, the sedge-warbler, and many other birds of naturally weak flight perform this great journey twice a year. Another route of migration extends along the coast of China directly south to the Malay Archipelago, and by this route travel many warblers; another stream of migration extends to Formosa and the Philippines; a third route trending apparently towards the Burmese countries.

Migration is not always direct from north to south or *vice versâ*. In Great Britain a great stream of migration sets in from east to west in the autumn, whilst in the Arctic regions the migration of Ross's rosy gull appears to be more from east to west. The same phenomenon occurs in the Mediterranean when an east to west migration crosses the lines of flight which extend from north to south. But on this subject of migration-routes one dare not be too dogmatic, as undoubtedly there is still much to be learnt on the matter.

The enormous elevation at which some birds fly has led a very eminent foreign naturalist, Herr Gätke, to put forward the theory that in these very high altitudes the birds meet with far less air resistance than in the lower levels, and are thus able to accomplish their journeys at a greater rate and with less fatigue. An American naturalist, Mr Scott, saw one night, through an astronomical telescope, great numbers of birds passing across the face of the moon, and computation showed that these autumn migrants were travelling at heights varying from one to two miles. Amongst the birds he saw were warblers, finches, woodpeckers, and blackbirds. At these great heights birds must be subjected to very severe cold; but the exertion of flight no doubt helps to keep up their circulation, which is always at a high pitch—the average temperature of a bird registering from 104 to 108 degrees (compared to the 98·6 of a human being).

Herr Gätke described how from 10 P.M. on the night of 28th October 1882 until the following morning the little gold-crests eddied round the lantern on Heligoland as thick as flakes in a heavy snowstorm. But given the paths, going and coming, of migratory birds, the marvellous and inexplicable question still remains: How do they so unerringly accomplish these immense journeys? Year after year the migratory cuckoo will deposit her eggs in our isles, and yet in each interval of time she will have spent a long period wandering in the heart of Africa. Sight alone can hardly be regarded as affording much aid, for, to start with, migration nearly always takes place at night. The probable reason for this is that night is not a feeding-time with the birds; whereas, if they were to migrate by day, a fast of over twenty-four hours would be entailed. Again, there is a little bird (a particular form of blue-throat) which yearly repairs from its winter home in Egypt and the valley of the Nile to the northern parts of Scandinavia, halting, it is said, only once—in Heligoland—during this great journey.

A Russian naturalist, Dr von Middendorf, is of the opinion that a migrating bird is aware of the northerly direction, and is accordingly able to steer its course; but this theory is by no means accepted by other equally competent observers. Professor Möbius put forward the hypothesis that birds performing long migrations over the sea might be guided by observing the roll of the waves. A curious point is that, as with the swallows, for instance, the young start on migration before the older birds, and among many other species the young and old journey apart. The former, therefore, can have no experience, yet they arrive safely at their destination. Doubtless many birds *do* perish in migration; but still, millions of them must make their great bi-annual journeys in perfect safety.

Amongst the migrants are many short-winged and feeble-flying birds who usually do not indulge in long flights; yet when this instinct possesses them they are capable of performing great journeys. Special attention must, therefore, be paid to the fact that migration is performed at such a height as to alter greatly the conditions of air-resistance, buoyancy, &c., owing to the rarefied condition of the atmosphere; and it is also possible that birds are assisted by selecting favouring wind-strata. Travelling at such a high level would mean an extension of the field of view; and Mr Chapman, a well-known ornithologist, worked out a rough calculation which showed that birds flying at an altitude of twenty-five thousand feet would have a tangential extent of vision of two hundred and twenty-five miles, while those flying at thirty thousand feet would have a vision of two hundred and forty-five miles. Thus, 'in the first-named altitude,' he says, 'birds would in daylight see England before leaving Norway, whilst at the higher level those crossing Spain would see Biscay before leaving Africa.' Experiments made by Mr Frank Chapman, in America, with an astronomical telescope directed towards the moon, revealed birds passing at an altitude of from one to five miles. The essential question, however, still remains as to how birds are guided in their wonderful migrations, and the old answer holds much truth when it says that 'the finger of God points the way.'

Why birds should migrate is another unsolved problem, for migration is quite distinct from distribution. Our summer visitors leave our shores in autumn, and this is no doubt partly due to the fact that the cold of winter robs them of their food-supply. As regards insects, the actual cold itself would not probably matter so much, provided there was an adequate food-supply of other kinds, for birds found dead in winter have generally died of starvation and not of cold. Doubtless our summer migrants hasten to southern latitudes to escape the winter; but why should they return to our shores

at the very time of year when there is often a great dearth of food and almost winter-like conditions to greet them, leaving behind them lands of warmth and plenty?

Frequently birds are rather premature in their arrival on our shores, for they are met with all the horrors of starvation and cold. The late Mr Seebohm described, in his travels in Siberia, the arrival of the summer migrants when that country, in spite of the time of year, was still in the grip of winter, and he told of the pitiable plight of the travellers. But each brood of birds, in turn, seems to be animated with the desire to bring forth their young in their own birthplace, so year by year 'the birds come north again' in order to mate, and reproduce their species. This latter instinct is often accounted for by the theory that the original cooling of the earth took place at the north and south poles; thus the then existing birds were forced towards the equator during the colder portion of the year; but on this subject there are many and diverse theories.

The speed of the flight of birds on migration varies greatly, as also does the length of the journey taken at a single stretch. Herr Gätke was of the opinion that the little Arctic blue-throat (a species of warbler) left Africa at dusk and arrived in Heligoland nine hours later, having travelled one thousand six hundred miles on a stretch at the miraculous velocity of one hundred and eighty miles per hour, and this little bird is only about the size of our robin. The flight of an eagle over a valley in the Pyrenees was estimated at about one hundred and forty miles per hour, that of the swallow at ninety miles per hour, and the swift's rate of travelling at double that speed, whilst some carrier-pigeons are reckoned to travel about fifty miles per hour. Pigeons have been shot in America in whose stomachs were found coffee-berries in such a fresh condition that they could not have been taken for more than four or five hours, yet the nearest part of the country known to produce these berries was some hundreds of miles distant.

The structure of birds is especially adapted for flight. Their bones are light, and in many cases contain air in place of marrow, whilst the whole build of the bird tends towards an aerial existence.

Many of the sea-birds pass all their life on the open ocean, being found at a distance of one thousand miles from land, save in the spring, when they congregate on islands in order to lay their eggs. The huge frigate or man-of-war-bird, which surpasses all other birds in power of flight, seldom visits the land, and is found in tropical seas. The storm-petrel is another wanderer of the ocean, as is the albatross. These birds spend all their lives on the high seas.

In the Arctic regions the penguins represent bird-life, but these birds have lost their power of flight, and their wings have dwindled into flippers, which are of far more use to them in their present aquatic existence.

The swallow, swift, and sand-martin journey to Africa for the winter, as do also the sandpiper, kestrel, and cuckoo, and nearly all our warblers leave us for southern latitudes. The woodcock comes to us from Scandinavia and the northern provinces, as do the redwing, fieldfare, and snow-bunting. Flocks of chaffinches come also, probably from the same country; and as these flocks were formerly supposed to be composed entirely of cocks, Linnæus christened them *Fringilla cælebs*, or the bachelor finches.

There is also a local migration, our thrushes, skylarks, and many others moving into counties and districts farther south. The quail is an interesting traveller, and last year a pair were known to breed in Haddingtonshire, their winter quarters being Asia and Africa. This species of quail must be the bird which fed the Israelites in their march across the wilderness. When with us the quail is a ground-dweller and does not essay any long-sustained flight, yet this bird wanders across seas, vast deserts, and lofty mountain-chains, and by means of the migratory instinct is most diffused over the three great continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The stork spends the winter in Cape Colony and India, passing in spring into Denmark, Holland, and Germany. The nightingale, 'light-winged dryad of the trees,' passes in summer into England, Germany, Switzerland, and France from its winter quarters in the far south; but never as a rule penetrates beyond Yorkshire, and is hardly ever known to have been seen farther west than Somersetshire, though there seems no apparent reason to account for this fact. Most of our warblers and song-birds are migrants, as are also the redstart and wagtail.

Every spring brings us thousands of birds from Asia, Africa, and the Mediterranean, coming in mighty streams along their chosen routes; the main body perhaps crossing the Strait of Gibraltar, going along the east coast of Spain, up the valley of the Ebro, over the Pyrenees, and by the Bay of Biscay, till they reach Cape Finisterre, and thence flying across the Channel. France also contains three main lines of communication, the southerly stream coming up the Rhone valley to Lyons, and then crossing to the Loire valley at Orleans, and passing thence to our shores *vid* Cape La Hogue and the Start Point. Another stream comes up the Italian coast from Turkey and Greece, and through the Swiss passes into Central France; whilst others take the most northerly route through the Danube valley, passing through Zurich on to Rheims, and reaching the Channel near Boulogne and Calais. Some birds fly straight across the Mediterranean at its widest part—that is, from Algeria to Marseilles—and there hundreds of thousands of birds massed together take part in migration.

There is some parallel to migration to be found in other zoological tribes. For instance, the salmon descends to the sea after spawning in fresh-water,

and in tropical countries sometimes great journeys are undertaken by masses of insects. Swarms of locusts or ants pass over districts and leave behind them utter devastation, whilst hosts of butterflies and moths occasionally cross the Channel. There are curious little rodents, the lemmings, found in northern countries, which now and again band together in enormous numbers and rush blindly on and on until they reach the ocean, where they all perish. But with the exception of fish, none of these are proper and regular migrants. It is the birds who are the real and systematic travellers.

Following the course of the sandpiper, we find him in the month of March still in his winter quarters, which may be India, South Africa, or Australia. But when 'the spring's cool kiss is on the sod,' the instinct to migrate dominates this little bird, and before March is out he sets forth on the long and perilous voyage. From a country of tropical heat, with vegetation and climatic conditions to correspond, the sandpiper turns towards northern climes. He may take the route which skirts along the coast, passing Delagoa Bay and coming up the great Nile valley. Arriving there, he may continue westwards to Algeria, and on to the Strait of Gibraltar, there to cross into Spain, flying across the fertile plains of Andalusia, over the snow-capped passes of the Pyrenees, thence through France; crossing the Channel either from Ushant at the extreme west, or continuing to Boulogne or Calais. The different conditions of climate through which the bird must pass are great: from tropical heat, with the fierce glare of a southern sun, through more temperate regions where still the palm and the cactus grow, across the mighty ocean, until the colder shores of England are reached. Or the sandpiper might pass through the heart of Africa, crossing the mighty Sahara Desert, and from Tripoli or Algiers over the huge expanse of the Mediterranean Sea, through Turkey and Bosnia, and across the passes of the Tyrol into the valley of the Danube, and ever westwards.

The sandpiper which has passed the winter in our mighty Indian Empire journeys *vid* the Arabian Sea into Persia, and thence on to Turkey. Thousands and tens of thousands of our birds take this mighty journey twice a year, in order to lay their eggs in the woods and coppices of European countries, extending into Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Siberia. In the autumn the return journey is undertaken, and the same dangers faced anew, this time by masses of young and inexperienced birds. Some birds seem to arrive in a much more exhausted condition than others. A pipit coming in from the sea generally alights on the first field to which he comes. Larks, on the other hand, fly low and in little parties, uttering their call-notes, and appearing to suffer no distress.

Migrants usually pass straight on into the interior, but some wading-birds rest by the way to feed, and then proceed by easy stages. Other birds, again, arrive in a most exhausted condition, and thousands are snared and netted as they cross some of the passes and valleys of France and Italy. Most birds which are lost are generally the victims of severe gales, which carry them completely out of their reckonings. When true ocean-birds are found scattered inland it generally means that the weather of the Atlantic has been very violent. In the October gales of 1892, two different kinds of petrels, the eastern limit of whose ocean range is as a rule the Azores, were blown on to our coasts. The late Mr Cornish was of the opinion that birds have an instinctive knowledge that if they once surrender themselves to the force of the wind and allow themselves to drift they are lost.

Occasionally there is a curious and sudden migration of a certain species previously unknown to our shores. An instance of this was afforded by Pallas's sand-grouse, a bird which ranges from Northern China across Central Asia, and as a rule never visits Great Britain. In 1888 an incalculable number of these birds arrived, but as far as I know no reason was forthcoming to account for the circumstance.

The distinguished naturalist, the late Mr Seebohm, who was also a great traveller, during one of his visits to the Petchora River, in the north of European Russia, brought to light an interesting fact in connection with the travels of birds. In company with Mr Harvie Brown, he undertook an expedition with the object of finding the eggs and nests of half-a-dozen of our winter visitors who leave us every spring and retreat to the far north, and whose breeding-places had not been hitherto located. These birds were the gray plover, the curlew-sandpiper, the sanderling, the little stint, the knot, and Bewick's swan, all of which are winter arrivals on our coasts.

The region which Mr Seebohm visited was along the Petchora River, near to which is the mighty tundra or region of treeless swamp. This is a quite uninhabited land, and is for eight months out of the twelve covered with snow; but so great are the attractions of the tundra to thousands and tens of thousands of migrants that the pageant of their arrival Mr Seebohm described as an 'ornithological Cathay.' He furthermore revealed what the secret attraction was. At the beginning of the month of April, when Mr Seebohm arrived at Ust Zylma, three hundred miles from the Petchora River, he found that with the exception of one or two ravens there was not a bird to be seen on the tundra. As is usual in this region, summer came suddenly and swiftly, and almost simultaneously the birds arrived. The frozen river began to melt under the hot sun, and geese, swans, ducks, gulls, redstarts, wagtails, pipits, and a host more of birds (with hawks pursuing them) began to appear on this boggy moorland. For an explanation of this fact we must look to the perpetual sunshine of the short Arctic summer, which forces into maturity enormous crops of fruits, such as the cranberry, cloudberry, and crowberry. Winter, however, arrives so soon that the snow descends on these crops, and thus they are preserved perfectly fresh and pure all through the

winter until the coming spring. The fruit never decays under its covering of snow, and is accessible the moment the melting sets in. Experience has taught the birds that they will find an unlimited supply of crystallised fruits awaiting them each spring, whilst the same heat that melts the snow naturally brings forth insect life of the most prolific nature, and thus the insect-eating birds are equally provided for.

It is satisfactory to realise that a fellow-countryman, Mr Eagle Clarke of the Edinburgh Museum, is the greatest authority on the subject of migration. He hopes before long to publish a book on the subject which will doubtless throw much light on dark places, for meanwhile we have to admit that there are still many unsolved problems connected with migration.

That birds are mighty travellers we clearly see, and year by year most of us look forward with delight to the reappearance of the summer visitors to our woods and lanes. It, therefore, behoves us to accord them as much protection as we can, doing all in our power to further their increase, remembering, as the great theologian and philosopher, St Thomas Aquinas, wrote, 'Ubi aves ibi angeli.'

OF INTEREST TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE greatest objection to the income-tax assessment from the point of view of the business man is that, in the event of his being assessed on a figure in excess of his profits, he must either prepare and submit to the authorities his trading and profit and loss account, or, failing that, submit to the assessment imposed. This enactment presses very hardly on small firms and shopkeepers, who are not generally in the habit of keeping their books in such a method as readily permits of such a statement being prepared. In many cases, especially that of the professional man in a provincial town, the assessment is submitted to without demur, even although the party assessed is well aware that an appeal would end in the tax being modified. Some years ago there was published in the *Globe* a letter from a solicitor who declared that for forty years he had never paid upon less than double his real income, and at times had been forced to pay as much as three and ninepence in the pound. Being a mortgage solicitor, negotiating loans upon mortgages and other securities, it was impossible for him to appeal. He would have been obliged to show his ledgers, giving the exact returns of interest paid. This would have been equivalent to betraying the confidence of his clients, and not unnaturally he steadfastly refused.

Income-tax inquisition has become far more stringent since the days of the Boer war, and one of the greatest hardships which income-tax payers have had to suffer recently has been the rigid enforcement of the ten days' limit. Mr T. Hallett Fry, secretary of the Income-Tax Reclamation Association, quotes a case where a man was assessed for forty thousand pounds more than his actual income. Yet if he had not appealed within ten days he would have been obliged to pay upon this absurd assessment. Nominally, the time-limit is ten days; but up to a few years ago it was always extended to a fortnight or even three weeks.

Income-tax payers all over the country are bitterly complaining of the many new methods which have been devised for compelling them to increase their contributions to the Exchequer. One is to assess on profits of letting a furnished house for a few weeks while the owner is temporarily away from home. The amount received is, of course, only a small percentage of that paid by the tenant to his landlord for the use of the house unfurnished; yet over-zealous officials are pleased to call it a profit, and demand income-tax on the amount. The situation is distinctly ironical; for, first of all, they tax him for living in the house by making him pay inhabited house-duty, and then tax him for living out of it by imposing an income-tax. Clergymen, many of whom are accustomed to let their rectories in order to get a few weeks' holiday in summer, are specially hard hit by this enactment.

Another device which has been tried upon the clerical profession is the taxation of their Easter offerings. Two years ago the vicar of East Grinstead, the Rev. Douglas Blakiston, resorted to law to discover whether a sum of fifty-six pounds given to him as an Easter offering was or was not assessable to income-tax. He contended that the money was purely a voluntary contribution, and won his case. The Surveyor of Taxes appealed, and the appeal came before Mr Justice Bray. Hundreds of clergymen throughout the country awaited the decision with deep interest, and were naturally delighted when his lordship said that the money was a personal gift, and as such not assessable. He dismissed the appeal with costs.

Mr Blakiston is not the only cleric who has succeeded in taking down the income-tax authorities a peg. Just after the victory of East Grinstead's incumbent, the Rev. Henry Varley, Congregational minister at Bowes Park, requested a deduction from the assessment of the estimated rental-value of his study. An allowance is made to doctors in respect of their consulting-rooms; and Mr Varley contended that as his study was used 'wholly, inclusively, and necessarily for the purposes of his profession,' he was entitled to a similar reduction. The Enfield tax commissioners did not at first see matters eye to eye with the minister; but presently his solicitors received a letter from the Treasury solicitor stating

that the Crown did not propose to contest the case, and requesting a statement of his costs. It may be pointed out, however, that the Finance Act of 1907 now provides that where a clergyman or minister of any religious denomination pays rent for a dwelling-house and uses any part thereof mainly and substantially for the purpose of his duty as clergyman or minister, such part of the rent of the dwelling-house not exceeding one-eighth shall be treated as an expense falling to be deducted from the assessable income.

Income from investments is, of course, taxed at the source. Those whose means are so small as to exempt them from income-tax frequently find the most annoying delay when they make their claim for return of tax. In a recent case a poor clergyman, with a living worth only about a hundred a year, sent in his claim in March, yet in the following August was still waiting for his money. Of course, it is profitable for the Treasury to have the use for months of large sums which do not belong to them; but it is extremely hard that a man with an infinitesimal income should have to wait six months for the repayment of a debt due to him.

The case of the married man is certainly the hardest of all. Take that of a man with four hundred pounds a year marrying a lady with a similar income. Previous to their marriage each paid tax upon only two hundred and forty pounds, or a total tax of twenty-four pounds. As soon as they become one their incomes are assessed as one, and no exemption is allowed. Their tax is now forty pounds a year. In Germany the authorities are far more sensible. Rebates are granted to all those with children or other persons dependent on them.

The benefits of the ninepenny-tax upon earned incomes, granted last year by Mr Asquith, are largely illusory. One of the resolutions which accompanied that Budget was as follows: 'That the income-tax charged on offices or employments of profit be charged under Schedule E of the Act of 1853.' See what this means. Up to last year the lesser employés of limited companies had a right to average their income, and pay on the three years' average. Nearly one hundred thousand employés did thus average their incomes. Now they can no longer do anything of the sort. They must pay on their actual yearly earnings. So the Government takes immediate advantage of any rise in salary.

Another resolution abolished the repayment of income-tax under section 133 of the Act of 1842. Up to last year persons or firms who found at the end of their business year that their incomes had fallen below their assessed figure could make a claim for abatement or for a fresh assessment. Take the case of a shopkeeper who has been making eight hundred pounds a year for some years in succession. He is assessed as usual at eight hundred pounds. A bad year comes, and his profits drop to four hundred pounds. Against this, of course, advantage may be taken of the fact that a bad year may act to the benefit of the assessed for the following three years. The right to assess on a three years' average has always been looked upon as a privilege to traders.

Perhaps the chief defect of the income-tax as a form of raising revenue is the system of spying which it engenders. There is much more of this underhand business in existence than the average person imagines. People suspected of being better off than their returns admit are watched. If they travel first-class, news reaches the assessors. If they entertain, if they purchase horses or motors, if they build new houses or add to old ones, all these facts come to the ears of the income-tax inquisitors.

Another form of legalised plunder are the death-duties, which, since their inception in 1894, have brought the Exchequer the enormous sum of over two hundred and ten millions. That a great estate descending to one or two people only should pay a share to the State is not unjust. But it is different when the hard-won savings of a professional man have to be divided among a large family. The heirs lose, as a rule, at least a year's income. Most certainly estates up to ten thousand pounds should be exempted from death-duties, and so, too, should charitable bequests. The cruellest hardship of the death-duties is experienced when an estate descends through several hands within a very short period. In January 1908 a resident of Hull died, leaving ninety thousand pounds to a nephew. Within three weeks after the latter received the money he also died. The sum consequently became liable for death-duties twice within twenty days. When the property is a landed one the consequences of rapid succession of ownership may be very serious. There is a Herefordshire estate which has passed through the hands of four heirs within fifteen years, three of them being elderly brothers. Their nephew, who now owns the place, is forced to live in a small portion of the once splendid residence. The rest of the house is closed and going to ruin. What is worse, many hands have been turned off simply because the owner cannot by any means afford to keep them on. It will be many years before the place recovers from three consecutive payments of enormously heavy death-duties.

Local rates press upon the man of average means even more severely than imperial taxes, and here again it is the poor parson who suffers. The case of the Rev. Dr Hughes, rector of Mongewell, near Wallingford, has created a considerable sensation. When he accepted the living the rates were only about two shillings in the pound. They have within about ten years risen to six shillings and twopence. In 1907 the gross amount of these rates was about seventy pounds; and Dr Hughes, unable to meet the demands, was taken before the Caversham Bench, and a distress-warrant ordered. Mr Rose, M.P., one of the magistrates, said that the Bench was unanimous that Dr Hughes was unable

to pay. Apparently, however, it is not within the power of a magistrate, nor, we believe, of any court, to absolve a man from the payment of his rates or taxes. You may cheat your tailor with impunity; but fail to settle with the rate-collector, and you are sold up without mercy.

Judge Emden, however, took a strong stand in a case of a similar kind which came before him recently. An unfortunate working tailor had been sent to jail for non-payment of rates, and his wife appealed to have the committal order rescinded. Her husband, she said, made only twenty-five shillings a week; but they had ten children, and in consequence of the size of their family they were unable to obtain cheap rooms. They had, therefore, been obliged to take a small house, but were utterly crushed by the rates. Judge Emden said that it was a shocking thing to send a man to jail under such circumstances. He hinted that the local authorities would see that such a thing did not occur again, and complied with the wife's request by at once rescinding the committal order.

Local rates are especially unfair in their incidence. The writer has to help to pay for the lighting of one town thirteen miles away, and the very expensive drainage of another two miles off. He himself gets absolutely no advantages for his money. There are places where it would be cheaper to send their paupers to an expensive hotel rather than pay the poor-rates exacted by their union. In 1903 the county magistrates at Coventry signed a poor-rate of a shilling in the pound for the parish of Coombe Fields. In that year the contribution of this parish to the Rugby union amounted to a thousand pounds, although it had but one pauper, who cost the union five shillings a week. Stoke Newington is in a similar position to Coombe Fields. It pays something like thirty thousand pounds a year to Hackney in the shape of poor-rate, an amount which the borough declares must work out at something like two hundred pounds a head for each pauper.

The exactions of the Metropolitan Water Board have caused Londoners heartily to regret the disappearance of the old companies. In the City the increase in water-rates has been simply phenomenal. Where the New River Company charged two pounds ten shillings, the new rates vary from eight to twelve pounds. The head of one firm wrote to the papers saying that his new rate worked out at one shilling and twopence per day, though his consumption was not more than ten gallons per diem. The Bank of England found itself faced with a demand-note for three thousand pounds, and immediately employed an expert to make tests for an artesian well. Many City men refused to pay the rate, had their water cut off, and secured their office supplies from the famous Aldgate pump.

We Britons take the exactions of the tax-collector very quietly. Inhabitants of other countries are less patient. At Caudete, a town in south-east Spain, the Mayor and people gathered in the market-square and made a bonfire of their tax-papers, and when the collectors arrived stoned them from the town; while only the other day, at Toledo, Ohio (U.S.A.), a huge mob made a violent effort to lynch the treasurer, Mr Parker, because he attempted to enforce the law permitting him to charge 5 per cent. interest upon all overdue taxes.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PHOTOGRAVURE-PRINTING IN COLOURS.

RECENTLY a remarkable new development has been successfully completed which promises to revolutionise the art of printing in photogravure. The process is three-colour; and although the inventors do not claim that the results are exact fac-simile, yet they are far in advance of anything that has yet been attempted in tricolour printing. The negatives are made direct from the original plates, but unlike colour photography, where three transparencies are prepared from three negatives taken through their respective colour-screens, and projected upon the white screen in such a manner that the three pictures become superimposed so as to form a single image, in which the thousand and one tints arising from the combination of the three primary colours are presented. In printing on paper, pigment has to be used which, to secure the same effect as in colour-photography, should be transparent. It is impossible to obtain such ink, though its opacity has been reduced to very small limits. Consequently the colour which is first imprinted upon the paper becomes to a certain extent buried beneath those superimposed, though at the same time showing sufficiently through the two upper layers of pigment as to blend therewith and supply the necessary myriad tints and tones. This is accomplished in a striking manner in these mezzogravures, which give effects that have never before been attained in colour-printing. It is the first time that chromic-photogravure by mechanical means has been achieved. To emphasise the importance and possibilities of the development, a series of pictures have been introduced to the art-world which from the printing point of view are extremely difficult to render, yet the results give a strikingly beautiful and truthful approximation of the artist's canvas. As the photogravure superseded the steel engraving, so does this new mezzochrome bid fair to outrival the first-named, especially as the publishers are enabled to

place the result of their invention upon the market at practically the same price as the ordinary monochrome photogravure proof.

PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS BY REFRIGERATION.

What may be termed the science of refrigeration is practically of recent date; but the importance to which it has arisen in our complex industrial and social life may be gathered from the fact that the first congress, which was held in Paris a few months ago, created remarkable and widespread interest, and was supported by delegates from the uttermost parts of the globe. Certainly it would seem as if the event were to become of an annual character, and such a movement should be deserving of support, seeing how vitally dependent we are becoming day by day upon cold storage. One of the latest developments in the industry is the transportation of flowers, which, picked in the bud, are preserved by refrigeration. A correspondent recently sent to us a selection of flowers which had travelled from the Cape in this manner. When unpacked they were found quite free from damage, and when placed in water and left alone they slowly awakened and came into full bloom. It appears that experiments are being made in South Africa with a view to despatching flowers in this way in bulk at the very season when they are scarce and dear in this country. The flowers undergo no deterioration from such treatment either in the beauty of their colour or longevity after immersion in water. Curiously enough, growth suspended by refrigeration appears to resume so slowly that the flowers will thrive for a considerably longer period in a room than if placed there immediately after being cut in the garden. The process would also serve to introduce to our notice many beautiful members of the horticultural family with which at present we are absolutely unfamiliar: such plants as the gorgeous iris which grows wild in luxurious profusion in South Africa or those which abound on the slopes of the Andes in South America.

HOW TO SHARPEN A RAZOR.

It is one of the misfortunes of the masculine element of the population that recourse has to be made to shaving. From motives of hygiene and health, the greater proportion, moreover, prefer to accomplish this operation themselves, but suffer from inability to impart the requisite keen edge to the instrument in order to achieve the desired end sufficiently cleanly and safely. The setting of a fine edge is distinctly a knack, and its acquisition requires as much practice as the setting of a cutting tool for the lathe. If, however, one be but familiar with the elements of the process a considerable amount of vain labour and time might be saved, as Professor M'William explained recently before the Sheffield Society of Engineers and Metallurgists in the course of a lecture on the prosaic subject, 'The Care of a Razor.' This paper embodied the results of continual personal experiments and study of the subject over a period of some twenty years. As he had only his own face upon which to test his theories, his experience has proved a valuable factor. The cutler from whom he purchased his first razor, upon inquiry as to whether it should be dipped in hot water before stropping, replied in the negative. Similarly, one recommended a rigid and another a flexible strop, according to his own predilection; while there was similar divergence of opinion as to whether stropping should be carried out before or after use. The Professor, however, tried all methods in turn, and thus was able to select that which is undoubtedly the best. He has found that the flexible strop hung at one end by a nail, such as the professional wielder of the razor ordinarily resorts to, gives a strong but not a fine edge, and that oil tends to harden the surface of the strop unless frequently applied. A sealskin strop, having a smooth, pliable surface, gives the best edge; and if the razor be dipped into hot water before stropping, the metal is toughened and better fitted for the production of the requisite keen edge. The preliminary immersion in water is a vital factor, since razors possess a finer temper than ordinary cutting tools, and are proportionately brittle. It is also expedient that the strop-surface should be preserved from the settling thereon of dust particles, the presence of which, if of a gritty nature, may break the delicate edge of the tool. It is important to remember that the edge of a razor, being obviously of a much finer character, owing to the nature of its work, than other cutting tools, must receive special attention, and by taking to heart the foregoing simple rules many of the difficulties at present experienced may be effectively overcome.

HEALING POWER OF RADIUM.

In the course of a recent lecture Sir Frederick Treves drew attention to the curative properties possessed by radium when applied to certain disfigurements to which the human body is heir, such as the port-wine stain, cists, tumours, birth-marks, and other skin growths. Such a discovery will certainly revolutionise certain phases of surgical treatment, and will decrease recourse to the knife, which at present is so greatly dreaded and often ineffective. What is required is the establishment of some fundamental principle guiding the application of the radium rays, which, as is well known, are of varying intensity or length. By prescribing which rays should be particularly used to cure certain maladies, and devising suitable scientific means to ensure the application of such, the newly founded Radium Institute of Research will accomplish valuable work. At the present time the knowledge concerning the properties of these rays in relation to surgery is scanty, and undoubtedly they are uncertain in their action, so that the cures hitherto effected have been rather the fruits of chance than the results of well-thought-out and methodical treatment. The great obstacle at present

is the fabulous price of the precious metal, the instruments used for such operations costing from two hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds. Again, it has yet to be ascertained whether the rays, in curing a malady, may not provoke a situation in which the remedy proves worse than the disease. The terrible scourge of dermatitis in Röntgen ray application is a potent illustration of this possibility, and is one of the results attending dipping into the unknown. This eventuality can only be fathomed by recourse to prolonged research by accomplished scientists such as have been enrolled for the committee of the new Radium Institute.

NON-ACTINIC CLOTHING FOR TROPICAL USE.

Some twelve months ago, in referring to a lecture delivered by Colonel Maude, late R.E., relative to the use of red garments in tropical countries to avoid the disturbance of the human body caused by the sun's actinic rays, we mooted the idea that clothing of this kind might very profitably be specially manufactured for use in such countries. Two enterprising firms in these islands have acted upon our suggestion, one in regard to cloth for outer garments, known as 'solaro,' which we have already described, and the other for underwear. This latter has only recently been placed on the market, but its preparation has involved continuous expensive experiments and research during the past twelve months. The new fabric, which is suitable for all descriptions of undergarments, is made in accordance with established scientific principles. It is built up of threads alternately red and orange; but the pronounced appearance is red, the two colours thus combined providing an ingenious, highly efficient medium for absorbing the pernicious actinic rays. The colour selected is that which has been scientifically determined as being the most capable of fulfilling the desired purpose. It is not bluish, but is a specially evolved red. The combination of the two tints is so effectively accomplished that the non-actinic rays that pass through exercise no harmful effects upon the body whatever. Moreover, the material being made of a porous character, in accordance with the well-established cellular principles so successfully adopted in aertex clothing, the skin receives adequate ventilation. The result is that, although the actinic rays are arrested in their path, the pores of the skin have access to the air through the cells in the fabric; so that, although one may be industriously working in a sweltering sun, no discomfort is experienced. The red guarantees protection against sunstroke; and although one may be perspiring freely as a result of physical exertion, all danger of catching a chill is averted, since the material, as is well known, ensures protection against this danger owing to its peculiar construction. In selecting the desired colour, however, care had to be exercised that it stood absolutely fast under all conditions. This proved a matter of great difficulty at first, but has now been completely overcome. It will not fade with the sun, while the dye does not run when washed, no matter what kind of water may be used. The material has been subjected to searching trial in tropical countries such as Cuba and Central America, and has proved eminently efficient and durable.

PAPER FROM COCOA-NUT HUSKS.

The rapid depletion of the forests of the world, due to the increasing use of wood-pulp for the manufacture of paper, is producing a critical position in that industry. Already in the United States the timber supplies have fallen short of the demand. Paper is rising in price, and in order to cope with the situation applied chemistry is searching keenly for a substitute. Experiments are being made by the Government with a view to discovering commercially practicable methods of manufacturing paper from peat, straw, cotton-stalks, and other similar waste products which exist in illimitable quantities. In this country the problem has not yet reached an acute stage; but paper-manufacturers, seeing the prospects of a paper-famine looming in the distance owing to the exhaustion of forests, are embarking upon similar chemical experiments. Among the various wastes being examined in this connection, one firm—Messrs J. Brown & Co., Penicuik, makers of the paper upon which this *Journal* is printed—have examined cocoa-nut husks at the request of one of our correspondents, and the results of their practical experiments in this direction are interesting. The outer rind of this husk is of a very lignified character. Inside this rind is a pithy structure about two inches in thickness, interlaced throughout with very strong, long fibres of a jute-like, lignified appearance. In the boiling treatment of the husks two large samples of the selected material were dried at a temperature of one hundred degrees Centigrade, and then accurately weighed. The outer rind of the one was then pulverised, and the other left in its original condition. Each sample was then placed in a separate bag made of hessian cloth, and boiled for four hours at a pressure of thirty pounds per square inch, with eighteen pounds of sodium oxide per hundredweight, in esparto boilers along with the esparto grass. The boiling operation completed, the husks were examined, and it was then ascertained that this treatment was not sufficiently drastic to destroy the pithy constituent in the rind, while the latter was scarcely affected or softened by the boiling. These results proved that to separate the cellulose from the non-cellulose portions of cocoa-nut husks much higher temperatures and pressures would be required. The sample of cocoa-nut husk in which the rind was broken up was resolved to a greater extent than that left untouched. Further experiments were, therefore, carried out with the former bulk. It was treated with thirty-six pounds of bleaching-powder per hundredweight; but even with this excessive pro-

portion of bleaching agent (which is about four times that required to impart a pure white colour to esparto) the husk was but slightly whitened, which is another proof that the boiling process was not sufficiently prolonged or severe. To prepare a suitable paper-making material from such a waste as cocoa-nut husk is obviously very difficult, if not impossible, but laboratory experiments are to be continued with a view to giving the material a further chance.

MOVING PICTURES IN COLOURS.

During the past few months considerable interest has been created in photographic circles by the announced discovery of methods of taking and projecting animated pictures in colours. The inventions, however, when analysed are all carried out upon the same lines. This is the taking of the negative in triplicate through colour screens of red, blue, and green respectively, the latter being in the form of three equal-sized sectors on a glass disc rotated before the lens during exposure. Projection is carried out upon the same lines. Such is really an application of the Ives chromo-photographic system, which, when applied to kinematography, is unsatisfactory. An English inventor experimented with this same system as far back as 1898, but abandoned it for research upon new and original lines, which have now proved eminently successful. Curiously enough, this inventor was the first to apply the zoetrope to photography, for in 1885 he devised a camera in which by the simple turning of a handle he secured photographs in such rapid succession upon a glass plate that when they were projected in a similar manner upon the screen a life-like motion was obtained. When Mr Friese-Greene exhibited this apparatus which he had evolved it created considerable interest, and there is no doubt but that his latest device for producing the same animation in colours will compel equally widespread attention. The idea is so simple that it cannot fail to prove commercially possible. Instead of taking each picture respectively through the three-colour screens, only one picture is taken through each screen, the latter being disposed in successive groups of three upon an endless celluloid band, which, as the sensitised film is exposed, has one filter brought into juxtaposition with the sensitised surface. In other words, he does not require to prepare three negatives of each picture. The camera is in duplicate, the lenses being disposed side by side in the same manner as the eyes are set in the head. Both lenses are fitted with colour filter-bands which work together. The two exposures however, are not made simultaneously, but alternately; and, similarly, when a photograph is taken through the red filter in one camera it is followed by the blue screen in the second camera. This in turn is followed by the green in the first camera, and then by the red in the second camera. The blue then comes before the lens in the first camera, and then the green in the second camera, this system being continued during the time exposures are being made. By the special shutter-arrangement devised, the working is such that the successive filters of the two cameras become dissolved or blended into one another. In projection the same principle is followed. There are two lenses placed side by side, the pictures from which become exactly superimposed upon the screen in exactly the same manner as the two pictures recorded by the eye become resolved into one in the brain. When the projector is set in motion the colour images thrown from each become blended on the screen, so that, in accordance with the law of visual persistence, the eye receives an impression of a perfect three-colour picture. Moreover, the picture is stereoscopic—an equally striking result. Mr Friese-Greene has made the most important stride in colour-photography, at any rate so far as kinematography is concerned, that has yet been attained.

INGENIOUS AND ECONOMICAL HOUSE-WARMING SYSTEM.

An ingenious invention for reducing the loss of heat in the coal-fire and incidentally providing means of heating other rooms at the same time has been perfected. The familiar grate is preserved intact; but at the back is a small boiler of the arched type, under which the waste heat passes on its escape up the chimney, but in its flight is compelled to perform some useful office in heating the water within the boiler. The grate is fitted with flues, and as desired the waste heat can be deflected either beneath the boiler or straight up the chimney by means of two small dampers. From the boiler extends a small pipe connecting with radiators placed in adjoining rooms either on the same floor or the story above as required; and, consequently, as the temperature of the water within the boiler rises, the water flows to the radiators, where it sheds its heat into the rooms. By this means, although a fire is burning in one apartment it can be controlled to heat two or three other rooms equally well. It is a very ingenious device, and so simply designed that it cannot get out of order. No alteration in the fire-grate space is necessary, while the boiler is detached from the grate proper and can be removed whenever desired, as it is not a fixture. All that is necessary in withdrawing the boiler is to uncouple the pipe extending therefrom to the radiators—a very easy operation. The system marks a new departure in house-warming arrangements which, when its benefits and economics are realised, is certain of wide popularity.

A TIME-SAVING DEVICE IN CROCHET-WORK.

A novel and natty little device which should appeal to all those participating in crochet, knitting, or allied crafts, either for personal diversion or teaching purposes, is a handy recorder which has made its appearance. It is made of cardboard, measures about seven inches long by three wide, and works upon the familiar metric system.

On the right is a dial registering from 1 to 19 inclusive, with the number desired showing through a small aperture. In the centre is a pointer indicating tens, from 2 to 9 inclusive, while on the left is another dial similar to the first registering from 100 to 1000 and upwards. In teaching a class or working from a new design the recorder will be found indispensable, since all counting and measuring is avoided. It is useful for all kinds of artistic needlework, whether done in rows, rounds, or sections, and has the advantage of being set instantly. Often one has suffered from having to abandon a piece of work when it was only partially completed, and not being able to resume the occupation for weeks or perhaps months after. Then valuable time is lost in picking up the sequence of the pattern once more. By means of this time-saving recorder, however, when compelled to forgo the work one simply sets the recorder to the point at which it has been left; consequently, when operations are resumed the situation can be immediately ascertained by consulting the recorder.

STICK LIQUORICE.

In his report on the agriculture of Southern Italy, the late Consul-General E. Neville-Rolfe draws attention to the diminishing exports of stick liquorice to the United Kingdom. He states: 'As a commercial asset, liquorice is much less important than it was even such a short time as ten years ago.' After describing how stick liquorice is made from the strained and evaporated solution obtained from boiling the pulp of the crushed and ground roots, he adds: 'These [sticks] are made into three sizes, the largest being that most in demand for the English market, and the smaller for Scotland and Ireland. It is used as a remedy for coughs and colds, and to conceal the taste of disagreeable medicines. Modern discoveries which have made ordinary drugs less nauseous than they used to be have caused a decline in the demand for the liquorice for this purpose.' Unfortunately this change has brought evil as well as good in its train; drugs otherwise nauseous, having been made palatable by sugar-coating, are too often ignorantly self-administered. It may be added that as the habit of chewing tobacco has declined, less liquorice-stick (a long-recognised chewing-tobacco ingredient) is used in conjunction therewith; also, that certain chemical processes have superseded its former use for colouring various iron and steel preparations. Dr Keith, in his *Plea for a Simpler Life* and *Fads of an Old Physician*, recommends liquorice as a cure for indigestion. When pure liquorice can be had, such as is supplied to the wholesale confectioner, that seems most effectual.

SHERWOOD FOREST.

Most visitors to the Midlands know something of Sherwood Forest and the neighbourhood of the 'Dukeries,' which includes Welbeck Abbey, a seat of the Duke of Portland; Clumber, associated with the Clinton family; Haughton, with the Dukes of Newcastle; Thoresby, the seat of Earl Manvers; and Rufford Abbey, a seat of the Saviles, visited by the King. Mr Joseph Rodgers has gathered the associations and much of the romance and beauty of this interesting district into a finely illustrated volume entitled *Sherwood Forest, with an Account of some Eminent People who Resided there* (T. Fisher Unwin). This renowned forest, associated with the name of that bold outlaw Robin Hood and his merry men, once stretched between Nottingham and Whitby. Now the woodland, with its fine old oaks, has shrunk to a fragment of its former size, to which the smoke and sulphur from coal-pits threaten to be prejudicial. Mr Rodgers expatiates on the restful feeling of happiness which is derived from the contemplation of the beauties of nature, one of the choicest blessings of existence, and the fact that woodland scenery from the remotest times has impressed itself on the imagination of mankind. Sherwood is the scene of Tennyson's *Foresters*. Scott and Washington Irving had a healthy belief in the existence of such a personality as Robin Hood not entirely shared by later writers. The Major Oak, or Queen Oak, can accommodate some twelve people in the hospitable hollow of its trunk, and seven villagers from Edwinstowe once took breakfast comfortably there. Another famous oak, quite a shell when we saw it, is called Robin Hood's Larder. Newstead Abbey, associated with Lord Byron, lies between Mansfield and Nottingham. Let intending visitors provide themselves, however, with a card of admission, not to be had at the gateway, else they may find the gates barred to their entrance if they are birds of passage.

THE FIELDS AT HOME.

To eyes that long have ached with tropic glare
The sight of our green fields brings restful balm,
And soothes us like some old-remembered psalm,
Heard as a child, when all the earth was fair.
Talk not to me of blossoms rich and rare,
Or the rank luxury of graceful palm
In endless sunshine and eternal calm,
While the green fields of home may be my share!
Give me the sunbeams, chasing o'er the grass,
The happy hedges in their green array,
Like little children loose on holiday.
So let my mem'ry of the tropics pass!
The lodestone that attracts all men who roam
Is the dear thought of the green fields at home.

ANGUS ROBERTS.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE SEQUEL OF A TRAGEDY.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ON a certain sunny September afternoon, Frank Basildon and his brother-in-law, George Northfield—the latter and his wife over on a visit from New Zealand—were lounging in wicker chairs on the veranda of the old mansion of Nethercroft. Between them was a small table, on which were cigars, cigarettes, and sundry seasonable drinks. Both were smoking, and listening (or seeming to do so) to the mellowed strains which reached them from the drawing-room, where their wives were trying over some new music which Mrs Basildon had received that morning from London.

After a rather long spell of silence Northfield said abruptly, 'What's the name, Frank, of the blue-black stone in that big signet-ring on the middle-finger of your left hand?'

'It's a lapis-lazuli, and is engraved with the Basildon crest. The ring belonged to my great-grandfather, and was last worn by him. How it came into my possession is a story worth telling. Should the recital of it serve to waft you into dreamland this slumberous afternoon I promise freely to forgive you.'

'When my great-grandfather, Colonel Basildon, who had fought with distinction under Wellington in the Peninsula, came to Nethercroft to eke out the remainder of his days in what for him was an existence of penury and obscurity, he was, so to speak, a ruined man. He had started in life as the owner of a fine estate in Devon, with upwards of twenty thousand pounds in funded property. But it was an era of high play, and after his retirement from the army he plunged to such an extent that five short years saw him at the end of his tether. There was no entail, and he had made a clean sweep of everything he could gamble away, including the fortune brought him by the heiress he had married. Nothing remained save this old mansion and its couple of hundred acres of mixed meadow and moorland, which had come to him through his wife, but was strictly settled on their only son.

'After the colonel's death—or, rather, after his disappearance, about which you shall hear presently—Nethercroft was let on a lease, which was renewed from time to time; but when I succeeded to the little estate—it was all my father had to leave—a caretaker and his wife were, and had been for some years, the house's sole occupants.

'At that time, as you are aware, I was a struggling painter, earning just enough to enable me to keep my head above water, but not enough for two. I had lately fallen in love with your sister, had proposed, and had been accepted; but there seemed little likelihood of our being able to wed for a long while to come.

'My father died in the winter, and in the following May I came down here for the first time. I was a landowner in a very small way, and felt it incumbent upon me to visit the property. I had written beforehand to John Fildew, the caretaker, and he had fitted up a couple of rooms in homely fashion in readiness for my arrival. I was minded to become my own tenant for the next few months, and more especially so when I had explored the neighbourhood and had discovered how rich it was in picturesque "bits" on which I could exercise my pencil or brush during the coming summer. My wants were few and simple, and I did not wish for a better cook than Mrs Fildew.

'You have been here so short a while that I don't think you have yet found your way to the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea, although a twenty minutes' walk would take you to it?'

'That's so,' replied Northfield; 'but I've lots of time before me.'

'We will go there to-morrow, because I have something to show you. A considerable stretch of the ground which gradually rises from Nethercroft

[All Rights Reserved.]

to the summit is included in my small estate. I had not been here many days before, in one of my perambulations, I came upon a narrow cleft or fissure in the cliff close to the highest point. It was only about a couple of feet wide, but of unknown depth. It began about a dozen feet back from the face of the cliff, and extended landward for about a score yards.

'Later on, when summer was merging into autumn, there came a morning when, on making my way to the summit of the cliff, as I often did for an after-breakfast breather, I was amazed by the discovery that the fissure, instead of being only two feet in width, as I had seen it a couple of days before, was now nearly six feet from edge to edge. At the time I was utterly at a loss to know to what to attribute so remarkable a disturbance; but next day the newspapers informed me that a slight seismic shock which extended nearly half-way across England had been experienced a couple of nights before, and I could only conclude that to it the widening of the fissure was due.

'It was a still morning; and as I stood there, peering into its depths, a faint, hoarse murmur reached my ears. Going down on one knee, I bent my head and listened. I now heard the murmur more distinctly, and recognised it for what it was—the plaint of the incoming tide as it broke on the beach at the foot of the cliff. But if its inarticulate voice ascended to me so clearly when I bent my ear to the cleft, there must be a hollow or opening of some kind far below in which the sound was first gathered up. Thus I reasoned, and the longer I listened the more convinced I felt that such must be the case.

'Next day I took John Fildew with me up the cliff. With him he carried a rope, to one end of which a weight was attached. On reaching the cleft I dropped the weight over the edge and gradually paid out the rope till it pulled no longer, and then I knew that the weight had reached the bottom. When the rope was drawn up and measured, I found that a length of close upon eighty feet had been paid out.

'A few days later saw John and me again on the cliff. This time we had come laden with a rope-ladder which I had ordered from London, together with a stout sapling to be laid across the rift. It did not take long to lower the ladder, which was heavily weighted, till we felt it touch the bottom, and then to secure the other end to the sapling. All was now ready for my descent. John was much perturbed, and would fain have dissuaded me from the adventure; but I scouted his fears, and laughed up in his face as I disappeared from view.

'Down I went, slowly and carefully. The lower I got the narrower the fissure seemed to become as I stared upwards; but the day was a bright one, and overhead was a stretch of sunlit sky. The walls of the fissure, so far as I could judge, consisted of a hard conglomerate of pebbles and sand.

'At length I stepped off the last rung of the ladder on to the sandy floor of a cavern of considerable size, which was flooded with a sort of bluish-green twilight, derived in part from the opening seaward where the lip of the cliff hung down to within a few feet of high-water.

'Suspended from the belt of my Norfolk jacket was an electric dark-lantern, which I now unslung and opened the slide; but scarcely had I turned and thrown the rays of my lantern into the recesses of the cavern before a tremor ran through my nerves, and an exclamation of horror and amazement broke from my lips. On the ground a few yards away lay the skeleton of a full-grown person. Seen by that artificial light, it looked nearly snow-white. Close by it were four boxes or sea-chests, the smallest of them being on the top of the others. After a long, silent stare, I drew near the skeleton and peered down at it. Its component parts lay somewhat scattered from each other and in no sort of order. Presently my attention was attracted by some small glittering objects which lay among the bones. I stooped and picked up three of them. They proved to be metal coat-buttons of a bygone era, and still showed traces of their original gilding. The next article I picked up was the lapis-lazuli ring I am now wearing. When I turned the stone to the light and saw that it was engraved with the Basildon crest a sudden vertigo overcame me. I sat down on the nearest chest and stared at the ring like one fascinated. It seemed to me that I had accidentally lighted on the clue to an old family mystery. Upwards of eighty years before my great-grandfather had mysteriously disappeared, and had never been heard of again. Had the secret of his fate been revealed to me after all this length of time? I could hardly doubt it.

'It will give you some notion of the sort of estimation in which my great-grandfather was held in these parts,' resumed Frank presently, 'when I tell you that he was commonly spoken of either as "The Black Squire" or as "Black Basildon;" and, from what I can gather, he succeeded in making himself thoroughly hated by all whom he looked upon as his social inferiors. As a magistrate he was notoriously the most severe of any who sat on the bench at Cleeve End. Poachers in especial had good reason to dread being brought before him. His limited estate held nothing in the way of game save rabbits, but these he did his best to preserve as if they were so many pheasants. He acted as his own keeper, and thus it fell out that one night he encountered a couple of poachers on his property. In the skirmish that ensued he shot one of them dead, while the other was subsequently captured and transported to Botany Bay. Within a month of the affair a couple of attempts were made on his life as he was returning in the dusk of evening from Cleeve End, after which he never left home without carrying a brace of pistols. He had the reputation of being a dead-shot.

'At this time he had been a widower for a number of years, and it was characteristic of him that he

should have quarrelled with his only son, a subaltern in the army, whose pay was supplemented by an income of a few hundreds a year bequeathed him by his mother. Such was the state of affairs when Colonel Basildon, at the age of fifty-five, brought a second wife home to Nethercroft on his return from one of his occasional visits to the Metropolis. No information was vouchsafed by him to anybody with reference to his bride's family or antecedents, and nothing about them ever came to light. She has been described by one whose position enabled him to see much of her as being a red-and-white, feather-brained beauty of twenty summers, vain and selfish, with a perpetual craving for change and excitement. What but a disastrous result of some sort could be looked for from the marriage of such a being to the dour master of Nethercroft?

'About three miles away is Pearmount, the home of the Caslins, an old county family. Young Mrs Basildon had not been wedded a year before it began to be whispered among those who were in a position to observe such things that she and Hugh Caslin, the heir of Pearmount, were often to be seen together when the Black Squire was away attending to his magisterial duties; but no whisper of the state of affairs seems ever to have reached the man most concerned. He was too thoroughly hated for any one to care to enlighten him; and most likely those who knew and talked about what was happening under their eyes gloated over his ignorance, and told each other that, whatever the outcome might be, he would be rightly served.

'At length the crisis came. Young Caslin and Mrs Basildon were missing, and were reported to have taken with them the casket containing jewels, valued at from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, which had been the property of the first Mrs Basildon, and were left so that her husband was debarred from disposing of them. At any rate, the casket had disappeared.

'Of the steps, if any, taken by the colonel to trace the runaway couple I have no knowledge; but the singular fact remains that on the fifth day after their flight he himself mysteriously disappeared, and was never heard of afterwards.

'You may possibly wonder how it happens that I am in a position to speak with so much confidence about events which occurred long before I was born. That, however, is easily explained. My information came to me from John Fildew, and to him from his father, who lived to be ninety-eight, and had been the colonel's body-servant.

'And now, if you please, we will go back to the cavern and what I found there.

'As soon as I had recovered in some measure from the shock of my discovery I began to make a careful examination of my surroundings. I have already mentioned that the smallest of the chests had been placed on the top of the others, and on it I now perceived certain articles which I at once proceeded to take up and examine. The first that I picked up was a much-tarnished, old-fashioned gold repeater, with a fob-chain attached. I pressed the spring and the case flew open. It was not without a thrill that I read the name engraved inside: "Archibald Seymour Basildon." All doubt was ended. The poor relics of humanity on the floor could, indeed, be none other than those of my great-grandfather. I laid down the watch and chain, and took up the next article, which was a massive gold pencil-case. The third and last article was a mildewed russia leather pocket-book, which proved to contain nothing save a rather bulky memorandum-book, the leaves of which were covered with close writing in pencil. A passage here and there which I glanced at decided me to leave the cavern by the way I had entered, take with me the pocket-book, and as soon as I reached home to read carefully from beginning to end what was there written. Everything else should be left till another day.

'A few minutes later I had rejoined John Fildew on the summit of the cliff. The old fellow was intensely interested when told of my discovery. I bound him to secrecy, and made an arrangement with him for next day.

'And now I'll fetch the pocket-book found by me in the cavern, and read to you what is written inside.'

(To be continued.)

AN IMPRESSION OF CANADA.

By JAMES MILNE, Editor of the *Book Monthly*.

HAVE you ever noticed that the great book of Nature, like the small books which we all write, seems to have a preface, an introduction, something leading gradually and naturally to something bigger? You have the scattered trees before you get a wood, and the wood before you get a forest. Similarly, you have the foothills before you get to the hills, and the hills before you get to the mountains. It is still more interesting to notice this natural transition of things as between sea and land; and in going to Canada one cannot help not merely noticing but feeling it.

The whole voyage across the North Atlantic is, as it were, a preparation for the country which you are to find when you get there. You sail out from Liverpool—say in the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Ireland*, as I did—and soon you are in the long, silent atmosphere of great waters. You tack north and then across, and all the time there is this wonderful feeling of space and vastness—an

endless expanse of sky and moving sea. You feel that you have suddenly been carried from the busy haunts of men into the solitudes of Mother Nature; for, after all, Nature is perhaps most imposing in the mirror of the sea. At first the Atlantic looks as if it were always the same, apart from whether its face be rough or smooth; but soon you learn that it has a thousand moods, and feel the effect of these. The supreme feeling you have is that you are in a world, if it be only a world of salt-water, where everything is fresh, pure, virgin.

Now, you still keep that impression when you have sighted the shores, it will be, of lonely Labrador if your voyage is in the summer, and the Strait of Belle Isle. Those long, gray, rugged, scarred shores appear as if they had never been trodden by the foot of man, as if they would always remain next-door neighbours to the Arctic regions, and as if mere man were really powerless to intervene. So you pass into the Gulf of St Lawrence, and then into the mighty St Lawrence river itself, and still the wonder grows on you about this newness, this freshness, this sweetness of heaven and earth and sea. It has come to you gradually, as we have seen; but when you think for a moment you realise how very much Canada takes her 'note' from the seas which wash her eastern shores and from the fresh-waters which pour through her territories as the St Lawrence does.

It is a delight to sail up the St Lawrence on a sunny day, with the trees green on its banks, fishermen's houses dotting those banks, and the Laurentian Hills lifting their cone-shaped tops into the blue sky. The image which suggests itself to your mind is that of a new land blushing to the dawn. And then the wind is so rich and sweet, as if it came from the very North Pole—which, indeed, it may happen to do, merely stopping by the way to pick up the fragrance of the clover and the thousand flowers that the hot, quick summer of Canada throws up, a beautiful robe to adorn the face of the land. Does all this make it clear that the first impression which one has of Canada is as of a country which man has had little time to change from the condition in which Nature left it, but which, at the same time, is a very fruitful home to him? That, anyhow, was the first impression which Canada gave me, and I took it away, qualified here and there by lesser pictures set in the great one; as, for instance, of Quebec on the rocks above the St Lawrence, a city of romance, a patch of Old France on the shores of the New World.

It was in summer weather that I made the acquaintance of Quebec, and it was radiant in sunlight and brisk of atmosphere. There was something about it, and its lift into the sky, which suggested Edinburgh—the view and the feeling you have when you look over the Castle ramparts down towards Granton and the Firth of Forth. In fact, when I stood on the topmost part of the Citadel of Quebec, and looked at the waters of the St Lawrence flowing below me, I could almost have felt that I was on the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle, only with a difference. Edinburgh usually has a clear sky, partly, perhaps, because she often also has an east wind; but Quebec has a clear sky without an east wind. It is wonderful how far you can see in that Canadian atmosphere, and how far a cry will carry in it, which is sure evidence of its purity and rarity. No wonder that it was a sore thing for Old France to have Quebec wrenched from her, because Old France, with her many faults, was romantic in outlook, had a natural affinity for romance.

To-day the French-Canadians of Quebec are grateful for the history and the traditions which Old France has left them, and still more grateful for the progress and the practical comfort of life which the British Empire has given them. They would not willingly step outside the British Empire; but, on the other hand, they cling to their language and religion and to the laws which Old France made in New France long years ago—they cling to all these things as the members of a family cling to the family traditions; and why should it be otherwise? You will probably meet many tourist Americans during your sojourn in Canada, and they will speak impatiently of the French-Canadians, saying they are slow-moving, slow-thinking, and unprogressive. Perhaps it is so; but you like the French-Canadians for these very characteristics, and you would not wish them to be guilty of that perpetual rush and scramble which makes America such a whirlwind to live in, and which is gradually infecting the neighbouring parts of Canada.

There can be no doubt that the characteristics of America are making themselves felt, as indeed was inevitable, in the near-by Dominion of Canada, and this is particularly noticeable in a city like Toronto. Most French-Canadians, when they go to America for a while, return to Canada brisker, more go-ahead, more progressive; but, even so, the mass of French-Canadian life is little affected, and it runs on in its quiet, simple, old-world way, 'contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,' as Robert Burns says. They are a very engaging people the French-Canadians, and they have kept alive in the New World some of the more gracious characteristics and traditions of the Old. They take time to live, to enjoy themselves, and they have a delight in what one may call the artistic side of life. They are fond of music, and the native-made statues which they have put up to notable French-Canadians show that they have in them the making of a French-Canadian art. They already have a French-Canadian literature, which, if its bounds be limited, is nevertheless full of real colour and of no little vitality.

There will, perhaps, be a leap forward in all these things when the bond between the Roman Catholic Church and the French-Canadians gets a little easier, becomes less taut, and allows greater freedom to the individual in thought and, one may

even say, in action. Nowhere, not in Rome itself, is the Roman Catholic Church more powerful than in Quebec and French-Canada. If it does not rule in name, it rules in fact, and nobody need doubt that it seeks to rule its people for their good. On the other hand, one may doubt whether we live in an age when it is possible for any ecclesiastical authority to do that, because nowadays no single Church stands for the many-footed march forward of the world to ever higher things. You are struck, the first hour you are in Quebec, with the air of ecclesiasticism which is about it, and with the presence of monasteries and Roman Catholic churches and priests and nuns. Here, indeed, is the Old World set on the shores of the New, and certainly it captivates your imagination. Your mind runs over the gallant story of New France, its discovery by Jacques Cartier, its creation by Champlain, its government and misgovernment by successive orders of French nobles, until finally we come to the Plains of Abraham up there, where Wolfe and Montcalm, both choicely fine spirits, gave their lives for the New Canada which was to begin its life when they died.

Quebec is the oldest city in North America, for it was before New York, and it remains in many ways what it was, while New York has become a great cosmopolitan place which has lost its past in its present. Quebec, therefore, has a sentimental interest for a traveller from the Old World, because it seems to welcome him to an atmosphere with which history on the European side of the Atlantic has made him very familiar. This you find in French-Canada generally, a survival of an Old Worldism which may have its defects, but which also has an agreeable picturesqueness, a charm as of the days of ruffles and duels and gallant doings. They may not, in reality, have been very good those 'good old days;' but we colour them in our imaginations to make them seem good, and that is what French-Canada does in reference to her own young years. It is possible that the early French-Canadians were neither particularly happy nor particularly prosperous; but there they were, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, facing barbarous peoples, gathering a new world into civilisation, and that is a striking picture which French-Canada does well to treasure in its memory.

When you speak of French-Canada you include the province of Quebec as well as the city of Quebec, and you include half the population of the great city of Montreal. You may say of it that it speaks French on one side of the street and English on the other, and that the acquaintanceship between the two races is indicated by a cry across the street. They are co-partners rather than co-operators in the undertaking of Canada; they lead their distinctive lives, finding their labours and their pleasures within their own respective gates, and rarely giving each other hostages in marriage or in anything else. Yes, there are two peoples in Canada, two gifted peoples, each with its own qualities—the British for nation-making, practical effort, driving the ford and bridging the road; the French for—shall we say?—the more decorative side of life. You can perceive that eventually, when the two classes of gifts are merged in a fused race you will have a people potent of things which even Canada, in her dreams of the future, has not yet dreamt about. But that song of unity is still 'over the hills and far away,' and it is only those who listen with their hands to their ear who hear it. It is the 'still, small voice' crying in the wilderness, but perhaps it grows in volume, and perhaps the day will come when it will be heard on the hill-tops instead of being merely an echo in the valleys beyond. There are people in Canada who are working for this, thinking for this, and who, in its realisation, see the perfect triumph of a Canada whose millions will fairly divide the New World with America. As yet Canada is spacious in acres, rich in natural wealth, but comparatively small in population. You can see, however, and you can feel, that she is only half-grown up, and not even that. Full manhood is still hers to come. She has possibilities everywhere, not merely of money-making, which is a poor business after all, but of happiness, which surely is the higher aim of life.

The Canadians are a happy, hopeful people, and for that possibly they have to thank their climate as well as their country. They have much oxygen and endless blue skies, and you will meet Canadians who will tell you June in Canada is not so good as December, when the land is fast in snow and the air is crisp with life. In any case, it is an atmosphere full of life-making and of the vigour and the achievement which come of all this. And because the Canadians are a happy people, it follows that they are a sociable people, kindly, genial, hospitable. They are always glad to meet somebody from the Old Country, and to hear about that land from which they sprang, even if they themselves have never seen it and never may see it. They sing, in the words of a French-Canadian poet, 'Oh Canada, beloved Motherland!' but next in their heart is the older motherland across the Atlantic. Their attitude to their motherland Canada, and to their grandmotherland Britain, may be put as that of a man to his wife and to his mother; he would find it hard to choose between them if he had to make the choice. They are often impatient with us, those young, robust Canadians, saying why don't we do this? and why don't we do that? forgetting that an old country cannot change and turn things about with the rapidity with which you can fashion a new country. They will say to you, 'Look at the narrow streets you have in London and in Edinburgh,' and you need to remind them that those streets were there when they were thought to be excellent thoroughfares, centuries ago. Deep down in their hearts they would be distressed, when they came here, to miss those narrow London and Edinburgh streets—London and Edinburgh would not

then have the same interest of contrast or attachment for them.

Speaking of Canada, one speaks of London and Edinburgh almost as equal capitals, because wherever you go in the Dominion you meet Scotsmen, and always the inquiry is about the 'North Countree.' Canada has largely been developed by Scotsmen, and in no other colony does a young Scotsman get a better welcome. I was talking one day to the secretary of a great Canadian bank, and I happened to ask him if he often recruited his staff from home, because Canadians always speak of the Old Country as 'home.' 'No,' he said, 'we don't take out many clerks nowadays; when we do, we prefer young Scotsmen to young Englishmen. The Englishman has an idea that a colony is a place which wants to be taught how to do its work, and he is apt to be a little patronising. The Scotsman, on the other hand, is willing at once to enter into the ways of the colonies, to take his share of things on our democratic basis, and that is why we like him best.' With the French-Canadian, too, Scotsmen get on very well, and the old association between Scotland—say in the time of Mary Stuart—and France is even to-day an element in that good feeling. Perhaps the French-Canadians as a mass, and especially the French-Canadian farmer who digs his living from the soil by the sweat of his brow, have not learned everything the modern world can teach them, but they have not forgotten either, and certainly they have not forgotten the association of their one-time fatherland with the Scotland of the Stuarts. If anybody ever thought of another Jacobite rebellion, Canada would be a likely place in which to start it. There you have, to begin with, a great stratum of Scotsmen whose Scottish patriotism has been emphasised by the fact that they live out of Scotland; then you have a certain element of Highlanders; and, finally, you have French-Canadians who would feel that the adventurer touched their past. But the thought is too romantic to be carried further.

Canada will be content with the store of romance which Frenchmen of Louis the Fourteenth's time gave her, to which Wolfe and a thousand British warriors added, and which at present is being set in a modern frame by the rapid development of a country that has self-reliance, courage, and millions of acres for the up-springing of new homes. You cannot go to Canada without liking it, and for some weeks after you come back to this old, century-worn, dear land of our own, you see in your dreams the great rivers of Canada rolling down to the sea between banks which are lush with grass and bowered in maple-trees, and you feel on your face the fragrance-laden winds which blow from the shores of Labrador to Quebec and Montreal, to Ottawa and Winnipeg, and over the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XIX.—SHOWS GABRIELLE DEFIANT.

GABRIELLE crossed quickly to one of the long windows, which she unbolted and flung open, expecting to hear the shrill whir of the burglar-alarm, which, every night, Hill switched on before retiring.

'My dear little girl!' exclaimed the man, smiling as he strolled leisurely across to her with a cool, perfect unconcern which showed how completely he was master, 'why create such a beastly draught? Nothing will happen, for I've already seen to those wires.'

'You're a thief!' she cried, drawing herself up angrily. 'I shall go straight to my father and tell him at once.'

'You are at perfect liberty to act exactly as you choose,' was Flockart's answer, as he bowed before her with irritating mock politeness. 'But before you go, pray allow me to finish these most interesting documents, some of which, I notice, are in your very neat handwriting.'

'My father's business is his own alone, and you have no right whatever to pry into it. I thought you were posing as his friend!' she cried in bitter protest, as she stood with both her hands clenched.

'I am his friend,' he declared. 'Some day, Gabrielle, you will know the truth of how near he is to disaster, and how I am risking much in an endeavour to save him.'

'I don't believe you!' she exclaimed in undisguised disgust. 'In your heart there is not one single spark of sympathy with him in his affliction or with me in my ghastly position!'

'Your position is only your own seeking, my dear child,' was his cold response. 'I gave you full warning long ago. You can't deny that.'

'You conspired with Lady Heyburn against me!' she cried. 'I have discovered more about it than you think; and I now openly defy you, Mr Flockart. Please understand that.'

'Good!' he replied, still unruffled. 'I quite understand. You will pardon my resuming, won't you?' And walking back to the open safe, he drew forth a small bundle of papers from a drawer. Then he threw himself into a leather arm-chair, and proceeded to untie the tape and examine the documents one by one, as though in eager search of something.

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

'Though Lady Heyburn may be your friend, I am quite sure even she would never for a moment countenance such a dastardly action as this!' cried the girl, crimsoning in anger. 'You come here, accept my father's hospitality, and make pretence of being his friend and adviser; yet you are conspiring against him, as you have done against myself!'

'So far as you yourself are concerned, my dear Gabrielle,' he laughed, without deigning to look up from the papers he was scanning, 'I offered you my friendship, but you refused it.'

'Friendship!' she cried in sarcasm. 'Your friendship, Mr Flockart! What, pray, is it worth? You surely know what people are saying—the construction they are placing upon your friendship for Lady Heyburn?'

'The misconstruction, you mean,' he exclaimed airily, correcting her. 'Well, to me it matters not a single jot. The world is always ill-disposed and ill-natured. A woman can surely have a male friend without being subject to hostile and venomous criticism?'

'When the male friend is an honest man,' said the girl meaningly.

He shrugged his shoulders and continued reading, as though utterly disregarding her presence.

What should she do? How should she act? She knew quite well that from those papers he could gather no knowledge of her father's affairs, unless he held some secret knowledge of the true meaning of those cryptic terms and allusions. To her they were all as Hebrew.

Only that very day Monsieur Goslin had again made one of those unexpected visits, remaining from eleven in the morning until three; afterwards taking his leave, and driving back in the car to Auchterarder Station. She had not seen him; but he had brought from Paris for her a big box of chocolates tied with violet ribbons, as had been his habit for quite a couple of years past. She was a particular favourite with the polite, middle-aged Frenchman.

Her father's demeanour was always more thoughtful and serious after the stranger's visits. Business matters put before him by his visitor always, it seemed, required much deep thought and ample consideration.

Some papers brought to her father by Goslin she had placed in the safe earlier that evening, and these, she recognised, were now in Flockart's hands. She had not read them herself, and had no idea of their contents. They were, to her, never interesting.

'Mr Flockart,' she exclaimed very firmly at last, 'I ask you to kindly replace those papers in my father's safe, relock it, and hand me the key.'

'That I certainly refuse to do,' was the man's defiant reply, bowing as he spoke.

'You would prefer, then, that I went up to my father and explained all I have seen?'

'I repeat what I have already said. You are perfectly at liberty to tell whom you like. It makes no difference whatever to me. And, well, I don't want to be disturbed just now.' Rising, he walked across to the writing-table, and taking a piece of note-paper bearing the Heyburn crest, rapidly pencilled some memoranda upon it. He was, it seemed, taking a copy of one of the documents.

Suddenly she sprang towards him, crying, 'Give me that paper! Give it to me at once, I say! It is my father's.'

He straightened himself from the table, pulled down his white dress-vest with its amethyst buttons, and, looking straight into her face, ordered her to leave the room.

'I shall not go,' she answered boldly. 'I have discovered a thief in my father's house; therefore my duty is to remain here.'

'No. Surely your duty is to go upstairs and tell him;' and he bent again, resuming his rapid memoranda. 'Well,' he asked defiantly a few moments later, seeing that she had not moved, 'aren't you going?'

'I shall not leave you here alone.'

'Don't. I might run away with some of the ornaments.'

'Oh yes!' exclaimed the girl bitterly, 'you taunt me because you are well aware of my helplessness—of what occurred on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon—of how completely you have me in your power! I see it all. You defy me, well knowing that you could, in a moment, bring upon me a vengeance terrible and complete. It is all horrible!' she cried, covering her face with her hands. 'I know that I am in your power. And you have no pity, no remorse.'

'I gave you full warning,' he declared, placing the papers upon the table and looking at her. 'I gave you your choice. You cannot blame me. You had ample time and opportunity.'

'But I still have one man who loves me—a man who will yet stand my friend and defend me, even against you!'

'Walter Murie!' he laughed, with a quick gesture of disregard. 'You believe him to be your friend? Recollect, my dear Gabrielle, that men are deceivers ever.'

'So it seems in your case,' she exclaimed with poignant bitterness. 'You have brought scandalous comment upon my father's name, and yet you are utterly unconcerned.'

'Because, as I have already told you, your father is my friend.'

'And it is his money which you spend so freely,' she said in a low, hard voice of reproach. 'It comes from him.'

'His money!' he exclaimed quickly. 'What do you mean? What do you imply?'

'Simply that among my father's accounts a short time back I found two cheques drawn by Lady Heyburn in your favour.'

'And you told your father of them, of course?'

he exclaimed with sarcasm. 'A remarkable discovery, eh?'

'I told him nothing,' was her bold reply. 'Not because I wished to shield you, but because I did not wish to pain him unduly. He has worries sufficient, in all conscience.'

'Your devotion is really most charming,' the man declared calmly, leaning against the table and examining her critically from head to foot. 'Sir Henry believes in you. You are his dutiful daughter — pure, good, and all that!' he sneered. 'I wonder what he would say if he—well, if he knew just a little of the truth, of what happened that day at Chantilly?'

'The truth! Ah, and you would tell him—you!' she gasped in a broken voice, her sweet, innocent face blanched to the lips in an instant. 'You would drag my good name into the mire, and blast my life for ever with just as little compunction as you would shoot a rabbit. I know—I know you only too well, Mr Flockart! I stand in your way; I am in your way as well as in Lady Heyburn's. You are only awaiting an opportunity to wreck my life and crush me! Once I am away from here, my poor father will be helpless in your hands!'

'Dear me,' he sneered, 'how very tragic you are becoming! That dressing-gown really makes you appear quite like a heroine of provincial melodrama. I ought now to have a revolver and threaten you, and then this scene would be complete for the stage —wouldn't it? But for goodness' sake don't remain here in the cold any longer, my dear little girl. Run off to bed, and forget that to-night you've been walking in your sleep.'

'Not until I see that safe relocked and you give me the false key of yours. If you will not, then you shall this very night have an opportunity of telling the truth to my father. I am prepared to bear my shame and all its consequences'——

The words froze upon her pale lips. On the lawn outside the half-open glass door there was at that moment a light movement—the tapping of a walking-stick!

'Hush!' cried Flockart. 'Remember what I can tell him—if I choose!'

In an instant she saw the fragile figure of her father, in soft felt-hat and black coat, creeping almost noiselessly past the window. He had been out for one of his nocturnal walks, for he sometimes went out alone when suffering from insomnia. He had just returned.

The blind man went forward only a few paces farther; but, finding that he had proceeded too far, he returned and discovered the open door. Near it stood the pair, not daring now to move lest the blind man's quick ears should detect their footsteps.

'Gabrielle! Gabrielle, my dear!' exclaimed the Baronet.

But though her heart beat quickly, the girl did not reply. She knew, however, that the old man could almost read her innermost thoughts. The ominous words of Flockart rang in her ears. Yes, he could tell a terrible and awful truth which must be concealed at all hazards.

'I felt sure I heard Gabrielle's voice. How curious!' murmured the old man, as his feet fell noiselessly upon the thick Turkey carpet. 'Gabrielle dear!' he called. But his daughter stood there breathless and silent, not daring to move a muscle. Plain it was that while passing across the lawn outside he had heard her voice. He had overheard her declaration that she was prepared to bear the consequences of her disgrace.

Across the room the blind man groped, his hand held before him, as was his habit. 'Strange! Remarkably strange!' he remarked to himself quite aloud. 'I'm never mistaken in Gabrielle's voice.—Gabrielle dear, where are you? Why don't you speak? It's too late to-night to play practical jokes.'

Flockart knew that he had left the safe-door open, yet he dared not move across the room to close it. The sightless man would detect the slightest movement in that dead silence of the night. With great care he left the girl's side, and a single stride brought him to the large writing-table, where he secured the document, together with the pencilled memoranda of its purport, both of which he slipped into his pocket unobserved.

Gabrielle dared not breathe. Her discovery there meant her ruin.

The man who held her in his toils cast her an evil, threatening glance, raising his clenched fist in menace, as though daring her to make the slightest movement. In his dark eyes showed a sinister expression, and his nether lip was hard. She was, alas! utterly and completely in his power.

The safe was some distance away, and in order to reach and close it he would be compelled to pass the man in blue spectacles now standing, puzzled and surprised, in the centre of the great book-lined apartment. Both of them could escape by the open window, but to do so would be to court discovery should the Baronet find his safe standing open. In that case the alarm would be raised, and they would both be found outside the house, instead of within.

Slowly the old man drew his thin hand across his furrowed brow, and then, as a sudden recollection dawned upon him, he cried, 'Ah, the window! Why, that's strange! When I went out I closed it! But it was open—open—as I came in! Some one—some one has entered here in my absence!'

With both his thin, wasted hands outstretched, he walked quickly to his safe, cleverly avoiding the furniture in his course, and next second discovered that the iron door stood wide open.

'Thieves!' he gasped aloud hoarsely as the truth dawned upon him. 'My papers! Gabrielle's voice! What can all this mean?' And next moment he opened the door, crying, 'Help!' and endeavouring to alarm the household.

In an instant Flockart dashed forward towards the safe, and, without being observed by Gabrielle, had slipped the key into his own pocket.

'Gabrielle,' cried the blind man, 'you are here in the room. I know you are. You cannot deceive me. I smell that new scent, which your aunt Annie sent you, upon your handkerchief. Why don't you speak to me?'

'Yes, dad,' she answered at last, in a low, strained voice, 'I—I am here.'

'Then what is meant by my safe being open?' he asked sternly, as all that Goslin had told him a little while before flashed across his memory. 'Why have you obtained a key to it?'

'I have no key,' was her quick answer.

'Come here,' he said. 'Let me take your hand.'

With great reluctance, her eyes fixed upon Flockart's face, she did as she was bid, and as her father took her soft hand in his he said in a stern, harsh tone, full of suspicion and quite unusual to him, 'You are trembling, Gabrielle—trembling, because—because of my unexpected appearance, eh?'

The fair girl with the sweet face and dainty figure was silent. What could she reply?

(To be continued.)

SOME CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

By A. STODART WALKER.

PART IV.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE—JOHN BRIGHT—THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN—LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN — WHISTLER — AUBREY BEARDSLEY — MRS BISHOP — SIR HENRY IRVING—JOHN L. TOOLE.

HAVE several letters from Mr Gladstone, one or two on political questions and the remainder on matters pertaining to Homeric or literary subjects. I have no post-cards—which is remarkable, considering how customary was his use of this facile Government commodity; neither do I find any amongst the extensive correspondence which he carried on with John Stuart Blackie, and which is now in my possession. The first time I had the honour of meeting the great Liberal Minister was in the summer of 1890, when I called, on his invitation, at his London residence. My memory of that visit is as of one paid to an oracle. Our interview can hardly be described as that of a conversation, which perhaps is natural under the circumstances, considering how little I had to give and what rich veins of good things he was able to tap. At first I was a little perturbed by the intensity, almost fierceness of his manners; but this feeling was soon relieved by the thought of what a compliment he paid me in opening the rich founts of his knowledge and experience for my benefit. For an hour he talked almost unceasingly, first on Cardan and the medicine-men of the Middle Ages, then on the importance of the message of the Jewish prophets, after that on the Homeric devil, and finally on the value of reverence in the training of the citizen. The latter, however, was introduced more as a reflection on the new eclectic spirit than as a purely abstract and detached quality of the mind. I think he suspected that, being a student of science, I might be tarred with the brush of the newer scepticism. At any rate, it was led up to by a remark of my own *à propos* of a recent visit to Mr Herbert Spencer. I can hardly affirm the impression of others that the great politician was of a sympathetic temperament. He was kind and expansive to me in the heroic style, but it seemed rather like the kindness of an unbending dominie to a pupil whose trend of mind was of a markedly suspicious quality. I could not help recalling the saying of Disraeli that Gladstone was accustomed to address the Queen as if she were a public meeting. During the whole of our interview he addressed me as if I might be a possible offender. But I appreciated highly the honour he paid me in seeing me at all. He spoke, in passing, in high eulogium of the character of Professor Blackie, in very much the same spirit as he wrote when my relative died in 1895: 'Your uncle was so genuine, so simple, so susceptible of a pure enthusiasm, so detached from self, so attached to things kindly, pure, and noble.'

The second occasion I met Gladstone was in 1894, when he was staying at Fisher's Hotel, Pitlochry. I accompanied Professor Blackie, and we were received by a relative of the aged statesman, who expressed the hope that owing to the state of Mr Gladstone's health nothing might be said that would disturb his peace of mind. This was a sufficient damper to quell any desire to say what my natural timidity in the face of so portentous a personality might suggest, so I sat silently by, or engaged in rather a rickety conversation with Mrs Gladstone, while Blackie kept up a vigorous battle with the statesman on matters of Greek, and chiefly on the character and teaching of Socrates; the statesman speaking rather severely of the morals of the latter, and expressing far more liking for Xanthippe, who indeed must have felt bored at times by a man whose desire for argument was as keen as the man whose love of research led him to peep and botanise on his mother's grave. The conversation drifted on to more general grounds, and Gladstone said, 'We are both getting on in life now, Blackie, though I should fancy you are the younger man.' 'No,' replied Blackie, 'I can give you five months, and Tennyson two. We were all three born in 1809.' 'Ah,' suggested Gladstone, 'Tennyson would not thank you for associating him with two such disturbing elements as you and I,

Blackie.' 'I a disturbing element!' cried Blackie in mock anger. 'I like that; my practice is St Paul's—I speak the truth in love.' 'Truth,' replied Gladstone, 'is invariably disturbing to those who are unaccustomed to it.' 'True,' said Blackie, 'most people prefer half a truth, which, as Goethe said, is worse than a lie.' 'I can never understand how a man of your high moral ideals can so persistently hold forth Goethe to the admiration of the world,' criticised Gladstone. 'As Napoleon said of him, "*Voilà un homme!*"' retorted Blackie; 'and I love big men—St Paul, Goethe, and Walter Scott. Goethe was not a moral delinquent, as many suppose. Of course he was always falling in love, but he was a poet, and naturally felt more keenly and saw more sharply than ordinary men. The poet who during a long life can love only one woman or live on one idea is intense but narrow. The point is not how often he fell in love, but how he comported himself when in love.' The argument did not end there, but gradually drifted into a general discussion on ethics. Suddenly Gladstone turned to me and said, 'Now, sir, you may speak to me!' Not a very good opening for self-confidence on my part, and I actually—despite all my hatred of the subject—stumbled on to the weather! But Gladstone, with that genius for selection which was characteristic of him, took my text for an eloquent discourse on the effect of climate upon character and upon the national point of view, and soon after we took our departure.

One legend about the great Liberal Minister I am able to label as a myth. Soon after his death an article appeared in one of the reviews in which the writer spoke of the hawk-like eyes of the statesman, and proceeded to elaborate an incident which was supposed to have occurred at Dalmeny, in which Professor Blackie was the leading actor. From the narrative recorded we gather that Blackie was giving vent to certain favourite opinions on the Homeric devil, when Gladstone suddenly turned his eyes full upon him; whereupon the Professor of Greek is said to have suddenly become as if hypnotised or as if in a state of catalepsy, and to have sunk into his seat. Imagine Blackie being paralysed by eyes of man or even of devil! The truth of the story is this: Blackie was holding forth on some matter of politics, when suddenly, observing Gladstone looking disapprovingly at him, he paused, and with mock humility covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud, 'The presumption of Johnny! Fancy a mere Professor of Greek daring to contradict the Prime Minister of England.' The situation was not tragic, it was only humorous, though I fancy it was not at all to Gladstone's liking.

His peace-loving colleague, Mr John Bright, I met but once, and my chief memory of him bears relation to the land question, and I was greatly surprised to find that, though a fighting Radical, he had not much hope for the betterment of the people by the reform of the land-laws, especially in Scotland. 'Back to the land' did not appeal to him. The rest of our conversation was on war and peace, and I can remember, as we parted, he rolled out in rich and mellifluent tones this couplet:

> In peace sons bury their fathers,
> In war fathers bury their sons.

A man I always recall with great esteem and equally great affection is the late Lord Dufferin. I have few memories more precious than those associated with him. His kindness to me was that of a father and a considerate guardian. I was first introduced to him when I went to live in Paris in 1892. On the morning of my arrival I forwarded my letter of introduction to the British Embassy, and with that ready courtesy so characteristic of him he sent round a messenger the same afternoon to my hotel, begging me 'to do him and Lady Dufferin the honour' of dining with him that night. His reception of me was of the most frank and friendly nature. He went so far as graciously to offer me the hospitality of the Embassy till such a time as I might be settled in a residence in Paris, and asked me to luncheon again next day, so as to be able to discuss with me what means he could take to ensure friendly hospitality in the French capital. 'Do not hesitate at any time to use me if I can be of any use,' he said; and that was at a time when internal diplomatic stories were rampant, and when he was under the lash of a large section of the advanced press of Paris. He introduced me to the President, to Benjamin Constant, to Madame Blaze de Bury, to Whistler, Carolus Duran, Pierre Loti, to Casimir Périer, Jules Simon, to Renan, to Bouguereau, to Pasteur, and to many others of the contemporary lights in politics, science, literature, and art. It was altogether a delightful experience of perfectly disinterested friendship such as even the most casual might remember with enthusiasm, and to a young man it was a revelation of generosity and detached unselfishness that seemed the very epic of courtesy. Throughout the whole of my long residence in Paris, the cordiality of Lord Dufferin never grew anæmic or halting, and in after-years I had many opportunities of paying a tribute to the rich profundity of his kindness. Even when entering the valley of the dark shadow he took an opportunity of expressing, in what seemed to me an altogether exaggerated way, his gratitude for some little service I was able to render him, and at the very mouth of the pit sent me a beautiful letter accompanied by the gift of a book and a photograph. He has always seemed to me the embodiment of all that was noble and princely in mankind—a stainless knight of diplomacy, a rich treasure-house of kindness and unselfishness. I have yet to meet his equal.

Another Irishman I met in Paris, with whom I was connected in a Rectorial Election in Edinburgh, was Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord

Russell of Killowen; but although I was his chairman in the election mentioned, and although I met him on several occasions, I cannot say I ever entered intimately into the life of the man. To me he seemed hard, unsympathetic, and strangely ignorant of matters with which I imagined a man in his position would be conversant. He attacked certain practices with an oratorical vigour that did not run hand-in-hand with his knowledge of the subject. His attitude towards experimental science, for example, was not that of a man of culture, but that of one who considered immature opinion and popular hearsay as sufficient grounds for his rhetorical protests. He was a striking contrast to Lord Dufferin. But as it was impossible on my part—and I am quite willing to accept the blame of incompetence in the matter—to come into sympathetic touch with him, I am disqualified from giving a fair estimate of the man; for unless one comes into sympathetic relationship with a person one is never able to pass a satisfactory judgment upon him. The person I disliked may not have existed at all, except in my imagination, and I imagine that applies to all persons to whom we are antipathetic. For I generally find that when A. dislikes B., the A. and B. of the dislike are non-existent, but are only creatures of the imagination labelled A. and B. respectively. When A. gets to know the real B., and B. the real A., in the majority of cases dislike is changed into admiration or at least into fair appreciation. At any rate, I can speak with unstinted enthusiasm of Russell's greatness as a special pleader. I heard him plead the cause of our country in the Behring Strait Commission in Paris; I sat out the whole of the Maybrick trial in Liverpool; I heard him speak before the Parnell Commission, and in each case I was able to appreciate and admire the brilliant part he was able to display as an advocate of the first rank. I should imagine his pleading was more brilliant than his law; but of that I am unable to judge. I only recall one of the most impressive advocates that it has been my privilege to hear addressing a jury.

I once went to dine with Whistler in Paris. When I arrived I found a goodly assembly of people waiting in the great artist's studio; but though half-an-hour—three-quarters even—passed, no host appeared. At the end of that time the man, at whose feet all were willing to sit, made his entry nonchalantly, calmly, absolutely unconcerned as to time and place. 'Ah, my friends,' he said, 'you dine with me? That is charming. I had better inquire if there is really anything to offer you;' and he forthwith laid his hand on the bell. Of course there was an excellent dinner served, and much more excellent conversation to run in harness with the food and wine. I remember he questioned me as to my doings in Paris, and I mentioned, with a degree of self-satisfaction, the several artists I had met. 'Dear, dear,' he said, 'what curious company you have been keeping! I indeed pity you!' I cannot be quite certain—I may be like George IV., who imagined he fought at the battle of Waterloo—but I fancy I am right in saying that it was on that occasion that Whistler made a repartee which always seemed to me to be full of the most subtle humour. I asked him if some fellow-craftsman had never had the courage to inquire of X. (naming a popular and academically distinguished painter) why he persisted in painting. 'Ah, but, my dear sir, you forget he is very fond of it.' I do remember one fact very clearly. Whistler sat for some time gazing silently at one of his own pictures, really a great effort of the master, which hung on the wall of his dining-room. For some time he paid no attention to the numerous questions that were being put to him. After the space of some few minutes he broke the silence by saying, 'Truly, I never quite realised till now what a magnificent thing that is. It is astoundingly brilliant. It will be a source of unmitigated delight to me.' During the dinner the conversation turned on the aspect of art on the commercial side, and I told him of a recent visit I had paid to the studio of a famous Royal Academician in London, during which the notable painter had hinted that I should purchase a certain picture in his possession at the time. 'My dear Mr A.,' I had replied, 'I am a mere pauper with artistic taste.' 'Yes,' said Whistler when I had finished, '*both* reasons why you were to be excused.'

At the dinner in question I observed a curiously shy, rather effeminate-looking young man, with fair hair brushed well forward on his forehead so as to form a fringe as distinct and as full as any woman's. He spoke little, but spent most of his time drawing quaint designs on the glass shades of the small lights that stood upon the table. I learnt afterwards that this was Aubrey Beardsley, who was to come into such vogue through the medium of the famous *Yellow Book*. I met him again several times in London, and considered him the strangest and most inhuman being I had ever met, and, it seemed to me, an unusual example of the phthisical psychopathic. His writings—which he used to read aloud to select parties in London, several of which I attended—were on a par with his extraordinarily brilliant but erratically erotic drawings; and though it were a matter for regret, it was not a matter for surprise to me that his career was as short as it was scintillating.

Of travellers and voyagers I have met not a few. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Miss Kingsley, Miss Gordon Cumming, Mr Jackson, are amongst the many; but I think Mrs Bishop (Isabella Bird) was the most remarkable. I had read several of her books before I had the pleasure of meeting her, and I shall never forget my surprise when she first entered the room in which I was sitting in Edinburgh. Could it be possible that this timid, gentle, soft-speaking invalid was the Mrs Bishop of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* and *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan?* There was no doubt as to the identity,

but the paradox seems to demand an explanation. How was it possible that this frail, apprehensive, and nervous creature could have travelled two thousand five hundred miles at a stretch; could have traversed, practically unguarded, through the wild country of the Kurds; could have submitted to the unspeakable hardships of her many explorations? It was not a case of temporary illness handicapping a vigorous constitution, of a nervous collapse following on inordinate strain, for I met her very often in after-years, and the same condition of affairs was always present. I took occasion at the time of her death, in a leader in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, to remark on this curious fact. The invalid at home and the Samson abroad do not form a very usual combination, yet in Mrs Bishop's case these two ran in tandem for many years. Mrs Bishop was, indeed, one of those subjects who are dependent to the last degree upon their environment to bring out their possibilities. It is not a question of dual personality; it is the varied response of a single personality under varied conditions. Of course the response can only be maintained in an active environment, where there is a large storehouse of energy behind it all. When Mrs Bishop took the stage as a pioneer and traveller she laughed at fatigue, she was indifferent to the terrors of danger, she was careless of what a day might bring forth in the matter of food; but stepping from the boards into the wings of life, she immediately became the invalid, the timorous, delicate, gentle-voiced woman that I associate with the Mrs Bishop of Edinburgh. One explanation goes a considerable way to throw light upon the paradox. As her husband said, 'Isabella has the appetite of a tiger and the digestion of an ostrich. She could go for days with little more than a bowlful of rice and a handful of dates; but when substantial food was to her hand she took an ample revenge.' 'I am,' she said, 'a savage in the matter of food.'

In a former number of this *Journal* (Christmas Number, 1906) I have given my reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving, which fact may serve as an excuse for any further extended reflections on the subject. I have there described his visit to the Edinburgh University Union during the time that I was president, and his connection with the University Dramatic Society. I also touched upon the memorable occasion when he described to me how he first conceived the character of Shylock. In addition to what I wrote on that former occasion I may mention that Irving once suggested to me, or perhaps I made the suggestion to him, that he might make something out of the character of John Knox, and for some time I had in my mind a romantic play in which Miss Ellen Terry might figure as Mary Queen of Scots and Irving as the great Reformer. 'It would be a very grim study,' said Irving, 'yet full of great possibilities. Try it, my dear sir—try it. Make a preliminary cast of your conception and show it to me.' But, alas! other interests and other concerns prevented the carrying out of anything further than a careful study of the period involved.

Mr L. F. Austin once told me an amusing episode in the relationship of Irving and Lord Tennyson when the preparation was being made for the production of *Becket*. On one occasion, during a discussion of the details of the play, the poet-laureate, being fatigued, rang the bell and ordered a bottle of port, which he immediately proceeded to discuss. Irving was not averse to tasting the wine himself, and as Tennyson went on with his reading, punctuated by the replenishment of his glass, the actor regarded the bottle with frank sympathy. At one time, indeed, his hand seemed to go forward to caress the carafe, but immediately the poet refilled his glass and went on reading without suggesting that Irving should join him. Towards the end of the sitting, Tennyson looked pathetically at the empty decanter, and from it to the actor. 'By-the-bye,' he said, with ingenuous simplicity, 'I forgot to ask you if you would join me.'

I met Mr Toole frequently; but as the many excellent anecdotes with which he favoured me have been made familiar to the public, I abstain from repeating them. I may recall, however, his version of a certain breakfast-party he attended at Mr Gladstone's. 'Your uncle, Professor Blackie, was there,' he said, 'and Lord Houghton, Mr Roden Noel, Knowles of *The Nineteenth Century*, and others. They talked on German literature, Goethe, Carlyle, Wedgwood china, and a host of other subjects which were Greek to me, and I assure you the conversation was on such a high pitch that when I left the house I immediately chummed up with a policeman, to bring myself down to my usual intellectual level.'

Of other stage recollections I recall one in connection with a certain well-known provincial tragedian called Henry L——. I happened to be calling on the lessee of a Liverpool theatre, and as we were talking together Mr L—— entered. He was a tragedian of the old flamboyant school—long hair, striding gait, Irving-voice, and the rest. 'I propose,' he said, 'to produce on Friday the play of *Richard III.*' 'Yes, so I understand,' said the lessee. 'I shall require two armies—one the army of Richard and the other the army of Richmond.' 'Certainly,' agreed the man of the theatre. 'I shall want a hundred men for the army of Richard and a hundred men for the army of Richmond.' 'Two hundred supers!' cried the lessee. 'The thing's impossible.' 'Very well,' said the actor, 'fifty men for the army of Richard and fifty men for the army of Richmond.' 'How could we possibly afford a hundred supers?' asked his coadjutor in wonderment. 'Very well,' continued L——, unabashed, 'twenty-five men for the army of Richard, twenty-five for the army of Richmond.' 'My dear Mr L——, consider the expense,' pleaded our friend. 'Very well, ten men

for the army of Richard, ten for the army of Richmond.' 'But my theatre cannot afford even twenty supers,' said the lessee in desperation. 'Very well,' said the actor, without being in the least perturbed, 'five men for the army of Richard and five for the army of Richmond,' and with these words Mr L——, bidding us a histrionic adieu, strode impressively from the room; and on the night of the performance there were four supers for the army of Richard and two for that of Richmond.

I remember going once to see a famous actor who is still living, and shall, therefore, be unnameable. The versatile genius is famous for his absent-mindedness; as has been truly said, 'he is always thinking of something else.' When I was announced (I came by invitation) the actor arose and greeted me with gushing enthusiasm. 'I am very glad to see you,' he said. 'I thought you had quite forgotten me.' He beckoned me to a chair, and then turned to a friend who was with him, and said *sotto voce*, 'I don't know who the man is from Adam.' It is recorded of this same actor that he was once visited in his dressing-room at the fall of the curtain by a perfervid admirer, who exclaimed, 'This is the greatest play you have ever produced.' 'Really,' said the actor, 'how remarkable!' at the same time stretching out his hand and touching the electric bell. On a servant appearing he turned to him and said, 'I should be much obliged if you will kindly find out what piece we are producing to-night.'

At this point these recollections may fitly close. There are many others I might have supplied, but the majority of them are relative to notabilities who are still living, and that fact may serve as a decent apology for my reticence, and I sincerely hope that it may be many years before the necessary qualification will supply me with another sheaf of personal recollections of notable men.

THE END.

THE PIRACY OF THE 'CHACABUCO.'

TOLD TO LOUIS BECKE BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN IT.

IN the London *Daily Telegraph* of 17th April last year there is a long account taken from the Sydney newspapers of 9th March of a shocking act of piracy that had just come to light in the Gilbert Islands, North Pacific. Briefly it was as follows: Whilst at Apamama Lagoon, Captain Malcolm of the Sydney steamer *Laurel* found piled up on the weather-reef of the lagoon a fine American-built schooner, with two men living on board. They refused to give any account of themselves, and declined any assistance. Later on, however, they were arrested by the native magistrate, placed in irons on board the *Laurel*, conveyed to Tarawa Lagoon, and handed over to the British Resident. On the voyage the younger of the two men confessed their secret to the captain of the *Laurel*. His name is Jackson, that of the other Mortimer, who is a Belgian. The schooner (whose name they had obliterated) was the *Neuve Tigre*, of Callao, which place she had left with a cargo of coke for one of the coastal ports. There was a crew of four all told, including the captain, mate, Mortimer, and himself. Mortimer had previously planned to take the ship and run away with her to Australia, and forced Jackson to enter into his plans under threats of murdering him. One day, as the mate was working at the rigging, Mortimer made an attack on him with a hatchet, wounding him severely. The poor man fled up aloft. Then, as the captain emerged from the cabin, Mortimer felled him with a blow from the back of the hatchet and stunned him, then went below and returned with a rifle. Pointing it at the mate, he gave him his choice of jumping overboard or being shot. Vainly the mate pleaded for mercy, and then he leapt overboard and sank. The murderer then turned his attention to the captain, who had now recovered consciousness, and gave him the option of being shot or jumping overboard. He chose the latter course, and sprang over the rail. Mortimer and Jackson then jettisoned the cargo, and shortly afterwards the schooner ran ashore on the weather-reef of Apamama Lagoon as narrated.

Even down to the present time there have been several cases of piracy, attended with wholesale slaughter, in the South Seas, one of the most notable being that of the Tahitian schooner *Nuroahiti* early in the nineties. Two brothers named Rorique, who were Belgians, were the criminals. One had shipped as mate; the other was a passenger, and was to be landed on one of the Paumotu Group as a trader. The ship's complement consisted of the captain, mate, Mr Gibson the supercargo, a Chileno cook, and three native seamen. One night the brothers (who had planned with the cook to seize the ship) carried out their plans. The captain was shot in the back as he stood on deck, Gibson was murdered in his sleep, and both bodies at once thrown overboard, after the captain's watch and chain and rings had been taken from him. One of the native sailors was also shot and thrown overboard; but the other two, if I remember rightly, succeeded in escaping one night by quietly slipping overboard and swimming to an island which the schooner was then passing.

The two Belgians then bore away for the Bonin Islands, *viâ* the Caroline Islands; and another vessel, of which the writer was then supercargo,

actually met the *Nuroahiti* between Strong's Island and Ponapé. We tried to speak her, but she declined, and would not even show her colours. Some months later, when at Levuka (in Fiji) or Apia, I forget which, the captain and I read the account of the piracy, which came to light through the two natives reaching Tahiti. The Papeite newspaper *Messager du Tahiti* published their narrative, which was translated and published by all the leading Australasian papers, and this ultimately led to the arrest of these merciless ruffians. The captain and I at once wrote to the Captain-General of the Philippine Islands at Manila, telling him that the vessel which we had met was undoubtedly the *Nuroahiti*, as she answered exactly to the description given of her in the *Messager du Tahiti;* also that she was making a course for the Western Carolines. The letter took nearly two months to reach Manila; and, by a strange coincidence, a week later the Captain-General received a communication from the Governor of Ponapé (Caroline Islands), informing him that many months previously a small schooner had arrived at the island with only three men on board, and that they did not give a satisfactory account of themselves, but he did not feel justified in detaining them. The Captain-General at once sent the gunboat *Pizarro* to Ponapé, the schooner was seized, and the three men put in heavy irons. The Chileno cook then confessed the crime. The Rorriques denied their guilt, and, claiming to be French citizens, were sent to France. They were tried at Toulon, and (through some unknown source) a large sum of money was forthcoming for their defence, but the evidence against them was overwhelming. Still, they escaped the guillotine, and are now serving a life-sentence in irons in the penal colony of Cayenne.

The various expeditions that have visited the Cocos Islands (six hundred miles from Panamá) during the past sixty years, in search of the enormous treasure that the pirate Benito undoubtedly placed there long before, have provided some grim and bloody tragedies in the way of piracies and mutinies, none of which, as far as I know, have been recorded in print in English; but I was once, at Guam, shown a work in Spanish, printed at Madrid in 1843, giving an account of a Cocos Island treasure-hunting tragedy which had occurred twenty years previously. The expedition sailed from Callao, reached the island, and began digging, in two contingents, at different spots. The leader of one party believed that the others had come across the treasure and were keeping it secret, and attempted to destroy the whole lot of them by poisoning some jars of wine. Many did die, and the survivors took to the bush, where they were hunted day by day and shot down, until only ten remained. They were afterwards rescued by a Havre sperm-whaler, and landed at Valparaiso. The attacking party, failing to discover the treasure, then decided to turn pirates, and sailed for the coast of Mexico; but before they had taken a single prize the vessel was cast away on the coast, and all of the gang but three perished in the surf.

Now to my story of the *Chacabuco* piracy.

When I was supercargo to the famous (and much-maligned) Captain 'Bully' Hayes, in the brig *Leonora*, we called at the little island of Mokil (M'Askill's Group, in the North Pacific) to buy turtle, and take away the spars, copper, and ground-tackle of a brig which had been wrecked there. Hayes introduced me to the one white trader, an old white-haired man named Harry Jonas, who had a very bad record all over the Pacific both with whites and natives, and was greatly feared, for he possessed a violent temper and had taken many lives. Nevertheless Hayes employed him as a trader, and found him straightforward and honest in his dealings.

During the two days and nights that the *Leonora* lay off and on the island, and the work of stripping the copper, &c., from the wrecked vessel was going on, Hayes and I spent a good deal of our time on shore at Jonas's house, taking most of our meals there; and the old fellow treated us with much rough hospitality, and later on told us some of his life's history. He was sixty-four years of age, short, square-built, and muscular, clean-shaven, and had bushy white brows overhanging eyes of steely blue. He was dressed much like a blue-jacket, his open jumper revealing his brawny throat; a well-made Panamá hat covered his head of luxuriant curly white hair; and altogether he was, if not a handsome man, one of a very striking appearance, and would quickly have attracted notice even were he in the midst of a crowd of South Sea traders of those days.

Hayes and I had been telling him of a mutiny that had taken place on a Peruvian guano-ship which we had met at Samoa, and which had put into port with half the crew in irons and three of them dead, when the old man promised to tell us his story of the '*Chacabuco* muss,' as he called a strange and horrible episode in his strange and adventurous career. He had previously told Hayes —for whom he had a great liking—something of his past life. Born in London, he was apprenticed to a cooper; but, as the old-time story-writers would say, 'fell into evil ways,' and with two other lads was caught stripping lead from the roof of a church. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; but through the influence of the rector of the church he was allowed to enlist in a foot regiment, two companies of which were then leaving for St Helena. After eighteen months' service he escaped from the island in an American whaler, which was short-handed. Stripping off his uniform and leaving it on the beach (as if he had been bathing), and putting on a dirty suit given him by one of the whaleship's mates, he succeeded in getting safely on board. After several whaling voyages, extending over many years, he drifted to

Japan and shipped as second-mate on a Pribylof Islands sealing-schooner, which was afterwards lost on her return on the Japanese coast, and Jonas and two companions were imprisoned by the authorities for a year and treated with the most fearful brutality. Liberated at last, he entered the service of a firm of Chinese shipowners as mate. The vessel was captured by pirates in broad daylight near Macao, the captain, his wife, and two children, and nearly all the crew, being ruthlessly slaughtered, and the ship, after being looted, was set on fire. Jonas and the carpenter had shut themselves up in a deck-house, and although both were wounded they made a determined resistance; but when the pirate-junk cleared off they succeeded in putting out the fire, and were rescued the following day. He then made his way to Callao, in South America, in a coolie-ship, left her there, and went to Valdivia as A.B. on a French barque. At Valdivia he deserted, and was hidden by an American storekeeper named Frayne or Train. This man was the owner of a large brigantine named the *Chacabuco*. She was employed in the coastal trade and amongst the Chiloe Islands, her trips extending as far north as Valparaiso; and she was then ready to sail for Valparaiso with a cargo of hides, tallow, &c., and also one hundred and twenty casks of French brandy. The latter had been salved from the wreck of a vessel which had run ashore on one of the Chiloe Islands, and the American owner of the *Chacabuco* expected it to bring a high price in Valparaiso.

The American wanted a boatswain for the brigantine, and Jonas got the berth. The vessel was commanded by an elderly Dane, who was accompanied by his young wife (a Spanish-American lady) and his son by a former marriage, a lad of sixteen, who acted as cabin-boy. The mate was a Belgian named Rouel or Rule (the Belgians in the South Seas seem to have as bad a reputation as they have in the Congo); and the second mate, steward, cook, and the other hands for'ard were all Spanish-Americans of some sort or other, except two American negroes, who, with Jonas, were the only real sailormen of the whole crew.

From the first Jonas noticed that the captain and mate did not pull together, and the negroes told him that Rouel was bitterly disappointed at not having been given the command of the brigantine instead of the Dane.

The *Chacabuco* was a bad sailer, and overmasted as well; and the Danish skipper, who was a cautious man, always took in his light sails when the ship was on a wind in a strong breeze. This made Rouel sneer and 'talk' of the captain behind his back to the crew, with whom he was unduly familiar.

Five days out, during the middle watch, the watch below broke through the fore-peak bulkhead into the hold and broached a cask of brandy; they were soon riotously drunk, and some of them brought up liquor to the watch on deck. The captain, aided by the two mates—who were very unwilling to help him and Jonas—put some of the men in irons; then quiet was restored, and the broached cask of brandy was brought into the cabin, and the bulkhead repaired and secured by Jonas. This alone earned him the enmity of the cut-throat crew.

Two days later the whole crew, excepting the negroes, came aft in a body and demanded a gallon of brandy, complaining that they were overworked by continually shortening sail when it was unnecessary. The captain refused, and ordered them for'ard. The treacherous Belgian mate told the men that their demands were unreasonable, though he had actually inspired them.

That night, in the middle watch, which was the second-mate's, and whilst the vessel was creeping slowly over a quiet sea, the captain's son was awakened by the sound of something falling on the cabin floor. As he slept on the transom lockers he had a good view of the whole of the cabin, and, to his astonishment, he saw the mate picking up a pistol and putting it into a canvas bag which seemed very heavy. Then the man crept silently away up the companion. The boy at once aroused his father, who was a heavy sleeper, and told him what he had seen. The captain was alarmed, so at once dressed and armed himself; and whilst doing so Rouel returned below, went quietly to his cabin, and closed the door.

Jonas and the negroes slept in the deck-house adjoining the sail-locker and galley. The captain, who had previously removed all the small arms from the rack around the mainmast, which came down at the head of the cabin-table, gave his son three loaded pistols to take as quietly as possible to Jonas and the negroes—who were all in the mate's watch—and told him to warn them to be on their guard, as he feared mischief was afoot. The lad accomplished his errand safely, though he was seen by some of the crew.

When eight bells struck, the watch below turned out as usual, and all was quiet till breakfast-time. Meanwhile the boy had managed to let Jonas know that he had secreted fifty cartridges, a bag of bullets, some tins of powder, and a box of caps in his (Jonas's) bunk. The pistols were old-fashioned muzzle-loaders.

When the steward served breakfast, a little after eight o'clock, one of the negroes named Gollett, who had just taken the wheel, was told to give it to another man and go and get his breakfast—a most unusual thing, and quite against the usual routine. He had just reached the deck-house, where he found Jonas eating his breakfast, when they heard three shots in quick succession. At the same time they heard their door being locked from the outside, and then loud cries of triumph from the crew.

At their end of the deck was a small port; and, looking through it, they beheld a dreadful scene. First the dead body of young Gustav, the captain's

son, was dragged up on to the poop-deck by some of the crew, and thrown overboard at the order of the second-mate; then followed that of his step-mother, who seemed, so Jonas said, to be still alive when she was cast over, for he saw her partly raise one hand; then came the body of the captain, whose head was almost completely severed, and he too, amid jeers and curses, was tossed over the rail. Presently Rouel appeared with a blood-stained cutlass in hand, and gave some orders to the second-mate, who at once altered the ship's course to about W.N.W., directly away from the mainland.

Some anxious minutes passed, and then Rouel came to the deck-house, and, unlocking the door, ordered the three men, with an oath, to come out and go aft. In an instant Jonas thrust the muzzle of his pistol against the ruffian's chest and shot him dead. Then he and the negroes secured the door by the inside bolt, and stood ready to fight to the death.

The fall of their leader, and the knowledge that one at least of the three imprisoned men was armed, produced a scene of confusion among the cut-throats; and then, when all three fired in succession through the port-hole at some of the Chilenos who were on the poop-deck, every one of the latter bolted below except the helmsman.

For half-an-hour Jonas and his companions were left alone, during which time the crew took in all the light sails, then went in for a carouse, for Jonas could see some of them reeling about on the deck. During this time Jonas and the negroes had broken through the sail-locker partition, dragged out several of the light sails, and made an efficient bullet-proof barricade around three sides of their part of the deck-house. Then some one with a message from the second-mate knocked at the door, and said that if they would come out no harm would be done them.

'Tell him,' replied Jonas, 'that we will fight to the last. We have readied up the sail-locker and paint-locker to set them on fire.'

The negroes were by this time mad with fear and fury combined, and were ready to do anything rather than fall into the hands of their bloodthirsty shipmates, for soon after ten o'clock they saw the dead body of the steward dragged on deck and thrown overboard. Probably he had attempted to save the captain's life, or had offended the mutineers in some way.

Soon after eight bells the wind fell light, and Jonas heard the second-mate give orders for all sail to be made again, and this order was to be the salvation of himself and his companions.

Two more anxious hours passed, and then came wild cries of alarm, as the *Chacabuco* suddenly heeled over to port, and kept on heeling.

'God help us, bo's'un!' cried one of the negroes, 'we'se turnin' turtle sure 'nuff.'

The brigantine did not turn turtle, but was thrown on her beam-ends by one of those terrific squalls common on that part of the coast. Working like madmen, the three men dragged away the pile of sails from the door, threw it open, and rushed to the weather-side. Well it was for them that the ship had not gone over to starboard, or they would never have escaped.

Many of the crew had gone overboard, and those who remained were too absolutely terrified or too drunk to do anything to save the ship, with the exception of three, who helped Jonas and the negroes to cut away the lower main and fore-rigging and then the masts. Almost as soon as the masts went the squall ceased, and the six men set to work to cut away the wreckage to leeward.

The brigantine carried three boats, but one had been carried away. The surviving mutineers, among whom was the second-mate, as soon as the ship had righted wanted to take possession of both, when the negro Gollett rushed at the officer and struck him a terrible blow with an axe, severing his right arm at the shoulder. Then Jonas and the other man went below, leaving the terrible Gollett to guard the smaller of the boats, and hurriedly got together provisions, water, and a few jars of wine.

Lowering the boat, they cast off, and paddled clear of the *Chacabuco*, leaving the mutineers (eleven in all) to shift for themselves. The land was still in sight, about fifty miles distant; but before sunset they were sighted by a small cutter carrying hides from Chiloe, and were taken on board. What became of the men left on the *Chacabuco* was never known, though Jonas heard years after that it was believed some of them reached the Chiloes.

FROM INDIA: MAY.

Oh for the land where breezes sweetly blown
Come down from heather-purple crags and moors,
That droning bees in sunshine make their own
To gather in the harvest to their doors!
Oh for the breath that blows in springtime lanes,
And rustle of light leaves in wooded dales,
The violet and the primrose, where remains
The last dead heap that fell with autumn gales;
The silver glance of many a whisp'ring wave
Among the boulders on the lakelet's shore,
The ripples of the moorhen that belave
The rushes where the timid brooks outpour;
And ancient castles crumbling stone by stone,
Whose ivy green the secret owl doth stir—
A re-embodied ghost that broods alone
With moon-like eyes and wings that have no whir.
Where many a church lies gray behind the yew
'Mid naked elms re-echoing to the cries
Of wheeling daws like whirlpools in the blue,
Now, now in England, red the sunset dies.

And here a mighty moon—framed in a space
That hath no break save in the circled plain,
Where mango-trees their foliage interlace,
And the baked earth cries out aloud for rain—
Pours out her rays and moulds the fretted palm,
Fills the sweet compound with uncertain shapes,
Ping of mosquitoes, cries of vague alarm,
From every bush where Night's dark cavern gapes.

A. W. Howlett.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF DUMFRIES.

By G. M. FRASER, Librarian, Aberdeen.

We were glad to leave Dumfries, which is no agreeable place to those who do not love the bustle of a town that seems to be rising to wealth. We could think of little else but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic soil.

SO wrote Dorothy Wordsworth in her diary a hundred and six years ago, she and her illustrious brother having shaken the August dust of Dumfries from their feet after a most depressing visit. A stranger to the town does not feel quite like that nowadays. Dumfries has a bustling appearance still, though vessels from the Solway no longer lie at the King's Quay; but the dangers of present or impending wealth are, in these days, apparent only in the multitude of motor-cars that dash round every corner on the swift journey to or from the other side of the Border.

But the Wordsworths forgot, on that occasion, their own practice of being patient with nature. A day only to this marvellously interesting town and neighbourhood! It was by this haste that they missed even the most striking natural beauties of the dale. They left untraversed the left bank of the Nith, above the town, Burns's favourite haunt in the last years, whence, amid scenery of surpassing loveliness, Dumfriessians enjoy night after night sunsets that transfigure that whole region which loses itself in the shadows of the distant Galloway hills.

However, one visits Dumfries for any reason rather than for its natural beauties. These come upon you merely to accentuate its other interests. If you are a student of Scottish place-names—a study that has yet, unhappily, to be placed on a really scientific basis—you will find Nithsdale the richest centre to work upon probably in all Scotland. In the names of the district traces exist of almost every variety of people of any character who have ever had a footing in the country. And at the beginning stands a little crux in the name of the town itself, for Skene's derivation of 'Dumfries' as 'The Fort of the Frisians' seems just a little too obvious to be true. But historical study is more likely to be in view, and most people enjoy a little of that unwittingly as they visit the remarkable architectural remains: the Hadrian Wall, the vast ruin of Caerlaverock on the left bank of the estuary, or the abbey founded by the mother of Baliol on the right, or, yet again, the ruined Lincluden Abbey, which forms such a delightful afternoon walk from the town.

But, after all, as Walter Scott wrote in his diary, 'fame depends on literature, not on architecture;' and the great charm of this neighbourhood arises from its association with three great literary personages: Burns, Scott, and Carlyle. In Dumfries we seem to breathe the same atmosphere with these men; and those who visit the district with minds prepared, and are content to allow the influences to settle, as it were, will find a lasting joy gathered from even a few weeks' residence in Dumfries.

Of Burns the associations are less vivid than, say, at Ayr, or even Mauchline, which must remain the virgin soil for the true lover of Burns, as it was to the poet himself. A moment's thought will show how this is just as it should be. In the first place, although Burns wrote much of his very best work after 1788, when he entered into occupation of Ellisland, he wrote nothing of first-class excellence from inspiration drawn from the Dumfries neighbourhood, or that was not either prompted by a general poetic interest or reminiscent of his Ayrshire associations. The very first immortal verses that he wrote at Ellisland were those beginning, 'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,' addressed with poetic longing to his love in the old home—verses which are still so misquoted in Lockhart's *Life of Burns* that only one stanza of Burns is given, and for the beautiful second stanza is substituted one of the 'additional verses' written by John Hamilton, the musicseller, of Edinburgh, who was not worthy to unloose Burns's shoe-latchet. Then, in the second place, it is to be remembered that Burns owed nothing to Dumfries. In every way he blundered in leaving Ayrshire, where alone his ardent spirit

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

was at home, and from the soil of which his genius sprang.

Yet there are many Burns associations about Dumfries that one would not willingly forgo. At Ellisland, which is a poet's farm now, as it was in his day, he had his first settled habitation in his married life; and we remember when we wander along the rough approach to the farmhouse that he actually tilled with his own hands these unsympathetic fields, as

> With modest looks,
> And clad in homely russet brown,
> He murmurs near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own.

We can move through the picturesque streets that knew him in the flesh, glancing at the statue which, in many respects, harmonises with the ideal; though we do not remember that with all Burns's known tenderness for the brute creation he had such an expressed fondness for dogs as to justify the inseparable companionship portrayed in this memorial. One would imagine that in this particular Scott stood supreme and alone. The Burns House, to which every one comes ultimately, must always be a little depressing. We miss all the bright surroundings of the cottage at Alloway, where also we seem to live with him in the period of promise and hope. At Mossgiel we are with him in the fullest glory of life and accomplishment, and even at Ellisland the glory has not departed. But when we come to the house in the old Mill Vennel of Dumfries the impression is beyond everything that of the squalid and unhappy close of life. We seem to have come upon just those very things that had no part in the bright earlier days, and remind us only of the dark final struggle.

But one or two redeeming features there are. The late Professor Minto used to urge, as a theory, Burns's acquaintance with prior writers; and Dr Wallace, 'Hugh Haliburton,' and others have worked the same theme. We need only to glance at the remarkable list displayed in the house, showing the quality of his little collection of books, to know Burns possessed the true literary instinct, even if we did not find it in the expression of his most natural verse. Then one looks back only with pleasure on intercourse with the late guardians of the shrine. This, indeed, was what saved the situation. In Miss Jean Armour Brown in particular, the great-granddaughter of the poet—her mother, Burns's granddaughter, being too aged to actively superintend affairs—one saw not merely the lineaments but the grave intelligence and quiet personal dignity that were so marked characteristics of the poet.

The associations of Scott with Dumfries are much less personal than those of Burns. Indeed, they are literary associations in the strictest sense, interests arising purely from the writer's imaginative creations. This is curiously illustrated in the case of the Mid Steeple, the picturesque tower that obtrudes from the middle of High Street, Dumfries, about half-way along its length. Since 1818 many thousands of people have looked on the site of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, the Heart of Midlothian, remembering with affectionate interest the trials of Jeanie Deans in behalf of her sister Effie, supposed to have been imprisoned within its walls. Nobody looks with a special interest of this kind on the Mid Steeple of Dumfries, although it was here that 'Effie Deans' was actually confined and condemned, and would have been executed but for the heroic efforts of her sister. The real thing lacks the charm that was imparted to the fictitious by a touch of the magic wand.

But all around the Scott interests are sufficiently distinctive. It was a lady who resided near Lincluden Abbey that supplied Scott with an account of the events which are the framework of his famous romance. She was the wife of the Commissary of Dumfries, and had herself bought chickens at her kitchen door from the veritable 'Jeanie Deans,' otherwise Helen Walker, daughter of a farm-labourer in the neighbouring parish of Irongray. Nowadays all tourists find their way to Irongray Churchyard to look upon Helen Walker's grave, and read Scott's glowing inscription on the tombstone he provided only a year before his own death. Lockhart calls it a 'little pillar.' He must have imagined, surely, that it was a pedestal with a bust, or some upright memorial of that kind. It is in reality a flat tombstone, designed by Burn, a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the most eminent architects that Scotland has produced; and until recent years, when it has been enclosed by a spiked iron railing, it was in danger of being carried away piecemeal.

Irongray has other interests beside Helen Walker's grave, although they are all more or less overshadowed by it. The beautiful little Norman church and the adjoining manse—in which 'A.K.H.B.' passed five years at the beginning of his ministerial life, and wrote the *Recreations of a Country Parson*, which were much more acceptable in the pages of *Fraser* than the *Sartor* of Thomas Carlyle—have for many people a special interest of their own. Then a few hundred yards farther on, in the historical grove of oaks, we have the monument erected on the spot where the martyrs suffered in the killing time. Scott never visited Irongray parish, where so many martyr memories are; otherwise he might have modified the view he expressed—for once almost brutally—to Southey when he spoke of 'the beastly Covenanters,' or when, at another time, he spoke so airily of his readiness to 'tickle ye off a Covenanter as readily as old Jack could do a young prince; and a rare fellow he is when brought forth in his true colours.' Only a few times in his full and so honourable literary life did Scott strike a jarring note; it is strange that it should have been repeatedly on the subject of the Covenanters.

But if Scott did not visit Irongray, one of his

immortal characters did. The inscription on the monument here is believed to have been the last that Old Mortality was engaged upon. Old Mortality himself sleeps in Caerlaverock Churchyard, on the other side of Dumfries. Scott was not able to discover where the old man was buried; but after Scott's death his publishers did, and themselves erected the present tombstone, with the curious epitaph:

> Why seeks he with unwearied toil
> Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
> Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
> And lead oblivion into day?

The stone gives no indication whence the lines are taken, and few, perhaps, who read them will recollect—as an observant friend and companion who accompanied us to Old Mortality's grave did—that they are the motto-lines at the top of the preliminary chapter in *Old Mortality*. They are there ascribed to John Langhorne, better known as the translator of Plutarch, whose poetry was a possession of Scott from his boyhood. Scott was but a lad of fifteen when, on that memorable occasion, he was taken to the house of Professor Fergusson, in Edinburgh, to see Burns. He never forgot the effect produced on Burns by a picture on the wall, to which some lines were attached. Burns was affected even to tears. He asked the company present whose the lines were. 'It chanced,' wrote Scott, 'that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's called by the unpromising title of *The Justice of the Peace*. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.'

In the region of Caerlaverock Churchyard we are, of course, in the very heart of a Scott country. We need not accept the now popular view that the imposing old castle was the Ellangowan Auld Place of *Guy Mannering*—it is most unlikely; but, apart from this, interested students of Scott will be able to find various places and personages in the story pertaining to this neighbourhood. Much more is this the case with *Redgauntlet;* indeed, certain places in the district seem to be better known from their names in that novel than from their designations in the Ordnance Survey. It will be remembered, too, that Scott ventured in *Redgauntlet* on the daring step of reproducing in the character of Provost Crosbie an actual Provost of Dumfries.

Other names crowd upon us associated with Dumfries for a longer or shorter period, such as Thomas Aird, the poet, editor of the *Dumfriesshire Herald* (1835–1863), Robert Carruthers, Allan Cunningham, Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, and William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England. But we pass on to the Carlyle associations.

The Carlyle associations are quite different from those of either Burns or Scott. Only very few people as yet, probably, interest themselves to any extent in identifying actual places or personages that have become familiar—often in strange enough garb—in the pages of *Sartor Resartus*. Many of these places are to be found about Ecclefechan; but there the famous Arch House naturally absorbs attention. One is struck by the fact that about this house, and—thanks to Mr Alexander Carlyle of Edinburgh—the many really priceless mementos it contains, there is no such air of sadness as one experiences about the Burns House in Dumfries. It is due to various circumstances. It is, for one thing, the birthhouse, not the last habitation; and neither the house nor the personal relics recall any such sordid misfortunes as those amid which Burns passed away. There is no gloom in moving round to the grave, even, with its plain and appropriate stone, so different from the Burns Mausoleum.

But the remarkable thing about the Carlyle scenes in either Nithsdale or Annandale is that one still meets with so many living associations, so to speak, of Carlyle himself. Ever and again you come across even middle-aged people who, not taking any undue pride in the circumstance, recall converse, or at least respectful salutations exchanged with Carlyle on some of his later visits to his native vales. The personal memories are almost too recent and so comparatively plentiful as scarcely yet to have passed beyond the region of the commonplace. And as to these memories, we still found the impression fresh in Annandale that the Carlyles were rather a people by themselves, holding themselves, unconsciously perhaps, a little better than their neighbours. And no doubt that was true.

The closer one comes to Carlyle in this region the more does his innate strong goodness of heart appear. It was a very significant thing, as Miss Aitken, his niece, observed to us on one occasion, that each of Carlyle's relatives felt that he or she was his special favourite. There was the beautiful touch, too, in his very last days, in his recollections of his father. It was, if we remember rightly, on Carlyle's last visit to Dumfries. He was becoming very frail, and, accompanied by Miss Aitken, whose sister so devotedly cared for him after Mrs Carlyle's death, he took a drive from Dumfries by Auldgirth Bridge, a few miles out, at the building of which his father had worked as an apprentice mason. Carlyle recalled this circumstance, and when they reached the bridge he wished to get out that he might touch the stones which his father had handled. His niece tried to dissuade him, but he would get out; and, leaning on her arm, he stepped over to the parapet and passed his hand over the stones lovingly as if touching the head of a child. It is a view of Carlyle which, amid the many aspects in which he is presented to us, those who love him best will prefer to retain as a final impression.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XX.—TELLS OF FLOCKART'S TRIUMPH.

'WHAT are you doing here at this hour?' Gabrielle's father demanded slowly, releasing her hand. 'Why are you prying into my affairs?' He had not detected Flockart's presence, and believed himself alone with his daughter.

The man's glance again met Gabrielle's, and she saw in his eyes a desperate look. To tell the truth would, she knew, alas! cause the exposure of her secret and her disgrace. On both sides had she suddenly become hemmed in by a deadly peril.

'Dad,' she cried suddenly, 'do I not know all about your affairs already? Do I not act as your secretary? With what motive should I open your safe?'

Without response, the blind man moved back to the open door, and, placing his hand within, fingered one of the long iron drawers. It was unlocked, and he drew it forth. Some papers were within—blue, legal-looking papers which his daughter had never seen. 'Yes,' he exclaimed aloud, 'just as I thought. This drawer has been opened, and my private affairs pried into. Tell me, Gabrielle, where is young Murie just at present?'

'In Paris, I believe. He left London unexpectedly three days ago.'

'Paris!' echoed the old man. 'Ah,' he added, 'Goslin was right—quite right. And so you, my daughter, in whom I placed all my trust—my—my only friend—have betrayed me!' he added brokenly.

'I have not betrayed you, dear father,' was her quick protest. 'To whom do you allege I have exposed your affairs?'

'To your lover, Walter.'

To Flockart, whose wits were already at work upon some scheme to extricate himself, there came at that instant a sudden suggestion. He spoke, causing the old man to start suddenly and turn in the direction of the speaker.

As the words left his lips he raised a threatening finger towards Gabrielle, a sign of silence to her of which the old man was unfortunately in ignorance.

'I think, Sir Henry, that I ought to speak—to tell you the truth, painful though it may be. Five minutes ago I came down here in order to get a telegraph-form, as I wanted to send a wire at the earliest possible moment to-morrow, when, to my surprise, I saw a light beneath the door. I'——

'Oh no, no!' gasped the girl in horrified protest. 'It's a lie!'

'I crept in quietly, and was very surprised to find Gabrielle with the safe open, and alone. I had expected that she was sitting up late, working with you. But she seemed to be examining and reading some papers she took from a drawer. Forgive me for telling you this, but the truth must now be made plain. I startled her by my sudden presence; and, pointing out the dishonour of copying her father's papers, no matter for what purpose, I compelled her to return the documents to their place. I told her frankly that it was my duty, as your friend, to inform you of the incident; but she implored me, for the sake of her lover, to remain silent.'

'Mr Flockart!' cried the girl, 'how dare you say such a thing when you know it to be an untruth; when'——

'Enough!' exclaimed her father bitterly. 'I'm ashamed of you, Gabrielle. I'——

'I would beg of you, Sir Henry, not to further distress yourself,' Flockart interrupted. 'Love, as you know, often prompts both men and women to commit acts of supreme folly.'

'Folly!' echoed the blind man. 'This is more than folly! Gabrielle and her lover have conspired to bring about my ruin. I have had suspicions for several weeks; now, alas! they are confirmed. Walter Murie is in Paris at this moment in order to make money out of the secret knowledge which Gabrielle obtains for him. My own daughter is responsible for my betrayal!' he added in a voice broken by emotion.

'No, no, Sir Henry!' urged Flockart. 'Surely the outlook is not so black as you foresee. Gabrielle has acted injudiciously; but surely she is still devoted to you and your interests.'

'Yes,' cried the girl in desperation, 'you know I am, dad. You know that I'——

'It is useless, Flockart, for you to endeavour to seek forgiveness for Gabrielle,' declared her father in a firm, harsh voice. 'Quite useless. She has even endeavoured to deny the statement you have made—tried to deny it when I actually heard with my own ears her defiant declaration that she was prepared to bear her shame and all its consequences! Let her do so, I say. She shall leave Glencardine to-morrow, and have no further opportunity to conspire against me.'

'Oh father, what are you saying?' she cried in despair, bursting into tears. 'I have not conspired.'

'I am saying the truth,' went on the blind man. 'You and your lover have formed another clever plot, eh? Because I have not sight to watch you, you will copy my business reports and send them to Walter Murie, who hopes to place them in a certain channel where he can receive payment. This is not the first time my business has leaked out from this room. Only a short time ago certain confidential documents were offered to the Greek Government, but fortunately they were false ones prepared on purpose to trick any one who had designs upon my business secrets.'

'I swear I am in ignorance of it all.'

'Well, I have now told you plainly,' the old man said. 'I loved you, Gabrielle, and until this moment foolishly believed that you were devoted to me and to my interests. I trusted you implicitly, but you have betrayed me into the hands of my enemies—betrayed me,' he wailed, 'in such a manner that only ruin may face me. I tell you the hard and bitter truth. I am blind, and ever since your return from school you have acted as my secretary, and I have looked at the world only through your eyes. Ah,' he sighed, 'but I ought to have known! I should never have trusted a woman, even though she be my own daughter.'

The girl stood with her blanched face covered by her hands. To protest, to declare that Flockart's story was a lie, was, she saw, all to no purpose. Her father had overheard her bold defiance, and had, alas! most unfortunately taken it as an admission of her guilt.

Flockart stood motionless but watchful; yet by the few words he uttered he succeeded in impressing the blind man with the genuineness of his friendship both for father and for daughter. He urged forgiveness, but Sir Henry disregarded all his appeals.

'No,' he declared. 'It is fortunate indeed, Flockart, that you made this discovery, and thus placed me upon my guard.' The poor deluded man little dreamt that on the occasion when Flockart had taken him down the drive to announce his departure from Glencardine on account of the gossip, and had drawn Sir Henry's attention to his hanging watch-chain, he had succeeded in cleverly obtaining two impressions of the safe-key attached. In his excitement, it had never occurred to him to ask his daughter by what means she had been able to open that steel door.

'Dad,' she faltered, advancing towards him and placing her soft, tender hand upon his shoulder, 'won't you listen to reason? I assure you I am quite innocent of any attempt or intention to betray you. I know you have many enemies;' and she glanced quickly in Flockart's direction. 'Have we not often discussed them? Have I not kept eyes and ears open, and told you of all I have seen and learnt? Have'——

'You have seen and learnt what is to my detriment,' he answered. 'All argument is useless. A fortnight or so ago, by your aid, my enemies secured a copy of a certain document which has never left yonder safe. To-night Mr Flockart has discovered you again tampering with my safe, and with my own ears I heard you utter defiance. You are more devoted to your lover than to me, and you are supplying him with copies of my papers.'

'That is untrue, dad,' protested the girl reproachfully.

But her father shook her hand roughly from his shoulder, saying, 'I have already told you my decision, which is irrevocable. To-morrow you shall leave Glencardine and go to your aunt Emily at Woodnewton. You won't have much opportunity for mischief in that dull little Northampton village. I won't allow you to remain under my roof any longer; you are too ungrateful and deceitful, knowing as you do the misery of my affliction.'

'But, father'——

'Go to your room,' he ordered sternly. 'To-morrow I will speak with your mother, and we shall then decide what shall be done. Only, understand one thing: in the future you are not my dear daughter that you have been in the past. I—I have no daughter,' he added in a voice harsh yet broken by emotion, 'for you have now proved yourself an enemy worse even than those who for so many years have taken advantage of my helplessness.'

'Ah, dad, dad, you are cruel!' she cried, bursting again into a torrent of tears. 'You are too cruel! I have done nothing.'

'Do you call placing me in peril nothing?' he retorted bitterly. 'Go to your room at once.—Remain with me, Flockart. I want to speak to you.'

The girl saw herself convicted by those unfortunate words she had used—words meant in defiance of her arch-enemy Flockart, but which had placed her in ignominy and disgrace. Ah, if she could only stand firm and speak the ghastly truth! But, alas! she dared not. Flockart, the man who held her in his power, the man whom she knew to be her father's bitterest opponent, a cheat and a fraud, stood there triumphant, with a smile upon his lips; while she, pure, honest, and devoted to that afflicted man, was denounced and outcast. She raised her voice in one last word of faint protest.

But her father, angered and grieved, turned fiercely upon her and ordered her from his presence. 'Go,' he said, 'and do not come near me again until your boxes are packed and you are ready to leave Glencardine.'

'You speak as though I were a servant whom you've discharged,' she said bitterly.

'I am speaking to my enemy, not to my daughter,' was his hard response.

She raised her eyes to Flockart, and saw upon his dark face a hard, sphinx-like look. What hope of salvation could she ever expect from that man—the man who long ago had sought to estrange her from her father so that he might work his own ends? It was upon her tongue to turn upon him and relate the whole infamous truth. Yet so friendly had the two men become of late that she feared, even if she did so, that her father would only see in the revelation an attempt at reprisal. Besides, what if Flockart spoke? What if he told the awful truth? Her own dear father, whom she loved so well, even though he had misjudged her, would be dragged into the mire. No, she was the victim of that man, who was a past-master of the art of subterfuge; the man who, for years, had lived by his wits and preyed upon society.

'Leave us, and go to your room,' again commanded her father.

She looked sadly at the white, bespectacled countenance which she loved so well. Her soft hand once more sought his; but he cast it from him, saying, 'Enough of your caresses! You are no longer my daughter! Leave us!' And then, seeing all protest in vain, she sighed, turned very slowly, and with a last, lingering look upon the helpless man to whom she had been so devoted, and who now so grossly misjudged her, she tottered out, closing the door behind her.

'Has she gone?' asked Sir Henry a moment later.

Flockart responded in the affirmative, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his agitated host, and urging him to remain calm.

'That 's all very well, my dear Flockart,' he cried; 'but you don't know what she has done. She exposed a week or so ago a most confidential arrangement with the Greek Government, a revelation which has involved me in the loss of over a hundred thousand.'

'Then it 's fortunate, perhaps, that I discovered her to-night,' replied his guest. 'All this must be very painful to you, Sir Henry.'

'Very. I shall not give her another opportunity to betray me, Flockart, depend upon that,' the elder man said. 'My wife warned me against Gabrielle long ago. I now see that I was a fool for not taking her advice.'

'Certainly it 's a curious fact that Walter Murie is in Paris,' remarked the other. 'Was the revelation of your financial dealings made in Paris, do you know?'

'Yes, it was,' snapped the blind man. 'I believed Walter to be quite a good young fellow.'

'Ah, I knew different, Sir Henry. His life up in London was not—well, not exactly all that it should be. He 's in with a rather shady crowd.'

'You never told me so.'

'Because you did not believe me to be your friend until quite recently. I hope I have now proved what I have asserted. If I can do anything to assist you I am only too ready. I assure you that you have only to command me.'

Sir Henry reflected deeply for a few moments. The discovery that his daughter was playing him false caused within him a sudden revulsion of feeling. Unfortunately, he could not see the expression upon the countenance of his false friend. He was wondering at that moment whether he might entrust to him a somewhat delicate mission.

'Gabrielle shall not return here,' her father said, as though speaking to himself.

'That is a course which I would most strongly advise. Send the girl away,' urged the other. 'Evidently she has grossly betrayed you.'

'That I certainly intend doing,' was the answer. 'But I wonder, Flockart, if I might take you at your word, and ask you to do me a favour? I am so helpless, or I would not think of troubling you.'

'Only tell me what you wish, and I will do it with pleasure.'

'Very well, then,' replied the blind man. 'Perhaps I shall want you to go to Paris at once, watch the actions of young Murie, and report to me from time to time. Would you?'

A look of bright intelligence overspread the man's features as a new vista opened before him. Sir Henry was about to take him into his confidence! 'Why, with pleasure,' he said cheerily. 'I 'll start to-morrow, and rest assured that I 'll keep a very good eye upon the young gentleman. You now know the painful truth concerning your daughter—the truth which Lady Heyburn has told you so often, and which you have never yet heeded.'

'Yes, Flockart,' answered the afflicted man, taking his guest's hand in warm friendship. 'I once disliked you—that I admit; but you were quite frank the other day, and now to-night you have succeeded in making a discovery that, though it has upset me terribly, may mean my salvation.'

(To be continued.)

PURE MILK.

IT is not so many years since milk was recognised as a fluid of potential danger. In the course of time the general public have come to recognise this danger, as witness the articles on the subject in the *Daily Mail* last summer, and the lengthy discussion which followed; and repeated calls have been made on successive Governments to introduce legislation for the improvement of the trade.

It is an open secret that Mr John Burns is preparing a Pure Milk Bill to deal with the subject, which will be introduced shortly. What its main provisions will be is a subject for speculation; but after examining existing legislation, and noting the views of leading sanitarians and health officials, we think that certain of its leading sections, or what ought to be its leading sections, can safely be predicated.

It may be profitable here to indicate the chief dangers to be apprehended from milk.

As is well known, milk is a frequent vehicle for conveying scarlet-fever infection. The usual story to be got on investigation is that for some days the milker has had a sore throat and has been out of sorts, but has complained in no other way. On medical examination, the worker is shown to be a victim of scarlet-fever, and the source of infection to various homes, perhaps the origin

of a quite considerable epidemic. Such epidemics spread like wildfire. Wherever infected milk is delivered cases will crop up, and in a few days the medical officer of health may have a couple of hundred cases on his hands. The fact that the infected households have a common dairy attracts his attention to it. Isolation of the patient and the closing of the dairy follow, and the epidemic subsides.

Diphtheria is carried in identical fashion, though it is a matter of public interest, as indicating the need for periodic veterinary inspection of cattle, that one medical officer of health showed that cows can harbour the bacilli of diphtheria and be the origin of an epidemic. He found sores on the teats of the cows from which he was able to isolate the dreaded organisms.

Not a few typhoid epidemics have been traced to milk as the cause or source of the trouble. In these cases the milk-cans have been swilled out with water contaminated by typhoid organisms. Milk is for them an excellent environment, as indeed it is for all organisms, in which they thrive and multiply; in due course they reach the consumer, to his misfortune. Now, water contaminated by typhoid is never certified as suited for human consumption. It is obvious, therefore, that the farm from which the milk has come has had an unsatisfactory water-supply, or the farmer has used other and dangerous water for cleansing his cans.

Tuberculosis is also a danger to the consumer of milk. The public are beginning to realise this, and nothing will prove a stronger lever in their hands than this with which to move the Government to action. Consumption is so widely spread, it is the dread of so many homes, it is the fatal sickle to so many lives, that we may expect a unanimous appeal for deliverance from it. It is estimated that 20 per cent. of the cows in this country are tuberculous; and various towns have shown that from 8 to 20 per cent. of samples taken from milk coming into the town have been infected with tuberculosis. It is when the udder is tuberculous that the chief danger arises; and there are regulations and bylaws prohibiting the sale of milk from cows so affected, but the fact that such milk is still to be found offered for sale indicates that these regulations are a failure. As every sanitarian knows, this is due to inefficient inspection of cows and dairies, which will almost certainly be rectified in any new Act.

One cannot pass from this subject without referring to the great contributing cause to the infantile mortality of our large towns—enteritis or summer diarrhœa of infants. Every summer, but more especially in the hot summers with long periods of high temperature, large numbers of infants are carried off by this disease. A child, apparently quite well, is suddenly taken ill and dies in a day or two, often in a few hours. Bottle-fed babies are the victims. Milk, always a suitable medium for organisms, in hot weather simply teems with life in a few hours after milking, and the dangerous ones in this case are borne to it by the common house-fly, as has been shown recently in Liverpool. In the slums of our large towns these pests are ubiquitous and easily infect the milk, which is often left carelessly exposed.

It is obvious from what has been said that the dangers of the milk-consumer are many and various, and that the milk-question is one of urgent national importance. The direst enemy of the white race—tuberculosis—is spread by infected milk; and in these days of a declining birth-rate we cannot afford to lose annually such large numbers of our infant population.

How, then, can we have pure milk? Milk we must have. It is the ideal food for babies, for invalids, for all, when it is pure. But there must be no risks run. The cow must be healthy. It must not be tuberculous; at any rate it must not have tuberculous udders. By careful inspection we are protected from tuberculous meat. In the same way we must be saved from tuberculous milk. Of course the percentage of affected cattle in a herd is high; but the nation must be prepared to make sacrifices if it would secure immunity. This can only be done by ruthlessly slaughtering an infected animal whenever the disease is discovered. It has been done in various large herds in Denmark, and it must be done here.

And efforts must be made to keep the cow healthy. To this end it must have a suitable shed, with sufficiency of light and space, with proper drainage, and a proper water-supply. These must be of a Government-approved standard and subject to inspection by competent men.

The milk must be secured in cleanly fashion, received into clean, surgically clean, pails, and the workers must be clad in clean overalls. The milk must be stored in a clean place, kept cool, and free from dust and from invasion by flies. It must be conveyed in closed vessels, and so also exposed for sale in shops, not in open bowls.

From cow to customer cleanliness is the order of the day. Large dairy companies have carried this principle to a high state of efficiency. The cows' teats are cleansed, and the milking is then done by machinery. At once the milk is stored in a refrigerator, for cooling prevents the multiplication of organisms. The milk reaches the consumer in sealed bottles. In this way safety is assured. But such enlightened methods are far beyond the purse of the man in a small way of business, did he wish to practise them.

All the regulations necessary for securing a good milk-supply are already law. Why they fail will be shown later, but we must first give the milk-producer's point of view. It may be said at once that in the vast majority of cases neither the steadings, water-supplies, dairies, nor workpeople satisfy the requirements of health. An enormous amount of structural alteration would be required before

satisfactory ventilation, space, and drainage could be secured, and that would mean expense. Nor are the workers drawn from a class who fully appreciate cleanliness, and the owner will tell you that it is increasingly difficult to get the type of man he desires. The regulations at present in force are the minimum necessary to secure us a safe milk-supply if they were carried out; but the milk-farmer considers them impracticable, and a great sanitary authority has recently said that it will be many years before we can hope to have the conditions necessary to secure us a safe and satisfactory supply.

What, then, are we to do? We must make the best of a bad business. What is the *viâ media* by which we may hope to escape? Undoubtedly the *dernier ressort* in this case is sterilisation or pasteurisation. In the former the milk is boiled and all organisms are killed. In the latter it is heated up to a temperature of sixty-five to seventy degrees centigrade for twenty minutes, and then rapidly cooled to about seven degrees centigrade. This method is perhaps the more preferable, for the milk has not that boiled taste which makes it so unpalatable, though it is not so safe if kept for some time. Used the same day, it is perfectly safe —much better, indeed, than the finest of ordinary milk to which any doubt is attached. Various forms of apparatus for pasteurisation are on the market, and many of them are eminently satisfactory. This method of securing safety is, however, quite impracticable for the poor consumer, on whom the incidence of milk-borne diseases chiefly falls. The only alternative seems to be the institution of municipal milk-bureaus on a large scale.

As has been already indicated, the existing milk-regulations are satisfactory. If carried out they would secure much that the sanitarians desire and the farmers consider ideal and impracticable. Why, then, do they fail? The chief provisions for the control of the milk-trade are to be found in the Public Health Acts, the Food and Drugs Act, the Dairies, Cowsheds, and Milk-shops Orders, and the Sale of Milk Regulations. Here, again, is an example of the truth of the old adage which says that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.' One Act deals with the quality of the milk, another with the cows and cowsheds, and a third with the conditions governing the sale of milk. What the milk-trade needs is a comprehensive Act, including all the provisions of other Acts dealing with milk. As things are the wary adulterator has limitless legal loopholes of escape from punishment, and sanitary authorities often find the greatest difficulty in securing a conviction. A single Milk Act would obviate this, would make uniform regulations for the entire country, and give health officials a much firmer control of the trade.

The orders are unfortunately only adoptive. This means that it is left to the discretion of each authority whether it will take advantage of them or not, and many sanitary officials have found the greatest difficulty, especially in rural districts, in persuading the authorities to adopt them. It is obvious that these orders would be most inconvenient for the unsatisfactory milk-producer, and his influence has often been strong enough to prevent their adoption. It is another case of a fight against vested interests. But even when they are adopted, the Local Government Board, under whose jurisdiction the administration of these Acts lies, has no power to compel a recalcitrant local authority to do its duty.

Then, again, the official responsible for the supervision of the regulations is the medical officer of health, and not infrequently has he suffered for his temerity when he has attempted to enforce them. In England his appointment is an annual one, and too often vested interests have been his undoing. He has had the option of winking at things or losing his appointment. What some authorities want is a man who will put his blind eye to the end of the telescope—in a bad cause. Reform is urgently wanted here, for until the medical officer can perform his duties without fear or favour there will always be inefficiency. The sanitary official must have security of tenure, subject of course to good behaviour and work done. Men are usually chary of risking 'bread and butter' by flouting their employers; but the medical profession is proud to possess men who have dared to do so in the cause of duty, and who have suffered in consequence. A glaring case which occurred last year is still in the public memory.

Another important cause of failure is the way the hands of the great milk-consumers, the large city authorities, are tied. These authorities are carrying out the regulations—which it is to their interest to do—to the best of their ability. Now, the orders give power to an authority to examine cows, cowsheds, and the workpeople connected with them. If suitable cause is shown, such as tuberculosis of the udder or foot-and-mouth disease in the cow, unsuitable or insanitary steadings, or disease of an infectious nature in a worker, the milk-supply can be stopped until the conditions required by the regulations obtain. All this is admirable; but here comes the fallacy. It must be remembered that large towns draw much of their supply from rural districts outside their own administrative area. Now, the orders give no power to an authority to cross its own borders for purposes of inspection and interdict unless and until milk from such an area can be shown to have produced disease within its administrative area, the moral being always shut the stable door after the horse has escaped! Happily, certain large towns—Liverpool and Manchester, for example—have private Acts granting them larger powers, by which this difficulty is obviated.

It may be laid down as an axiom that success depends on efficient inspection, and this will never be obtained until an inspector can trace to its source milk coming to the town where he is located.

Some of these grievances will, doubtless, be removed by the new Act, which, we may suggest, should contain, among others, the following provisions: (1) Dairies, Cowsheds, and Milk-shops Orders to be incorporated with the Food and Drugs Act and other Acts and regulations dealing with milk. (2) The Dairies, Cowsheds, and Milk-shops Orders to be compulsory, and the Local Government Board to have power to compel an authority to carry out their provisions. In the event of failure to do the duty itself, the recalcitrant authority to bear all expense connected therewith. (3) Frequent inspection by medical, veterinary, and other inspectors, on warrant if necessary, of any source of milk-supply to their administrative area. (4) Inspectors to have security of tenure. (5) Notification of tuberculosis in the cow to be compulsory, with fine in event of failure to comply with this provision. (6) Frequent analysis of milk samples by qualified analyst.

Even now the last word has not been said, for much must be done in the way of training those connected with the milk-supply to a greater degree of cleanliness, and this legislation cannot do. The same must also be done in the home. The best of milk will become dangerous when one remembers the reckless way in which it is stored in many homes. By leaving it uncovered, on a kitchen table, exposed to dust and foul odours, the consumer invites disaster which cannot be laid at the milkman's door. Fortunately progress is being made in this direction by means of lady health-visitors and lay workers, and by the lately introduced teaching of hygiene in schools, so that much may be hoped for in the time to come. In the meantime, while we press towards the ideal, pasteurisation is safe.

THE SEQUEL OF A TRAGEDY.

PART II.

FRANK was not gone more than a few minutes, and after refreshing himself with a tumbler of iced lemonade he began to read what had remained unread by any eyes save his own since it was penned eighty odd years before:

'I, Archibald Seymour Basildon, late colonel of His Majesty's Sixty-fourth Dragoons, formerly of Belle Joie, in the county of Devon, and latterly of Nethercroft, in this vicinity, finding myself in a grievous strait from which there seems no possible deliverance, have determined to employ my short remaining time in drawing up a statement, which, sooner or later, will doubtless be found and made public, of how I happen to be in this place, of my amazing discovery here, of certain occurrences since my arrival, and of my reasons for believing that I shall die a prisoner here. In doing this I am actuated by one motive only—the hope that some day the truth with regard to sundry matters may become known to those of my name who may follow me, and to such others as it may concern.

'Five days since—or it may be six, for my watch has stopped and I have lost count of time—my wife eloped with young Caslin of Pearmount, whose father is a neighbour of mine. It has since come to my knowledge that they were in the habit of meeting when I was from home, but no faintest suspicion that such was the case ever clouded my mind. I loved Clarice with the jealous, consuming passion of a man mated to a beautiful creature less than half his own age; and she, with the inborn craft of her sex, contrived to cozen me into the belief that my passion was reciprocated in a measure nearly as full as my own. Oh, what a blind fool I must have been! How she and her lover must have made merry times without number over "Black Basildon's" mad infatuation for a woman young enough to be his daughter, who did not care a button for him in return!

'When the news of the elopement was told me I had a fit of some sort—from which, however, I presently recovered. I at once offered a reward to any one enabling me to trace the fugitives; but I was not popular in the neighbourhood, and nobody came near me. Within a few hours of Clarice's flight I missed the casket containing the jewels which had belonged to my first wife. If she had not taken them, who had? She alone knew where the duplicate key of the strong-room was kept. The jewels were worth fifteen thousand pounds at the least, and Caslin was as poor as a church-mouse. Could it be proved that he was merely an accessory after the fact, he had rendered himself liable to transportation for life; on the other hand, could it be shown that he was the instigator of the theft, the gallows, were he caught, would be his doom. But could I have got my grip on his throat I would have saved the hangman his trouble!

'I have always been fond of the sea, and from the date of taking up my abode at Nethercroft my one recreation has been to go out on it alone, in a tiny skiff which I could handle without help. On the afternoon of the fifth day after the elopement, tired of staying indoors waiting for the news which failed to come, I walked down to the cove where my skiff was moored, got into it, set the one sail, and drew out from the land. There was a light breeze, and the tide was rolling lazily in. I sailed on, heedless of the direction, and thus it happened that before long I found myself closer inshore than I was in the habit of going, and opposite the entrance to the so-called Nun's Cavern, where,

centuries ago, a ghastly tragedy is said to have been enacted, with the result that the place has the reputation of being haunted, and is shunned by the superstitious natives for miles around. I had heard of it, but had never been curious enough to explore it; now, however, I determined to do so.

'The cavern can only be entered in safety at certain states of the tide. This was known to me, and to-day the opportunity was ready to my hand. Five minutes later I ran my boat up the shelving floor and landed. The place was not nearly so dark as I had thought to find it, for in addition to the light which reached it through the entrance, a fissure in the roof which split the heart of the cliff allowed a thin filter of daylight to penetrate from above.

'The place held nothing save four heavy chests, considerably battered and looking old enough to date back to the time of the Armada, one of the ships of which, according to tradition, was wrecked in the bay outside. At a later period the cavern was probably a haunt of the smugglers who abounded on this part of the coast. Not without difficulty I succeeded in lifting up the lids of two of the chests sufficiently far to show me that they were empty. Resting on the third was a much smaller chest; this too I opened, and peered into it. Next moment the lid fell with a crash, and I started back with a cry of amazement. Inside it was the stolen casket!

'But were the jewels still in it, or had they been abstracted? In another minute the question was answered. The casket felt heavy to my hand as I lifted it out. By the light that percolated through the fissure in the roof I examined its contents. So far as my recollection of the different articles went, not one of them was missing.

'I sat down on one of the chests to consider the problem involved by my finding of the casket. By whom, and for what purpose, had it been brought there? How long a time would elapse before it was fetched away by the person or persons who had selected so singular a hiding-place for their booty? Had I been right in assuming that there was an intimate connection between the elopement and the robbery? Was it due to anything more than a coincidence that the discovery of the one was made within three hours of the discovery of the other?

'Such were some of the queries I put to myself as I sat there. Then all at once a death-like faintness began to creep over me. I had had two similar seizures six months previously, but I had begun to hope that after so long a time I should escape a recurrence of them. The hope had proved fallacious. The faintness enveloped me like an impalpable cloud charged with some subtle anæsthetic. My physical powers seemed frozen at their source. I could not have moved a finger to save my life. The normal pulsation of my heart had dwindled to a feeble flutter; presently unconsciousness supervened.

'It was night when I came to myself. Hours had passed, but how many I had no means of judging. The cavern would have been in darkness but for a faint reflection which penetrated it from the shining silvery track on the bay outside, for the moon was nearly at full. Some little time was needed to pull my scattered wits together, and to bring to mind where I was and how I came to be here. Presently I put forth a hand, groped for the casket, and found it.

'I had just decided that it would be wiser to wait till sunrise before venturing to leave the cavern, when the trail of moonlight outside was cut in two by something black which came suddenly into view some thirty or forty yards from the entrance. Next minute I made out that the object in question was a boat containing two persons, one of whom was pulling a pair of oars, the other being seated in the stern. The boat's head had been turned, and it was now clear that the rower was making straight for the cavern. I rose to my feet and stood staring as if fascinated. What purpose save one could bring anybody to such a place at that hour? They were coming to fetch away the casket hidden a few days before!

'A little way outside the entrance the rower shipped his oars. A few seconds later a clear light streamed forth from a lantern fixed in the bow, more than enough to outline the narrow channel between the rocks which guard the entrance to the cavern. The boat was now propelled slowly forward towards the floor of shelving sand.

'But before the rower landed I retreated farther into the cavern, taking with me the casket and my pistols. At some bygone date a portion of the roof had fallen, behind which I now ensconced myself and waited. I could see without being seen.

'After landing, the man said something to his companion, and then, carrying the lantern, he made straight for the chests. On reaching them he put down his lantern, lifted the lid of the small chest, and thrust one hand in up to the elbow. An instant later he withdrew it and staggered as if some one had aimed a blow at him.—"Gone!—gone!" he cried. "What villain has been at work here?"—"What's amiss, Hugh dear? Surely you don't mean that the casket has vanished?"

'The voice that spoke from the boat was my wife's voice! On the instant a vertigo seized me, and I had to grip the rock in front of me to keep from falling. There was a dull buzzing in my ears, and what Caslin replied I know not. But the vertigo passed, leaving my brain as clear and sane as it is at this moment.

'When next I looked my wife was in the act of stepping out of the boat, while Caslin was staring at the empty chest like a man in a stupor. Grasping a pistol in my right hand, I emerged into the open, advanced a few steps, and then halted, standing full in the lantern-light. My wife was the first to perceive me, and as her piercing shriek rang through the cavern her limbs gave way and she sank to the earth. Caslin started and turned, and

when his eyes met mine his face became as a bloodless mask, frozen into an expression of the most abject terror. The fellow was a coward through and through.

'It boots not to recall what I said to him. My words were few but to the purpose. Neither reproach nor invective passed my lips. I would afford him a chance for his life if he chose to avail himself of it. In other words, it must be a duel to the death between us. He should have his choice of my pistols, I would measure a space of a dozen yards, my repeater would strike the hour in less than five minutes, and at the first stroke we would fire together.

'No word issued from his lips in reply, and when I offered him his choice of pistols he took one in silence; but into his eyes there had come an expression which had not been there three minutes before. After arranging the lantern so that its light would be available for what was about to follow, I began to measure the distance that was to separate us. I had paced it one way, and had turned to repace it so as to make sure I had counted aright; my back was towards Caslin; there was a flash, followed by a report, and a bullet whistled past my ear. On the instant I swung round and confronted him. His hand, holding the smoking pistol, hung limply by his side. He stood there panting hard, with contracted lips and bared teeth, his brow damp with sweat. He read his doom in my eyes, and as he stared into them a film overspread his own. Fright had paralysed his brain. A few moments more and he would sink unconscious to the ground. Slowly I lifted my arm and fired straight at his heart. His hand went quickly up to where the bullet had struck him; he spun half-round, drew a deep, gurgling breath, and fell on his face dead.

'Following close on my shot, a second shriek shivered the silence. Dropping my pistol, I strode to where my wife lay, a senseless heap, on the ground. Lifting her, I carried her to the boat and laid her on the cushions in the stern. By that dim light her sweet, false face looked as if carved out of alabaster, with the mesh of her golden hair tangled about it as I had seen it many a time in her sleep. My heart was heavy as lead as I bent over her for the last time. To my morbid humour it seemed as if one of those derisive smiles I remembered so well curved her unconscious lips and lurked behind her half-open lids.

'Then I went back to her dead lover, and, lifting his body—for just then I seemed gifted with the strength of two men—I carried it to the boat and laid it in the bow. Then I pushed the boat down to the water. The tide was ebbing, and the current would carry it away without other agency. How long I stood there watching it being borne slowly along the track of moonlight I know not, but at length a cross-current took it and swept it out of my range of vision. Just before losing sight of it I saw my wife raise herself into a sitting posture and a moment later fling up her arms. Her dead lover lay at her feet. Together they were going out to sea.

'A few minutes later I made a discovery which sent a chill of horror through me. My skiff was gone, and with it my sole means of exit from the cavern! I could only conclude that I had not dragged it far enough out of reach, and that the pull of the ebb-tide had swept it out into the bay. Such was the effect of the discovery upon me that the same death-like faintness again laid hold of me, and everything became a blank.

'When next I opened my eyes it was as broad daylight in the cavern as ever reaches here. Outside, the waves were dancing in brilliant sunshine, and the cleft in the roof was pierced by a shaft of white light as though it were a celestial staircase up which a dead man's soul might climb to realms above.

'Seated on one of the chests, for the next half-hour I held commune with myself. By the end of that time I had schooled myself to look my fate steadily in the face. There was no hope either of escape or rescue. Not a creature would know where to look for me. The Nun's Cavern was destined to be my tomb.

'And so presently I determined to write out and leave behind me a brief record of all that—— Ah, the faintness again! What remains to be written must be left till'——

Frank Basildon laid the mildewed leaves on the table and looked across at Northfield. 'That is all,' he said gravely. 'There the manuscript ends. One can but suppose, and indeed hope, that the writer did not recover from that last attack of syncope, for surely it were preferable to fade painlessly out of existence rather than die a lingering death of slow starvation.'

After a space of silence Northfield said, 'But what became of the boat containing the faithless wife and her slain lover?'

'It was picked up about thirty miles out at sea, but not till a day and a night had passed. What she had gone through had turned Mrs Basildon's brain. When found she was crooning softly to herself, with her lover's head on her lap; and a few years later she died in an asylum.'

'And the jewels? You collared them, of course.'

Frank smiled. 'Both legally and morally they were my property, and, as you phrase it, I collared them. The proceeds of the sale of about three-fourths of them enabled me to marry long before I should otherwise have been in a position to do so. John Fildew was desirous of joining a son in Australia, so I paid the passage out of himself and wife, and made him a liberal present into the bargain. That's my wife's bell. She's ringing for us to join her and Bessie at the tea-table.'

THE END.

IMPRESSIONS OF ALGERIA.

By Captain P. L. OLIPHANT.

PART II.—THE COUNTRY.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Algiers the country is hilly, and the red, crumbling rock crops out of the hillside in bluffs and peaks and jagged spurs. Between this barren framework the red, loamy clay has been turned up by the plough or planted with groves of eucalyptus or pines. Every corner where the rich soil lies deep upon the substratum of rock has been put to use, here as a market-garden for early vegetables, which are exported to the northern shores of the Mediterranean; there as a vineyard or orchard of orange and lemon trees. There is very little grain grown in the district, the greater part of the land being given up to the cultivation of the grape. Since the appearance of phylloxera among the vines in the south of France the vineyards of Algeria have greatly extended; for the pest is unknown here, and the quality of the wine made from the Algerian vineyards is excellent. The industry is almost entirely in the hands of French and European proprietors, and a few miles to the south-west of Algiers is to be seen a mournful memorial of a community which a few years ago occupied a leading position in the cultivation of the grape and the manufacture of wine. It is the deserted monastery of La Trappe. To-day we can pass beneath the outer gate (with its confident inscription, 'Janua Cœli') and explore the deserted altars and the empty dormitories unchallenged. The silence of the silent Brotherhood has become the silence of desolation. A decrepit old man, who respects neither the shrines nor the traditions which still cling to the place, conducts the visitor over the empty galleries without emotion. He cannot understand why the traveller should concern himself with such things; but he is all anxiety to show him the four thousand hens in the neighbouring yards, and the cows in the byres, and the big vats where the wine is still made, and to pocket his gratuity when he ushers him once more through the outer gate. The story of the monks of La Trappe in Algeria is the story of all the religious orders in France and her dependencies. It was decreed that they must go; and, in anticipation of expulsion from their home and the vineyards of the African coast, the monks of La Trappe sold their possessions and their business, and betook them to a land where toleration is extended to religious orders of the Church of Rome.

In the springtime the fields and hedgerows are carpeted with wild-flowers—arum and asphodel, and tall yellow flowering fennel, and humbler blossoms, marigold and blue iris, nestling thick and low between the rows of vines which are putting out the first tender green leaves from their pruned stems. A mixed team of oxen and mules dragging a plough down the drills cuts short their tender existence, leaving only a ridge and furrow of red earth behind them. By the roadside are hedgerows of yellow mimosa and thickets of gleaming-white thorns of Calvary, and aloes and cactus in the rough places. The villages are, for the most part, the habitations of French settlers; but here and there a collection of Arab huts roofed with alfa grass, or a Kabyle hamlet, or the tomb of a marabout, or the dome of a tiny mosque serves to remind us that we are strangers in a strange land.

Now, if we take the train and travel eastwards towards the province of Constantine, we shall see how great a variety of scenery lies within the narrow compass of the Tell—the strip of land between the coast and the mountains to the south; how sudden the changes from glowing fertility to arid wastes, and from wastes to fertility. At first it is a land of corn and wine, with alternating plantations of vines and wheat, backed by the rugged heights of the Djurjura Mountains. One has not to travel far before realising that Frenchmen ought not to be trusted with trees. The beautiful groves and rows of eucalyptus which border the railway have been hacked and distorted until their poor mutilated trunks have lost all semblance of their former stately grace. For what reason were they planted, one asks one's self, if so soon as they attain to maturity they are to be lopped and chopped until they are nothing but a disfigurement?

Now we are passing through a district peopled by immigrants from Alsace and Lorraine—Frenchmen who would not tolerate the German yoke, who preferred to remove themselves and their families to Algeria and begin life anew under the ægis of their own nation. Their neighbours in the Djurjura Mountains are no less lovers of freedom than the Alsatians. They are Kabyles—the old, aboriginal inhabitants of the land, who have been driven by successive invasions to the fastnesses of the mountains, always clinging to their racial distinctions, always the last to be brought into subjection by the invaders. It may be that they are of Phœnician origin; it is certain that they have an admixture of Greek, Roman, and Teutonic blood. At the time of the Arab invasion the Kabyles were Christians and far advanced in civilisation. Driven to the mountains, they retained their independence, but embraced the Mohammedan religion. Curiously enough, they still keep their Sabbath on Sunday, not on Friday as other Mohammedans do. Kabyle women are in a better position than Arab women, having far more freedom; nor are they required to veil their faces. Many of the Kabyles show traces of the Teutonic

blood in them in fair skins and gray eyes. The rough, barbaric ornaments which they wear are interesting and sometimes beautiful. The workmanship consists of enamel laid on silver, embellished with coral and stones found in the mountains. Unlike the Arabs, the Kabyles build their houses with tiled, gabled roofs. They are a democratic community, recognising no aristocracy, intensely suspicious of the European invaders, and independent, as hillmen invariably are.

A few hours' journey from Algiers the mountain-ranges on either side begin to close in upon the narrow railway track, and the train enters the beautiful gorge of the Isser, and skirting the precipitous hillside, emerges at last on a fair valley which might almost be a strath in Perthshire but for the nature of the wild vegetation and the yellow-ochre tint of the rugged peaks. Then we reach Palestro, where in the rising of 1871 the Kabyles attacked and murdered many of the settlers and the working-party on the railway. Beyond Beni Mansour the scene changes once more; the fertile valley gives place to a region of barren kopjes, the orange and ochre hues of the mountains fade to gleaming gray, and stunted stone-pines scattered here and there amongst the jagged peaks alone relieve the gray monotony. Even in this desolate country Kabyle habitations are to be seen; and round about them a few goats and sheep, tended by the children from the hamlets, search diligently amongst the rocks for a few mouthfuls of tough vegetation. Near Mansoura the train passes through a long tunnel, and emerges upon a vast, high plateau. On the one side are the mountains of the coast, on the other the great range which separates the Tell from the Sahara Desert, and between them is as fertile a plain as one could wish to see. For miles and miles there is nothing but great stretches of corn-land, relieved here and there by open pastures where herds of well-liking cattle and flocks of goats and sheep graze at their pleasure. There are no fences to keep them away from the corn; it is cheaper to employ Arabs to herd them. Dotted over the plain are the settlements of Europeans, and native villages, and the low, dark tents of nomads who have wandered from the desert into this fertile region in search of pasture. From end to end of the great plateau there is a dearth of trees. Except for a few poplars in the neighbourhood of the villages, the country is treeless; even the hillsides are bare. One would like to see some attempt at afforestation on the part of the French Government. Surely the larch would take kindly to these broad uplands, or the Scots fir, which flourishes in and around Algiers.

The long stretch of fertile plain becomes monotonous as we journey towards Constantine—corn-land and pasture, and ever in the distance the bare mountain-ranges on either side. And so we climb steadily upwards to Setif, the ancient Sitifis of the Romans, and the capital of Mauritania. An earthquake and the Vandals and Arabs have left but little of its former glories; but it is still a town of some seven thousand inhabitants, situated three thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level. As we near Constantine the valley narrows once more, and there is a more settled and homely look about the farms and villages. The homesteads are well planted with trees, and storks have made their nests on roof and tree-top, and willows border the margins of the brook. The great stretches of the Tell, with its monotonous fertility, give place to pleasant, undulating scenery and a sense of snug prosperity. And so we come to Constantine, some two hundred and ninety miles from Algiers, the city of the great gorge, perched upon its aerie of rocks a thousand feet above the surrounding plain. A wondrous spectacle is the gorge which guards the town on two sides. From the bridge which covers the chasm with a single span of iron to the river Rummel beneath is a fall of four hundred feet. Below the new iron bridge are the remains of the old bridge and aqueduct which the Romans placed there in the fourth century. And below that again the river enters a huge vault in the rocks and disappears from view. The traveller can, if he pleases—and it is well worth his while—follow the river beneath this cavity. A path, cut in the solid rock, brings him to a narrow, winding stair which leads through the heart of the rock to a lower pathway. By two slanting bridges he crosses and recrosses the vaulted chasm, with the river rushing through a hundred feet below. Then he can follow the path again beneath the huge dome hung with stalactites, creeping along a platform riveted to the solid rock, until he sees above him a great circular gap in the roof through which a thin stream descends in a cascade to the river. Then, if he be wise, he will turn back; for the cascade appearing mysteriously from the gap in the roof and falling in spray to meet the river below finds its source in the drains of Constantine, which, with characteristic apathy in matters sanitary, the French have turned loose at this romantic spot.

Constantine is said to have withstood eighty sieges, but it was taken by the Romans in the fourth century; and after passing successively into the hands of the Arabs and the Turks, it was finally captured by the French in 1837, with heavy loss to the attackers, including General Damrémont, who was in command. It is a squalid town of about fifty thousand inhabitants, with little to recommend it beyond its superb situation and the gorge. There are, however, a few buildings worth visiting, and the old Arab quarter, which resembles that of Algiers in its air of mystery, in its narrow, precipitous streets, and in the glimpse which it affords of life in the unchanging East.

From Constantine let the traveller turn his face southward, for he has seen on his journey from Algiers only the gorgeous border of the great carpet which stretches from the Mediterranean to the Soudan—a border of every shade of green and orange, of dull-reds, and the purple-blues of

distance. The body of the carpet is of what is fashionably called 'camel-colour,' and in more prosaic phrase sandy, spotted here and there with islands of vivid green and shot with golden lights. The way across the border is by rail. A journey of one hundred miles will bring the traveller to the edge of the vast expanse of the Sahara, and he can be borne onwards another thirty into the great desert before the train sets him down at the terminus on the oasis of Biskra. The road lies across the Tell, through fertile, treeless lands to Batna, which is now an important military station; but it was founded long ago, in the fourteenth century, as a camp to guard the trade which passed from the Tell to the Sahara.

Close to Batna are the ruins of Timgad and Lambese, respectively the Thamugadi and Lamboesis of the Romans, relics of the highest civilisation that Northern Africa has ever known. But we who have set our faces to the desert are not concerned with ancient civilisations. We have our eyes fixed on the giant peaks and ridges of the Aurés Mountains, and our imagination on what lies beyond them. So we leave Batna and the ruins of dead empires behind, and seek a path through the barrier of the mountains. On this side there is only one gate into the desert, and the train, descending from the high plateau of the Tell, winds its way downwards through barren valleys and round obstructing spurs and bluffs in search of it. Fertility is left behind, and mountains of ochre and orange hues, spattered with the gray-green of thorn and scrub, close in upon the narrow track of steel. In the watercourses, which the melting snows of winter have channelled out in hillside and valley, oleanders and aspidistras give a deeper tone of green. And above, a cloud of locusts sweep like a glittering snowstorm between earth and sky. There is something dire and purposeful in the onward progress of the countless host which has come up out of the desert in search of what it may devour. It is making for the fertile lands of the Tell, where the wheat has brairded and the grass is young and succulent.

At last the train comes to a standstill at a tiny wayside station. It has found the gate, which stands open a few yards ahead—a narrow chasm in the barrier of the mountains, overhung by bartisans of orange rocks. The passage through the gate is only wide enough for the river and the road, and the rock itself has had to be tunnelled to make a passage for the railway track. It is called El Kantara—the bridge which leads to the desert. The train goes forward once more, and is swallowed up in the gorge, but only for a few moments. It clears the last tunnel, and rushes forth into the desert three hundred and fifty yards from the entrance to the gorge. The great plain of the Sahara stretches out before it, still held in the arms of the mountains. On the right hand is the oasis of El Kantara, a strip of vivid green nestling at the foot of the range through which we have gained admission. In front a great pile of red rocks rises abruptly from the plain, resembling a huge sphinx with its face turned towards the setting sun; and beyond, the last spurs of the Aurés Mountains, like the fingers of a great hand, retain a lingering grip on the fringe of the desert. The train climbs through deep cuttings over the last spur, and descends upon the oasis of Biskra, a little parcel of ground containing as incongruous a mixture of people and buildings as it is possible for one to imagine.

The extent of the oasis is about six square miles, and into this space are crowded the French settlement and barracks, the modern native town (built of mud and whitewash), about half-a-dozen hotels (including the imposing edifice of the Royal Hotel, with its high tower, which, for all its splendour, is built of mud and whitewash like the rest of the place), seven outlying villages, and two hundred and fifty thousand palm-trees. The trees are carefully counted as a basis of taxation by the French Government, every tree having to bear its share. Besides these signs of life and activity there are also the ruins of two ancient villages, now nothing but heaps of dried mud, with here and there the crumbling remnants of a wall. There are, too, a tram-line, and a casino, and a native market-place, and the tents of nomads, and the garden of Count Landon, rendered famous by Mr Hichens in his novel *The Garden of Allah*. It is impossible to speak of Biskra without making allusion to Mr Hichens's book, for, from the top of the tower of the Royal Hotel to the outermost wall of the Count's garden, he has described it with absolute fidelity, except that he has changed the names of places. Larbi playing his flute in the shady groves of the garden, and Smain keeping guard over the gate, can be seen by the traveller to Biskra any day of the week. They will even permit themselves to be photographed. The heroine, Domini herself, is to be seen there at certain times; and if Mr Hichens ever contemplates writing a sequel to *The Garden of Allah* it should prove interesting reading.

A dozen miles east of Biskra is the neighbouring oasis and town of Sidi Okba. Here there are no signs of French civilisation; the place is purely Arab, and on that account is worth visiting. There are neither trams nor a casino in Sidi Okba; but the traveller can drive there from Biskra, provided the river (which has to be forded) is not in flood. A rough road follows the line of telegraph-poles from oasis to oasis across the desert. For the first few miles it passes through land which has been brought under cultivation by means of irrigation. It is wonderful what water can do for the most unpromising-looking soil. That the Sahara was once the bed of an ocean there can be no doubt—there are still great salt lakes to be found in it; for the rest, it consists of sand in varying degrees of friability, sometimes hard and flat (as though it had been pounded down), with rough scrub growing

in tufts upon it, sometimes in waves of finest powder, sometimes in dunes and hillocks, but always sand. Yet, when the water has been brought to it and seed has been sown, it will yield fine crops of wheat and barley or groves of date-palms and fig-trees. The French have done much to extend irrigation in the Sahara, and great tracts of corn now grow where once there was nothing but sand. The great plain between El Kantara and Biskra is cultivated to a large extent, and for some miles round Biskra.

But to return to the road to Sidi Okba. We are soon clear of the cultivated ground, and following the track across the boundless waste of sand. To the north are the golden peaks of the Aurés Mountains, with here and there an oasis of green palms nestling at the foot. In front the low, dark line which marks the oasis of Sidi Okba; and to the south an unbroken expanse of sand. Caravans of camels move leisurely along parallel to the road, laden with merchandise or carrying on their humps the women and children of the merchant's household in nests of coloured cloths or stately palanquins. A party of Arab horsemen in flowing draperies, sitting their horses with a grace born of balance rather than grip, swings past at an easy gallop. Humbler folk follow more sedately on mules or donkeys, whilst others trudge on foot down the middle of the road with long, easy strides. There is plenty of life to be seen on the desert road to Sidi Okba, and the town itself is teeming with life. The narrow streets between the mud walls are thronged with a many-hued crowd, some sitting at the doors of their houses, others passing leisurely along on business or pleasure bent. The market-place is a scene of confused delight, with its groups of buyers and sellers, and tents, and groaning camels, and panniered donkeys, and skulking dogs, and the sound of many voices, and the dazzling brightness of the desert sunlight. There is neither order nor reason in the hap-hazard arrangement of wares and caravans, every man having taken his pitch where it seemed good to him. Here is a merchant with skins of dates for sale to the nomads or such as are taking a journey to Tougourt or some distant oasis. Next to him is the tent of a blacksmith, with its forge and bellows and anvil. A drove of small donkeys stands patiently by, their panniers laden with salt, and amongst them three children in *gonduras* of purple, yellow, and blue are playing a game of hop-scotch.

Sidi Okba is the religious capital of the Ziban, a place of pilgrimage famous for its mosque, which is reputed to be the oldest Mohammedan building in Africa. The mosque has a high, square tower and a low dome, and within the precincts is a magnificent door of embossed bronze, said to be a relic of the Roman period. It is the shrine of Sidi Okba, the Arab conqueror of North Africa, and dates from the eighth century.

We take our leave of Sidi Okba, with the feeling that, at last, we have found a spot untouched by the influences of European occupation. And even as the congratulations are still on our lips, and we pass from the mosque down a crowded street, we see at an open stall a tailor running up the seams of a *burnous* with a Singer's sewing-machine.

A THREE-CORNERED DUEL.

By F. G. Aflalo.

WHIZ! Up in the sunlight of a Florida May morning goes a hundredweight of tarpon, the curved symmetry of it throwing dazzling sheen in the eyes of the angler, as he quickly slips the butt of his rod in the socket screwed to the thwart of his boat and lets the reel spin, despite all its brakes and checks, so fast that the diminishing line on the barrel is but a blur.

It has been a blistering morning in the Pass called Boca Grande. Not a breath of air stirs the unruffled waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and two schooners trading to the Pass for phosphates lie helpless a mile away. Great pelicans flap lazily over the shallows, filling their pouches with baby garfish. A man-of-war hawk floats high in the cloudless blue. A chattering and obscene band of the little vultures known familiarly throughout the United States as turkey-buzzards raven over the remains of a shark, part of yesterday's spoil, festering on the beach. Six little skiffs are drifting up the Pass, each occupied by a 'guide' or boatman, white or coloured (or one of those many hues that intervene), and by an angler, who, turning his back on his attendant, holds on to his rod in grim expectation of a pull from one of the scaly giants of the coral underworld.

One of the anglers, sure enough, has hooked a fish, and for the third time in five minutes the whole six feet of burnished silver is in the air, a good hundred yards away from the boat, but so close to another that its fall drenches the occupants with spray.

'Make him jump!' is the exhortation from a neighbouring skiff, but it is the last appearance of the gymnast, which now settles down to other tactics scarcely less dangerous to a successful issue than those paralysing leaps; for any one who has handled the smaller game of the salmon-river or trout-stream at home instinctively raises or lowers the rod at the right moment when the fish is in the air, and the worst risk of such evolutions is that of the hook coming away from its imperfect hold of

that adamantine palate as the mighty fish bends its lissome body like a tense bow, slacking for an instant the bellying line. Indeed, unless the hook is well home in one of the few comparatively soft spots, it is likely to come out with a spring, and the fish falls back tail-first, to enjoy another lease of life, a case of 'Merry met and merry part!'

This particular tarpon, having made three jumps in vain, resolves on other means of ridding itself of that maddening hook. But for the links of chain, the stout wire snell must have kinked and snapped under so tremendous a strain; but American ingenuity has well-nigh perfected the tackle for the big game of the sea, and, in addition to making it a little stronger than the sportsman may care about, has invested it with practical immunity from disaster. Lost tarpon—which average probably three in every five—may not always be the fault of the fisherman, but need never be the fault of his tackle. 'Gentleness,' says La Fontaine, 'does more than violence;' and with modern tarpon-tackle you can use either as preferred.

Away goes the tarpon, heading for the open sea. The guide, skilled in promptly realising and as promptly defeating its every trick, backs water with all his might, and the angler gets in line as best he can, availing himself of the leverage on the socket and alternately raising and lowering the top of the rod with a pumping movement alone equal to the occasion.

Of a sudden the line comes in with suspicious smoothness. The first fear of the novice is that the tarpon has broken loose. The guide knows better, and bids him reel in like—anything picturesque that occurs to him. The fish is merely doubling on its tracks and heading for the boat. This is a favourite trick of many fish when hooked, and is often seemingly dictated by the wonderful instinct that it will puzzle the enemy and enable them to shake out the hook on a slack line. Or it may be, of course, that by lessening the tension they diminish the pain in their jaws.

On this occasion, however, there is another reason. A sudden boil and swirl, not fifty yards away, and a momentary vision of an ominous black fin which belongs to something bigger than a tarpon, and the guide, now rowing like mad for the not distant beach, announces that a shark, which he describes in terms not free from bias, is in pursuit. He adjures his patron not to 'yank' the tarpon in. He must, of course, keep a strain on the line, but he must on no account drag the fish through the water. To do so is only to play the shark's game, and the loss of the tarpon will be a 'cinch.' If pulled in one direction, the guide says, the tarpon makes little attempt to get away from its grisly pursuer, but obeys its stronger instinct of resisting the pull on the line, and thus falls an easy prey to the cruel jaws behind. Therefore it must, in moderation, be given rope, and it will then twist and turn and lead the unwieldy shark a fearful dance, the while it is being gently coaxed towards the sandy shallows outside the coral forest. Here, surely, is a singular position, in which, for the moment, the angler and his fish are allies against the common enemy of both, a triangular duel, as it were, common enough in tropical seas, but rarely engaged in at home. In the 'white water' of the shallows Master Shark, as a rule, gives up the chase, distrusting the shoal-water, particularly as the guide leaps over the side the moment the keel grates on the soft sand, and wades out with the long gaff-pole brandished for the final stroke.

This particular shark, however, is more determined, and, although those in the boat can but dimly see its sinuous form cleaving the water very near the terrified tarpon, the keeper of the lighthouse, from his vantage on a sandhill, calls out that it is a 'dandy' tiger-shark fully fifteen feet from snout to tail.

The boat is aground, the guide is in the water, and now at length, baffled of its meal, the shark draws off, doubtless ready for a rush if the tarpon should also be scared by the barelegged apparition and seek safety in flight. But the great herring, caught between the deep sea and worse, is either aware of the alternative risk or has lost its head, for it swims half-heartedly backwards and forwards in the shallows until, after one misdeal, the great gaff is buried in its flank and it is drawn up on to the beach, a tarpon in the pink of condition, well over six feet long. The excitement lasted until the fish was safe on the beach. Then it was over. For the fowler, the bird in the hand may be better than a flock in the bush; but the fisherman, like the heir-at-law, prefers a good fish in prospect to a small one in the basket, or, as the Spanish has it, *Mas vale buena esperanza que ruin posesion* ('Great expectations are better than poor possessions').

The great fish is uneatable. Even the nigger's palate rejects it, so it must be fearsome food. Wherefore it would be very gratifying to turn the fish adrift, after measuring it from tip to tip. Even with that pin-prick in its side (which can be avoided by playing the game to a finish and hauling the exhausted fish ashore by the wire trace), it could hold its own against sharks or any other dangers of its own world. Yet local custom prescribes that it shall be weighed the same evening and duly entered in the log at Useppa, and that one of its beautiful scales, larger than a crown-piece, shall be nailed up in the hall of the inn. The pity of it! One of these days, let us hope, the less wasteful and more sportsman-like fashion of Texas and Mexico will be adopted in Florida, and every tarpon, with the exception of an occasional trophy of more than average weight and length for the smoking-room at home, will be measured and returned to the water to give better sport another season, when, for all we know of tarpon growth, it may have added fifty pounds to its weight. Such a course is almost as good as eating your cake and having it too—all the joy of capture, none of the reproach of killing!

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

By Frank H. Shaw.

THERE are several ways of getting to Mexico. You may take train at New Orleans, if you will, and steam placidly along the coast of the Gulf, passing through the rich lands of Texas, and crossing into the old-world country by land; or you may travel instead by steamer, and arrive either at Rio Grande or Vera Cruz. But, whichever method you choose to adopt, you will find yourself the subject of a lightning change, for you will leave the twentieth century behind you at once, and plunge into past ages. Mexico sleeps, some say like a volcano with a fiery heart that will erelong burst into ghastly eruption; but still she sleeps, and the brooding calm of ancient days is upon her cities and upon the entire land. True, there may be an air of fictitious movement in the coast-ports. Fussy tugs will bring sallow Customs officers to examine into your possessions; yelling hack-drivers will welcome you as soon as your foot touches the shore; but you have the feeling upon you that this is merely surface turmoil put on for the occasion, and that the city will fall asleep as soon as your arrival has become a few hours old.

But even at Vera Cruz you see some traces of that volcanic heart, for the demon of yellow-fever which once held ominous sway here has been exorcised; where once the pestilential swamps lay exhaling all manner of foul odours now stands the embryo of a growing seaport. Foreign enterprise accounts for it; were the native Mexicans to be allowed their own way they would let ships land as did Cortez—by running them ashore on the sand and trusting to Providence that they might take no scathe. For Mexico is the land of *mañana* (to-morrow), where no self-respecting man does that to-day which can be thrust ahead into next week or next week but one.

And yet, in spite of its dreaminess, in spite of its lack of enterprise, this strange land weaves a wondrous fascination about your heart. The divine peace of Lethe is here about you—it enters into your being; for a while you feel tempted to throw off your native zeal for swift action, and merge yourself into the *dolce far niente* which here reigns supreme. There are so many inducements to laziness. The old white houses bask dreamily in the blazing sunshine; they are relics of a bygone age, but they seem eminently in place here in Mexico. The gaily dressed country-people, in town on holiday, loiter aimlessly about the baking streets; and they, blazing as they are with all the colours of the rainbow, caparisoned with silver buttons and gaudy kerchiefs, might have stepped out of the pages of a medieval romance. The modern port, with its steamers from overseas, with its weary-looking battleship, with its puffing, snorting dock-engines, is an anomaly, an eyesore upon the serene peace of Mexico. Leave it behind, and fare you forth into the interior, for here you will see civilisation at a standstill, the Middle Ages brought to life.

There are railways in Mexico; but they partake of the nature of the place, and grow lazy. So you saunter along through the country at no hasty pace; instead, you have vast opportunities for those long, long thoughts given birth by a country that is as rich in historical interest as any portion of the vast American continent. Here Cortez raged terribly; possibly his mailed adventurers climbed this very sandhill up which you are wending now. Here again, on this slight eminence, the bewildered Mexicans stood in awe, watching the arrival of those fierce armoured men against whom their most deadly weapons shattered like glass. Farther on, in that hollow, unaltered for nearly four centuries, the fearless conqueror attacked the rival bands of Spanish adventurers, and won a bloody victory, hastening back hot-foot to reconquer the chief city of Montezuma, which had revolted in his necessary absence.

Every inch of the way you take teems with interest, but the peace of ages slumbers over all to-day. The tobacco-plant flourishes where once the blood of Mexican patriots dyed the soil rich

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

crimson. The nearest approach to the mailed men of Spain are the loosely riding *vaqueros*, with ready lasso at the saddlebow, with huge saddles and huger spurs, their broad-brimmed hats shading swarthy, fierce faces, their drooping lips cherishing the ever-present cigarette of powdery tobacco and maize-leaf.

Away there to the left the snow-clad peak of Orizaba towers into the peaceful blue some eighteen thousand feet, and once upon a time the glint of the setting sun on that white splendour was the signal for a nation to fall to prayers. Farther ahead, serene, immovable, the same as when Columbus fared forth to discover a new world in the west, Popocatepetl, hoary giant that he is, looms large and commanding, overshadowing the ancient city of Mexico as it has done since history began.

So you come to Mexico City, a place wherein to dream away a halcyon life. The city reposes in an exquisite valley, elevated sufficiently to enjoy a cool, exhilarating climate, which is never too cold. Here you are in the centre of Mexican history straightway. Where now stands the Plaza Mayor once stretched the great open space of the Aztec meeting-square, where Montezuma treated with Cortez, and where he was seized and held as hostage for the misdoings of his patriotic countrymen. Here stood the altars of the sun, tended by many virgins of wondrous beauty. And all about the ancient city the waters of a vast lake creamed and fretted, rendering it—so thought the Mexicans—impregnable at all points; but the valiant Cortez sneered at such trivial obstacles, and, having conquered, set to work to erect a city which should surpass in beauty even the marvellous town that he had seized. Tenoctitlan died, Mexico City had birth, and the waters of the lake retired and left the place, as it is to-day, a scene of surpassing beauty.

Here, almost on the very spot where the temple of the sun upreared its cunningly carved columns, stands a vast cathedral, a monument of architecture, a landmark throughout the city. Its two great towers are weather-worn and faded; but they have about them a quaint, quiet beauty far excelling the modern products that lie about. Yet are these more modern specimens of the builder's art not to be despised, for the municipal and national palaces are possessed of much fantastic charm. There is the University, once a stronghold of Jesuitism, established in the sixteenth century; but now that school of culture is closed, after a life of three centuries. Here is the Academy of Fine Arts and a bewildering maze of churches, all of which are beautiful, most of which betray their age in crumbling pilaster and bulging wall.

That hill there to the south-west is Chapultepec, where Montezuma dwelt in state, surrounded by a Court that for magnificence and wealth has never been excelled. His gold-covered nobles flaunted about him; his rich, contented people sang daily praises to his name; but that is of the past, and now, where once the ordered throngs of courtiers trooped, the soldiers of a Spanish-American republic form and break, the clang of the grounded rifle rings in place of the stone-headed axe and the sword of glass. For where stood Montezuma's palace now rests the military school; while still more to the south of the city is a noble astronomical observatory, surrounded by *haciendas*, country-houses of the wealthier proprietors of the land. North and west lies Guadelope—which holds the same relation to Mexico as Lourdes does to France—a place of marvellous healing, to which flock cripples and invalids innumerable, faithful to believe that the virtue of the waters will cleanse them of their pains.

The city swarms with life; yet it is still-life. It is the hour of the siesta when you arrive, and the streets are deserted of moving things, though every darkened doorway possesses its own colony of slumberers who have cast themselves down where they stood, to sleep away the heat-laden hours when no man works. Even the very dogs slink into the shadow of the dazzling walls and loll pitifully. The tinkle of mule-bells is hushed; the cry of the muleteer sounds no longer. To walk through these streets with imperious foot, after the British fashion, seems sacrilege; one might be walking through a city of the dead.

But the hot hours pass, the city awakens, the mules strain and plunge at the collar, the dogs prowl about between the legs of those who pass, the shops are opened, the scent of garlic-saturated cookery rises strongly, mantilla-shrouded faces peep from ancient casemates protected by massive iron bars, and the city of sleep becomes a city of leisurely wakefulness. You notice these barred casemates particularly; they are a feature of Mexico. Householders bar the windows and leave the door unfastened; and here you have an epitome of Mexican character: Do nothing openly, everything on the sly, even to wooing your lady-love.

You might spend a long lifetime in Mexico City and still leave much unseen, there are so many features to note: the actual city life, the life lived behind those jealously guarded windows, the life lived in the flower-scented *patios* where cooling fountains play with musical softness. Here comes a *vaquero* riding nonchalantly up the street, a typical product of Mexico, a cattle-hand from one of the outlying ranches, a perfect fury unchained when the liquor of the country is in him, a gentle, dreamy child when the liquor has evaporated, and yet between the two events he might have committed a dozen murders without the slightest compunction. His swarthy face is alight with merry laughter; his ear-rings sparkle in the declining sun; the gay trappings of his magnificent horse fling back dazzling specks of colour. In his *chaparajos* (those fringed overalls which protect the speckless,

white riding-breeches from the dust of the way), his bell-buttoned jacket, his *sombrero*, with the haft of a *machete* protruding from his crimson sash, he might be a hero of old legend instead of a commonplace cowboy.

See him now, listless, with an eye for a pretty face, a swift curl of a sweeping moustache for every glance bestowed upon him. A lazy man, you say; but—a hoarse bellow breaks out down the wide street, people fly hither and thither, and a maddened bull breaks loose. He is charging head-down along the way, his fiery nostrils breathing death. Our *vaquero* spurs his horse around, and negligently casts loose the lasso at his saddlebow. On comes the bull; into the wall backs the horse. The bull is past; he is free—escaped to pursue his depredatory course unchecked. Ah! the loop of the rope whistles out softly; it poises for a moment over the lowered horns, it alights, and the horse is straining back on its haunches as the lasso thrills like a harp-string. Where is the *vaquero's* laziness now? Gone—he is a statue of vigorous action, his muscles tense to the strain. The horse moves swiftly in obedience to the spur; the noosed head rolls fearfully; but here is cunning skill, and almost before the hoarse bellow of anger is checked the bull is down—a captive. Then those who should have kept custody over the animal run in and secure him, while the *vaquero* disentangles his lasso, gives a glance up to the nearest windows to see if fair eyes have marked his prowess, coils his rope on the cantle, twirls his moustache, and slowly ambles away, lazily indifferent to the huzzas that follow him.

If you want to see Mexico proper, as dissociated from Mexico City, you should leave the beaten track and take to mule-transit, which is leisurely, picturesque, and offers great facilities. For the greater part of Mexico is strange to the iron horse; and so, following roads that the Aztecs might have made, you disembogue on wide and rolling plains which climb slowly up to the foothills of the vast sierras, and droop down to the inconsiderable rivers, which, useless for water-borne traffic, are excellent for fertilisation. Vast herds of cattle roam these plains practically unchecked, save at the half-yearly round-up, when the lazy *vaqueros* become fiends unchained, and single out the most savage bulls with a cool yet passionate ardour that is peculiarly Mexican. Far away lies a white *hacienda*, a country gentleman's estate, ancient, savouring of chivalry and romance. Yet behind those straggling walls you will find treasures of bijouterie and vertu that at one time graced palaces in old Seville; and, while the inanimate objects are of considerable intrinsic worth, you will find something else that is almost priceless—the polished manners of a bygone age.

Some of these outlying *haciendas* are held by lineal descendants of those old-time Conquistadores, who, whatever their faults, were gentlemen confessed, and that strain has percolated down through the centuries almost unaltered, so that when you ride up at sunset to such a *hacienda* you will be received with a grave courtliness that will make you wonder. Following the ancient law of hospitality, the owner of the estate will put his best at your disposal, and you will be made an honoured guest. They will fetch for you oranges fresh-plucked, delicious, juicy, impossible to describe; they will treat you as a superior, not only as an equal, and you will find that a Mexican welcome is a treasure to dream on for all the remainder of your life.

Your road takes you from the plains now, and leads you into mighty mahogany-forests, where the monarchs of the woods rear their stately heads serenely to the unflecked sky. Cortez might have taken the parents of these monarchs to make him a palace; but now they are being felled to right and left to find a lowly home in Tottenham Court Road and the thousand dwellings of our English middle-class. Logwood is here too in great abundance, while coffee-bushes occupy many a fertile square mile of space. But here is something new and strange—tobacco in the leaf. Mexico is now producing tobacco that bids fair to rank with the weed of Havana; and when once the lack of enterprise common to the land has been overcome by foreign go-aheadness, the product of Mexico may flood the markets of Europe.

If you wish to spend an informative day, you might well do worse than alight at one of these tobacco plantations and watch the process of preparing the leaf. You might learn much of value as to plucking, sorting, sweating, pressing, curing, and the like, following all the many intricacies that pursue the leaf from the soil to the completed cigar. But you have not time, for there are silver-mines to be seen and wondered at—Mexico is the second largest silver-producing country in the world; but your wonder is not at the wealth so much as at the indifference with which the mines are worked. There is no progress; the modern machinery that would drag out ten times as much wealth in a week as the actual labour does in a month is conspicuous by its absence; but there will come a time when Mexico will awaken, and then all this gospel of *mañana* will be changed.

You leave the natural products of this wonderful land to gaze upon the artificial gems with which it abounds; for here are traces of a civilisation that was old when Egypt was young. Nay, more than that, there are some who will tell you that the lost continent of Atlantis was in close touch with the vast civilisation that existed in Mexico before ever the Pharaohs arose. When Moses lived, so say some, Mexico was at the height of its prosperity, and there are traces which show this is not all a savant's dream. Go to the ruins of Mitla in Oajaca, to the ruins of Xochicalco in Morelos, and you will see that the hands that moved these vast relics into their original positions were possessed of equal cunning with those which built

the Pyramids. But one and all speak of yesterday. That is the prevailing note of Mexico—yesterday, whether in its buildings, its industries, or its people. Yesterday and to-morrow—that is the Mexican character, and bitterly do Mexicans resent any encroachments upon their ancient customs. They have no use for the present; the future may take care of itself.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXI.—THROUGH THE MISTS.

SIR HENRY refused to speak with his daughter when, on the following morning, she stole in and laid her hand softly upon his arm. He ordered her, in a tone quite unusual, to leave the library. Through the morning hours she had lain awake trying to make a resolve. But, alas! she dared not tell the truth; she was in deadly fear of Flockart's reprisals.

That morning, at nine o'clock, Lady Heyburn and Flockart had held hurried consultation in secret, at which he had explained to her what had occurred.

'Excellent!' she had remarked briefly. 'But we must now have a care, my dear friend. Mind the girl does not throw all prudence to the winds and turn upon us.'

'Bah!' he laughed, 'I don't fear that for a single second.' And he left the room again, to salute her in the breakfast-room a quarter of an hour later as though they had not met before that day.

Gabrielle, on leaving her father, went out for a long walk alone, away over the heather-clad hills. For hours she went on—Jock, her Aberdeen terrier, toddling at her side, in her hand a stout ash-stick—regardless of the muddy roads or the wet heather. It was gray, damp, and dismal, one of those autumn days which in the Highlands are often so very cheerless and dispiriting. Yet on, and still on, she went, her mind full of the events of the previous night; full, also, of the dread secret which prevented her from exposing her father's false friend. In order to save her father, should she sacrifice herself—sacrifice her own life? That was the one problem before her.

She saw nothing; she heeded nothing. Hunger or fatigue troubled her not. Indeed, she took no notice of where her footsteps led her. Beyond Crieff she wandered, along the river-bank a short distance, ascending a hill, where a wild and wonderful view spread before her. There she sat down upon a big boulder to rest.

Her hair blown by the chill autumn wind, she sat staring straight before her, thinking—ever thinking. She had not seen Lady Heyburn that day. She had seen no one.

At six o'clock that morning she had written a long letter to Walter Murie. She had not mentioned the midnight incident, but she had, with many expressions of regret, pointed out the futility of any further affection between them. She had not attempted to excuse herself. She merely told him that she considered herself unworthy of his love, and because of that, and that alone, she had decided to break off their engagement.

A dozen times she had reread the letter after she had completed it. Surely it was the letter of a heart-broken and desperate woman. Would he take it in the spirit in which it was meant? she wondered. She loved him—ah, loved him better than any one else in all the world! But she now saw that it was useless to masquerade any longer. The blow had fallen, and it had crushed her. She was powerless to resist, powerless to deny the false charge against her, powerless to tell the truth.

That letter, which she knew must come as a cruel blow to Walter, she had given to the postman with her own hands, and it was now on its way south. As she sat on the summit of that heather-clad hill she was wondering what effect her written words would have upon him. He had loved her so devotedly ever since they had been children together! Well she knew how strong was his passion for her, how his life was at her disposal. She knew that on reading those despairing lines of hers he would be staggered. She recalled the dear face of her soul-mate, his hot kisses, his soft terms of endearment, and alone there, with none to witness her bitter grief, she burst into a flood of tears.

The sad grayness of the landscape was in keeping with her own great sorrow. She had lost all that was dear to her; and, young as she was, with hardly any experience of the world and its ways, she was already the victim of grim circumstance, broken by the grief of a self-renounced love gnawing at her true heart.

The knowledge that Lady Heyburn and Flockart would exult over her downfall and exile to that tiny house in a sleepy little Northamptonshire village did not trouble her. Her enemies had triumphed. She had played the game and lost, just as she might have lost at billiards or at bridge, for she was a thorough sportswoman. She only grieved because she saw the grave peril of her dear father, and because she now foresaw the utter hopelessness of her own happiness.

It was better, she reflected, far better, that she should go into the dull and dreary exile of an English village, with the unexciting companionship of Aunt Emily, an ascetic spinster of the mid-Victorian era, and make pretence of pique with Walter, than to reveal to him the shameful truth. He would at least in those circumstances retain of her a recollection fond and tender. He would not

despise nor hate her, as he most certainly would do if he knew the real astounding facts.

How long she remained there, high up, with the chill winds of autumn tossing her silky, light-brown hair, she knew not. Rainclouds were gathering, and the rugged hill before her was now hidden behind a bank of mist. Time had crept on without her heeding it, for what did time now matter to her? What, indeed, did anything matter? Her young life, though she was still in her teens, had ended; or, at least, as far as she was concerned it had. Was she not calmly and coolly contemplating telling the truth and putting an end to her existence after saving her father's honour?

Her sad, tearful eyes gazed slowly about her as she suddenly awakened to the fact that she was far—very far—from home. She had been dazed, unconscious of everything, because of the heavy burden of grief within her heart. But now she looked forth upon the small, gray loch, with its dark fringe of trees, the gray and purple hills beyond, the gray sky, and the gray, filmy mists that hung everywhere. The world was, indeed, sad and gloomy, and even Jock sat looking up at his young mistress as though regarding her grief in wonder.

Now and then distant shots came from across the hills. They were shooting over the Drummond estate, she knew, for she had had an invitation to join their luncheon-party that day. Lady Heyburn and Flockart had no doubt gone.

That, she told herself, was her last day in the Highlands, that picturesque, breezy country she loved so well. It was her last day amid those familiar places where she and Walter had so often wandered together, and where he had told her of his passionate devotion. Well, perhaps it was best, after all. Down south she would not be reminded of him every moment and at every turn. No, she sighed within herself as she rose to descend the hill, she must steel herself against her own sad reflections. She must learn how to forget.

'What will he say?' she murmured aloud as she went down, with Jock frisking and barking before her. 'What will he think of me when he gets my letter? He will believe me fickle; he will believe that I have another lover. That is certain. Well, I must allow him to believe it. We have parted, and we must now, alas! remain apart for ever. Probably he will seek from my father the truth concerning my disappearance from Glencardine. Dad will tell him, no doubt. And then—then, what will he believe? He—he will know that I am unworthy to be his wife. Yet—yet is it not cruel that I dare not speak the truth and clear myself of this foul charge of betraying my own dear father? Was ever a girl placed in such a position as myself? I wonder. Has any girl ever loved a man better than I love Walter?' Her white lips were set hard, and her fine eyes became again bedimmed by tears.

It commenced to rain, that fine drizzle so often experienced north of the Tweed. But she heeded not. She was used to it. To get wet through was, to her, quite a frequent occurrence when out fishing. Though there was no path, she knew her way; and, walking through the wet heather, she came after half-an-hour out upon a muddy byroad which led her into the town of Crieff, whence her return was easy; though it was already dusk, and the dressing-bell had gone, before she re-entered the house by the servants' door and slipped unobserved up to her own room.

Elise found her seated in her blue gown before the welcome log-fire, her chin upon her breast. Her excuse was that she felt unwell; therefore one of the maids brought her some dinner on a tray.

Upon the mantelshelf were many photographs, some of them snap-shots of her schoolfellows and souvenirs of holidays, the odds and ends of portraits and scenes which every girl unconsciously collects.

Among them, in a plain silver frame, was the picture of Walter Murie taken in New York only a few weeks before. Upon the frame was engraved, 'Gabrielle, from Walter.' She took it in her hand, and stood for a long time motionless. Never again, alas! would she look upon that face so dear to her. Her young heart was already broken, because she was held fettered and powerless.

At last she put down the portrait, and, sinking into her chair, sat crying bitterly. Now that she was outcast by her father, to whom she had been always such a close, devoted friend, her life was an absolute blank. At one blow she had lost both lover and father. Already Elise had told her that she had received instructions to pack her trunks. The thin-nosed Frenchwoman was apparently much puzzled at the order which Lady Heyburn had given her, and had asked the girl whom she intended to visit. The maid had asked what dresses she would require; but Gabrielle replied that she might pack what she liked for a long visit. The girl could hear Elise moving about, shaking out skirts, in the adjoining room, and making preparations for her departure on the morrow.

Despondent, hopeless, grief-stricken, she sat before the fire for a long time. She had locked the door and switched off the light, for it irritated her. She loved the uncertain light of dancing flames, and sat huddled there in her big chair for the last time.

She was reflecting upon her own brief life. Scarcely out of the schoolroom, she had lived most of her days up in that dear old place where every inch of the big estate was so familiar to her. She remembered all those happy days at school, first in England, and then in France, with the kind-faced Sisters in their spotless head-dresses, and the quiet, happy life of the convent. The calm, grave face of Sister Marguerite looked down upon her from the mantelshelf as if sympathising with her pretty pupil in those troubles that had so early come to her. She raised her eyes, and saw the portrait. Its sight aroused within her a new thought and fresh recollection. Had not Sister Marguerite always taught her to beseech the Almighty aid

when in doubt or when in trouble? Those grave, solemn words of the Mother Superior rang in her ears, and she fell upon her knees beside her narrow bed in the alcove, and with murmuring lips prayed for divine support and assistance. She raised her sweet, troubled face to heaven and made confession to her Maker.

Then, after a long silence, she struggled again to her feet, more cool and more collected. She took up Walter's portrait, and, kissing it, put it away carefully in a drawer. Some of her little treasures she gathered together and placed with it, preparatory to departure, for she would on the morrow leave Glencardine perhaps for ever.

The stable-clock had struck ten. To where she stood came the strident sounds of the mechanical piano-player, for some of the gay party were waltzing in the hall. Their merry shouts and laughter were discordant to her ears. What cared any of those friends of her step-mother if she were in disgrace and outcast?

Drawing aside the curtain, she saw that the night was bright and starlit. She preferred the air out in the park to the sounds of gaiety within that house which was no longer to be her home. Therefore she slipped on a skirt and blouse, and, throwing her golf-cape across her shoulders and a shawl over her head, she crept past the room wherein Elise was packing her belongings, and down the back-stairs to the lawn.

The sound of the laughter of the men and women of the shooting-party aroused a poignant bitterness within her. As she passed across the drive she saw a light in the library, where, no doubt, her father was sitting in his loneliness, feeling and examining his collection of seal-impressions.

She turned, and, walking straight on, struck the gravelled path which took her to the castle ruins.

Not until the black, ponderous walls rose before her did she awaken to a consciousness of her whereabouts. Then, entering the ruined courtyard, she halted and listened. All was dark. Above, the stars twinkled brightly, and in the ivy the night-birds stirred the leaves. Holding her breath, she strained her ears. Yes, she was not deceived! There were sounds distinct and undeniable. She was fascinated, listening again to those shadow-voices that were always precursory of death—the fatal Whispers.

(To be continued.)

THE CUSTOMS TARIFF IN ACTION.

THE story of how the vast Customs revenue, amounting in the last financial year to over thirty-four million pounds, is safely gathered in and handed over to the Exchequer is neither uninteresting nor uninstructive. The tale properly starts with the arrival of the large steamship whose cargo is now being discharged into the shed in which we stand. Having despatched preliminary quarantine business, the Customs officer proceeds to check the 'stores.' These are the tobacco, spirits, wines, and other dutiable goods in the charge of the steward or in the possession of the crew. A list of the quantities held by each, signed by all concerned, has been furnished to him on his boarding the vessel. He now goes round examining these, leaving sufficient for the immediate use of those victualling on board, the overplus being collected and put in a store-room or locker under seal.

By the time the boarding officers have carried out these duties the vessel has nosed her way to the dock entrance, where, with warps ashore, she awaits admission. Her passengers are making ready to land, and as soon as the ship is berthed their baggage will be rushed ashore into the shed, where a number of officers have gathered for its examination. As the passengers come forward to claim their belongings the stereotyped inquiry is addressed to each, 'Have you anything in your possession liable to duty, such as tobacco, cigars, spirits, saccharin, or perfumery?' Then comes that awkward moment for the passenger who has worked himself into a feeling of resentment against a grasping Government which seeks to levy toll upon the few cigars he has bought abroad. He glances at the stolid questioner who has intuitively divined the cause of the momentary hesitation. He was to have protested against the iniquitous demand; but instead he rather flusteringly murmurs something about there being a few cigars somewhere, and then opens his trunk. Almost on top is the nearly empty cigar-box put there on purpose. 'Have you any more?' is asked; and then, from this corner and from under that article of clothing, out of this or that pocket, goaded on by the same insistent question, there are dragged out these wretched weeds, until, with a curt 'That's all,' the discomfiture is complete. The officer skilfully runs his hand down through the contents of the trunk, gropingly feels his way from top to bottom and from side to side, and now, being satisfied that nothing dutiable has escaped notice, marches off with the booty to one of his colleagues who is engaged near by weighing the cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco produced by other passengers. The weight is taken, duty collected, a receipt is given, and the passenger is free to remove his belongings. One more scrutiny is made at the exit to see that the package bears the hieroglyph which tells that every man has paid his duty.

That, in short, is the process of baggage examination. Passengers who bring only a small quantity of dutiable goods—limited to half a pound of cigars

or tobacco, a half-pint bottle of brandy, and the same quantity of perfumery—are allowed these duty-free; but if anything over these quantities is produced, the whole, without deduction, is charged with duty. When anything undeclared is discovered—as, for instance, a few pounds of tobacco under a false bottom to a trunk or artistically stowed away in a spare pair of boots, or a box of cigars wrapped up in some article of clothing or nicely sandwiched in amongst books—there is serious trouble. Written down smuggler, the passenger may be offered the option of depositing a sum exceeding three times the amount of duty chargeable or of appearing before a magistrate. Part of the deposit may be returned if the chief authorities regard the case as venial; but even the satisfaction of that remission is partial, for the goods seized are always confiscated, the cigars and spirits to be sold, the tobacco to be consumed by criminal lunatics or used for fumigating the national conservatories at Kew or Edinburgh! Not often is the passenger searched; but occasionally this is necessary, and seldom is the covert drawn blank. When the sugar-tax was reimposed in 1901, a duty of twenty shillings per pound was laid upon saccharin. This heavy duty led to an outbreak of smuggling, carried on in many cases by hirelings who regularly journeyed to and from the Continent, where saccharin could be obtained at low prices, bringing on their persons such quantities as would be likely to pass unobserved. He was one gifted with originality who devised the plan of concealing his burden in an artificial hump. Women were, however, the most difficult culprits to detect. One there was who betrayed herself as she moved about by a tiny trickle of the powder coming from one of the concealed bags with which she was laden.

All the passengers have now departed, and the officers, the work of baggage examination being finished, have now to rummage the vessel. Directed by their superior, the rummagers, clad in dungarees and supplied with lamps, wires, and various cunning devices for detecting contraband, attack some section of the vessel. Perhaps the galley has been selected for the first effort. Tins of freshly run dripping are suspect and must be pierced with a long needle; the covered saucepans on the stove or shelves must be looked into, the coals in the bunker turned over. Lamps are shone into the various corners—it is wonderful how many there are in this caboose—cupboards are examined, but all to no purpose; so, with a cheery 'Good-day to you, cooky,' they are off to pay a visit to the fo'c'sle. Here again every possible hiding-place is examined and tapped for hollow spaces, and a consultation held as to why one part has been freshly painted, or whether certain marks made on a particular place when the ship was last rummaged have been disturbed. Then the ship's lifeboats are made for, their covers partially unlaced, and in through the aperture one of the rummagers creeps. He taps all the copper tanks with which the boat is fitted. One sounds unlike the others. He shines his bull's-eye around it, tries it again; it moves; a little manœuvring, and off it comes, the inner side cut out, and the tank filled up with cake-tobacco. He passes the word to his chief; a rough estimate shows the weight to be about four pounds. The master of the vessel is apprised, and the deck-hands—one of these it must be—are mustered. To whom does the tobacco belong? Some one must own up, or all will suffer dismissal; these are the owner's orders. There is no long hesitation, for probably every one of that hard-bitten group knows the sinner. Of him who admits the offence they will think none the less, but for a period he must seek new mates on another ship. He declines to pay the heavy deposit of nearly four pounds sterling that the officer requires, preferring to go to court with the prospect of a reduced fine, and fortified by the knowledge that few regard the offence as a breach of any of the ten commandments.

But smuggling has been robbed of all its romance in these decadent days. No more does the lugger dodge off the convenient creek awaiting nightfall to run her cargo of hollands or silks or chests of tea. Last year only four seizures of over one hundred pounds of tobacco and cigars were made. The total number of seizures amounted to nearly five thousand; but they averaged only a trifle over two pounds each. The business has, in fact, become too petty for a man of spirit.

We have been reviewing the work of the water-guard branch of the Customs, described in happy phrase by the late Lord Goschen as 'the first line of defence.' Its chief duty is that of revenue protection. To determine the amount of revenue to be collected is the principal business of the landing staff. These two branches, however, are not separate and disconnected entities. We have seen the water-guard officer collecting duty, and in like manner we shall see the landing officer acting in a preventive capacity.

We must now make a fresh departure in our narrative. The taxable commodities in the holds of the vessel are, after all, the real source of our Customs revenue, the amount collected from passengers being a quite inconsiderable percentage of the total. How the duties on these commodities are assessed will be our next inquiry.

It is the legal duty of a shipmaster, within twenty-four hours of his arrival, to 'report' his vessel at the Custom House; and as no cargo can be discharged before this is done, he usually makes this his first business on shore. The 'report' is a statement giving in brief a description of the goods brought in the vessel from abroad. But the master is merely the carrier's representative; he is unable to give the full particulars which the Customs demand. It is, therefore, required of the actual importer that he shall furnish an entry of the goods in detail. The two documents, master's report and importer's entry, together provide a twofold check and safeguard against illicit importation. The entries, on being

received and checked at the Custom House, are forwarded to the landing officer, who, as we join him, is engaged in the examination of the non-dutiable portion of the cargo. Only a percentage of the packages entered as containing free goods are inspected, but for obvious reasons the officer himself must select the particular packages to be examined. As the 'openers,' the cases challenged by the officer, are landed, they are set aside and opened by an attendant cooper. From one package to another, the contents of which have been sufficiently turned out, the officer passes comparing the particulars on the entries—that is, marks, description, and value—with the goods themselves. On the accuracy of these entries depends the reliability of the Board of Trade statistics, and he must therefore rapidly and roughly check them as he proceeds, calling for the production of invoices or other evidence of quantity and value should he suspect error. His subordinate, armed with several steel wires of various lengths, is meantime 'spitting' packages containing goods which will not suffer injury by these wires being thrust into them. The 'spits' are grooved or notched, so that a tiny portion of the contents can be withdrawn and submitted to test by eye or nose—the latter a valuable organ for Customs purposes. Casks are pierced in head or bilge, or the bung removed; and should the nature of the contents be doubtful, samples are taken and the goods placed under detention until an analysis has shown that they are not dutiable.

The free goods officer's duties comprise, besides the purely revenue work of detecting dutiable goods entered as free—of which there are very few instances—a vast amount of important non-revenue work, such as the check for statistical purposes already mentioned; the detention of foreign goods bearing British trade-marks or misleading descriptions as to the country of their origin; the seizure of copyright works, indecent articles, and lottery advertisements; and the sampling of dairy produce (butter, cheese, and milk), which is subsequently analysed at the Government laboratory to ascertain whether the legal standard of purity has been conformed to. To these have recently been added the detention of unsound foods and certain kinds of foreign meats which before delivery must be inspected by medical experts. It will be admitted that such a range of duties provides no light task for an officer with a due sense of his responsibilities.

A colleague has been detailed to examine the dutiable goods landed from the vessel. With a set of gauging-rods he is taking measurements from which the contents of the casks of spirits can be calculated, a task of great nicety, and one which requires long experience for its proper performance. Much depends on the officer's skill in this part of his business, not only because it affects the revenue, but because it concerns the owners of the goods, for wines mostly and spirits generally are sold on Customs gauge. From each cask he draws a small quantity—afterwards returned undiminished, it may be added—and by the use of a thermometer and a hydrometer (a spherical instrument with graduated stem which indicates the specific gravity of the liquid) the strength of the spirit is found. Samples from casks of rum, brandy, and wine are sent to the laboratory to be distilled and the alcoholic content ascertained, for the colouring or sweetening matter contained in these liquors affects the action of the hydrometer.

Cases of brandy are opened, the bottles counted, the contents of several measured, and the strength ascertained. Chests of tea are sent in locked vans to a bonded warehouse; each chest will there be weighed and a deduction made for the weight of the empty package. Hogsheads of tobacco are weighed and then carted off to the huge tobacco warehouses where thousands of similar packages are stored. They will be allowed to stand for a month or two before the official net weight is taken, for the tobacco is quite moist, and the owner naturally does not want to pay three shillings a pound on the water with which the tobacco-leaf is saturated. Cases containing scores of boxes of cigars of all sizes and weights are turned out, assorted, and a careful inventory taken; then a percentage of the boxes are emptied and weighed to ascertain the weight on which duty is to be charged. And so on throughout the whole of that portion of the cargo on which duty is leviable, a careful account being taken in appropriate books. Goods upon which the duty has been paid at the Custom House when the entries were passed are delivered out of charge as soon as the examination has shown that the amount paid covers the quantity found by measurement or weight, any overpayment being returned later.

Goods intended to be stored in warehouse may be removed after bond has been given that they shall be produced intact to the officers there stationed. Some of these will in time be wanted for the home market, and then the duty will be paid; others will be exported without any duty having been levied. Certain parcels may be intended for transhipment, and these (proper precautions being taken for protection of the revenue) are conveyed from the importing vessel to the export ship or sent by rail to another port for shipment. All the cargo having been landed, the rummagers give the ship a final overhaul, and she is then at liberty to take on a fresh cargo.

A few words must suffice for the clerical branch, the third main section of the Customs service, who are located in the Custom House. The collector, an important official who represents locally the Board of Customs, and who exercises disciplinary control over the whole of the local staff, has his office here. In his name certain clerks receive payment of the duty on the goods to be cleared from the ship's side or to be delivered from the bonded warehouses. One feature of revenue collection is that no one gets credit; money down or do

without the goods is an invariable rule. The clerical section also exercise a check on the results of the practical work of the outdoor officials, and by the interaction of the two branches absolute surety is guaranteed that all duty receipts shall find their way to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, who keeps the nation's purse.

The administration and management of the Customs is vested by the Crown in a board of commissioners, with headquarters in the London Custom House. Here are also stationed the secretarial and inspecting staffs, who promulgate and see to the carrying out of the Board's directions by the army of Customs officials, some four thousand strong. These officials are mainly at the larger ports, smaller stations being dotted along the whole length of the seaboard fringe of Britain, with a patrol of coastguardsmen covering the stretches of coastline unbroken by frequented harbours. It is a force that never sleeps, that knows neither night nor day. The doors of its central Custom House are never closed, for only by unceasing vigilance can the revenue interests of this great maritime nation be completely safeguarded.

Such, in broad outline, is the story of the tariff in action. That schedule of dutiable articles is the mainspring of the activities of the Customs service. It delimits the officer's area of operations; his interests are bounded by its contents. The tariff has a peculiar potency, for there is no inhabitant of these islands but feels its effects. Amongst the tariffs of the world, our own is unique by reason of its shortness and simplicity. It is simple, since British Customs duties are levied at specified rates either on the weight or measure of the goods chargeable. No protection for home manufacturers is afforded by the tariff as at present framed, for when a Customs duty is imposed on an imported article an equivalent Excise duty is levied on like articles made in the United Kingdom, the two schemes of duty being complementary. Thus the Customs duty of eleven shillings and fourpence per gallon on brandy and rum is balanced by an Excise duty of eleven shillings on whisky, the difference representing the cost which Government restrictions impose on British distillers.

Tariff articles fall into four principal groups: what has been described as the breakfast-table duties on tea, sugar, coffee, chicory, and cocoa; the dried-fruit group—raisins, currants, figs, &c.; the alcoholic group, consisting of wines, beer, and foreign spirits of all kinds; and the tobacco division, which includes the unmanufactured leaf as well as the finished products, cavendish, cigars, and cigarettes. These four principal groups are subdivided into a number of minor classes, the liability to duty of the articles in each class arising from their containing as a part or ingredient some one or other of the principal group articles. Foreign-made playing-cards bear a tax of threepence three-farthings a pack, as a set off against the Excise duty of threepence.

No leading principle seems to be followed in fixing the rates of the several Customs duties. While the duty on brandy is eleven shillings and fourpence the gallon at what is known as 'proof' strength, the rate rising and falling in exact proportion to the alcoholic content of the liquor, the duty on wine, a competing beverage, is one shilling and threepence the gallon, provided it contains not more than 30 per cent. of 'proof' spirit, and three shillings if it exceeds that strength. A simple calculation will show that the wine-consumer pays for the proof spirit in his beverage a little more than one-third what the brandy-drinker pays for his. Tea, again, which at present is taxed at fivepence the pound, may be reduced or increased in rate according as the Chancellor finds himself in funds or otherwise; but the duty of twopence per pound on the alternative drinks of cocoa and coffee never alters. Continental experts who delight in scientifically framed tariffs must marvel to see us trample through their theories of equipoised rates. Whether we shall abandon these hap-hazard methods to fall into line with other nations, broadening the range of our tariff and utilising it for other than revenue purposes alone, is a question which may have to be settled soon.

THE AWAKENING OF JOHN HAVISHAM.

By T. W. Hanshew.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

HERE is no alarm-clock so efficacious as the tooth of Hunger sharpened by the file of Poverty, and Havisham had eaten next to nothing for three days.

He kicked off the bedclothes and felt his way through the darkness to the window. Surely it must be morning by this time! It seemed ages since he flung himself on the bed, dressed as he was, and, after a long fight with his tingling nerves and obstinately defiant senses, dropped off to sleep, and persistently dreamt of all the torturing things he most wished to forget. He pulled back the frayed woollen curtains, pushed up the creaking sash, and leant out into the raw dampness of the young morning. The faint lilac glow of approaching dawn was just visible in the east; the early-risen sparrows cheeped querulously in the square below, and an amorous pigeon cooed under the eaves of a house across the way.

Havisham looked up at the blurred sky and peevishly cursed the slow coming of the tardy

light. It would be a good hour yet before it was clear enough to set his palette; for although he had a bit of candle in the cupboard, he was chary of using it. Not from any 'saving' principle, however, but because the artificial light was not conducive to the proper mixing of colours, and he had such a scant quantity left that waste now meant the ruin of his new-found hope.

Hope! The very thought made him smile grimly. So it had come to this—had it?—that he, John Havisham, the once prosperous R.A., who only five years ago was in a fair way to become a fad with the fashionable set, had dropped to the point of building hope on the promise of a chance-acquaintance met after midnight at that momentary mooring-place of the human derelicts of London, a kerbstone coffee-stall!

It wasn't the sordid old story of drink that was at the bottom of it; for Havisham was never at any time, even now, what might be termed a drinking man; neither were cards, women, nor vice of any sort accountable for his fall. The matter was one of temperament alone, and the fate which overtook and encompassed him no man might have foreseen, and none but God could have averted.

The fresh smell of the waking world, the cooing of the pigeon, the hour of waiting for the widening light, all were conducive to retrospection, and he mentally took up the jagged bits of wreckage and pieced them together again.

In what had he failed? By what subtle necromancy of Fate had his steps slid down the ladder whilst he was still toiling upward, still faithful to his ideals, still bent upon achieving higher things? The thing was a mystery to him, had been a mystery to him always; and, looking back upon the varied fabric of his life, he could find no clue to it.

For the most part it had been the ordinary life of the ordinary art-student, who sets out to make a career, with boundless faith in himself and a very limited supply of money and influence; a long siege of hard study and rigid economy; then a won scholarship, that greased the wheels a little, and made possible the rise of those who were fitted to rise; then more hard study and the bulldog determination to succeed, backed in Havisham's case by a touch from the hand of genius; another scholarship, a competition, a gold medal, acknowledgment by the Press, praise from the public; then election to the Academy, the sale of a picture to the nation, and the vindication of his belief in himself and of Nell's excited prophecies regarding him.

Nell! The very thought of her set all the silent strings of memory jarring discordantly. It was she who brought home to him the news of his greatest victory. He could see her and hear her now as she dashed in that day, and, half-hysterical with happiness, threw herself upon his neck and hugged and kissed him, crying out between laughter and tears, 'The Chantrey Bequest! the Chantrey Bequest, Jacky darling! They're going to buy "Ariadne in Naxos" for the nation—the nation! Lipscomb told me—Lipscomb, so there isn't any mistake. Oh Jacky, kiss me! I knew you'd do it! I always *knew* that you would!'

Followed a dull wrench, as though some sleeping thing within him waked and cried with the coming of that memory. Havisham groped for his pipe, filled it, lit it, and smoked hard and fast, with the dove's croon in his ears and his face set grimly towards the waking east.

'I was only one-and-twenty—the fool's age, when Wisdom is the suckling and Folly the nurse,' he muttered apologetically. 'I was only nine-and-twenty when she brought me that news, and we'd been married eight years. Faugh! what a pair of idiots we were!'

Still, it had been a happy sort of idiocy while it lasted; and what dreams they had indulged in! And how they had worked and hoped and built air castles together—she, of her success on the concert-stage, when the long, tiresome drudgery of scales and exercises and never-ending practice was over; and he of the day that came when the nation purchased 'Ariadne in Naxos.' And, on the strength of those hopes, in the promise of those dreams, they had married, because there seemed no sense in putting it off until success was really won when they were so necessary to each other, and it was so much cheaper to pay for one set of rooms than for two.

How gloriously she used to sing in those days! What a marvellous voice she had, what flexibility, what compass, what quality! Almost, he felt surer of her success than of his own; and sometimes—yes, he could acknowledge it now, when his belief in himself had been put to the sword, and all those days of dream were over and done for—sometimes the vaguest shadow of fear, the tiniest wound to his *amour propre*, used to steal over him with the thought that perhaps some day her greatness might eclipse his own, and leave him standing in the pale light of *reflected* glory.

Was there something of that, he wondered, lying at the bottom of the stand he took when fame came to him and the 'Ariadne in Naxos' was purchased for the nation? Or was it, as Lipscomb had said, that he was 'afflicted with a bad attack of swelled head, and took himself too seriously'?

Even at this late day he didn't like to think that either reason was the real one. He liked to believe that what he said at the time was true: that he didn't want people to think he wasn't able to support his wife without some effort upon her part towards the upkeep of their establishment; that it wasn't consistent with his new position in the world for her to appear as public singer, and he didn't mean to countenance it. And that, too, on the eve of her proposed début, when eight-and-forty hours more was to usher in the moment she had been preparing for, studying for, hoping for, living for, since the day she was fourteen!

He caught up a broken tumbler and dashed it

down into the square with all his force. The shrill notes of the warring sparrows annoyed him; there was something in the sharp bleakness of their screaming that reminded him of the queer, uncanny cry *she* had given when he told her of his decision, something in the jarring babel that recalled the fierce quarrel and the swift passage of angry words that followed. And the end of it all was just such a silence and emptiness as came now, when the frightened sparrows fled and left the square vacant and voiceless. Only that the sparrows would come back some time, but she never did.

He had told her that if she defied him she might go her way, and need not trouble to think about returning; and she had taken him at his word and gone. He never knew where, only that she appeared as she had been advertised to appear; that, in spite of all the promise of other days and all the prophecies of her instructors, she failed miserably; that the critics said of her, 'She sang without feeling or expression, her voice was colourless, her execution faulty, and her phrasing distinctly bad.' And after that—nothing. Her star set in the moment of its rising, dropping suddenly into the darkness of utter oblivion, and going out at its brightest like a spark that had fallen into the sea.

When the hot fires of his anger had burnt themselves out, Havisham—a little ashamed of himself and of the harsh measures he had adopted—went in quest of her. But if any man knew what had become of her, that man he never found. A pricked bubble could not have vanished more completely, and last summer's roses or last winter's snow were not more surely lost than she.

Resentment followed the quick flush of remorse which had sent Havisham out in quest of her; but that in time gave place to a dull, steady ache which, in its turn, died down as the months crept by to a hopeless sort of indifference which somehow reflected itself in his work.

His descent of the ladder was rapid. The very first picture that went forth from his easel lacked inspiration, the critics said; his next they declared to be utterly devoid of that mysterious something called 'soul;' and by the time he had turned out his third even his most ardent admirers began to shake their heads gloomily and talk about 'a decided falling off.'

It wasn't that his brush had lost its cunning; it was simply that his imagination had failed him. His subjects were conventional and treated after the manner of the student, not the master, lacking everything that made for depth and breadth and originality. Somehow, all his women looked alike—pale, dreary, hopeless-eyed ghosts of that other woman who had gone out of his life, and bearing in their blank eyes and drawn mouths something of the expression which had clung to hers that time he told her she was to give up her career.

He couldn't see it himself. He was merely conscious that something was wrong with the work; that, strive as he would, he couldn't get the effect he was after; that his brush ruled him, not he his brush; and that he was obsessed by some uncanny thing, some weird, some monstrous Other Self that *would* paint its personality into every imaginary picture he evolved.

Two years of this hopeless martyrdom to the Thing that possessed him—with not a picture sold, with all his efforts for both Academy exhibitions rejected uncompromisingly, and not a single 'order' on his list—used up his surplus, and filled him with a sense of nervous fright that made his next picture worse than any of its predecessors; and in a sort of panic he determined to abandon the purely imaginary for a time, and to go in for portraiture. Surely, with a 'sitter' present, he couldn't fail to put down what was before him.

But a bitter awakening came after the fourth portrait had been thrown back upon his hands with the same set form of rejection, namely: 'Lady Landover presents her compliments to Mr Havisham, and begs to remind him that she sat for a portrait of herself, and there appears to be nothing in this one resembling her or any person of her acquaintance. It is, in fact, with the exception of the costume, which her ladyship identified as hers, and considers most charmingly painted, an exact replica of the hopeless-eyed portrait which Mrs Somerby-Myers rejected last week as a libel upon her; and Lady Landover begs to inform Mr Havisham that there is not the slightest trace of a resemblance between Mrs Somerby-Myers and herself.'

From that on, the descent of the ladder was rapid indeed. He slipped out of Mayfair, and was forgotten by it before he had been gone a month; he turned from oils to black-and-white, and went in for illustrating books, magazines, anything that came to his hand; but after a publisher had accepted and produced one of his drawings, he never took any more. And from all quarters came the one report: 'Very charming, and all that, you know; but, really, my dear fellow, we can't go on taking the same face for ever. And such a dreary, hopeless-looking face, too. It's enough to give the public the creeps to look at it. Very sorry; but you needn't trouble to submit anything more.'

And so, down the ladder lower still; until even the 'penny dreadfuls' found the same cause for complaint, and dropped him. Then—with a change of name—to the miserable end of hawking drawings about at race-meetings and public-houses, or for a sixpence to make sketches at coffee-stalls, and even chalk drawings on the pavement. He could go no lower now; he had come to the very bottom of the ladder at last; and there, on the lowest rung, Hope had found him last night.

A conversation—born of admiration for the way he handled his material and went about his work—had led to a stranger who had stopped at the coffee-stall confessing that 'he did a bit in that line himself,' and asking Havisham if he was in the way of making a little by doing a bit of faking. 'Gent I

know of—German he is, and comin' over from Berlin to-morrow,' he imparted in confidence—'is fair mad on gettin' hold of some of the early drawin's of a party named John Havisham. Used to be a tip-topper, *he* says, though I'm free to admit as *I* never heard of him. Well, my German friend thinks there must be some of his early things a-kickin' round somewhere; and, as he's got plenty of the needful, why couldn't you and me lay our heads together and fake up somethin' for him?'

'It isn't necessary,' replied Havisham. 'I'll give him some real ones.'

'Gawd's truth! *you* ain't got none of 'em, have you?'

'No; but I'll make him some if you'll bring him round to my digs to-morrow afternoon. It just so happens that *I* am John Havisham—if you don't mind keeping it to yourself about here.'

'My word, but *you'll* do!' said the other, with a wink and a grin. 'Aren't it a lucky thing, though, that my German friend aren't after a Turner or a Landseer? Right you are, old chap! Gimme the address and I'll fetch him round. But mind! I'm to come in for a third for steerin' of him—that's only fair. And, look here, if you lives to see any glove-boxes or the like a-comin' out of Germany with original Havishams on 'em, mind you don't get tiddley and blow the gaff.'

'I never get tiddley; I'm not built on those lines,' replied Havisham, seeing that it would serve no purpose to argue the point of his identity with this sceptical individual. 'As for the rest, I agree to everything. Bring the man round to-morrow about four or five in the afternoon, and I'll have what he wants ready for him. And signed, too, so there'll be no mistake about them.'

After that they had parted, and Havisham had gone home to his lodgings, to his troubled sleep, to his sudden awaking, and to this dull hour of brooding in the gray of the wintry dawn.

He smoked on, fast and furious, letting the hopes that were born last night mingle with the dead dreams of yesterday; smoked, and thought, and wondered, and watched the lilac tints fade, and rose and gold, saffron and silver, lattice the transfigured east and usher in the morning.

Came a sharp awakening, a sudden wrench back from dreams to actualities. The sparrows were back in the square, quarrelling and flicking about as before; the voices of life muttered through the city's sleep, and the whole sky was overlaid with light. The hour of retrospection was over and day was here.

Havisham set up his easel and spread his palette, and gave brush to the things the dawn had awakened in him.

He chose water-colours this time, because they would dry faster and allow of his having plenty of subjects ready for the coming purchaser; and as picture after picture grew under his hand, and was signed, and laid aside, something of the old-time enthusiasm got into his blood and inspired him with the glory of creating. He painted and painted and painted for ten successive hours, never leaving his seat, save when, twice or thrice, as the day progressed, he got up to tighten his belt a hole or two to lessen the uneasy gnaw that was nature's appeal for sustenance.

And so he was still sitting and still painting when, at five o'clock, a sharp rap sounded on the door, and, in answer to his call, his last night's coffee-stall acquaintance came in, bringing a well-groomed, prosperous looking German with him.

Havisham got up, shaking a little with the chagrin and surprise that seized him as the would-be purchaser entered, and across the narrow width of the shabby room the eyes of the two men met.

'I think we scarcely need any introduction, Mees-ter Havisham,' said the German quietly. 'We have met before, I believe.'

'Yes,' said Havisham, the deep redness which had come over his face at first fading out into a sickly, putty-like pallor. 'It was when your firm wanted to purchase Continental reproduction rights to the "Ariadne in Naxos" for use as a chromo on a shilling fire-screen, I believe. I wasn't over courteous to you, I recollect, and I didn't relish the idea of coming down to colour-print. Well, I'm not so particular nowadays, you see. Here are a few things—good things, I think; take your pick of them. We sha'n't haggle as to price.'

Herr Steinmetz walked over to the bed, where the paintings lay spread out side by side, and, taking them up one by one, examined them critically, and laid them down in silence.

'Well,' said Havisham irritably, 'what do you feel like offering me for the lot? Or, possibly, there are only one or two that you want. We sha'n't quarrel over figures. What are they worth to you?'

'Sir,' replied Herr Steinmetz, turning with a shocked and grieved expression in his eyes, 'I regret to say that they are not worth one farthing to me, any of them.'

Havisham neither spoke nor moved nor made any sound; but the pallor on his face went grayer and grayer, until his very lips were like wax.

'They are not like the work of the brush that painted the "Ariadne"—not at all like,' said Steinmetz, with a note of sorrow in his voice. 'They are weird; they are uncanny; they are nightmares put into paint; and the agony on the faces of them is enough to wring the heart. This that you call "The Goddess of Love," she is the very Spirit of Despair; and in the faces of the Cupids about her'——

'Never mind going into details,' interrupted Havisham in a lifeless sort of voice. 'The point is that you don't want them; that you can't make any use of them, I suppose.'

'Nobody could. I speak plainly—nobody! I am sorry—I am deeply sorry. I had hoped——

But that does not matter. One lives to see one's hopes destroyed so often.' His eye went round the shabby room and took in its every detail. 'If you will permit me to retire, and will give me the small pleasure'——

A sovereign clinked on the bare top of the table as he laid it down as softly as he could. He looked at Havisham, and saw that he was staring at the rejected paintings, and neither heard nor knew; then, with a gesture to the man who had piloted him there, and a backward glance at that other man standing motionless beside the bed, he went quietly out and closed the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

THE CHARM OF THE CHEVIOTS.

THE fine mountain ridge of the Cheviots, extending for over thirty miles along the Border-line between England and Scotland, has been strangely neglected, although one of our latest guide-books calls the Border Country the most interesting in the whole world. In his lecture on the Wardens of the Marches, Dr Hodgkin tells us that few realise all the majesty and mystery of the Cheviots; and Professor James Geikie, who in 1876 gave in *Good Words* an interesting series of articles on the range, points out that the scenery is of a kind that grows upon one. 'It shows no clamant beauties; you cannot have its charms photographed; the passing stranger may see nothing in it to detain him; but only tarry for a while amongst these green uplands, and you shall find a strange attraction in their soft outlines, in their utter quiet and restfulness.' We have put this to the test, and have seen from slopes and hill-tops some of the finest panoramic views in the country. The hills in their wavy outlines are unlike the picturesque, sharp, and ridgy monsters of the Scottish Highlands; but, like the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick, they have a 'sonsy, good-humoured, buirdly look,' these great, 'round-backed, kindly, solemn hills.' They are a happy hunting-ground for the archæologist, and Geikie gives a list of over fifty old British camps, entrenchments, forts, and tumuli on the Scottish side alone. The footprints of the Romans may be traced at the stations of Bremenium (Rochester) in Redesdale, at Chew Green, and Cappuck on Oxnam Water, as well as along Watling Street. Scenes of battle and skirmish may be recalled at Flodden, Otterburn, Milfield, Piperden, or Reidswire; while the ancient castles of Cessford, Ford, Etal, Wark, Twizel, Norham, and Berwick recall the old days of warfare between England and Scotland. For the angler there are many good streams, while the pedestrian is free to wander whither he will over hill and valley.

The manager of one of the leading Scottish railways once said that Sir Walter Scott had given them their best advertisement. He was here also, we find. 'He was makin' himsel' a' the time,' young Walter Scott's friend Shortreed truly remarked regarding the Border excursions of the future poet and novelist, who distinctly traced (1791) to his residence with an uncle at Rosebank, in Kelso, the awakening of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which never afterwards deserted him. This Border town he thought the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, in Scotland. William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, who was born here, in a house overhanging the Tweed, opposite the confluence of the Teviot with that river, says much the same thing. It was during the Kelso visit of 1791 that Scott, a youth of twenty, first became familiar with the scenery of the Cheviots, and their north-east outlier Flodden ridge, scene of the battle of Flodden, which gave a setting to some of the most effective descriptive passages in *Marmion*. In the autumn of 1792, there is a passage in a letter to his friend William Clerk which every reader must have wished much longer: 'Some days ago I had nearly met with a worse accident than the tramp I took at Moorfoot; for, having bewildered myself among the Cheviot Hills, it was nearly nightfall before I got to the village of Hownam and the passes with which I was acquainted.' Hownam is a lonely hamlet on Kale Water (an excellent trout-stream), with a church, school, inn, and half-a-dozen houses. The Roman Watling Street passes northward from the Cheviots, two miles away. It is very easy to get bewildered in the heart of the hills, as we found while descending from the top of Cheviot by a precipitous rift, the Bizzle, which landed us in College Burn, Northumberland. A young shepherd left Hownam on the night of 15th December 1874 for the farm on which he was servant, on the English side, but perished in a snowstorm near Blindburn. Though a search was made for him day after day, some weeks passed before the shepherd's body was found and buried in Hownam churchyard, 15th January 1875, where a monument has been erected to his memory by brother-shepherds.

We are fortunate in having Scott's account of a very pleasant residence at the farm of Langleeford, on the Wooler path to the top of Cheviot, from which it is distant three miles. The farmstead of Langleeford is mentioned in connection with Border night-watches in 1552. A watch used to be stationed on certain hills and fords on the Scottish and English Border-line.

The route through the Cheviots taken by Scott and his uncle was evidently what is known as the Stawe road, once much frequented by Yetholm gipsies passing to Boulmer, on the Northumberland

coast, for smuggled gin, in which a great trade was done.

'To WILLIAM CLERK, Esq.,
Princes Street, Edinburgh.

'NORTHUMBERLAND, *26th Aug.* 1791.

'DEAR CLERK,—Behold a letter from the mountains, for I am very snugly settled here, in a farmer's house, about six miles from Wooler, in the very centre of the Cheviot Hills, in one of the wildest and most romantic situations which your imagination, fertile upon the subject of cottages, ever suggested. And what the deuce are you about there? methinks I hear you say. Why, sir, of all things in the world—drinking goat's whey. Not that I stand in the least need of it; but my uncle having a slight cold, and being a little tired of home, asked me last Sunday evening if I would like to go with him to Wooler, and I answering in the affirmative, next morning's sun beheld us on our journey through a pass in the Cheviots, upon the back of two special nags, and man Thomas behind with a portmanteau and two fishing-rods fastened across his back much in the style of St Andrew's Cross. Upon reaching Wooler we found the accommodations so bad that we were forced to use some interest to get lodgings here, where we are most delightfully appointed indeed. To add to my satisfaction, we are amidst places renowned by the feats of former days; each hill is crowned with a tower, or camp, or cairn, and in no situation can you be near more fields of battle: Flodden, Otterburn, Chevy Chase, Ford Castle, Chillingham Castle, Copland Castle, and many another scene of blood, are within the compass of a forenoon's ride. Out of the brooks with which these hills are intersected we pull trouts of half a yard in length as fast as we did the perches from the pond at Pennycuick, and we are in the very country of muirfowl.

'Often as I have wished for your company, I never did it more earnestly than when I rode over Flodden Edge. I know your tastes of these things, and could have undertaken to demonstrate that never was an affair more completely bungled than that day's work was. Suppose one army posted upon the face of a hill, and secured by high grounds projecting on each flank, with the river Till in front, a deep and still river, winding through a very extensive valley called Milfield Plain, and the only passage over it by a narrow bridge, which the Scots artillery, from the hill, could in a moment have demolished. Add that the English must have hazarded a battle while their troops, which were tumultuously levied, remained together; and that the Scots, behind whom the country was open to Scotland, had nothing to do but to wait for the attack as they were posted. Yet did two-thirds of the army, actuated by the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, rush down and give an opportunity to Stanley to occupy the ground they had quitted by coming over the shoulder of the hill; while the other third, under Lord Home, kept their ground, and having seen their king and about ten thousand of their countrymen cut to pieces, retired into Scotland without loss. For the reason of the bridge not being destroyed while the English passed I refer you to Pitscottie, who narrates at large, and to whom I give credit for a most accurate and clear description, agreeing perfectly with the ground.

'My uncle drinks the whey here, as I do ever since I understood it was brought to his bedside every morning at six by a very pretty dairymaid. So much for my residence; all the day we shoot, fish, walk, and ride; dine and sup upon fish struggling from the stream, and the most delicious heath-fed mutton, barn-door fowls, poys, milk-cheese, &c., all in perfection; and so much simplicity resides among these hills that a pen, which could write at least, was not to be found about the house, though belonging to a considerable farmer, till I shot the crow with whose quill I write this epistle.'

What a procession of other distinguished and undistinguished people has passed the Border-line and the Cheviots, coming and going between England and Scotland — kings and shepherds, freebooters, smugglers, and farmers! Now the main arteries of traffic are the three great railways, which, except in the case of the Waverley Route, avoid this great mountain ridge between England and Scotland. James Thomson, the poet of the *Seasons*, found scenery and illustrations for his 'Winter' on the slopes of the Cheviots, and a hospitable welcome always, as Allan Ramsay had, from Sir William Bennet of Marlefield. Daniel Defoe climbed Cheviot from the Wooler side in 1728. Although a lame man, Thomas Pringle, born at Blaiklaw, between Yetholm and Kelso, was not a lame poet. Coleridge said of his 'Afar in the Desert' that it was one of the two or three most perfect lyric poems in the language. He was one of William Blackwood's early, if not most successful, scribes; a pioneer in settling Border families on land at the Cape; and secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. A college companion of Pringle's was Robert Story, son of the Yetholm parish schoolmaster, and well known as the minister of Roseneath; and his son, better known as Principal Story, was long a conspicuous figure in Scottish Church Assemblies. James Dodds, a clever parliamentary solicitor, author of *The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters*, was born at Softlaw, near Kelso. William Fairbairn, the great engineer, was a native of Kelso; and from Kelso Scott brought John and James Ballantyne into notice as printers and to the Scottish capital. The family from which Captain Cook was descended came from this district, as did the Rev. F. H. Lyte, the hymn-writer. The father of George Stephenson, the railway engineer, was the son of a farmer on Oxnam Water, who crossed the Cheviots to get work at the coal-pits near Newcastle. The name of Paulinus, first Archbishop of York, survives

in Palinsburn, and there is a memorial well and inscription to his memory at Holystone on the Coquet.

To the late Lady Waterford, while resident at Ford Castle, the country was strangely interesting. She wrote in 1862: 'I have greatly enjoyed discoveries of walks and scrambles in the Cheviots, they are so beautiful, though perhaps too park-like.' She renovated Ford village and the castle built by Sir William Heron in 1287, where James IV. lingered all too long with Lady Heron before the battle of Flodden; she also built a model school, and decorated it with frescoes illustrative of the 'Lives of Good Children.' The faces were taken from the children around her, and the models for Cain and Abel might be seen, slate-pencil in hand, for several years under their own portraits. The impress of her hand and heart is all around still, on the cottages with their brilliant gardens of flowers, the beautiful walks, miles of drive on Flodden, with its wooded hill and Marmion's Well. The monument to her husband, with its tall red pillar and angel-figure standing out against the sky, Augustus J. C. Hare thought worthy of Perugia. He was at Ford while writing Murray's Guide to Northumberland and Durham, and thought the whole country wild and poetical, with its deep wooded valleys, rugged open heaths, wind-blown pine-woods, 'and pale-blue distances of Cheviot Hills.' Josephine E. Butler, author of the Memoir of her father, John Grey of Dilston, and of a Memoir of her husband, Dr George Butler, retained a strong affection for Milfield, on the Northumbrian side of the Cheviots, where she was born. Mrs Butler recalled how broken pieces of armour belonging to men and horses would sometimes be ploughed or dug up on the battlefield of Flodden, to be treasured up as relics. Biddlestone Hall, the ancient seat of the Selbys, said to be the Osbaldistone Hall of Scott's *Rob Roy*, is on the Coquet; as also Harbottle Castle, where was born, in 1515, Lady Margaret Douglas, who afterwards was Countess of Lennox, mother of Lord Darnley, and grandmother of James I. of England.

An old coach-road between England and Scotland is that over Carter Fell. The traveller who crosses the Border by any one of the three main lines of railway can have no conception of the splendid prospect which breaks on the vision from the Newcastle road crossing the Carter, a long, flat-topped-looking hill, about two thousand feet high. We had the view once at sunrise, and shall never forget it. In the foreground is the vale of Jed, towards Jedburgh; farther away, the rich valley of the Tweed, the Eildon Hills, the distant Lammermoors. Hugh Miller, who travelled on the top of the Newcastle coach in the autumn of 1845 across the Borderline, recalled how vast an amount of blood and suffering had been expended by the weaker against the stronger nation to make that line good: 'It wore to-day, in the quiet sunshine, a look of recluse tranquillity, that seemed wholly unconscious of the past. A tumbling sea of dark-green hills, delicately chequered with light and shadow, swelled upward on either side towards the line of boundary, like the billows of opposing tideways, that rise over the general level where the currents meet; and, passing on and away from wave-top to wave-top, like the cork baulk of a fisherman's net afloat on the swell, ran the separating line. But all was still and motionless, as in the upper reaches of the Baltic when the winter frost has set in.' Recently a miniature lake has been formed at the top of Redesdale, at Catcleuch, part of Newcastle's water-supply. Lower down the valley is Rochester, the Bremenium of the Romans; the camp there, which can still be traced, was described in *Chambers's Journal* for 1890, in an article, 'A Roman City in the Cheviots.' One of the inscribed altars discovered here had this inscription: 'To the Genius and Standards of the First Cohort, the faithful of the Varduli, Roman citizens, cavalry, a thousand strong. Titus Licinius Valerianus, tribune, erected this.' The usual relics were found here suggestive of Roman occupation. Three miles north from the sweet village of Otterburn, on the hillside, stands Percy's Cross, about five feet high, set on a cairn of stones, which, tradition says, marks where Percy fell at the battle with Douglas. The ancient ballad of 'Chevy Chase' was founded on this battle. Scott gives the Scottish ballad, which concludes thus:

> This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
> About the breaking of the day;
> Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush,
> And the Percy led captive away.

To gain the full charm of the Cheviots one must wander along their grassy or heathery slopes, get lost in the folds of the billowy glens, and challenge the mountain winds from heights and hollows. Remarkably fine views of the Border-land may be had from Venchen, on the Wauchope estate at Yetholm, or from Stearough, on the other side of Bowmont Water. The whole valley of Bowmont is full of charm. At Bowmont's rise in the Cheviots there are traces of a large Early British population on the hillsides; and lower down is Yetholm (which is not one village but two, divided by the Bowmont), Kirk Yetholm being on the right and Town Yetholm on the left bank. The first has been for generations associated with a gipsy colony, which in 1797 numbered fifty, in 1818 one hundred and nine, and in 1846 one hundred and forty persons. The Rev. John Baird (1829–61) did much for the reformation of the gipsy. He was far from regarding the muggers and tinkers who dwelt here, perambulated the country, and turned up at country fairs with horses to sell, as the pure, unmingled gipsy race, wanderers into Europe from the East. The family of the Faas was believed to have been settled in Kirk Yetholm for a century and a half. A hundred years ago the gipsies carried on a brisk trade in smuggling from the Northumberland coast. Baird, with some exceptions, characterised them as 'a set of idle, worthless, unprofitable, deceitful, and dishonest vagabonds, with very few redeeming qualities. They hate all work; even the trades and occupations they follow are but an

excuse for idleness. They will rather want than work, and steal rather than want.' If the stranger now asks, 'Where are the gipsies?' he will be told there are none. Their residence here has left broad traces, and lowered the mental and spiritual temperature of the place. The influx of Irish hawkers has driven them from the road; the County Police Act prevents encamping, and the School Board looks after the children. The industries of the gipsies were the making of horn spoons, besoms, baskets, and the sale of pottery and horses. This picture of John Leyden's is now of the past:

> On Yeta's banks the vagrant gipsies place
> Their turf-built cots, a sunburnt, swarthy race. . . .
> With loit'ring steps from town to town they pass,
> Their lazy dames rocked on the panniered ass;
> Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine,
> Around their necks their raven tresses twine.

In the Halterburn and Curr valleys there is a silence that may be felt, only broken by the bleat of sheep and the musical monotony of the hill-burns. Kale Water and Hownam are worthy, too, of exploration; as are also Cessford Castle, grand in decay, the ancestral home of the Kers of Roxburgh, and Linton Church, associated with the Somervilles and the legend of the killing of the Worm or Dragon. The Cheviot Hills proper extend from the head of the Tyne in Northumberland and of the Liddel in Roxburghshire to Yeavering Bell and the heights near Wooler, a distance of over thirty miles. The highest member of the range is Cheviot, a massive, broad-topped hill of two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven feet, the top a dreary-looking moorland waste, coated with peat some fifteen to twenty feet thick in places, with ugly peat-holes here and there. Peel Fell comes next, and is one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet above sea-level. They are smooth, rounded masses, with long, flowing outlines, without peaks or serrated ridges, falling away in long, gentle slopes into England, and being more abrupt on the Scottish side. There are three routes to the top of Cheviot from Wooler, that by Langleeford farm (five miles) being most popular. Three miles more takes one to the summit. From Yetholm the ascent may be made by walking through the hills to College Burn; but this route is more difficult to find than the excellent road up Bowmont Water by Primside Mill, Belford, to Sourhope, some eight miles away. It is about five miles more by an easy ascent to the top, passing the green vale at Cocklawfoot on the right, and the huge mass of Cheviot on the left, with scarred front descending into the gloom of that gigantic rift known as the Hen Hole, where the peregrine nests, and from which issues the College Burn. Miss Russel of Ashiestiel derives the name of this rift from St Helena. In walking along the ridge towards Hen Hole we passed a shepherd's wooden shelter, with a window of observation to the north, and within materials for tea-making, a few old newspapers, a novel by Allan Raine, Haughton's *Precious Truth*, and a tattered *Chambers's Etymological Dictionary*. We found white heather in ascending, and quite a bunch at the top left by a previous climber. Before the summit is reached we pass Auchope Cairn, which marks the boundary between England and Scotland. A little to the south-east is the hanging-stone, marking the spot where a packman was strangled by his pack slipping over the edge and tightening the strap round his neck. The same story is told regarding a bridge between St Boswells and Earlston.

There are suggestions of history and romance in some of the Cheviot names, such as King's Seat, Lord's Seat, Battle Shield, Bloody Bush Edge, Bleak Law, Hungry Law, Windy Gyle, Wether Law, Lamb Hill, and Cushat Law. The shepherds are sober, shrewd, and hospitable, with a strong taste for religious disputation. The sheep-farms are in the hands of a few men, who generally do well.

Dr Hodgkin, in his lecture on the Wardens of the Marches, reminds us that the Cheviots, which are of the same geological period as the Pentlands, are monarchs of a most ancient line: 'Their masses of granite and porphyry were soaring high above the horizon—far higher than at the present day; then the Alps were undistinguished portions of the plain. The long tyranny of the Ice Age has struck off many a noble head, and has rounded off what remains.'

There is a noble view from Cheviot, provided the air be clear, of the whole seaboard of Northumberland, and of the country between Tweed and Coquet; and, on the Scottish side, Roxburghshire and Berwickshire are spread out like a map at our feet.

WALLFLOWERS.

> Why should it be that of all flowers which blow
> These most I prize?
> So many fairer, rarer blossoms blow
> 'Neath summer skies.
>
> I think it is because the brown and gold
> So bravely borne,
> And haunting ample scent with which they hold
> The early morn,
>
> Bring to my mind (ah, straggling garden-way
> And drowsy wings!)
> The grave abiding beauty of the day
> Of simple things.
>
> They bloom in cottage gardens 'midst the hives
> And fruit-trees fair,
> Hardy and homely as the peasant wives
> Who set them there.
>
> And though, amidst the riot and the glare
> Of noonday pride,
> Our vagrant choice applaud the gaily fair
> Which flaunt beside,
>
> When twilight falls upon the garden-ways
> And soft dews fall,
> Their scent recurring tells of love which stays—
> The best of all.

F. W. Saunderson.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

NEW subjects of pleasant and intellectual interest and some general importance for dinner-table conversation are not plentiful at the present time. We become a little weary of all the failings of all Governments. The strong personal element and the romance seem to have gone out of politics; the nations jointly and severally seem to fear their fates, and to be constantly making preparations for the worst, and we are bidden to contemplate the possibility of Germans or Russians or both being in possession of our British homes, and behaving very disagreeably while there. In these circumstances it is an excellent thing that there is such rich material provided for what we may call the higher conversation in so many notable centenaries occurring in the present year. We have the most perfect excuse for opening the conversation at Mendelssohn or Charles Darwin or William Ewart Gladstone, and we are led on to a rich field of retrospect, bridging over a hundred years, and no doubt to some close comparisons of the respective values of the ancients and the moderns. We must realise what a centenary is. It is a thing made by man, not, like the day and the night and the seasons and the year, by Nature. It is purely arbitrary. Except upon the score of expediency—a hundred is an easy number to mark and remember, and it seems to denote the completion of a period—there is no more reason why we should celebrate things that happened just a hundred years ago than we should have celebrated the same happenings last year, or should defer our commemoration until 1910. But we must select our year, and so we choose the hundredth; and it has this considerable advantage and justification that in most cases the men who were born a hundred years previously have by then passed away from the stage of life for such a time that the historical perspective begins to get properly adjusted, and we judge of merits and demerits and reckon precise values when unencumbered with the prejudices and passions of the period during which these men lived and did their work. But if the century itself is just an arbitrary thing which we arrange for ourselves, the coincidence of several of these centenary celebrations falling at the same time is not, and it has to be accounted as most remarkable that, reckoning our standards of genius and merit as we do, so many of the men and women whose names we have agreed to place on enduring tablets of fame should have been born within such a little while of each other. Nature has her curious and mysterious workings which seem to abide by no law save that of action and energy following upon rest and recuperation. She has her lean years and her fat ones. From the earth she yields a fine abundance in some years, and is scanty in her supply in others. The vineyards have their good vintage years and their poor ones. Students of horseflesh know that there are years in the past which stand out from all others for the wonders that were then achieved in breeding. And it happens in just the same way that in some periods Nature gives forth a rich yield of men. We judge of the value of corn and grapes at the end of the season, of the horses in a few years. The quality of men is a more difficult thing to appraise, and it cannot be done by those who are exactly contemporaries without a varying degree of prejudice. It is well done a hundred years after their births and two decades or more after their deaths.

* * *

So now in this year we come to the consideration of the 1809 yield of men and women, and we find it to be the most marvellously rich one that we have ever known. Greater men have been born in other years; in fact, there is not one in this centenary group of whom it can be said that he was one of the greatest men who ever lived, having in mind, when speaking of the 'greatest,' just the one or two greatest in each section of thought and work. We could hardly put either Gladstone or Lincoln in such high position. Darwin and Mendelssohn must be high in their respective lists, but all proper

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

critics would dissent from their being established quite at the front. We could nearly, but not securely, rank Tennyson as one of the two or three men who have sung most sweetly or with finest poetic and moral effect in the language of the English people. It would indeed be impossible, we may imagine, for there to be such a concentration in one year of the birth of supreme genius. It would have been calamitous, disastrous, if the greatest of all ages had been contemporaries, and it was impossible for the reason that it is the age and the circumstances that develop the genius. We may doubt whether Milton or Shakespeare would have done very much for himself or the people if he had been born at the same time as Mr Swinburne and Mr Pinero. If Napoleon had been born in 1850 he would quite likely by this time have become either a newspaper proprietor, a railway magnate, or the managing director of a big firm of stockbrokers. How impossible would Cromwell have been in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries! Yet these are certainly among the greatest of the dead. Now, while we had none of these born in the year 1809, there was a most remarkable host of others who were only a little below them—just that little which is only achieved by one or two men in a thousand years. In 1809, so far as our present judgment is good, there were born more men who collectively rose to a higher standard of genius and fame than there were in any other year. We have to include the qualification about our present judgment, because it is clear that now, a hundred years after the births and anything from a dozen to fifty after the deaths of these personages, we are not by any means settled in mind about them. See how in recent years opinion has fluctuated about the merits of Tennyson and of Poe, and how irreconcilable are the various estimates of the value of the statesmanship of Gladstone when some of the conditions and problems with which he dealt are still with us. But that these people were really great, and that 1809 was a most marvellous year for the production of men, a year which we are bound to celebrate now, there can be no doubt at all. Earliest among the notable births in that year was that of Edgar Allan Poe (January 19); then there was Mendelssohn (February 3), there were Charles Darwin (February 12) and the future President Lincoln on the very same day. As this bountiful year progressed there came Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop Selwyn, Skene the Scottish historian, Lord Houghton, Mary the wife of Charles Cowden Clarke, John Stuart Blackie, Kinglake, and Tennyson within a few hours of each other as by another burst of Nature's enthusiasm; another eminent Scottish historian in John Hill Burton, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Fanny Kemble, Mark Lemon; and then, as a finishing-touch applied within a couple of days of the expiration of the year, there was not the least of this group of immortals, for all the differences of opinion about him, Gladstone, certainly one of the sincerest and most Christian-like of the great British statesmen. As if it had not honours enough, some have been giving to 1809 distinctions that it does not possess. For example, they have said that the composer Chopin belonged to it, and he has been commemorated accordingly. But Chopin was not really born until 1810, although it is true that the date on his tombstone is 1809. In the same way there are some others who have gone wrong about Elizabeth Barrett Browning, believing her to have been born on the 6th of March in 1809. Instead of that, she was most certainly born three years earlier. We have been told that the reason for the mistake in this case was that Mrs Browning, being some years older than her husband, was disposed to be somewhat sensitive upon the point, while at the same time her husband accommodated her by his diplomacy. People came to believe that she was born in 1809, but she was not.

* * *

However, the *annus mirabilis* was, as we have seen, so rich that such lights as these may be dropped without their being even missed by those who had fancied they belonged to it. The question as to which persons of this group are of greatest interest and whose lives added most to the sum of human happiness and contentment (not merely the happiness and contentment of their own contemporaries, but of posterity, for no man is great who does not continue his work after death) is one that will be settled variously according to the nationality, the circumstances, and the tastes and prejudices of each critic. It is possible that in the long-run there will be less disagreement about Tennyson than any other, and a more general appreciation of his work and the value of it. It is noticed even since he died that there has been a certain ebbing and flowing of the wave of his popularity, or, one should rather say, public estimation of him; but it becomes clear that this sweetest singer of the Victorian time will settle down in one of the highest places in British poetical literature. He fulfilled all the best qualifications of a true national poet, and it has been well said that not only his work but his life was of inestimable value to the whole of the English-speaking world. He lived during a period when a rapid and complete change in life and manners was brought about. It was the age when machinery was being set to run the world, and when England was going forward in her industrial development with an enormous energy. At such a time there was a great need for the lofty thinker, the noble spirit, who was deeply respected by the multitude, and who was inspired to point out in beautiful phrases the true values of the different parts of life. The tendency of his career was to raise the standard of thought and taste, to make men consider the nobler things more and the common ones less, and all the words that he sang were illustrated in his own life. If Tennyson was thus good to his age, he may be to some extent a steadying influence for a long time, and it is

certain that great poets who can arrest the attention of the people and bid them leave their luxury for a while to think of the meaning of all that is sweet and beautiful and noble in life were never more necessary than at the present time. A Tennyson would be an invaluable acquisition to the motor-age.

* * *

It is when pursuing this line of reflection that we come more firmly to the conclusion that Tennyson was the greatest of all these. Mendelssohn pleases us still; in fact, it is perhaps just to say that he pleases more people to-day than ever he did—those people, we mean, whose time for music is not given up to the most ephemeral compositions. His music was of that class that appeals to the taste of these times. He who first came forth with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture when he was only seventeen years old made music in all his too short life that wooed to happiness and contentment. It played lightly upon the fancies but did not strike at the emotions and cause the heart to swell. He would have nothing of gloom and seriousness; he was not noble like Beethoven; with him music was to be the simplest pleasure and solace, and so we come to regard him as the exact antithesis of that deeply mournful musician, Tschaikowsky. To each the nature of his achievement was inevitable. You have but to glance at a portrait of the open, sunny countenance of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to know that there could be no sadness in the music that he created, while the genius who would attempt suicide by standing chin-high in the river at a time when it was freezing might well be expected to thunder tragedy and an impending general doom through his compositions. Mendelssohn pleases immensely, almost more than any, and to do that is to be vastly great; but he rarely inspires, stimulates, or causes to wonder, and so he is less than some others. Charles Darwin will always certainly be numbered among the greatest of his time. He was a determined and fearless seeker after truth, and his reasonings and resolutions have been fiercely discussed through different generations of thought until human belief has in some important essentials come to be reconstructed. The difficulty about assigning marks of full greatness to Darwin is on the point as to how far we must consider him the real and independent genius, and how far the mere necessary and inevitable product of a time. By the middle of last century education and reason had arrived at the point when a Darwin was certain to arise and write some such books as he did. They might not have been such sound books, the research-work would not have been so thorough, the reasoning so careful and exact; but others would have remedied defects, and a company and time would certainly have done what Darwin did alone and within a limited period. We may be all the more certain that this view is correct when we recall that by his anonymously published *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* in 1844, Robert Chambers actually anticipated both Darwin's theories and his methods of research.

* * *

At a time when one of the greatest Americans has just passed from a period of most strenuous activity to rest and retirement, we are brought to consider that this is the centenary also of a man who must always be reckoned as one of the finest and noblest and most clearly outstanding figures in the history of the great American nation. Now, it is by no means clear that if Abraham Lincoln had not lived, or had not risen from being the hand on his father's farm to being President of the United States, American or European history would have proceeded at all on the lines that it did, lines that were the best for all peoples in the end. It was his election to the presidency, with his previous strong anti-slavery pronouncements, that provoked the Civil War, and it was his clear conception, forceful energy, determination, and genius that brought North America safely through that terrible period, during which he stood out as the embodiment of the best spirit of the nation. There has scarcely ever been a greater oration uttered than his inaugural address on his second election to the presidency. This was a life of true greatness, where genius by its own innate force arose from almost nothing. We have the sharp contrast in the life of Gladstone. Any comparison in their respective greatnesses, such as some people might be disposed to attempt, must be futile. In mere achievement, definite and practical, Lincoln, of course, was incomparably the superior; but there was a great nobility about Mr Gladstone's life, a sweetness and a purity the beneficial effect of which upon the English people has, we imagine, been well continued since his death. He was more of the great Christian than the great statesman, and perhaps some of the failings of his career were due to his not being able to blend perfectly these two inner Gladstones. But he left a rich legacy of example of honesty of purpose and simplicity of life and conduct to the nation. Gladstone snatched at ideals when Lincoln performed sound practical and magnificent work, but in a certain measure each had similar objects in view.

* * *

It is a little curious to think how these two men who between them rose to lead for a time the entire English-speaking race moved upwards and onwards from such widely separated starting-points. Until he was nineteen Lincoln was on his father's farm in Ohio, and for long after that he was a clerk, a storekeeper, a postmaster, and so forth. And there was Gladstone, not indeed born among vast riches or luxury, but to a quite sufficient wealth and surrounded by culture. He had every possible advantage for intellectual improvement and achievement, and at the outset of his political career he had influence enough on his side to further his interests and ambitions to the fullest extent. The

man himself was worth it all; but the circumstances are as said. So in 1809 you had these two beings come into the world and begin to move forward until they stood above almost all men, leading and directing mankind—the one beginning to advance from the little farm in Ohio, and the other from a rich home in Liverpool. Little did the grown men of 1809 or of 1829 know to what that wonderful year had given birth. Perhaps the only musician of that group of genius was the first to give the sign. But in 1859 people were still unaware that Nature had laboured to such wonderful purpose half a century before. It is only now, in the complete cycle of a hundred years, that we have full knowledge and almost adequate appreciation. In that reflection there may be some encouragement to think better of the present time than may be one's habit. If we seem to see so little genius about us, let it be remembered that the proverb that the prophet hath not honour among his own people applies to time as well as to place, and also that there may be men in the making now whose greatness will not be accomplished for many years. The difficulty is that life is so complex, so crowded, so bustling, and so materialistic that genius does not have the same opportunities as formerly. Would a new Tennyson, specially adapted to the time, be of such force and estimation in this century as the dead one was in his? Is the strongest individualism any more possible? It may be; but genius has a greater struggle against indifference now than it had in the nineteenth century.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXII.—BY THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IT was February—not the foggy, muddy February of dear, damp Old England, but winter beside the bright-blue Mediterranean, the winter of the Côte d'Azur.

At the Villa Heyburn—that big, square white house with the green sun-shutters, surrounded by its great garden full of spreading palms, sweet-smelling mimosa, orange-trees laden with golden fruit, and bright geraniums, up on the Berigo at San Remo—Lady Heyburn had that afternoon given a big luncheon-party. The smartest people wintering in that most sheltered nook of the Italian Riviera had eaten and gossiped and flirted, and gone back to their villas and hotels. Dull persons found no place in Lady Heyburn's circle. Most of the people were those she knew in London or in Paris, including a sprinkling of cosmopolitans, a Russian prince notorious for his losses over at the new *cercle* at Cannes, a divorced Austrian Archduchess, and two or three well-known diplomats.

'Dear old Henry' remained, of course, at Glencardine, as he always did. Lady Heyburn looked upon her winter visit to that beautiful villa overlooking the calm sapphire sea as her annual emancipation. Henry was a dear old fellow, she openly confided to her friends, but his affliction made him terribly trying.

But Jimmy Flockart, the good-looking, amusing, well-dressed idler, was living down at the 'Savoy,' and was daily in her company, driving, motoring, picnicking, making excursions in the mountains, or taking trips over to 'Monte' by the *train-de-luxe*. He had left the villa early in the afternoon, returned to his hotel, changed his smart flannels for a tweed suit, and, taking a stout stick, had set off alone for his daily constitutional along the searoad in the direction of that pretty but half-deserted little watering-place, Ospedaletti.

Straight before him, into the unruffled, tideless sea, the sun was sinking in all its blood-red glory as he went at swinging pace along the white, dusty road, past the *octroi* barrier, and out into the country where, on the left, the waves lazily lapped the gray rocks, while upon the right the fertile slopes were covered with carnations and violets growing for the markets of Paris and London. In the air was a delightful perfume, the freshness of the sea in combination with the sweetness of the flowers.

A big red motor-car dashed suddenly round a corner, raising a cloud of dust. An American party were on their way from Genoa to the frontier along the Corniche, one of the most picturesque routes in all the world.

James Flockart had no eyes for beauty. He was too occupied by certain grave apprehensions. That morning he had walked in the garden with Lady Heyburn, and had a long chat with her. Her attitude had been peculiar. He could not make her out. She had begged him to promise to leave San Remo, and when asked to tell the reason of this sudden demand she had firmly refused.

'You must leave here, Jimmy,' she had said quite calmly. 'Go down to Rome, to Palermo, to Ragusa, or somewhere where you can put in a month or so in comfort. The Villa Igiea at Palermo would suit you quite well—lots of smart people, and very decent cooking.'

'Well,' he laughed, 'as far as hotels go, nothing could be worse than this place. I'd never put my nose into this hole if it were not for the fact that you come here. There isn't a hotel worth the name. When one goes to Monte, or Cannes, or even decaying Nice, one can get decent cooking. But here—ugh!' and he shrugged his shoulders. 'Prices higher than the "Ritz" in Paris, food fourth-rate, rooms cheaply decorated, and a dullness unequalled.'

'My dear Jimmy,' laughed her ladyship, 'you're such a cosmopolitan that you're incorrigible. I

know you don't like this place. You've been here six weeks, so go.'

'You've had a letter from the old man, eh?'

'Yes, I have,' she replied, and he saw that her countenance changed; but she would say nothing more. She had decided that he must leave San Remo, and would hear no argument to the contrary.

The southern sun sank slowly into the sea, now gray but waveless. On the horizon lay the long smoke-trail of a passing steamer eastward bound. He had rounded the steep, rocky headland, and in the hollow before him nestled the little village of Ospedaletti, with its closed casino, its rows of small villas, and its palm-lined *passeggiata*.

A hundred yards farther on he saw the figure of a rather shabby, middle-aged man, in a faded gray overcoat and gray soft felt-hat of the mode usual on the Riviera, but discoloured by long wear, leaning upon the low sea-wall and smoking a cigarette. No other person was in the vicinity, and it was quickly evident from the manner in which the wayfarer recognised him and came forward to meet him with outstretched hand that they had met by appointment. Short of stature as he was, with fair hair, colourless eyes, and a fair moustache, his slouching appearance was that of one who had seen better days, even though there still remained about him a vestige of dandyism. The close observer would, however, detect that his clothes, shabby though they were, were of foreign cut, and that his greeting was of that demonstrative character that betrayed his foreign birth.

'Well, my dear Krail,' exclaimed Flockart after they had shaken hands and stood together leaning upon the sea-wall, 'you got my wire in Huntingdon? I was uncertain whether you were at the "George" or at the "Fountain," so I sent a message to both.'

'I was at the "George," and left an hour after receipt of your wire.'

'Well, tell me what has happened. How are things up at Glencardine?'

'Goslin is with the old fellow. He has taken the girl's place as his confidential secretary,' was the shabby man's reply, speaking with a foreign accent. 'Walter Murie was at home for Christmas, but went to Cairo.'

'And how are matters in Paris?'

'They are working hard, but it's an uphill pull. The old man is a crafty old bird. Those papers you got from the safe had been cunningly prepared for anybody who sought to obtain information. The consequence is that we've shown our hand, and heavily handicapped ourselves thereby.'

'You told me all that when you were down here a month ago,' Flockart said impatiently.

'You didn't believe me then. You do now, I suppose?'

'I've never denied it,' Flockart declared, offering the stranger a Russian cigarette from his gold case. 'I was completely misled, and by the girl also.'

'The girl's influence with her father is happily quite at an end,' remarked the shabby man. 'I saw her last week in Woodnewton. The change from Glencardine to an eight-roomed cottage in a village street must be rather severe.'

'Only what she deserves,' snapped Flockart. 'She defied us.'

'Granted. But I cannot help thinking that we haven't played a very fair game,' said the man. 'Remember, she's only a girl.'

'But dangerous to us and to our plans, my dear Krail. She knows a lot.'

'Because—well, forgive me for saying so, my dear Flockart—because you've been a fool, and have allowed her to know.'

'It wasn't I; it was the woman.'

'Lady Heyburn! Why, I always believed her to be the soul of discretion.'

'She's been too defiant of consequences. A dozen times I've warned her; but she will not heed.'

'Then she'll land herself in a deep hole if she isn't careful,' replied the foreigner, speaking very fair English. 'Does she know I'm here?'

'Of course not. If we're to play the game she must know nothing. She's already inclined to throw prudence to the winds, and to confess all to her husband.'

'Confess!' gasped the stranger, paling beneath his rather sallow skin. '*Per Bacco!* she's not going to be such an idiot, surely?'

'We were run so close, and so narrowly escaped discovery after I got at those papers at Glencardine, that she seems to have lost heart,' Flockart remarked.

'But if she acted the fool and told Sir Henry, it would mean ruin for us, and that would also mean'——

'It would mean exposure for Gabrielle,' interrupted Flockart. 'The old man dare not lift his voice for his daughter's sake.'

'Ah,' exclaimed Krail, 'that's just where you've acted injudiciously! You've set him against her; therefore he wouldn't spare her.'

'It was imperative. I couldn't afford to be found prying into the old man's papers, could I? I got impressions of his key while walking in the park one day. He's never suspected it.'

'Of course not. He believes in you,' laughed his friend, 'as one of the few upright men who are his friends! But,' he added, 'you've done wrong, my dear fellow, to trust a woman with a secret. Depend upon it, her ladyship will let you down.'

'Well, if she does,' remarked Flockart, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'she'll have to suffer with me. You know where we should all find ourselves.'

The man pulled a wry face and puffed at his cigarette in silence.

'What does the girl do?' asked Flockart a few moments later.

'Well, she seems to have a pretty dull time with the old lady. I stayed at the "Cardigan Arms" at Woodnewton for two days—a miserable little place—and watched her pretty closely. She's out a good deal, rambling alone across the country

with a collie belonging to a neighbouring farmer. She 's the very picture of sadness, poor little girl !'

'You seem to sympathise with her, Krail. Why, does she not stand between us and fortune ?'

'She 'll stand between us and a court of assize if that woman acts the fool !' declared the shabby stranger, who moved so rapidly and whose vigilance seemed unequalled.

'If we go, she shall go also,' Flockart declared in a threatening voice.

'But you must prevent such a *contretemps*,' Krail urged.

'Ah, it 's all very well to talk like that ! But you know enough of her ladyship to be aware that she acts on her own initiative.'

'That shows that she 's no fool,' remarked the foreigner quickly. 'You who hold her in the hollow of your hand must prevent her from opening up to her husband. The whole future lies with you.'

'And what is the future without money ? We want a few thousands for immediate necessities, both of us. The woman's allowance from her husband is nowadays a mere bagatelle.'

'Because he probably knows that some of her money has gone into your pockets, my dear boy.'

'No ; he 's completely in ignorance of that. How, indeed, could he know ? She takes very good care there 's no possibility of his finding out.'

'Well,' remarked the stranger, 'that 's what I fear has happened, or may one day happen. The fact is, *caro mio*, we are in a quandary at the present moment. You were a bit too confident in dealing with those documents you found at Glencardine. You should have taken her ladyship into your confidence and got her to pump her husband concerning them. If you had, we shouldn't have made the mess of it that we have done.'

'I must admit, Krail, that what you say is true,' declared the well-dressed man. 'You are such a philosopher always ! I asked you to come here in secret to explain the exact position.'

'It is one of peril. We are checkmated. Goslin holds the whole business in his hands, and will keep it.'

'He doesn't suspect us ?'

'Very fortunately for you he doesn't, though we were very near exposure when I went out to Athens and made a fool of myself upon the report furnished by you.'

'I believed it to be a genuine one. I had no idea that the old man was so crafty.'

'Exactly. And if he displayed such clever ingenuity and forethought in laying a trap for the inquisitive, is it not more than likely that there may be other traps baited with equal craft and cunning ?'

'Then how are we to make the *coup* ?' Flockart asked, looking into the colourless eyes of his friend.

'We shall, I fear, never make it, unless '——

'Unless what ?' he asked.

'Unless the old man meets with an accident, replied the other in a low, distinct voice. '*Blind men sometimes do, you know !*'

(*To be continued.*)

CASTAWAYS: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, Author of *Marine Meteorology*, &c.

NAVIGATION first became an accomplished fact upon the classic waters of the Mediterranean Sea ; and perhaps the initial successes are more rightly attributed to accident than to design. Homer has left a vivid word-picture of the ancient mariners who ever hailed with gladness the rosy-fingered dawn. By day their frail craft coasted from point to point, by night the stars sometimes served as guides ; but these toilers of the narrow waters did not willingly lose sight of the land. Occasionally, however, they were driven seaward by the combined forces of Æolus and Neptune, and had precedence in emigration forced upon them. Exultant, the Heroes set sail from the reduction of Troy in order to regain their motherland ; but a savage storm scattered the Grecian fleets far and wide. Ulysses, bravest of the brave, wandered a castaway for a decade, with his faithful few. Æneas, son of Anchises and Venus, is another of the old-time castaways made famous by the poets. Accepting Virgil's verse for this occasion, it follows that Æneas reached the coast of Libya, where the subsequently unhappy Dido reigned. She received the weary wanderer to her own undoing ; and there he remained until the strain of his nostalgia proved more powerful than the admitted charms of the despairing queen. Even in historic times we find St Paul, together with three hundred exiles crowded in a crazy craft, being driven out of his course and left a castaway on either Malta or on an island in the Adriatic.

The virile Vikings, while essaying the task of navigating the indented and rocky coast of Norway, were not infrequently compelled to leave the land and run before the gale far to the westward on an unknown sea which had been erroneously assumed to teem with monstrous shapes. Iceland happened to be right on the track followed by some of these dauntless sea-rovers ; and there, like Æneas and his followers in a far fairer land, they sought the green meadows to rest their weary limbs. Westward the star of empire was fortuitously wending its way ! The pioneers returned home with the first fair wind ; and shortly afterwards Iceland was colonised by the one-time castaways and their kindred. As they wanted a compass by which to steer, and were

frequently beset by thick weather, there is little cause for surprise that only a portion of these Norse emigrants managed to reach so hazardous an objective. Many found a resting-place at the bottom of the sea; some kept afloat their clumsy, lighter-like vessels, and eventually found themselves in sight of what is now known as Greenland. Here, again, the castaways made the best of an appalling situation, annexed the inhospitable coasts, and succeeded in opening up communication with their motherland. Later on the Norsemen coasted southward; and a few of them are asserted to have attained to a position somewhere between where Boston and New York stand to-day. These immigrants and their descendants appear to have been in touch with Norway for some three hundred years; but the American continent became legendary about the seventh century, and remained so till the days of Christopher Columbus.

In 1886 the *Columbine*, a small sailing-vessel, drifted from Shetland to Norway with only an infirm woman on board. This tiny craft stranded near Lerwick. The crew sought safety, forgetful of the passenger; the vessel floated off the bank with the rising tide, and the old lady awoke to the fact that she was a castaway. An easterly gale first drove the vessel towards Iceland, thus repeating in a measure the experience of the Norse adventurers; then a change of wind to the opposite point of the compass occurred, and after many leaden-footed hours the forsaken one reached a haven where daring men were eager to effect a rescue. The *Columbine*, running before a westerly gale, had threaded the intricacies of Vigerö Fjord (Norway) without mishap, although the tortuous channel was not lightly approached at any time by the skilful seamen of that coast. Half-frozen and almost famished, the castaway was brought ashore by fisherfolk at great personal risk; she was carefully tended by her warm-hearted rescuers, and then sent back to her native land none the worse for her devious drift over many a weary league of sea.

Islets in the Pacific Ocean abound between the tropics of Cancer and of Capricorn; hence it is probable that a large number of these pretty pinnacles of coral were peopled by castaways from neighbouring islands, driven thither in open boats. Kotzebue, the renowned Russian nautical explorer, picked up some natives of the Caroline Islands, in a canoe, who were two hundred miles to leeward of their homes, and quite unable to locate the island again. Captain Beechey, R.N., fell in with a canoe containing tired Tahitians not less than six hundred miles from Tahiti. They were in utter ignorance of their position on the waste of waters, but were prepared to meet death with dry eyes. In both instances the castaways had been compelled seaward by a careering cyclone. It was in the South Pacific, on the island of Juan Fernandez, that the Scotsman named Alexander Selkirk had the varied experience which may have served Defoe as the firm foundation on which to build his inimitable description of that world-famed castaway, who will be known for all time as Robinson Crusoe. The Pacific was also the stage on which was acted to a finish the ever-memorable mutiny of the *Bounty*. Bligh, her commander, with black care sitting close behind him all the way, reached Timor, with his fellow-castaways, after a passage of twelve hundred leagues in an open boat. The castaway John Adams, the sole survivor of the mutineers who made a home on Pitcairn Island with their native concubines and half-breed children, remained cut off from civilisation and utterly lost to the world for nearly a quarter of a century.

The most recent additions to the list of castaways, as might rightly be expected, are also connected with the remote islets of the Pacific Ocean. In February 1907 the large, four-masted sailing-ship *Dundonald* left Australia for England with a cargo of golden grain; nothing more was heard of her, and in the usual course of events she was posted at Lloyd's as a missing ship. The underwriters on hull and cargo paid as for a total loss; the friends and relatives of the crew mourned their loved ones as among old ocean's dead; and the *Dundonald* bade fair to be numbered with many another mystery of the deep. Early in December, however, news arrived from New Zealand by cable that fifteen survivors of the crew of this vessel had been rescued from one of the Auckland Islands and landed at New Zealand by a scientific expedition which chanced upon them. The *Dundonald* was wrecked on Disappointment Island, of the Auckland Group, just a month after sailing for home. Captain Thorburn, his son, and ten men were drowned; the mate died from exposure soon after reaching dry land; and the remainder eked out a miserable existence by the aid of birds, seals, and roots during five months. Then they made a canvas coracle, and a party visited adjacent islets in the hope of locating a provision depôt which was known to have been placed on one of them by the Government. After nine days the quest was abandoned in despair, and the return passage made to their expectant shipmates. In September a second search was made, success crowned their efforts, and the whole of the castaways migrated to the provisioned base of operations in a boat which had been thoughtfully left on the island long ago in anticipation of some such emergency. Experiences of this nature, however, are rather frequent in the Pacific.

The Norwegian barque *Alexandra* was abandoned not far from the Galapagos Islands in May while on her way from Australia to Panamá with a cargo of coal. She had made a protracted passage of one hundred and sixty-five days, calms were persistent, food and water were scarce, and the cosmopolitan crew were on the verge of mutiny. Officers and crew left the devoted barque in two boats—one in charge of the captain, the other controlled by the mate. During two days the boats kept in sight, then separated, and each considered the other as among the missing. For seven days the men in the mate's boat persevered with the oars, although under

a vertical sun, with the sea and the wind comparable only to those of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner;' then Charles Island was reached, and safety seemed assured. The castaways stopped there three days, hoping that the captain's boat might yet arrive, but were compelled to set out for the Chatham Islands in order to obtain provisions and water, of which Charles Island was destitute. The intervening sixty miles were safely covered, and the authorities of the convicts' settlement on Chatham Island did their best to alleviate the lot of the castaways. Spanish was the language spoken on the island; but among the two hundred and fifty convicts were two Jamaica negroes, and they acted as interpreters. Nine days were spent on this island, during which the mate and his men got into order a dismantled sloop given by the authorities; then they set sail, and after eleven days reached the mainland near Guayaquil. Later on the abandoned *Alexandra* drifted ashore on one of the Galapagos Islands; but the fate of the captain's boat remained obscure until six months had elapsed. In November, however, the wife of Donald Morrison, one of the missing men, who belonged to Dundee, received a telegram that her husband had been saved and was then at Guayaquil. During the whole of this period the castaways had been looking for a friendly sail from the lonely islet of the Pacific which had served as their home till rescue came.

The French sailing-ship *Anjou*, making the same passage as the *Dundonald*, went ashore on a reef of the Auckland Islands in February 1905. On reaching the land, the shipwrecked crew found shelter-huts which had been erected by the New Zealand Government, and which contained both food and shoes. Albatross were caught and eaten in a half-raw state; some were allowed to depart bearing a message scratched on a piece of tin, setting forth the facts of the case, and it was hoped these aerial mail-carriers would reach either ship or shore to ensure a rescue. Just four months after landing on the island the castaways were taken off by the New Zealand Government steamer *Hinemoa*, which had been engaged for a score of years in revictualling the shelters on the various islands near New Zealand.

At a more remote date the barque *Wandering Minstrel* stranded on Midway Island (since pressed into the submarine telegraph cable service), and all hands awaited the assistance which never came. Tired of so dismal an outlook, the mate and two men attempted to gain the Sandwich Islands in a small boat; and the trio disappeared without leaving a trace. Eight more months passed away down the avenues of time, hope of succour had almost become a minus quantity, and then a passing schooner observed the signals of distress improvised on the lonely island. This unknown vessel forthwith sent a boat to the landing-place, took off the fourteen months' castaways, and landed them at Honolulu. Five men died during the wearisome wait; but the captain's wife and four young children withstood this ordeal by exposure.

The American barque *Tewkesbury L. Sweat* was wrecked on one of the Caroline Islands, and her crew remained there for more than seven months as honoured guests of the savages. Then they sailed away in boats and canoes, and were picked up by a passing ship after having made one thousand miles towards a place where a passage home was easily obtainable.

The British barque *Henry James* struck on a coral-reef near Palmyra Island, became a wreck, and her passengers and crew sought safety on this inhospitable island. Six ruined huts were standing, which had probably been built by previous castaways; and there were plenty of cocoa-nuts, eels, birds, eggs, land-crabs, and fresh-water to be got with a little ingenuity. Chief-Officer Macdonald, with four volunteer seamen, managed to reach Samoa in a small boat after nineteen days' terrible suffering spent in navigating the thirteen hundred miles between the two islands, and the American steamship *Mariposa* hastened to comply with the appeal for aid.

In 1891 the barque *Compadre* caught fire in mid-ocean, and she was beached at Auckland Island in order to save the lives of those on board. There the castaways were detained for over one hundred days, and then they were rescued.

In 1875, when eager hearts and willing hands were frequently carried to the Antipodes in stately sailing-ships, one of these vessels, the *Strathmore* of Dundee, was lost on an outlying reef of the Crozet Islands. Several lives were sacrificed, and the survivors perforce emulated the doings of Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island for nearly seven months, living on penguins and eggs. For six months not a sail was sighted. Then the inclement weather having given way to a more favourable position of the sun in the ecliptic, in January—which is the southern midsummer month—a vessel passed the island without observing the castaways. A week later, however, the American whaling-vessel *Young Phœnix* arrived off the island, rescued the forty-nine survivors, and brought them to a safe haven.

In December 1906 the Norwegian sealing-schooner *Cathrine* was driven ashore by a gale on one of the Crozet Group. Her crew waited patiently for a month, in the hope that some ship might pass close to the island and effect a rescue; and then Captain Rae left with two sailors, in an open boat, determined to reach Melbourne or perish in the attempt. Meanwhile the castaways had discovered the depôt of provisions left at this remote spot by the Government in 1880, and there was an abundance of fresh-water, seals, and penguins. After having sailed one thousand miles on their errand of mercy, the dauntless trio were picked up by the German ship *De Ruyter* on her way from Japan to the United States, were transferred to a tug-boat not far from Melbourne, and were soon in touch with the shore authorities. The Federal Premier immediately cabled to the Cape Government; and, in response thereto, the steamship *Turakina* was ordered to call at the island. She found the eleven

castaways in good health, brought them on to Hobart, and the Norwegian Consul provided the necessary clothing and other comforts for his countrymen. Mr H. J. Bull of Christiania, the owner of the *Cathrine*, wrote a letter of thanks to the British nation on behalf of himself and his fellow-castaways; His Majesty King Haakon VII. conferred the order of St Olav on Captain Forbes of the rescuing steamer; and the Norwegian Government has taken the opportunity of the departure of the steamship *Solglimt*, on a similar expedition, to replace the provisions which were used from the depôt at Crozet Islands by the crew of the *Cathrine*.

In October 1845 the French barque *Atalanta* sighted a raft, in 15 degrees S., 54 degrees E., on which were two Lascar seamen and also a corpse. A boat was lowered and the survivors brought on board. One of them handed to the French captain the leaf of a book on which a letter was written in English. Ignorant of the English language, he took the communication to Calcutta, where it was found to be a message from the chief-officer and second-officer of the British barque *Letitia*, asking for assistance, as their vessel was a wreck on an island to the north-east of Mauritius. The Government vessel *Tenasserim* was despatched to the scene of the wreck, and found that the crew had been taken off by a passing ship. Twelve Lascars left the island on the above-mentioned raft in order to intercept a sailing-vessel observed on the horizon; they failed to reach her, and all but two died from starvation, thirst, and exposure.

In 1889 eleven of the crew of the wrecked barque *Glenhuntly* were castaways on Tristan d'Acunha for five months. They were eventually taken thence to Capetown by H.M.S. *Thrush*.

The sailing-ship *Holt Hill* was wrecked on St Paul's Island. Neither provisions nor water could be saved, and the castaways, numbering thirty-one, existed for some time on penguins, lobsters, and shellfish. Just when hope was waning in their breasts a barque hove in sight; she observed the signals of distress, sent a boat ashore, and the rescued crew were safely landed at Port Adelaide.

Consequent on shipwrecks, and the ensuing sufferings of the castaways, there has been a considerable number of depôts containing food and clothing established not only on the uninhabited islands of the lone Southern Ocean, between the meridians of the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, but also on other dangerous spots scattered over the seven seas. Huts and caverns are similarly provided for shelter; and every effort is made internationally to bring before seamen the exact positions of these refuges for castaways, both by special printed notices handed to shipmasters just prior to their proceeding on a voyage and by directions which greet the wanderers on landing at the selected places within a short distance of which the depôts will be found. A detailed list of all the depôts is given regularly in the *Notices to Mariners* issued by the Board of Trade to foreign-going ships, and also in *Lloyd's Calendar*. On Skeidara Sands, on the south coast of Iceland, there is a refuge for castaways on a conspicuous hill. It contains provisions, means of attracting the attention of passing vessels, and directions in five different languages which guide the shipwrecked mariners to the nearest habitation. On the islands of Amsterdam, St Paul, and Kerguelen, in the Indian Ocean, are similar depôts. At Amsterdam Island a cavern is utilised, at St Paul Island there is a hut of rough stones, and at Kerguelen a cave serves every purpose. At the entrance to each is a notice which reads as follows: '*Vivres et Vêtements pour Naufragés. Eure, Janvier* 1893.' In the first depôt are supplies of preserved beef, biscuits, woollen shirts, cotton drawers, blankets, and matches in a metal hermetically sealed box. There are also cots, a cooking-pot, and dry wood; cabbages and celery grow quite near; and fish abound close to the landing-place. H.M.S. *Comus* in 1880 arranged a provision depôt, consisting of huts, at Possession Island, Crozet Group, and left therein sufficient food for fifty people to last fifty days, together with jerseys, trousers, stockings, and shoes. Seven years later the French war-vessel *La Meurthe*, recently lost, founded a like depôt at Hog Island of the same group. In a hut there were deposited preserved beef, biscuits, sardines in oil, blankets, shoes, cloth trousers, cooking utensils, two spears, and two hatchets. Both the food and the articles are most carefully packed, so as to withstand the ravages of time and exposure; and the articles left by H.M.S. *Comus* were intact when the depôt was visited by the French warship in 1887. There are depôts for castaways on several of the islands nearer to New Zealand, among them being the Kermadec, Snares, Bounty, Antipodes, Auckland, and Campbell Islands. A Government steamer visits Kermadec Islands once a year, and the other depôts twice a year, in order to rescue any castaways and replace with sound stores such of the old stock as may be deemed unfit for use. At some of these places boats are kept in repair and in an easily available position for the use of shipwrecked persons in their hour of need. On the Auckland Islands are three depôts, and lifeboats awaiting demand at about half-a-dozen places. Finger-posts to indicate the positions of the depôts are erected on all the above-mentioned islands. There is also a shipwrecked mariners' refuge at the entrance to Magellan Strait; and there are depôts, with provisions and other necessaries, at Cape Beale Lighthouse and Carmanah Lighthouse, both on the coast of Vancouver Island.

Notice-boards have been erected at intervals for the purpose of supplying the castaways with information as to the best route to follow in order to gain the depôts or the nearest Indian village without delay. Gales of wind are not any respecters of persons, and occasionally the notice-boards are blown down, thus preventing the next lot of castaways from finding their way to the provisions and clothing not many yards from the place at which they landed. Sometimes, also, it is to be feared

that the stores are left so long at the depôts without attention as to deprive the castaways of the aid upon which they relied. Some few years ago the barque *Spirit of the Dawn* was wrecked on Antipodes Island, about six hundred miles south of New Zealand, and Captain Millington and four of his crew were drowned. For three months the survivors practically faced starvation within a short distance of the Government food and clothing depôt, which they were unable to locate because the finger-posts had been laid low by the very gale which cast them ashore. They were eventually taken off the island by the Government steamer when she paid her usual visit to overhaul and replenish the stores. Just why the crew of the *Dundonald* had a like bitter experience is not clear. Captain Rae, of the wrecked schooner *Cathrine*, reports that the old depôt for castaways on the Crozets had been blown down by gales and almost demolished, and the food, consisting of flour and tinned beef, was unfit for consumption. Captain A. Simpson, of the Aberdeen White Star Line, often steers close to these islands on his way to Australia in order to see if any castaways are visible, but, so far, without result. Had the crew of the *Alexandra* been aware that Albemarle Island, in the vicinity of which the two boats separated, was partially inhabited, they would have been saved much suffering and more anxiety. The settlement is somewhat inland, and on the opposite side of the island to that coasted by the boats; so it could not be discovered by strangers. Had they known of this place of refuge, however, a long wait would have been their lot, because the visit of a warship once a year is the only means of communication with the outer world.

THE AWAKENING OF JOHN HAVISHAM.

PART II.

In a vague, subconscious way, Havisham heard the two pairs of feet go down the stairs, and the sound of their going dwindle away until it merged into the other sounds that muttered and rumbled from the city's streets; but for a long, long time he stood quite still and silently studied the useless paintings. Then, of a sudden, he picked them up, laid them one on one, tore them down and across, and contemptuously flung them to the other end of the room.

'Ten hours' work!' he said with a ragged, unnatural sort of laugh; 'ten hours of ceaseless work on you, and yet you wouldn't give me the price of a penny bun, you miserable ingrates! No, you wouldn't even save me from this,' he added a moment later, when he turned to the table and found Steinmetz's sovereign lying there—a bit of golden Opulence in the lap of Squalor. 'I gave my heart, and soul, and brains, and body; I pinned my faith on you, painted my hopes into you, and in return you fling me back on *charity!* Oh God!' He flung out his arms with a passionate gesture of despair. 'What was it that made me great five years ago if I am such a hopeless bungler now?'

A moment of peevish irritability followed this sudden outburst. He made one or two excited turns up and down the room, then stopped at the table and looked fixedly at the shining sovereign; then of a sudden he swung away from it, took up his easel and broke it across his knee, snapped short the handles of his brushes and jammed them into his paint-box, shut down the lid, pushed it into his pocket, put on his hat, and, picking up the sovereign, opened the door and walked out of the room.

'We've lived together and we'll go out of it together, old pals,' he said, tapping the pocket in which the paint-box and the brushes lay. 'Our day's past, and we've outlived our usefulness, it seems; but our little golden friend will give us one good meal, one last night of plenty, and when he's done for we'll call on Father Thames.'

The short winter day was quite gone by this time, and the darkness of nightfall was shutting down over the city's streets. A fog had come on, and through it the laden 'buses slipped by like creaking ghosts, and the street-lamps blinked inadequately. The dense, sulphurous atmosphere made Havisham's eyes smart and the membranes of his throat and nose tingle and burn as though he were inhaling fire, and before he had gone fifty yards he switched round and altered his intention. He had meant to hail a cab and drive straight to one of the West End restaurants; but his vital forces were at so low an ebb that he could not face the journey in this fog until he had bolstered up his sapped strength with food. He turned, therefore, into Deptford High Street, and, singling out the best of the near-by restaurants, swung into it, made for a table near the fireplace, and amazed the waiter by ordering, 'Mutton chops—two of them, French fried potatoes, cauliflower, and some stewed celery, if you have it. After that a devilled kidney, a salad with tomatoes and olives, a sweet, a portion of gorgonzola, a pot of coffee, and a shilling cigar. Move lively. I'm in a hurry.'

But in spite of the final assertion—to which colour was given by the manner in which he 'wolfed' the first course—he sat for an hour and a half over his meal, gorging, basking in the heat of the fire, sipping his coffee, and smoking his cigar.

Deptford had one advantage over the West End: the bill, when he settled it and tipped the waiter, left him with the major part of his sovereign still in hand. Well, so much the better; his 'night' would last longer, and he could see a little more of

'life' before he pulled down the curtain and went out of it.

The food and the warmth had revived and fortified him, so that the fog no longer had the same terrors when he passed by the bowing waiter and stepped out into the street again.

Two glowing orange eyes glared at him out of the vapour, and a voice from above and behind them sang out, 'Keb, sir?' as he came out upon the pavement again and stood looking up and down the street and wondering whither he should go next.

'A cab! Yes, why not? A cab and a music-hall, and supper afterwards.' He 'd have his sovereign's worth of life and comfort and brightness—have all that was coming to him for this last night.

'Yes,' he said. 'I want to go to a show. What's on that 's worth seeing?'

'Rather good bill at the Odeon, sir, down "Elephant and Castle" way. Some wenderful Eyetalian acrobats, sir, and a bit of a ballet, and a funny man that 's a fair treat. Make you laugh fit to split your sides, sir.'

'All right, take me there,' said Havisham, and stepped into the cab.

The show had already begun when he reached the Odeon and paid his half-crown for a stall-seat; but although it wasn't by any means a first-class show, it was good of its kind, generous in its quantity, clean as regards its moral aspect; and the house was warm, the audience respectable, and he could smoke to his heart's content.

He found the Italian acrobats distinctly clever, but the funny man a decided bore. Well, no matter; others were laughing; the house was warm; he had eaten and was comfortable; it was a half-crown well spent if—if——

His thoughts trailed off and lost themselves in a pleasant sort of blur; the jokes of the funny man and the laughter of the audience came to him dimly—with a far-away sound, as though he had somehow detached himself from them, and was losing without missing them; then came a soft, close-pressing darkness, and all the rest was blank.

A gentle shake, the steady, insistent pushing of a firm hand, and the sound of a voice saying, 'Mind sitting up a bit, sir? You 're a tidy weight, and my shoulder 's a-gettin' stiff.' This was Havisham's next lucid recollection. He started up, his thoughts in a whirl, his eyes blinking, conscious now that he had dropped off to sleep, and, straightening himself up in his seat, fumbled about with his programme.

'Number eight it is, sir—Miss Muriel Devere, Balladist,' said the same kindly voice at his elbow; and at the same moment Havisham became aware that the orchestra was playing a familiar strain, and a woman was singing indifferently, 'Oh that we two were Maying!'

He lifted his head and looked towards the stage; he saw a face and a figure that made his heart surge up and choke him, the blood drum at his temples, and the colour flash out of his lips and cheeks. He started up before he was conscious of doing so, and over the narrow space between the stalls and the stage his eyes and the woman's eyes met.

He sat down again suddenly, conscious that she had seen and had recognised him—conscious that, poorly as she had been acquitting herself before, she was doing worse now, for there was a continuous *tremolo* in her notes and she was singing off the key. She never looked in his direction again—she seemed afraid to trust herself. But Havisham's eyes never altered their fixed gaze; and when she finished and bowed herself off the stage as composedly as she could he was still staring at her, and his hands were shaking as though he had lost control of them.

'Don't think much of *her*. My missis can sing all round her any day,' commented a man's voice behind him, and Havisham was seized with a sudden desire to hit him.

For the fraction of a minute he wavered uncertainly, remembering Steinmetz, remembering to what end the sovereign had been dedicated; then he got up suddenly, crushed his way up the aisle and through the gates, stopping a moment to ask a question of the ticket-taker, then forged out into the foggy street and went round to the stage-door.

She was there, waiting for him, wrapped in a shabby old cloak that covered her to the hem of her skirt, the frilled hood of it pulled over her head, and an old leather satchel in her hands.

'Nell! my dear, my dear!' he said, and then stood quiet and ashamed.

'I knew you 'd come, Jack,' she said, with something that was half a laugh and half a sob in her voice. 'I was so sure of it that I didn't even take time to change my slippers, dear. Oh Jacky! oh Jacky! I've wanted it so much, dear—so much, so long, so earnestly!'

For Havisham had looked into her eyes and seen something that drove all other thoughts away, and had taken her in his arms and kissed and kissed and kissed her.

'I've got something I want to tell you—something I ought to have told you long ago,' she said from the safe shelter of his arms. 'But I can't tell it now, I can't tell it here. I mustn't miss my 'bus, or I shall be late for my "turn" at the Imperial. I 'm singing at two houses a night this week.'

A cab was at the corner. Havisham—glad now that he hadn't gone to the West End and thrown the entire sovereign away—whistled it up, and, lifting her in his arms, put her into it.

'To the Imperial, wherever that is,' he called out to the driver, and then jumped in after Nell and took her in his arms again.

'What are you doing singing at places like these?' he said with a note of despair in his voice. 'Wasn't it enough that Fate, or whatever it is, should drag me down without pulling you down too? And to think of you singing in a music-hall—a music-hall—*you!*'

'I had to; it was all that was left. I've never been able to sing as I ought to sing since—since that night, Jacky. It was the only means I had

of earning a living, and—and I had to support my boy.'

'Your *what?*'

'My boy, my little son, *our* little son, Jacky—yours and mine. He was born eight months after—after that night. Oh Jacky, we've both failed, both gone to the bottom of the ladder, and if we never can fight our way up again, can't we just be together, dear?'

'Always together, Nell—always, dear,' he said in reply. 'But we won't stay down. I'll fight my way up again for you and for the boy.'

The cab stopped suddenly. They were at the stage-door of the Imperial.

A word with the stage-manager gave Havisham *entrée* behind the scenes for that one night; and while husband and wife were busily engaged in discussing matters in the slips, the bell rang and Nell's 'turn' came.

'Poor little woman! She's a hard worker, and ought to succeed,' said the stage-manager feelingly, 'and I always give her a turn when I can, Mr Havisham; but, somehow, she doesn't catch on with the audience, and never—— God's truth! what's that?'

It was Nell's voice, ringing out like a clarion—out and up, and trilling with all the lark-like splendour of those old studio days. Havisham recognised it, Havisham realised it, and something like a laugh sounded far down in his throat as he joined in the general movement towards the wings, and looked out, as the stage-hands were doing, to where Nell was standing and singing to a hushed house.

At the end of the first verse it fairly rose at her, and Havisham made that odd noise far down in his throat again. This was the Nell of those other days; this was the singer her instructors had expected to give the world.

She realised it herself, and, turning, smiled back at Havisham before she took up the second verse. Something in her happy face and shining eyes inspired him with a desire to make a picture of her in that moment of long-deferred triumph, a picture of what their reconciliation meant to him—to her—to the child who belonged to both.

A shilling slipped into the property-man's hand brought a sheet of paper and a stick of charcoal; and, making an easel of the wall, he sketched the outline of it there and then. The stage-hands turned from the singer to the artist, and crowded round him as he worked, laying in rapidly the shadowy outlines of an amazing conception.

'By Jove, you know, that's ripping!' said the stage-manager, turning suddenly and seeing the picture. 'And done off-hand like this! Look here, old chap, you could make a first-class "turn" out of work of that quality. It would simply go like wildfire.'

'You think it's good, then, do you?'

'Good? Good's no name for it; it's simply marvellous. And I know something about art, I can tell you. Take my advice and make a "turn" out of it.'

'I have made a "turn" *with* it,' said Havisham, laughing for sheer joy. 'I shall call this thing "The Soul's Awakening" when I come to work it out on canvas. Ah, hear her sing! Hear her—my Nell!'

'Upon my soul, old chap, you're a marvellous pair! What have you and your wife been doing with yourselves all these years, unknown, and with talents like these hidden under a bushel?'

'Ah—what?' said Havisham.

And when Nell came off the stage at the end of her first song, and, unmindful of the cheers that rang out for her own success, looked at the picture, and said 'Oh!' just as she said when the 'Ariadne' was first sketched, he took her in his arms and whispered, 'I know now what I needed—what we both needed, dear. And, thank God, I found it out in time! There, go, take your encore, Nell; they'll have the roof down if you don't. Besides, I want to see the boy. Hurry, dear, and get your turn over, and then we'll go home.'

'I am "home" now,' she said as she looked up into his eyes; and then, breaking out of his arms, she went back to the stage of the Imperial—of *any* music-hall—for the last time.

As for the rest, you can read it any day in the catalogue of the National Gallery, and read it in these words:

'No. 46—"The Soul's Awakening." J. Havisham, R.A.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ICE TUMBLER FOR COOLING DRINKS.

An interesting novelty which will probably come into extensive application in hot weather has made its appearance on the Continent. This is a tumbler made, not of glass, but of ice. Certainly, sipping a drink from such a vessel is preferable to the general practice of immersing a piece of ice in a glass containing the liquid to effect the requisite cooling, since greater efficiency is assured. The tumbler is of fairly stout construction, and is easily made. A mould conforming with the desired shape of the vessel is filled with water, which is then frozen solid, and after removal is slipped into an outer paper envelope for convenience in handling and to protect the ice from the heat of the hand or surrounding atmosphere. The goblet is made fairly thick at the base or foot, becoming thinner at the rim. The size at present

made is about five inches in height, weighs nearly four ounces, and holds some nine fluid ounces. When the receptacle is turned out of its mould it has the appearance of porcelain, but if preferred it can be tinted, it only being necessary to add a small proportion of harmless colouring matter to the water with which the mould is filled. The average life of the goblet is about half-an-hour in the ordinary summer weather experienced in this zone, which is sufficient for the purpose. The liquid poured into the tumbler has its temperature far more appreciably decreased by contact with the surrounding ice than is possible with the ordinary method of immersing a piece of ice in the glass containing the liquid.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND VITAL STATISTICS.

The recently published statistics concerning the death and birth rates in this country have occasioned considerable discussion. The low rate of the former testifies to the excellent work which has been accomplished by those concerned in the questions of hygiene and sanitation, and which has resulted in a proportionate reduction in the ravages of disease. The low record of fifteen per thousand which was touched in 1907 places this nation among the healthiest of the world. But the serious fall in the birth-rate has provoked considerably greater disquietude, the fall being from about 36 in 1876 to 26·3 in 1907. The preternaturally sage regard this as an ominous outlook, and by mathematical calculation have ascertained that if this rate of fall be continued there will be no children born in this country by the end of the present century. It is difficult to see how such a contention can be substantiated, since it is a well-known fact that Nature possesses the happy faculty of accommodating herself to prevailing conditions. The multiplication of animals in their wild state is governed by the facilities available for maintaining life. As these increase and decrease so does the proportion of young in a corresponding degree, the ratio of births consequently fluctuating like a barometer. If such is the case among the lower orders of creation, why should it not apply to mankind? In periods of industrial depression the struggle for existence among the living becomes acute. Nature, with her wonderful discrimination, realises that increase in the population under such circumstances imposes a heavier tax upon the living by the provision of more mouths to feed, which means that the welfare of the people is seriously sapped owing to an appreciable proportion of the sustenance necessary for their maintenance being diverted into another channel. On the other hand, in periods of prosperity, the people in reality receive more than is requisite for their preservation at Nature's level of strength, and accordingly the birth-rate increases. As is well known, the prosperity of this country has been steadily declining for many years past, though short periods of brightness have spasmodically appeared here and there to relieve the prevailing gloom. When the tide turns and the dawn of a prolonged period of plenty appears, so will decline in the birth-rate be arrested, though such will not be instantaneous, as a certain period must perforce elapse before the population can recover from the privations it has experienced.

IMPROVING SUPERPHOSPHATE SACKS.

Those concerned in the superphosphate industry are only too painfully aware of the immense loss that is incurred in the wastage of the sacks in which this fertiliser is packed for transit and storage. This result is attributable to the action of the free acid in the manure, which sets up rapid and severe decomposition of the material of which the bags are made. The losses in this direction are reflected in the enhanced cost of the material to the farmer. Consequently any development which can be effected with a view to reducing this wastage to the minimum is of supreme importance to the farmer, who stands in the relationship of consumer. The official analyst of one of our enterprising Colonial Governments has been carrying out prolonged experiments in this field, and has now succeeded in devising a commercially practicable method of overcoming the wastage by inexpensive means. This consists in treating the bag with a strong solution of red gum kino. A bag submitted to this protective process was filled with a consignment of this fertiliser, which was of a very acid character, and which had within a very short space of time completely rotted the double bag in which it was packed. The new sack when filled was placed in storage for six months, with a number of ordinary bags packed with similar manure surrounding it on every side. At the end of this period it was found that while the ordinary sacks had quite decomposed, that submitted to the kino process was as strong and intact as when it was filled. This test was of a peculiarly searching nature, owing to the high acid content of the superphosphate, and was considered so satisfactory that the treatment has been taken up by many of those concerned in the industry. The process has the advantage of being cheap and simple, and for this reason it is hoped that it will come into extensive vogue.

NEW BUILDING SYSTEM FOR CHEAP DWELLINGS.

The demand for cheap dwellings for the working classes has resulted in commendable activity being displayed in the devising of ways and means for reducing the cost of construction. It has been found, however, that under present conditions and with existing materials there is an irreducible limit in cost beyond which it is impossible to go—that is, if due regard is to be given to satisfactory workmanship. And even this point is so high as to militate against the exploitation of the idea upon the extensive lines anticipated. Consequently any new materials for or principles of construction are in great demand so long as they comply with official requirements. One of the

latest of these (tests with which appear to have been eminently successful) is the reinforcing or strengthening of ordinary brickwork with wire-netting which has been evolved by a firm in the north of England, and which is now being adopted for the erection of cheap cottages. Practically speaking, it enables the amount of brickwork to be very materially reduced without any sacrifice of strength. In this arrangement layers of the wire-netting are embedded in the joints of ordinary brickwork, converting the whole into a monolithic mass. It is stated that a wall built upon this principle with bricks placed on edge is much stronger than the ordinary nine-inch brick wall. The proposition at present entertained is to build up a hollow wall on this system, with the outer half of half-brick and the inner section of three-inch thickness. It is claimed that such a wall is stronger than one of fourteen inches built under existing conditions. Such a development will result in its becoming possible to erect artisans' dwellings at a much lower cost than is at present feasible, owing to the great saving in the quantity of bricks required. For purposes of demonstrating the strength of such a system, a wall five feet long by three feet wide and only four and a half inches thick—the equivalent of a single-brick wall—was built in accordance with the above reinforcing method, and laid flat on its side with a support at either end. This left a clear space underneath four and a quarter feet in length. The wall was then loaded as near its centre as possible until a weight of nearly one and a half tons was imposed without causing it to break. When it is remembered that a nine-inch wall of similar dimensions would have collapsed probably under a much lighter weight, the value of the system may be realised.

SIGHT-METHOD OF PIANOFORTE-PLAYING.

It was the great Czerny who said, 'Rules that we have in our heads only are valueless to the performer; they must be in our fingers as well. The fingers must know as well as the head.' It must be admitted that the generally practised methods of teaching the pianoforte are laborious and in accordance with dryasdust principles. Many a student is an excellent executant but an indifferent sight-reader, and is apt, owing to deficiency in the last-named direction, to regard sight-reading as a gift. According to Mr Ehremayer, however, knowledge and practice on really scientific lines can to a great extent supply the place of natural-born instinct. He has evolved a system of sight-playing which possesses many features of interest, and the explanation of which is certainly worth perusal. He maintains that sight-playing does not depend upon an accurate knowledge of the relationship between notes and keys, but in the establishment of an automatic and practically instantaneous connection between the observation of the musical symbols and the muscular actions necessary for their production as musical sounds. He explains how these muscular actions and the symbols which represent them can be thoroughly associated together by the practical application of certain laws. Such a contention is scientifically correct, since there is undoubtedly a sympathetic combination between the two which results in the fingers automatically translating the musical symbols as read by the eye into their corresponding audible tones instantaneously, and there is no reason why careful training of observation and muscular action should not be capable of development upon some such lines as he suggests. Ask an accomplished sight-player how he is able to translate so readily the symbols he reads with the eye into their relative notes, and he is at a loss to explain. He merely observes that the fingers instinctively follow the interpretation of thought, which points to a very intimate association of the two faculties.

INGENIOUS RAILWAY-TICKET PRINTING-MACHINE.

The methods adopted by our railway companies in providing extensive racks around the booking-office for the storage of tickets is certainly crude. Not only does it entail a stock being retained for each class and station upon the system already printed, irrespective of demand, but it involves considerable delay in the issuing of tickets, which is most noticeable during rushes, not taking into consideration the expense entailed in printing the same; while, should the supply for a certain station become exhausted, recourse has to be made to handwriting. Again, the clerk has to record every sale upon his check-sheet, so that at the end of the day there may be absolute harmony between the tickets sold and the till. The German Government has recently adopted a novel device whereby this labour is reduced to the minimum, and its recent introduction into this country should result in its utilisation at our railway centres. It comprises a machine about three feet in length by four feet high and twenty inches wide, so that it can be placed conveniently beside the ticket-office window. The machine which is in operation at Cologne is designed for use in thirteen hundred stations; but the apparatus can be adapted to any number as required by the exigencies of the railway by which it is used. The machine is very simple in design. It carries as many printing-plates as varieties of tickets required for issue from the station. The names of all stations are arranged in alphabetical order on a scale. On a ticket being demanded, the clerk inserts a blank piece of cardboard of the conventional size into a sliding-carriage, which is the printing apparatus, moves it along until it is opposite the name of the station required on the indicator, depresses the handle, and immediately the ticket drops out imprinted with the name of the departure and arrival stations, date, consecutive number, fare, route, class of carriage, and any other fact that may be required. At the same time a duplicate is printed on a

continuous sheet, so that no booking operation by the clerk is necessary. No card can possibly be printed by any unauthorised person without being registered on the control-sheet, which cannot be altered by the clerk. Misuse is out of the question, and the booking-office is proof against theft, since no ticket is of any use until passed through the machine, being merely a blank prior to this last-named operation. Any type of ticket can be issued without delay, including excursion, tourist, privilege, workmen's, season, dog, vehicle, &c., tickets. The machine appreciably facilitates the task of the clerk, and tickets can be issued far more quickly than by the existing method, one official at Cologne station having issued five hundred tickets in an hour by this machine. Upon completion of the day's duties, the clerk has simply to total the amounts recorded on the duplicate-sheet and balance with his till. Clandestine printing of tickets is entirely prevented, as the plates for printing the tickets cannot be withdrawn except by the printing apparatus itself, which is returned to its original position directly after impression. The success of the apparatus in Cologne has resulted in its adoption upon not only the German, but also the Swedish, Danish, and Austrian State railways. It is equally applicable to other phases of business where tickets are issued, and of which it is advisable to retain a duplicate record of sale, such as theatres; while in Germany it is being extensively used in connection with slaughter-houses.

A NEW TEA-FANNER.

A new machine which will appeal to all those interested in the tea industry, and which has been devised by a well-known Indian tea-planter, has recently been placed on the market as an addition to existing sifting facilities and for the thorough completion of this operation. By means of this fanner all fibre, fluff, dust, and similar foreign substances are completely and rapidly eliminated from the product.

A SERVICEABLE INCANDESCENT PETROL GAS-LAMP.

The perfection of the incandescent gas-lamp has resulted in the more extensive use of petrol vapour as a lighting medium, and various devices working on this principle have come into vogue. Certainly, when constructed upon rational lines, an inexpensive, simple, and highly efficient illuminant is rendered available. One of the best of these which we have seen, yielding a light of between eighty and one hundred candle-power, is of American origin, and owing to its safety has received the approbation of many of the fire insurance corporations on the other side of the Atlantic. Gas consumption is very low, one quart of petrol, costing about three-pence, sufficing for some fifteen hours. Each lamp is self-contained, and possesses the minimum of component parts, so that it cannot easily become deranged. The petrol feed to the burner, where it becomes vapourised by heat, is by gravity, so that a uniform pressure is always maintained, and the flow of liquid can be adjusted to a nicety so as to secure the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of consumption. The lamp is made in a variety of styles; it can be suspended from the ceiling, attached to a wall on a swinging bracket, or used as a table or stand lamp with equal facility. Owing to its construction, leakage is impossible, while it cannot catch fire, and even upon exhaustion of the reservoir the flame quietly dies out. It is an excellent device for rural districts, and affords an inexpensive and brilliant system of lighting for either the luxurious mansion or the humble cottage. Owing to the fact that the reservoir is well removed from the area of heat radiation, the liquid is always preserved at an even temperature, and gas is only generated as required. In the United States it has come into extensive use not only for indoor but also outdoor lighting, it being possible in the arc form to obtain a light of enormous candle-power at trifling cost. In this direction it should have an extensive field in Britain, since the lighting of our country villages, where public supplies of gas or electricity are not available, is deplorable. For such work an excellent pattern has been devised, the lamp, resembling that used in connection with gas in our town and city thoroughfares, being fitted with an external small reservoir. The lamp is stormproof, and is unaffected by cold weather, while it constitutes the cheapest form of street-lighting that has yet been devised. The possibility of obtaining a brilliant, steady light of one hundred candle-power at less than a farthing per hour should give this lamp an extensive vogue.

MANUFACTURING METAL RIBBON.

An ingenious invention has recently been evolved, the product of which should find a ready market for a variety of purposes. This is the manufacture of metal in the form of ribbon by an exceedingly simple, rapid, and inexpensive process. A water-cooled brass cylinder about five inches in diameter is rotated at a speed of about sixteen hundred revolutions per minute. While it is rotating at this velocity a thin stream of molten metal is allowed to fall on to the surface of the drum. Immediately it comes into contact with the latter it solidifies, and by centrifugal force is thrown off in the form of a continuous band of ribbon about a quarter of an inch in width by about the five-hundredth part of an inch in thickness. By means of this process some twenty-eight pounds of tin shaving can be produced per hour. The process is available for use with a variety of metals, such as lead, zinc, tin, and so forth.

A NOVEL SOCIABLE MOTOR-CYCLE ATTACHMENT.

Though the side-by-side principle of carrying a second passenger on a motor-cycle is preferable to the trailer, it possesses many disadvantages. It is in order to overcome these defects that the 'new-departure' sociable rear-car has been introduced.

In this arrangement the seat is placed over the back wheel in such a way that the occupant faces sideways to the right of the cyclist, and yet is so close to him as to enable conversation to be carried on without difficulty. The cycle has a third wheel, as in the ordinary side-car attachment; but instead of this auxiliary wheel being spaced forty inches, it is only twenty-four inches from the back wheel of the cycle. When he is seated, the weight of the passenger is distributed uniformly over the rear wheel; and as the greater part of the whole is immediately behind and in line with the cyclist, the resistance to head-wind is considerably reduced. From the technical point of view, also, the arrangement imposes less strain upon the motor, as the latter has not to labour against the long leverage of the passenger and car when disposed beside the cyclist. Consequently even a low-powered engine can perform its work more efficiently and without undue effort even in hill-climbing. Another conspicuous advantage is the arrangement adopted to circumvent excessive tilting when rounding corners. Beneath the foot-rest of the rear car is placed a small six-inch stout castor-wheel which is normally one inch off the ground. In rounding a corner on the right side, directly the vehicle inclines half an inch the castor-wheel comes into contact with the ground and acts as a support, tending to restore the normal equilibrium of the cycle. Similarly, when the vehicle is at a standstill and the passenger is alighting or stepping into the seat, overbalancing is prevented. The car can be attached or detached in three minutes, and the machine can be stowed in a space measuring only twenty-eight inches wide. Certainly, the car is the safest sociable that has yet been devised; while the passenger, having full range of view not only to the front but in the rear of the car, can warn the cyclist of anything approaching from behind. The car is well sprung, so that riding therein is rendered comfortable.

RABBIT-FARMING.

The wild rabbit in good condition is readily marketable and profitable, and Mr J. Simpson, in his *Wild Rabbit in a New Aspect* (Sheffield: Pawson and Brailsford), is an apologist for more systematic methods of culture, whereby it may be made even more important commercially. The methods recommended are original and practical. The results, as set down here, of Lord Wharncliffe's experimental rabbit-warren in Wortley Hall Park are most encouraging. By his methods, Mr Simpson believes landowners or farmers may raise as many rabbits as they desire for sport and profit, and at the same time by confining them to one spot rid their woods and farms of destructive scourges. The loss caused in woods by rabbits he considers enormous. The scheme at Wortley is based on the principle of regarding the rabbit in the same light as any other farm stock. It thrives best and pays best on good, rich pasture, and as long as this can be had no artificial feeding is required. Rabbits are closer and more economical feeders than cattle or sheep. The enclosed warren at Wortley, on old park-pasture, produces between fifty and one hundred rabbits to an acre annually, which at from one shilling to one shilling and threepence per rabbit yield a good profit. Here they are not less prolific than in the open, and no more liable to disease. Furze is the best of coverts. The Wortley trap-fence is explained, there are chapters specially for farmers and allotment holders, and hints are given for treating impoverished land with gas-lime and salt. Mr Simpson believes that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that more will be made by systematic treatment than by hap-hazard methods. Instances are mentioned of a farmer in Lincolnshire who made a considerable fortune early last century by rabbit-culture, and of a farmer in Mull who sends seven thousand to market annually.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

At the bend of the road, when the lilacs were blooming,
I met you at first, and I passed on my way
With a strange new delight in my spirit unfolding,
As blossoms awake in a morning of May.

At the bend of the road tall white lilies had lifted
Their heads o'er the fence when I saw you again;
They seemed fairest ladies all dressed to attend you—
The queen that had come in my palace to reign.

At the bend of the road, love, the people they cheered us,
As homeward I brought you, my beautiful bride;
And ruddy ripe apples were clustering above us,
True emblems, methought, of my joy and my pride.

At the bend of the road—ah, my soul, look beyond it!—
How glorious she walks in her blissful abode!
Where the pathway of Earth joins the pathway to Heaven,
We shall meet ne'er to part—at the bend of the road.

G. M.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE BLUNDERERS.

By Lady ALICE FERGUSSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE Reverend John Duncombe sat in his study, jotting down the heads of his sermon for the following Sunday. He was a tall, thin man, with a grizzled beard, a narrow forehead, and cold gray eyes. His table faced the long, open window which gave on to the garden; and his eye was suddenly caught by the slim, white-clad figure of a girl crossing the sunlit lawn.

He paused, pen in hand; then slowly pushed his paper aside and laid the pen down.

'Francesca,' he called, 'I want to speak to you.'

Francesca came over the grass and stepped on to the threshold of the room. The sunshine caught her brown hair, and showed gold lights in it, as she stood looking in.

'You look tired, father,' she said, noting the shadows under his eyes.

Her father made no answer, but pointed to a chair. She entered with a half-sigh, as if reluctant to leave the light and fragrance of the garden. She seated herself on a chair just inside the room, and her eyes strayed to the rose-bush where she had left her basket and scissors. Her love for flowers was as marked as was her father's indifference to them. In this as in everything else, she often thought, they were leagues apart.

'Francesca,' her father began, 'you are twenty-two, are you not?'

'Yes,' she said, wondering what was coming.

'Your mother,' he said gravely, 'was married at nineteen.'

'Is this a reproach?' Francesca asked herself, inwardly amused. 'What *can* he be thinking of?'

His next words really startled her.

'It is time you were married,' he said. 'You know, of course, or you ought to know, that I have very little to leave you. Life is uncertain, and I am no longer a young man. I have always thought that a girl ought to marry as soon after twenty as possible.'

'Give me time, father,' Francesca answered, trying to lighten the tone of the conversation. 'I haven't had many opportunities yet, have I? And I don't want to go away from home,' she ended timidly, for Mr Duncombe always frowned upon anything approaching to sentiment.

'As for the last reason,' he replied grimly, 'it is frequently necessary in this life to lay our inclinations on one side. With regard to an opportunity, that has fortunately occurred. Mr Blake wishes to marry you.'

Francesca stared. 'It is very good of Mr Blake,' she said. 'But I am afraid I do not wish to marry him.'

'That is a pity. But I have no doubt when you accustom yourself to the idea you will not dislike it. He is well educated and well thought of, he can give you a comfortable home in your own neighbourhood, and he is not too old. If you conduct yourself wisely and sensibly, I see every chance of your being happy with him.'

'Father,' Francesca protested, gently still, for she had seldom dared to differ from this cold arbiter of her fate, 'I do not understand you. You have hardly ever mentioned the word marriage to me in my life, and now you are talking as if a marriage between Mr Blake—whom I hardly know—and me were a possible and probable event. Do you mean that he has spoken to you about it?'

'He spoke to me yesterday as we were walking home from Barstone. As it happened, I had been thinking a good deal about your future, and had been a good deal perplexed about it. This seems to be the solution. I am pleased with what I have seen of Mr Blake. I have, therefore, given my consent.'

'Subject to mine, I suppose,' added Francesca, wondering if she were in a dream.

'Subject to yours! No, Francesca,' Mr Duncombe answered in a tone of surprise; 'I expect you to trust me to decide what is best for you. He will, of course, speak to you about the matter at an early opportunity.'

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

'Father,' the girl pleaded, 'mustn't one wait to care for a person before promising to marry him? You and I have never talked about these things, and I know I am ignorant and inexperienced; but surely it isn't—it can't be—right to marry a man without knowing him or loving him.' In her earnestness she stretched her hand across the table and laid it on her father's arm—a rare action indeed, for Mr Duncombe did not encourage caresses.

He removed his arm coldly. 'Please, Francesca, do not excite yourself, and do not be sentimental and bookish. I imagine it is a daughter's duty to be guided by her parent. I have always had obedience from you, and I must have it still—until you exchange my care for that of a husband.'

Then something rose up in Francesca. For the first time in her life she defied her father. 'Care!' she said. 'It is custody you mean, not care. You are treating me like a prisoner, and you mean me to remain one till you hand me over to another jailer. You are actually telling me to marry a man against my will. Well, I won't! No, *I won't!*'

To Mr Duncombe it was as if a bomb had fallen and burst before him. The opening words of Francesca's last speech were surprising enough. A petulant outburst from a highly strung nature which had received a shock. Well, perhaps he had broken the news too abruptly, Mr Duncombe thought, as he watched her colour deepening, her breath coming and going between her sentences. But the flat defiance, the throwing down of the gauntlet in the last two words, were so astonishing that for the moment he was dumb. He had all his life been accustomed to implicit obedience from Francesca. If he had given an unusual order he had never thought it necessary to explain or apologise for it. Obedience, he held, was due from children to parents in all times, seasons, and circumstances, unless indeed the parents were manifestly unfit for their responsibilities. And now, for the first time since her motherless childhood, Francesca had defied him. He rose slowly to his feet and faced her, looking at her silently.

She stood before him, her white hands grasping the edge of the writing-table, her eyes wide with trouble, her lips trembling. As he looked at her, his cold gaze seemed to hold her in a spell. Her colour slowly ebbed away. The old fear of him which had overshadowed her childhood came back over her.

'You have forgotten yourself very strangely, Francesca. I am now going down to the village, and will leave you to think over what I have said. Mr Blake will dine with us to-night.'

Francesca escaped to her room. She leaned out of the window, looking with unseeing gaze on the garden, the little field beyond, and beyond that again the quiet village lying bathed in the afternoon sunlight. Her head throbbed, and her heart beat furiously with an anger such as she had never felt before. After the monotony of her life, the quiet routine, the small events which she had grown to believe would form her lot to the end of her days, a chasm seemed to have opened suddenly beneath her feet.

Her eyes turned northwards to where the woods of Scovell Park stretched in rich luxury away from the village. A gray tower rose above them, all that could be seen of the old house lately passed from Lord Scovell's hands to those of James Blake, son of the late James Blake of soda-water bottle fame.

'I have therefore given my consent'—her father's words rang in Francesca's ears. There seemed a terrible finality in the sentence when she remembered the voice in which it had been delivered. On one or two occasions of her life Francesca had made, or attempted to make, a feeble stand against her father's will. Her opposition had been overruled in just that dry, uncompromising tone. He was *terribly* strong, she thought. He had never been unkind to her. He had educated her, almost entirely himself, in a thorough, conscientious kind of way; but he had never made her love her studies any more than he had made her love himself. Yet not in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that his coldness and lack of sympathy or comprehension of her would have led him to this. Her soul revolted from his decision. Yet deep down in her heart she felt he was immeasurably stronger than she, and had the power to make her obey.

To whom could she turn for help? She had no friends of her own class except two elderly ladies, sisters, who were cousins of her dead mother, and lived on the outskirts of the village. They were away on their annual jaunt to Switzerland. A letter might take days to reach them; and, besides, they dared not stand against her father any more than she.

There was Dr Drew, a gentleman, clever in his profession, and Francesca's oldest friend, but weak and ruled by his vulgar wife. Though genuinely fond of him, as a counsellor on this particular occasion she weighed him in the balance and found him wanting.

Of Lady Scovell, in the days before she and her husband sold Scovell Park and left the neighbourhood, Francesca might have made a friend. But her father, distrustful and suspicious of people who were bright, gay, charming, and not of his world, had nipped the friendship in the bud.

There was literally nobody. The village poor loved her and she loved them, but of friends among her equals she had almost none. This was natural, for strangers seldom came to Stellbridge, and she had hardly ever left it. One or two visits to a maiden sister of her father's with whom she had little in common, one well-remembered week's stay in London with her old cousins, these were the glimpses she had had of the world beyond Stellbridge.

At home she taught in the Sunday school and managed the boys' carving-class in the winter. These duties, added to that of housekeeping, were deemed sufficient for her years by the Rector, who never could realise that there could be capability in a

girl. He thus bore alone the burden of many good works, for which, had he but known it, he had a willing and able helper ready to his hand. For the rest, she read, gardened, and played the piano, and, never having known any other lot, had been fairly content.

It was only to-day that a sudden yearning to know more of life came over her. She forgot for a moment the Blake complication. But to stay for ever at Stellbridge till she became narrow-minded like her father, or ignobly contented like Dr Drew, suddenly appeared a hateful prospect. She looked back on her life with a new self-pity; she looked forward with a shudder.

Then her father's plans for her future rushed back to her mind, and with a sob she buried her face in her arms, crying, 'Oh, I am afraid! I am afraid!'

CHAPTER II.

HALF-PAST seven was the Rectory dinner-hour, and at two minutes to the half-hour Mr Blake rang the Rectory bell. His host received him in the drawing-room alone, Francesca joining the two men a few moments later. She did not look at the guest as she shook hands with him; but when they were seated at the dinner-table, and the Rector had engaged him in conversation, some impulse prompted her to examine him with a long, critical gaze.

James Blake was at this time about thirty-eight. He was largely made, with square, erect shoulders. He was not handsome, but his brown eyes were kind and clear, and he had a quiet voice, pleasant to listen to. Not that Francesca was disposed to allow him any advantages either of appearance or otherwise. His small-talk was limited, and his modesty in advancing his opinions led Francesca to the hasty conclusion that he had few worth giving. She remembered that Lily Drew, the doctor's pretty daughter, had pronounced him 'dull;' and, though she and Lily had few ideas in common, she reflected that probably this was one they might share.

During the first two courses the conversation was between Mr Duncombe and his guest. Literature was their chief topic; and they finally fell to discussing a recent religious work, of which Mr Duncombe spoke highly. Mr Blake had not read it, but had seen a review of it.

'I suppose, Miss Duncombe,' he said, turning to Francesca for the first time, 'you do not bother your head with those deep books yet?'

The remark annoyed Francesca. 'I read this one some weeks ago,' she said shortly; adding to herself, 'I suppose he thinks I busy myself with some frivolous girl's paper.'

'Indeed! And what is your opinion on it?' her father asked in a heavily playful tone, as if humouring a child.

'I thought it well written,' Francesca answered slowly, considering her words. 'But one can't sympathise with an author who assumes every one is wrong who doesn't agree with him.'

'In this case,' said Mr Duncombe, with the air of one settling an argument, 'there is no doubt whatever that the author is right; and, that being so, the opposite view must be wrong. There is only one right and wrong in matters of this sort.'

Francesca, half-emboldened by the presence of a third person, opened her mouth to speak; but habit was too strong for her, and she left the last word with her father. Mr Blake looked at her attentively; then his voice broke in on her silence.

'Have you an answer to that, Miss Duncombe?'

She flushed. How could this man suppose it was possible for her to argue with her father?

'Let us hear it, Francesca,' said Mr Duncombe grimly.

'I am afraid I differ from father,' she said, looking at Mr Blake. 'I always feel as if there were a great many different kinds of right.'

'That is a dangerous view,' the clergyman said. 'I hope, Francesca, you have not been reading disturbing literature; that other books do not come into this house except those that I mark for you in your library list?'

'No, father.'

There was a short silence while Elizabeth the maid handed the pudding.

Then Mr Blake turned the conversation on to gardening. 'I don't know if you are acquainted with the Italian garden at Scovell,' he said to Mr Duncombe. 'I am turning it into a rose-garden.'

'Indeed!' said his host, polite but uninterested.

But Francesca turned to him eagerly, forgetting the strain of the situation in the all-engrossing subject of roses. Till the end of dinner they talked unconstrainedly. When they left the dining-room, the remembrance of the ulterior reason for Mr Blake's presence tied her tongue again.

'We must show you our roses,' Mr Duncombe said, leading the way through the drawing-room out into the garden. It was a still June evening. A nightingale sang in a lilac-tree, and the scent of the roses filled the air. Francesca fell a little behind the others as they paced up the centre walk of the garden. Then when they reached the sun-dial, and the guest paused to admire the mass of aubretia clustering round its base, Mr Duncombe murmured something about a chilly evening and a coat, and, to Francesca's horror, hurried towards the house.

For a moment she meditated instant flight. Mr Duncombe's disappearance was obviously premeditated, and she blushed hotly to think how plain its object must be to her companion. Then she found herself struggling with a wild desire to laugh at her father's clumsy and primitive manner of dealing with the situation. Mr Blake's quiet, matter-of-fact tone helped to restore her calm.

'Have you any of Madame Abel Châtenay? Ah yes, I see her; a very fine specimen! Really, it is

difficult to believe you achieve all this with only one man to help you. It does you infinite credit.'

She answered vaguely and hastily. If she could *only* keep the conversation to roses! For ten minutes she succeeded in doing so, and was surprised at the depth of her companion's knowledge of and interest in the subject. At last she thought she might decently suggest a return to the house.

'In a few minutes. Miss Duncombe'——

Francesca's heart beat violently. 'It's coming, then,' she thought.

He had paused, and actually stammered a little when he began again. 'May I—may I speak to you on a subject which is very important to me, and indeed to us both? If you will be patient with me and listen, I shall be very grateful.'

'I will listen, of course,' Francesca answered, inwardly praying that he would be quick.

'I think your father told you of the subject of our conversation when we walked home from Barstone yesterday? It must seem to you that I am presumptuous in speaking so soon, after knowing you so short a time. But when I spoke to Mr Duncombe he was anxious, for reasons which you will appreciate, that I should speak at once. That is my excuse. If you can see enough in me to marry me (Heaven knows, I can't see why you should), I shall be glad and proud. I am a very lonely man—how lonely I didn't know till lately. I should try my best to make you happy, so that you shall have no cause to regret your decision, if you decide as I hope.'

Francesca listened, puzzled. It had not escaped her that he had said no word of caring for her. 'He wants to marry and settle down,' she thought. 'I need have no compunction in refusing him. There is no sentiment about him, and how could there be? He hardly knows me.'

'I'm very sorry, Mr Blake,' she replied aloud; 'but I can only say, No.'

'Miss Duncombe,' he said hastily, 'don't answer now. I want to tell you that I will come back in a week for my answer. Your father warned me,' he went on with a smile, 'that you might give me an unfavourable answer at first. Take time. I will not hurry you; I will wait. But if there is no one else'—he spoke hesitatingly—'I would be as good to you as I know how to be. You would have a garden, and I would do anything for you in my power'—— He stopped short, painfully conscious that he was choosing his words badly, and virtually offering her bribes. 'Miss Duncombe, I am no hand at talking. I can only hope you understand.'

'Yes,' she said, hot with anger, for she doubted no longer that she had read his mind correctly, 'I do understand. You were lonely when you came to Scovell, and had nobody to speak to. You thought it would be the proper thing to marry and settle down, and I was the first suitable person you happened to see down here. I suppose you thought I would do, and that I should be only too glad to go and live at a big house like Scovell, and have a large garden and other things. If my father encouraged you he had no right to. I do not wish to be married, and I am not going to marry you.'

They were standing by a wooden gate which led out into the field. When she began to speak, first surprise, then astonishment, was visible in his face. Then he turned completely from her till she could only see his back. She watched his hands gripping the top of the gate. They were trembling. Was he very angry?

There was a pause, which seemed very long to Francesca. Then he turned round. His face was a little pale, but he looked much the same as usual.

'You have spoken plainly,' he said. 'Thank you for that, at least. I may as well tell you that I am not going to give it up. I shall continue to hope that you may change your mind. I have only one thing more to say, and that is that you have entirely misunderstood me. Good-night.'

Francesca nearly stamped her foot.

'You *must* give it up!' she exclaimed. 'Can't you understand that I have refused you definitely?'

'I have no doubt you have,' he answered; and added, 'Don't you think you might have done it a little more politely?'

With that he turned and walked down the path, leaving her feeling, in spite of herself, a little foolish. Certainly, Mr Blake did not always act and speak exactly as was expected of him.

As she lingered there in the deepening twilight she also felt a growing fear. From where she stood she could just see the study window. In a few minutes, she knew, she must face her father.

(To be continued.)

MOTORING TO-DAY.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., LL.D.

More than seventy years have passed since a successful attempt was made to conduct road-traffic without the use of animal-power. A few years ago the writer, in a conversation with the late Sir Frederick Bramwell, was assured by him that in his boyhood he had frequently been permitted as a treat to ride upon Hancock's steam coach, which in the early thirties plied regularly between the City and Paddington, then a village on the outskirts of London. Sir Frederick was able to say of it that it did a regular and efficient service. Steam coaches ran also between London and Bath and London and Birmingham, and between Gloucester and Cheltenham, at an average speed of ten miles an hour. And in

Scotland a service was established between Glasgow and Paisley. So efficient was the work done, and so great was the promise held out of usefulness to the community, that the opinion of a parliamentary committee highly favourable to mechanical transit is embodied in a blue-book of the period, in which evidence as to the feasibility and undoubted value of such road-locomotion stands recorded, a lasting testimony to the fact that if such transit died out at that time it was not because of any failure of the means provided, but only because the landed and the railroad combination, blind to their own interests, set up an opposition which was too powerful for the promoters of the novel and successful vehicles. The coming together of these two was a reconciliation of the Pilate and Herod type. There was cordial and implacable hatred between them, but they forgot for the time their differences, and went hand in hand in their uncompromising hostility to power-traction on roads. In Parliament they succeeded in imposing prohibitive tolls, such as two pounds eight shillings for the single journey, and in the country they dug ruts in the roads here and piled up large stones on them there, to destroy the coaches, without regard to the risk of killing the travellers.

These tactics were successful. The result has been that since then all property not near railway lines has been handicapped commercially, and the railway companies have spent millions of pounds sterling on unsatisfactory and often unremunerative branches, giving in many cases an inefficient and slow service, and necessitating an incredible waste of money in transferring goods from cart to train, and again from train to cart, the carting and the breaking of bulk often causing much injury to goods, and making the time of transit over distances up to fifty or sixty miles as great as if the journey had been made by road.

Nothing more was heard of mechanical road propulsion until Thompson in Edinburgh introduced the first power-vehicle running on india-rubber tires, and for a short time a steam omnibus was successfully run between Edinburgh and Leith in the sixties. It was soon, however, hustled off the road by the police as being an illegal intruder, and lay long a derelict in a shed in Leith Walk, Thompson's premature death having removed the presiding spirit, without whose energy things could not be pushed to success.

Thus twice at intervals of twenty-five years was mechanical traction crushed out of existence, because the *laudator temporis acti* prevailed, and vested interests overcame in the struggle which was made to introduce improvement. For fifty years power-traction was limited in Britain to two and a half miles an hour, every vehicle being required to have three men in attendance, one of them carrying a red flag forty yards ahead!

It was Gottlieb Daimler of Cannstadt who first broke in effectively on this enforced stagnation of progress. By demonstrating the possibility of using volatile liquid-fuel to produce a vapour which, when mingled with air, would constitute an explosive mixture similar to that used in the fixed gas-engine, the problem of convenient power-traction on roads was solved. Since then the progress made has been phenomenal. In spite of the jeers of the sceptic, the denunciations of the unenlightened, and the opposition of so-called vested interests, a change has come over road-locomotion which as a revolution in traction has no parallel in the world's history, and from which there will never again be a back-going. When it is realised that twelve years have scarcely elapsed since a modicum of liberty to use the roads was conceded to the power-vehicle, and that not six years have elapsed since a greater speed than ten miles an hour became permissible, the fact that to-day there are in these islands no fewer than one hundred and fifty-six thousand vehicles propelled by mechanical means upon the highways cannot but be regarded as amazing even to those who are eager votaries of automobilism. But such is the fact, and every one who considers the matter without prejudice can come to no other conclusion than that the change, so great already, will be even more vast in the future. The thirty-six thousand horses that have already disappeared off the streets in London alone, and the hundred thousand at least throughout the country, will be followed by thousands more every year; and the public, many of whom were strenuously opposed to the innovation, are gradually passing through the stages of objection, submission, toleration, adoption, and satisfaction, many reaching even to enthusiasm.

Nothing illustrates more clearly the growing change in the view taken by the public than the way in which opinion has veered round; for it is the fact that within the last three or four years the objectors have changed their ground completely. When it was seen that the power-vehicle was irresistibly asserting itself in spite of all opposition in the early part of the present decade, and '*come to stay*' was a mournful utterance in the mouths of the objectors, the usual 'thus far and no farther' tactics of opposition began to be adopted. Said the opponent, 'Well, you may run these things out on the country roads if you will, but you must not be allowed to run them into the towns, and send all our horses capering on their hind-legs and bolting in all directions, and we having ourselves and our children run down all over the place.' I have heard this expressed often and in no measured language. But when in three or four years it came about that the town horse would not take the trouble even to cock his ears at the motor-car, far less run away, the volte-face was highly amusing. Then came the concession: 'Well, I give you the towns, but you must not be allowed to come on to the country roads.' This was said to me in these very words about four or five years ago by a great English country magnate, speaking with perfect gravity, and as if he were stating the most commonplace and incontrovertible proposition, and against which no

remonstrance could be listened to. In saying it he was the mouthpiece of many thousands like those who, if they had had their way, would in 1830 have stopped all railways, in 1880 would have stopped all bicycles, and would in 1896 have forbidden any freedom at all to the mechanical road-vehicle. It will amuse the reader—unless he is an uncompromising 'anti'—to know that this great man informed me only a few weeks ago that he had recently possessed himself of *an autocar of a registered power of sixty horses*, and asked my advice as to what would be a good second car to buy for station work, as his sixty was too fast and big and heavy for use unless a large party was to be carried in it. Thus the same gentleman who had seriously said that he would concede the towns to the motorist, but that he must be kept out of the country, is now getting his country grooms trained at a motor-school, and providing himself with a plurality of cars both for pleasure and utility, and which are for regular use on the country roads off which he was determined to have them warned but a few short years ago. Of course he had an explanation ready. His 'young people' had squeezed him into acquiescing, in their desire not to be left isolated with their jog-trot horse-haulage while all around them were careering about gaily in motor-cars, and he had come to realise, what I had tried to din into his adder's ears years before, that in going from his country seat to London, or *vice versâ*, he could step out at his own door, enter his motor-car, and go direct the thirty miles to his town house in London in the same time—even within the legal limit—that it would take him to drive to the station, wait there for a train, and drive from the terminus in London to his own house, thus saving all the bother and exposure of four changes from one mode of travelling to another in all weathers, with the added risk of trains being late. This gentleman's case is but one of thousands. Of course there are still some of the 'Mr Implacable' type. An individual—a gentleman presumably—wrote the other day: 'A person who takes one of these abominable engines into the beautiful and peaceful English country can possess no sense of what is beautiful, and cannot certainly possess any sense of decency;' and he spoke of all motorists as 'soulless and heartless human beings.' He declined an invitation to lunch at the Automobile Club, saying he would lose his 'self-respect' if he accepted, but he would be glad to accept another invitation 'when a British Government prohibits a motor from going outside the boundary of any large town, and confines them to eight miles an hour inside the towns.' One must suppose that there will always be such people. But soon they will be an infinitesimal quantity, as they are already a negligible quantity. There are many who declared themselves inconvertible who are now in the same position as my friend with his sixty-horse car. Among my own friends there are many who years ago would have 'nothing to do with these noisy, stinking, murderous contrivances' who now use no other vehicle than the autocar.

It is, of course, true that in the early days the autocar was open to a good deal of merited animadversion, just as doubtless the first subduer of the horse had to endure the complaints of the ladies of his wigwam for bringing such a smell-producing, snorting, jibbing animal to career about among their tents, filthifying their camp and knocking down their children. But the difference between the horse and the motor is that wherever horses are there must be insanitary filth, and sometimes uncontrollability born of nerves or vice, whereas it is now certain that a motor-car can be almost too silent for safety, exhales no deleterious matter when properly managed, will not cause annoyance by offensive fumes, and has no will of its own. Who now, when cars are passing in dozens at a time, ever thinks of evil smell in connection with them unless where, once in a way, some carelessness as regards lubrication causes offensive smoke? If the reader asks himself how often he has noticed anything of the kind—say, during the previous fortnight—he finds himself probably unable to remember a case, or if he can, he must admit it to be the exception and not the rule—rather proving it. In the course of any day in London a foot-passenger will be passed by one thousand motor-vehicles in less than three hours, and if he sees one emitting smoke it will attract his notice as something unusual.

Then as regards danger. Of course there is danger. It is quite impossible, according to human experience, that given a hundred and fifty thousand vehicles running on the roads of a populous country there will not be accidents. There is no such thing as absolute safety in any mode of locomotion, fast or slow. All movement in streets or roads has, and must have, its elements of danger; and in the case of animal-traction there is an ever-present risk that the animal may become uncontrollable, either from excitement or vice or fear, or may fail from slipping or stumbling, or may excite others to dangerous uncontrollability. The records of the coaching days testify to the very great number of injuries, fatal and otherwise, which were caused by coach accidents in much greater proportion to the number of persons then travelling than is the case now, even putting the accidents on railways and on the roads together, motor-travelling included. Again, the hundred and fifty-six thousand motor-carriages now traversing the roads must certainly double the mileage which could be done by the same number of horse-carriages, and it is only necessary to ask one's self whether a mileage of something like two millions of miles daily can be done by any class of vehicles, fast or slow, without some accidents occurring, just as among the millions of people who go up and down stairs every day it is a certainty that here one and there one will fall down and be killed or injured. Even the two and a half mile an hour traction-engine and road-roller have their several victims every year, and carts going

at a foot pace have their many victims every year. When one sees people every day walking straight off the pavement on to a causeway crowded with vehicles without first looking up or down, and sometimes a man with his eyes upon a newspaper, or a lady holding down a picture-hat against the wind, it is a matter for surprise that more people are not caught. The day that the above twenty lines were written my breath was taken away by seeing a gentleman, at one of the busiest parts of London, step right in front of a motor-car when it was not a yard from him, and, just seeing his danger at the last second, stagger back again. He had a clear line of sight for the car approaching, if he had looked. The car was stopped dead just over the spot where he would have been lying had he not shrunk back in time. Had the car been going at eight or even six miles an hour he would certainly not have had time to step back, and must have been run over, for there were not two feet to spare. Such things occur almost daily. Children also play all sorts of pranks —cap-throwing or 'last across.' Now and again carelessness leads to mishap, and the motorist is denounced in leaded type under the heading, 'ANOTHER MOTOR VICTIM,' when the sufferer was the victim of his own want of ordinary care. That there are accidents due to default of drivers is true, as it has always been true. Some men there have ever been, and some there ever will be, who will commit abuses on the road, and no good motorist will do otherwise than rejoice when such men meet with their deserts, so that they and others may be deterred from doing dangerous things. But statistics show that while the number of cars upon the road has been increasing enormously there is not a corresponding increase in the number of casualties, and the proportion of accidents which justify a prosecution is very small indeed.

Another change is rapidly coming over the views of the community in regard to road power-traction. Until lately it seemed to be a fixed idea that motor-traction was a selfish luxury of the wealthy, and an enemy to the welfare of the rest of the community. Fists were freely shaken, and now and again whips were vigorously used, at the heads of motorists to indicate the feeling of the ordinary citizen towards those who used mechanical vehicles upon the road. 'Civis' wrote to his daily organ to say that 'nothing but absolute prohibition will meet our just requirements.' These words are quoted from a letter which was published as an expression of public opinion. Clergymen dubbed motor-vehicles 'engines of Satan.' Magistrates speaking from the Bench declared them to be 'ten times more dangerous than horse-carriages.' A coroner told a jury that 'God made horses for the use of mankind, and the devil invented motor-cars for the destruction of mankind.' I wrote to this coroner, expressing my interest in statistics, and requesting him to give me a note of the number of persons killed within his jurisdiction (Shrewsbury), whether by autocars or other vehicles, during the two previous years. After writing twice without receiving the courtesy of an acknowledgment, I wrote to the town-clerk; but he—I doubt not after communication with the coroner—failed to acknowledge my letter. Later a doctor of medicine in Chester in the local council succeeded in defeating a motion for a motor-omnibus service by asserting it as a well-known fact that wherever such omnibuses were introduced the rate of mortality among infants was substantially increased. To him I also wrote twice, asking for the statistics, and met the same courtesy from him as I received from the officials of Shrewsbury. It so happened, however, that this assertion was absolutely refuted the following week. At that time there were a thousand motor-omnibuses running in London, and only a few days after this M.D. had made his statement the official statistics of mortality for London showed a figure lower than had ever occurred before, and very low for any large town, being only fourteen and a fraction per thousand.

But notwithstanding these and similar not very creditable attacks by responsible officials, which they were quite unable to substantiate, it began gradually to dawn upon the public mind that the new vehicle was desirable for many purposes of public utility, apart altogether from sport or pleasure. Accordingly chief constables, road surveyors, sanitary inspectors, water and lighting officials, and many other public servants whose duties require them to move about during their working hours are now being conveyed in motor-vehicles. Fire-engines, water-carts, dust-carts, poorhouse omnibuses, burgh ambulances, asylum conveyances, driven by mechanical power, are being supplied out of the rates for municipal service. Mail-vans in large numbers for distances, such as between London and Dover, and London and Oxford, are now being driven by mechanical power.* Large warehouses have their veritable fleets of motor-wagons. Vegetables are conveyed from many miles out of London to Covent Garden Market in half the time occupied by the lumbering horse-wagons of the past.

But a few days ago the Town Council of Glasgow were solemnly considering the adoption of motor-vehicles to convey members and magistrates to the different district offices and police courts, and a paragraph appeared stating that the Lord Provost was to be supplied with a motor-car instead of a carriage for his municipal work. Every now and again we read of a bishop being presented with an autocar to aid him in his ambulatory visits of his diocese.

But most remarkable of all is the fact that the railway companies are establishing services of omni-

* Since this was written the announcement has been made that the Postmaster-General, who till now has always had the road-mails carried by contract, is about to add a motor service to the postal establishment, the vans to be owned by the department and driven by post office officials.

buses in connection with their lines, and in places where they have not done so the inhabitants are either memorialising them to provide such services or are themselves taking steps to introduce motor-transit. For three years among the mountains of Sutherlandshire a mail and passenger service has been in operation over the wild forty miles of road between Lairg on the Highland Railway and Tongue on the extreme coast of the country, thus supplying two places which formerly were a whole day's journey apart with a three to four hours' service, effectively opening up a new and beautiful country to the traveller. Only a few days ago the inhabitants of a wild country in Ross-shire, between Achnasheen on the Highland Railway and Gairloch on the coast, held a meeting, at which the parish clergyman presided, and the head schoolmaster moved a motion, which was carried by acclamation, to form a company of the inhabitants to establish a motor service between the two places. The meeting had 'no doubt that the venture will be in time a good paying concern. *The chairman and several members of the meeting spoke strongly against an attitude of opposition which had been taken up by those interested in the coaching and steamer connections'!* The report adds that 'it seems a pity that the districts of Poolewe, Inverasdale, and Aultbea will not benefit by the new company's proposals.' Any one who would have put such a paragraph in the newspapers five years ago would have been supposed to be endeavouring to produce a rival skit to the *Glenmutchkin Railway* of William Edmonstoune Aytoun.

There is one delusion in regard to the motor-vehicle, which is that it is a luxury of rich and idle people, and this is a chief cause of its unpopularity in some quarters. Now, this idea is a delusion, and the proof that it is so is easily given. Observation shows that it is at the time of day when business men are going to their offices that the autocar traffic far exceeds the private carriage traffic. In Edinburgh, observation in Princes Street between 9.30 and 10 A.M. brings out the extraordinary fact that during two months of the winter 1908–9 there were four hundred private autocars and only one hundred and sixty-seven private carriages running. Similar observation of the City-going traffic on London Embankment for four days in the second week of February 1909 brings out the following figures: six hundred and three motor-cars, one hundred and seventy private carriages.

As regards cabs, London is the only place where as yet the taxicab has taken a predominant place. On the same four occasions the numbers were: five hundred and seventy-three taxicabs, one hundred and seventy-one hansoms.

It is significant that a few weeks ago it was announced that a new lettering for autocars licensed in London had become necessary. The lettering has been changed for each ten thousand vehicles, and the announcement means that already forty thousand motor-vehicles have been licensed in the Metropolitan District. In 1900 there were not five thousand motor-vehicles in the whole of the British Islands. To the new generation the autocar will be a matter of course. Just as the horse of to-day, foaled since motor-traffic began, learned as it looked over the hedge when at its mother's side to treat the autocar as a thing of course, so those who are now young will look upon the motor-cycle and the motor-car as the generation passing away looked upon the dogcart and the carriage. People cannot go on declaiming against what is accepted by the community, for they will get no listeners outside their own insignificant coterie.

The matter of real public interest now is the road. Let all turn attention to the road. It is there that change is needful. History will tell how the advent of the autocar compelled proper attention to be given to road-making, a thing much neglected when road traffic ceased to be general in consequence of the introduction of railways. Road construction that will minimise mud, and thereby minimise dust, and thus give an even surface, without holes, is the question of the hour. The question of power road-locomotion is already finally settled.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XXIII.—WHICH SHOWS A SHABBY FOREIGNER.

FELIX KRAIL, his cigarette held halfway to his lips, stood watching the effect of his insinuation. He saw a faint smile playing about Flockart's lips, and knew that it appealed to him. Old Sir Henry Heyburn had laid a clever trap for him, a trap into which he himself believed that his daughter had fallen. Why should not Flockart retaliate?

The shabby stranger, whose own ingenuity and double-dealing were little short of marvellous, and under whose watchful vigilance the Heyburn household had been ever since her ladyship and her friend Flockart had gone south, stood silent, but in complete satisfaction.

The well-dressed Riviera-lounger—the man so well known at all the various gay resorts from Ventimiglia along to Cannes, and who was a member of the Fêtes Committee at San Remo and at Nice—merely exchanged glances with his friend

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

and smiled. Quickly, however, he changed the topic of conversation. 'And what's occurring in Paris?'

'Ah, there we have the puzzle!' replied the man Krail, his accent being an unfamiliar one—so unfamiliar, indeed, that those unacquainted with the truth were always placed in doubt regarding his true nationality.

'But you've made inquiry?' asked his friend quickly.

'Of course; but the business is kept far too close. Every precaution is taken to prevent anything leaking out,' Krail responded.

'The clerks will speak, won't they?' the other said.

'*Mon cher ami*, they know no more of the business of the mysterious firm of which the blind Baronet is the head than we do ourselves,' said Krail.

'They make enormous financial deals, that's very certain.'

'Not deals—but *coups* for themselves,' he laughed, correcting Flockart. 'Recollect what I discovered in Athens, and the extraordinary connection you found in Brussels.'

'Ah, yes. You mean that clever crowd—four men and two women who were working the gambling concession from the Dutch Government!' exclaimed Flockart. 'Yes, that was a complete mystery. They sent wires in cipher to Sir Henry at Glencardine. I managed to get a glance at one of them, and it was signed "Metaforos."'

'That's their Paris cable address,' said his companion.

'Surely you, with your network of sources of information, and your own genius for discovering secrets, ought to be able to reveal the true nature of Sir Henry's business. Is it an honest one?' asked Flockart.

'I think not.'

'Think! Why, my dear Felix, this isn't like you to only think; you always *know*. You're so certain of your facts that I've always banked upon them.'

The other gave his shoulders a shrug of indecision. 'It was not a judicious move on your part to get rid of the girl from Glencardine,' he said slowly. 'While she was there we had a chance of getting at some clue. But now old Goslin has taken her place we may just as well abandon investigation at that end.'

'You've failed, Krail, and attribute your failure to me,' protested his companion. 'How could I risk being ignominiously kicked out of Glencardine as a spy?'

'Whatever attitude you might have taken would have had the same result. We used the information, and found ourselves fooled—tricked by a very crafty old man, who actually prepared those documents in case he was betrayed.'

'Admitted,' said Flockart. 'But even though we made fools of ourselves in Athens, and caused the Greek Government to look upon us as rogues and liars, the girl is suspected; and I for one don't mean to give in before we've secured a nice, snug little sum.'

'How are we to do it?'

'By obtaining knowledge of the game being played in Paris, and working in an opposite direction,' Flockart replied. 'We are agreed upon one point: that for the past few years, ever since Goslin came on the scene, Sir Henry's business—a big one, there is no doubt—has been of a mysterious and therefore shady character. By his confidence in Gabrielle, his care that nobody ever got a glance inside that safe, his regular consultations with Goslin (who travelled from Paris specially to see him), his constant telegrams in cipher, and his refusal to allow even his wife to obtain the slightest inkling into his private affairs, it is shown that he fears exposure. Do you agree?'

'Most certainly I do.'

'Well, any man who is in dread of the truth becoming known must be carrying on some negotiations the reverse of creditable. He is the moving spirit of that shady house, without a doubt,' declared Flockart, who had so often grasped the blind man's hand in friendship. 'In such fear that his transactions should become known, and that exposure might result, he actually had prepared documents on purpose to mislead those who pried into his affairs. Therefore, the instant we discover the truth, fortune will be at our hand. We all want money, you, I, and Lady Heyburn—and money we'll have.'

'With these sentiments, my dear friend, I entirely and absolutely agree,' remarked the shabby man, lighting a fresh cigarette. 'But one fact you seem to have entirely overlooked.'

'What?'

'The girl. She stands between you, and she might come back into the old man's favour, you know.'

'And even though she did, that makes no difference,' Flockart answered defiantly.

'Why?'

'Because she dare not say a single word against me.'

Krail looked him straight in the face with considerable surprise, but made no comment.

'She knows better,' Flockart added.

'Never believe too much in your own power with a woman, *mon cher ami*,' remarked the other dubiously. 'She's young, therefore of a romantic turn of mind. She's in love, remember, which makes matters much worse for us.'

'Why?'

'Because, being in love, she may become seized with a sentimental fit. This ends generally in a determination of self-sacrifice; and in such case she would tell the truth in defiance of you, and heedless of her own danger.'

Flockart drew a long breath. What this man said was, he knew within his own heart, only too

true of the girl towards whom they had been so cruel and so unscrupulous. His had been a life-long scheme, and as part of his scheme in conjunction with the woman who was Sir Henry's wife it had been unfortunately compulsory to sacrifice the girl who was the blind man's right hand.

Yes, Gabrielle was deeply in love with Walter Murie—the man upon whom Sir Henry now looked as his enemy, and who would have exposed him to the Greek Government if the blind man had not been too clever. The Baronet, after his daughter's confession, naturally attributed her curiosity to Walter's initiative, the more especially that Walter had been in Paris, and, it was believed, in Athens also.

The pair were, however, now separated. Krail, in pursuit of his diligent inquiries, had actually been in Woodnewton, and seen the lonely little figure, sad and dejected, taking long rambles accompanied only by a farmer's sheep-dog. Young Murie had not been there; nor did the pair now correspond. This much Krail had himself discovered.

The problem placed before Flockart by his shabby friend was a somewhat disconcerting one. On the one hand, Lady Heyburn had urged him to leave the Riviera, without giving him any reason, and on the other, he had the ever-present danger of Gabrielle, in a sudden fit of sentimental self-sacrifice, 'giving him away.' If she did, what then? The mere suggestion caused him to bite his nether lip.

Krail knew a good deal, but he did not know all. Perhaps it was as well that he did not. There is a code of honour among adventurers all the world over; but few of them can resist the practice of blackmail when they chance to fall upon evil days.

'Yes,' Flockart said reflectively, as at Krail's suggestion they turned and began to descend the steep hill towards Ospedaletti, 'perhaps it's a pity, after all, that the girl left Glencardine. Yet surely she's safer with her aunt?'

'She was driven from Glencardine?'

'By her father.'

'You sacrificed her in order to save yourself. That was but natural. It's a pity, however, you didn't take my advice.'

'I suggested it to Lady Heyburn. But she would have nothing to do with it. She declared that such a course was far too dangerous.'

'Dangerous!' echoed the shabby man. 'Surely it could not have placed either of you in any greater danger than you are in already?'

'She didn't like it.'

'Few people do,' laughed the other. 'But, depend upon it, it's the only way. She wouldn't, at any rate, have had an opportunity of telling the truth.'

Flockart pulled a wry face, and after a silence of a few moments said, 'Don't let us discuss that. We fully considered all the pros and cons at the time.'

'Her ladyship is growing scrupulously honest of late,' sneered his companion. 'She'll try to get rid of you very soon, I expect.'

This latter sentence was more full of meaning than the speaker dreamed. The words, falling upon Flockart's ears, caused him to wince. Was her ladyship really trying to rid herself of his influence? He laughed within himself at the thought of her endeavouring to release herself from the bond. For her he had never, at any moment, entertained either admiration or affection. Their association had always been purely one of business—business, be it said, in which he made the profits and she the losses.

'It would hardly be an easy matter for her,' replied the easy-going, audacious adventurer.

'She seems to be very popular up at Glencardine,' remarked the foreigner, 'because she's extravagant and spends money in the neighbourhood, I suppose. But the people in Auchterarder village criticise her treatment of Gabrielle. They hear gossip from the servants, I expect.'

'They should know of the girl's treatment of her stepmother,' exclaimed Flockart. 'But there, villagers are always prone to listen to and embroider any stories concerning the private life of the gentry. It's just the same in Scotland as in any other country in the world.

'Ah!' continued Flockart, 'in Scotland the old families are gradually decaying, and their estates are falling into the hands of blatant parvenus. Counter-jumpers stalk deer nowadays, and city clerks on their holidays shoot over peers' preserves. The humble Scot sees it all with regret, because he has no real liking for this latter-day invasion by the newly-rich English. Cotton-spinners from Lancashire buy deer-forests, and soap-boilers from Limehouse purchase castles with family portraits and ghosts complete.'

'Ah! speaking of the supernatural,' exclaimed Krail suddenly, 'do you know I had a most extraordinary and weird experience when at Glencardine about three weeks ago. I actually heard the Whispers!'

Flockart stared hard at the man at his side, and, laughing outright, said, 'Well, that's the best joke I've heard to-day. You, of all men, to be taken in by a mere superstition!'

'But, my dear friend, I heard them,' said Krail. 'I swear I actually heard them! And I—well, I admit to you, even though you may laugh at me for being a superstitious fool—I somehow anticipate that something uncanny is about to happen to me.'

'You're going to die, like all the rest of them, I suppose,' laughed his friend as they descended the dusty, winding road that led to the palm-lined promenade of the quiet little Mediterranean watering-place.

(To be continued.)

LOOKING BACK ON THE BUSH.

By WILL H. OGILVIE.

THE Bush, with its wonderful charm and its wonderful mystery, half-repellent, half-attracting, can only adequately be summed up and appreciated when viewed from a distance. We who have fought and suffered and enjoyed, toiled and loved and hated, at her side can only, perhaps, properly estimate our reasons of like and dislike when half-a-dozen years and as many tossing seas lie between us and the land in which we spent our early manhood. As we look backward in the sober light of middle age, much of the glamour which enthralled us is removed, and at the same time much of that which we found irksome and commonplace we can appreciate as of national and individual benefit. The busy, crowded life of the sheep and cattle stations, the humdrum but altogether necessary business-life of the up-country townships, become to us now, as we calmly review them, factors in the existence of a country's dawning power instead of merely incidents in the personal career of gay and thoughtless youth, with its own pleasure to serve and its own selfish ends to attain. The Bush is more than the play-ground of the jackaroo; it is the rich demesne of a Commonwealth. Surveying the position dis-passionately and fairly, we can remember what a school and what a training-ground was that vast inland territory, with its peculiar war of the elements, its raids of flood and fire, its rapine of the drought. We can remember how, through the apparent self-advancement of capital, shone the real gold of a gallant and self-sacrificing brother-hood. If the Bush was a harbour of petty meannesses and sordid vices, it was also full of the manliness, courage, and generosity that are in all lands the distinguishing characteristic of the men of the outposts; and, looking backward from the very different surroundings of an old land fenced with tradition and sown with precedent, the writer appreciates the memory of a social and industrial freedom that, if it caused him often to rub shoulders with the reckless and the undesirable, allowed him at the same time proudly to shake the hands of men whose equal is not in the wide world in resource, in endurance, and in sterling kindliness of heart.

And so calmly, honestly, and without prejudice let us consider some of the faults and foibles which hot youth overlooked, and some of the grander qualities which only mature reflection can fully appreciate.

In a general way, the word Bush recalls to the writer, as it will recall to most of his readers, first of all the strenuous days of station-life, the long war with nature's indomitable forces, the sun and dust and saddle-weariness of the great gray inland plains. Day followed day so quickly then, we stood so near our constant toil, our occasional revelry, that our eyes were dimmed to the perspective of the labour we achieved and the substance that we wasted; but now we can see, holding up that period to the mirror of our hearts, that, if our play was often a very riot of wantonness, our work was sincere and good. However, as we glance again at the details which the intervening years limn so clearly, we can recall, even in our honesty of labour, the crudity and defect of its method. And let us take as a matter of vital importance, because affecting in the end the strength of a nation and its power among others, the case of our treatment of the animals put under our charge. There was a great deal of unnecessary cruelty to horses, cattle, dogs, and sheep. No one expects or demands that, under the existing conditions, where flocks and herds are of such huge dimensions and the exigencies of climate so severe, the dumb animal of the Australian Bush can be handled with a velvet glove. Sheep must be hurried when the distance is long to the yards and the heat of the sun is gaining in intensity in each half-hour; cattle must be forced over their pace when, with water scarce, two days' stage is compressed into one, and the weak must keep up with the strong. Horses must often be ridden hard in the interests of humanity or live-stock. Dogs must follow their mounted masters over many waterless miles, oppressed by thirst and a semi-tropic sun. But at the same time one can look back to a thousand acts of cruelty, wilful or careless, which could surely have been avoided. The worst of these was the riding of horses with saddle-sores on their backs. So callous does the average bushman become to this particular phase of animal suffering that he will mount, morning after morning, a horse which will cringe almost to the ground as his weight strikes the stirrup; and though the owners and managers of the sheep and cattle runs are more to be blamed than the men who ride to their orders, still it is notorious that scarcely a protest is made against a barbarous practice that is now generally sanctioned by custom.

With little acts of cruelty to driven and yarded sheep one might fill a volume. Granted that the sheep is possibly the most exasperating and temper-trying animal in the world, and that the bushman frequently meets it under circumstances of place and weather calculated to try the patience of the angels, the fact remains that it is often treated in a manner at variance with all Christian teaching and all humane principle. One can remember how, in the height of summer, the large flocks were dogged across the dusty paddocks; how the laggards and weaklings who lay down from exhaustion were flogged up with stock-whips and compelled to stagger

a yard or two at a time in the wake of the stronger thousands; how young lambs, panting and distressed, were harshly hurried forward, or when unfit to travel farther callously dashed to their death against the stems of trees or the posts of fences. One remembers, too, the dusty sheepyards, where the poor, unresisting beasts were harried and crushed and poked with sticks into the drafting-race; the shearing-shed, where they were roughly handled and often brutally bladed under the shears; the dipping-pens, where the old ewes, bitterly resenting the indignity, were flung headlong into the foaming dip or beaten unmercifully with sticks for again and again turning back from the ordeal that they feared.

The cruelty to dogs was for the most part rather careless than wilful. The average bushman seemed utterly unable to estimate at its true value the worth of these gallant little comrades who followed us so uncomplainingly in our daily work. Many and many a time a little thought on their account might have saved them endless suffering as they toiled to keep up with us in the scorching noons, on sore and blistered feet, with dry tongues lolling. There was much cruelty, too, in droving. Both horses and dogs, as well as the driven stock, were often inhumanly starved where the expenditure of a few shillings might have secured them food. Summing up, judicially and impartially, on memory's reliable evidence, there is but one conclusion at which we arrive, and that is that the average bushman, than whom no man in the world is more dependent on the help of his dog and horse, treats the animals under his care with a scant consideration bordering on absolute inhumanity. To this rule one remembers the inevitable exceptions, men of tender feeling and close sympathy with the creatures in their care; but the Bush, alas! was full of the heartlessness that hunted the harmless kangaroo merely for love of killing, and left the swamp-bound bullock to his fate.

It is impossible to look back on the Bush without recalling the carelessness and indifference to home-comforts which were displayed in the humbler dwelling-places of the selectors, farmers, and hotel-keepers. This may have been a remnant of the pioneer spirit which was satisfied with very little in the way of personal comfort; but it would seem to have been due rather to a national—or, perhaps one should say, a local—indolence which discouraged attention to the generally accepted amenities of home-life. Even in the squatters' houses, in the managers' quarters, and in the jackaroos' barracks we lived simply, indeed one might say in almost Spartan frugality. In the slab huts of the selectors and in the weather-board shanties of the Bush publicans this simplicity was accentuated into bareness, and very often, be it said, into squalor. The writer has again and again stood amazed on the threshold of these neglected homes, amazed at the utter absence of endeavour to impart even a semblance of cheeriness or comfort to rooms that held the barest necessities of life. Well-to-do farmers and selectors, and their wives, seemed to be quite satisfied to exist in a condition of untidiness and discomfort which would have galled even the farm-labourer of Great Britain, whose tastes cannot be called extravagant, but who yet manages to make the humblest cottage take the appearance of a home. It must often have been a source of wonder and of not a little amusement to the visitor to the Bush—as it has frequently been to the present writer—to see a quite ambitiously dressed man or woman emerge from the veriest hovel of a home, produce from a tumble-down shed of a stable a magnificent horse with a valuable saddle on him, and ride gaily away to town, giving an impression of wealth and luxury on the road which was scarcely borne out by the appearance of the domicile left but a moment before.

The Bush hotels, which in all reason should have been made as attractive as possible to the traveller, were with few exceptions shanties of the poorest description. No owner seemed to find it either politic or pleasant to keep his house tidy. A dusty, unswept veranda led into a grimy and beer-stained bar-room, with a floor unspeakably dirty and benches that knew not the scent of soap or the saving influence of water. A slatternly Hebe or an unshaven Ganymede ministered to the wants of the traveller, and in no way helped to remove the impression of slovenliness already gathered from the house. In the townships the hotels were necessarily kept in better order, and even some of the Bush shanties aimed at cleanliness; but in the mirror of memory one sees mostly the dirty bar-room, the fly-ridden parlour, and the draggled helpers.

The squalor and sordidness of some of the selectors' houses can never be forgotten. The writer recalls one at the moment: a rather secluded habitation in the Bogan scrub, and not a hundred miles from Dubbo, to which he had gone to inquire of the owner in the matter of a horse. A down-trodden, hopeless-looking woman, of the type which Henry Lawson with a touch of genius has depicted so well in his *Past Carin'*, came to the door in answer to a knock. The utter weariness of her walk, of her gesture, of her speech, no man possessing a heart could ever forget. If the children in the great, bare, barn-like room were all hers she was the possessor of eight, one of them a baby of only a few months old, and the eldest no more than a child. In addition to this, the woman was soon again about to be a mother. While we were waiting for a few moments for the husband's return, there was opportunity to study in detail the one sordid room that was home to the miserable occupants that it contained. There was no vestige of ornament on table or walls, no suggestion of carpet or floorcloth, no furniture but the rough bush-table and the up-turned soap-boxes which served as chairs. The remains, or beginnings perhaps, of the midday meal stood upon the table, and flies innumerable crawled over the sodden damper and a dish of

almost liquid butter. The baby lay in a box in one corner of the room, with the flies feeding in the corners of its helpless eyes, poor, pitiful little mite! What need of it in this great, hard world? And, oh, what hope for it? The other children, dirty and half-naked, stood about the room in attitudes of pathetic resignation and indifference. They took no interest in the stranger, no interest in the baby, no interest apparently in life. One of their number, aged seven or eight, a boy, stood staring vacantly past us into the gray solitude of the Bush. His eyes were lustreless and dull, his gestures merely mechanical; his face was that of an idiot. The woman turned and stumbled against him; angry, she cuffed him heavily, and he fell against the table. He was the pariah, the superfluous, the undesired. What end for him? What fate? The haunting image of his face no years have been able to destroy. The lord and master of this dirty hovel, of this draggled, child-bearing machine, of those dull and idiot children, was a short, thick-set man of quarrelsome disposition and doubtful reputation; a man whom you might find, well-dressed and gaily mannered, in the bars of the neighbouring township, gambling, drinking, and talking of horses to congenial companions, while a big-boned blood-hack clicked his snaffle-bars and pawed the gravel outside. Looking back on such scenes of squalor and wretchedness, one realises now in the true perspective of time how near to us was the carelessness and social criminality of a home-life which in its way vied with the sordid conditions of life in Whitechapel or Shoreditch. That we scarcely realised this to the full in those busy days of our youth is no less true than regrettable. From such homes as these were sent forth the idle and half-witted creatures so often found among the sheep-stations or loafing on the verandas of the township hotels, a slur on Bush-life and a menace to national development.

One finds one's self, in recalling the wilder aspects of life up-country, continually asking the question: was drunkenness prevalent among the bushmen? No man can go through the ordinary routine of existence in the less settled parts of Australia without being brought into contact with a great deal of hard drinking. Every one who knows the Bush knows its reckless revelry, the barefaced invitation and robbery of its wayside shanties, and its accepted custom of 'knocking down' or 'blewing' its hard-won cheques. At first the visitor receives this state of affairs with loathing and horror; later he becomes inured to it; still later, perhaps, accepts it, as the Australian does, as inevitable and pardonable.

There is much in the mode of life of the bushman to excuse these lapses from virtue. The climate is a trying one, the ofttimes loneliness of the stockman's or boundary-rider's life wakes in him a not unnatural craving for those periods when he can join in the company of other men, and such companionship only too frequently leads to the drinking-bout. The shearer toils for many weeks with almost supernatural energy; what wonder that he relaxes under the easeful, if not too pleasant, surroundings of the first-found Bush hotel? The stockman, dry-throated all the week in the dust of the sheepyards or of the cattle-camps, finds strong temptation in the lighted bars of the township on Saturday nights. Try first of all his strenuous labour before you condemn his occasional lapses! The dam-sinker and the fencer sweat alone through the summer noons at a giant's task; if they gamble and drink when the sun goes down, who shall fling at them the first stone? Looking back on it all, cause and effect, condemnation and excuse, one is bound to defend the reputation of the average bushman. The true bar-room loafer is there; but he is whole-heartedly despised; nor does he escape notice in the Bush as he too often does in the town. A fondness of wine is condoned in the stalwart, honest worker. 'Hard drinker, hard grafter,' is an accepted motto among the bushmen. The clean bush-air soon revives and reinvigorates the strong and elastic constitutions of the clean-bred western men. The climate may tempt them to excess, but the climate finds them strength to withstand its effects. Looking back impartially on those who indulged in desperate orgy and those who avoided liquor as they would avoid poison, one comes to the conclusion that the Bush is less drunken than the world supposes, and much more sober than its mode of life would suggest; but it must be remembered that when the bushman does drink he drinks as he toils—like a giant—almost splendid in his broad-shouldered Bacchanalian abandon.

Bush horsemanship has been much discussed and commented on, and there is a general tendency to enlarge upon the bushman's prowess in the saddle. Looking back without prejudice, one knows that this prowess was much exaggerated; it is one of the mistaken ideas constantly entertained in connection with the Australian Bush, and should be relegated to the same platform as the red-shirted bushman, the bloodthirsty, spear-armed blackfellow, and the ubiquitous but gentlemanly bushranger. Among the stockmen, especially on the cattle-stations of Queensland, may be found a few riders who can hold their own with any horsemen in the world. But on the sheep-stations of New South Wales, when one considers the practice which these men enjoy, their lack of courage and lack of skill were very noticeable. The average sheep-station could boast, perhaps, of one first-rate horseman and a couple of plucky youths, either British jackaroos or Australian natives, who were ready and willing to risk their necks on young horses or those of doubtful reputation; but the boundary-riders as a rule were arrant cowards, and though brought up from babyhood among horses apparently were never at home with them. Any one who has lived on a western sheep-station will remember the excitement and fuss made over the mounting of a fresh young horse which was expected to give a few plunges. All sorts of quiet and inoffensive animals which

played up at all when the girths pinched them on a cold morning were labelled 'buck-jumpers' and 'outlaws,' and were generally speaking left severely alone. Considering that the bushmen made their living on horseback, and took all their pleasures in the saddle, the poorness of their horsemanship was a thing to be remarked. The young jackeroo from England, Scotland, or Ireland, with but small experience of horses, and then only of quiet and well-broken hunters, hacks, and ponies, found on arriving in the Bush that he could hold his own with men who had been literally swaddled in saddle-cloths. This seems to discount the courage of the bushman, but it is undoubtedly true. Looking back calmly and judicially on the comrades who rode daily at our bridle-hand at camp and muster, we are bound to assert that their horsemanship was far from being a subject for praise, considering the opportunities that their surroundings gave them; nor did they impress one, as a rule, with their pluck in this connection. There were, however, many notable exceptions, and the bush-rider at his best was a person worth going far to see.

Of the better class of bushman, as a man and as a comrade, it is always pleasant to write. His wonderful stamina and endurance, his dogged persistence and pluck under the repeated blows of adverse fortune, were points which all who knew him must remember. His loyalty to a just employer, his appreciation of honour and 'straightness' in the men with whom he dealt, were very real and deep-rooted. Of his wonderful, large-hearted helpfulness to his neighbours in time of trouble a book of many chapters could be written. We all of us who know the outpost-life know something of the men who have ridden the Bush for twenty hours at a stretch to search for a neighbour's lost child; who have toiled all day, stripped to the waist, sweat-grimed and smoke-blackened, beating out with green boughs or wet bags the burning acres of a neighbour's crop; who have given to that neighbour a dozen bags of wheat from their own scanty store to make up his loss, and have told no word of it to the world; who have plunged through the storm and darkness of the Bush nights to bring the doctor to some helpless friend. These men we met, and we fully appreciated their worth at the time, or thought we did. Looking back now, we realise that there was more of heroism there than even our young blood guessed; no lapse of time can dim the lustre of those kindly acts, and the brotherliness of them gathers grandeur with the years.

Of the Bush itself, considered as an expanse of ridge and plain, of burning grass and flooded creek, of dark, mysterious scrub, or weird and ring-barked river-flat, what shall we say? Is it beautiful, witching, caressing, as its poets sing; or fierce, cruel, repellent, as its enemies allege? The writer is fain to confess that, even after many years, these questions, so far as he is concerned, are still unanswered.

A VISIT TO ELBA.

By A. Francis Steuart.

NAPOLEON, the Man of Destiny, was granted Elba by the Treaty of Paris of April 11, 1814, and arrived in sight of his new kingdom in the Tyrrhenian Sea in a British ship on 3rd May. Although his removal to Elba is generally written of as an 'exile,' his relegation there cannot rightly be so styled. When he abdicated at Fontainebleau the magnificent position he had attained as Emperor of the French, he by no means relapsed into ordinary citizenship. He reserved for himself instead the sovereignty of the island of Elba (since 1802 a French dependency), and after a very troublous and dangerous passage through the south of France, where he found the people inflamed against a fallen idol, he embarked, under the protection of his former enemies, at Fréjus, to take possession of his new dominion.

He addressed the following letter to the French Governor of Portoferraio, the capital of Elba, in which his position is exactly defined:

'Circumstances having induced me to renounce the throne of France, sacrificing my rights to the common good, I have retained the sovereignty and dominion of the island of Elba. All the Powers have signified their assent to this arrangement. I send General Druot to you to take possession of the island, of the military magazines and stores, and of all that belongs to my imperial domain. The inhabitants will be the object of my careful solicitude.'

It is strange how little Elba is connected in the popular mind with the legends of the Napoleonic cycle, and yet the Emperor was king there for eleven months, and during that time, in spite of living in constant fear of being kidnapped by Barbary pirates or the hostile Powers, or assassinated by private enemies, he absolutely changed the character of the island. Most of what is worth seeing there now owes something to him, and had he not 'escaped,' and had been content to remain, Elba might have played a much greater part in history. As it was, Napoleon made it famous, and under his flag it was freed from depredations of pirates and from foreign domination.

Fired by descriptions of the beauty of Elba, well merited as it turned out, my sister and I greatly desired to visit the island when in Tuscany a year ago; but it proved to be easier to form the wish than to carry it out. We went to Leghorn as the port of departure, whence there is at least one boat a week; but when we arrived we found the boat had just started, and we were left to lament its departure

for another seven days! A happy idea came to our aid, and the next day we went on to the small trading-town of Piombino by train. This town is little visited, though a place of growing commercial importance. First an old fortress of the Orsini, then a principality of the Buoncompagni-Ludovisi, the former overlords of Elba, it is now best known as the place to which the immense mineral riches of Elba (iron and limestone) first arrive, and from whence they are conveyed all over Italy. A small steamboat leaves Piombino with the mails thrice daily for Elba, and in this steamer we decided to embark. Even then our troubles were not over. It is necessary to leave Piombino in small boats, as there is no pier, and, as luck would have it, the weather when we left was fearfully rough. A chorus of vociferous Italian men and screaming peasant women accompanied us, moreover, and one of the latter clasped my sister to her heart and prayed that she might protect her from the waves!

The rough crossing, however, was beautiful, and the first halt was at Cavo, on the east side of Elba, which is used as the port from which to convey passengers to the mining centres of Rio Marina and Porto Longone. Thence we sailed round the rocky coast of the mountainous island (seeing the peak of the magnetic mountain Monte Calamita, formerly so much feared by mariners), and in less than two hours came into the harbour of Portoferraio. This, Napoleon's capital, is a Tuscan town, built with innumerable arcades round a beautiful circular bay, now disfigured on its fringe by works for smelting the staple iron ore, and shadowed by the lofty peaks of the distant hills of Marciana. It is, if small, a perfect fortified harbour, and is very picturesquely dominated by the high moated fort which was built in 1548 by Cosimo de' Medici. He founded the town (to which he had no right, though he called it 'Cosmopolis,' as the island then belonged to the Arragonese family of Appiano), and built it after the models of the older town of his duchy of Tuscany.

Our first steps were directed to the Hotel del Ape Elbana (called 'the Bee of Elba' after Napoleon's white Elban flag, on which was an orange stripe charged with three Bonaparte Bees), where the handsome Italian *padrona* gave us (after some bargaining) excellent hospitality. Portoferraio contains two level squares, now called after King Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, and the rest is a pyramidical medley of picturesque staircases and arched windows, making the town something like a miniature Genoa. The Hotel de Ville exhibits tablets to Mazzini, Guerrazzi (who wrote some of his poems when a political prisoner in Elba), and Victor Hugo, who gained health in the town as a child. The population, including the miserable convicts in prison in the Bagno Penale in the harbour, is almost entirely Italian, and one sees on signboards the historic names of 'Della Borgia, jeweller,' and 'Giordano Bruno' as the keeper of an *osteria*.

We, keen to see where Napoleon resided, went soon to the Palace of the Mulini, now known officially as the Casa Reale, though the old name, derived from the flour-mills (*mulini*), from which the Emperor constructed it, still adheres. It is now a rather dilapidated building, with green shutters, and cannon-balls on the gate-posts, and at present is partly used by the artillery. It is built on the highest part of the city, at the top of many inclined planes and various staircases, and, though now unfurnished, has a garden with a magnificent view of the surrounding sea and the Piombino coast of the *continente*.

A kind Scottish engineer and his amiable French colleague helpfully befriended us the next morning, and not only made our way smooth, but also introduced us to the head of the schools in Elba and other Italians. With our two *ciceroni* we were lucky enough to drive out to Napoleon's summer villa, San Martino, about three miles from Portoferraio. This 'palace' is redolent of the king in exile. It was, unlike the Mulini, built by and for him, and bears many traces of his short occupation. The approach is altered since the Emperor's day, for in front of the unpretentious if royal villa the Russian, Anatole Demidoff, Prince de San Donato (who married Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, Napoleon's niece), built a fine Museo Napoleonico, with an entrance guarded by bronze gates embellished with Imperial Eagles, and also constructed fine gardens full of roses and scented shrubs. One regrets that he did so, not because the few Napoleonic relics (proclamations, &c.) in the museum are not interesting, but because by doing so he altered the character of the original small house and its own little garden. At the time he built this villa Napoleon, then in his first reverie of defeat, still expected his wife, Marie Louise of Austria, to come, with their son, to share his exile; and to show her that she was not forgotten, the ceiling of his *salon* was decorated with garlands of flowers encircling two doves tying a ribbon in a lovers' knot. The Napoleonic Bee and the star of the Legion of Honour form the decoration of another room, while the hieroglyphic paintings of the Salle d'Égypte were intended to remind the Emperor's miniature Court of his past doings in the land of the Nile. The bathroom has a painting of a figure of Truth, a quality for which the Emperor had a high regard, 'however little,' as a biographer remarks, 'he practised it himself.' In this little two-story villa Napoleon stayed, and there he was joined, not by the Empress as he hoped, but by his mother, the austere Corsican 'Madame Mère,' Letizia Ramolino, and his beautiful sister, Pauline, Princess Borghese. His mistress, the charming and gentle Pole, Madame de Walewska, also joined him in Elba when she found the Empress did not come, and brought her son; but, arriving at Portoferraio, and being mistaken there by the officials for the Empress, was hurried away in a severe storm from Marciana in the mountains after a tearful interview with the Emperor, who felt that he must

renounce all illicit ties while the eyes of Europe were upon him in exile.

Marciana Alta is the only retreat of the Emperor which we did not see. It is on the high hills to the west of the capital, and from it one can distinguish the white houses of Bastia in Corsica. There is a legend in Elba that the Emperor used to signal from another mountain (pointed out to us) to his native land of Corsica by a *signale di fuoco* (beacon) during his brief reign over the neighbouring island.

And he knew his occupation would be brief. Even if it was true, as he said, that the Powers had offered him his native Corsica, he had refused it and chosen Elba. He knew—no one better—that Elba suited him best as a 'no man's land.' First Roman, and fortified by the Romans with forts still existing, then conquered by the Saracens and African Moors, it had become Pisan, Genoese, Spanish, and Italian in turn, and in 1799 (*faute de mieux*) French. It was always a likely prey to the British (a fort near its capital is called 'Fort Inglese' to this day), or to the Barbary pirates who ravaged its coasts. The British, indeed, had a spy on the Emperor in the person of Colonel (Sir Neil) Campbell, the 'commissioner' who was attached to the Court of Napoleon and represented his relations with the Powers of Europe. In spite of all this, Napoleon's energy was extraordinary. He forced the Elbans to make roads. He made them—no easy task—cleanse Portoferraio. He got up plays 'to amuse my mother and Paula,' and founded (in a church) a theatre which still exists—a tiny little doll's house of a theatre, packed with four rows of little boxes. He 'conquered' and fortified two islands—the fertile Pianosa and the rock of Palmaiola, which were claimed by no other Power. He taught the islanders to plant mulberries, to plough, to grow potatoes, to make strides in mining (the industry has increased enormously since his time, to the disfigurement of the island). He improved the fisheries, founded hospitals, a library, and a military school, and in any way he could encouraged Elban culture. This state of things was too good to last, however; the subsidy agreed to by France was not paid by the restored Bourbons to the Emperor, and he, to keep up his mimic Court and very real though small army, had to exact money from his unwilling Elban subjects. At last, during the absence in Italy of Colonel Campbell, the commissioner, he and his suite, headed by the faithful General Bertrand, who left his Irish wife (*née* Dillon) to follow the Emperor, stole away on April 26, 1815, from Elba in his little fleet which had been secretly prepared. Landing in France, Napoleon rallied his forces round him during the glorious 'hundred days' which for him ended in Waterloo and St Helena.

Napoleon is always a fascinating figure, but I am not at all sure that one does not realise this most at Elba. In spite of his many illegal acts, his glory completely won over the unwilling Elban people to whom he so suddenly came as their 'king.' He knew their country (like his own Corsica maybe) and its productions, and he knew, notwithstanding his shadowy Court and real taxes, how to gain their affections. They still pay reverence to the 'Testa di Napoleone,' a bronze cast of his head (taken by Dr Antommarchi at St Helena) which Prince Demidoff presented to the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, in the possession of the 'Black' Misericordia. One looks upon the beautiful bronze profile in the black coffin with a real thrill, as it presents to one's eyes the features of the best benefactor Elba ever had, and the only independent king that island, given over to ruthless conquerors from time immemorial, has ever known.

The society at the 'Ape Elbana' was very cosmopolitan; not only were our new Scottish and French acquaintances there, but there was an Italian table for men connected with the mining industry, and a coterie of Germans as well. One scientist, a Viennese-Italian, was there also, who had spent two months at Marciana collecting the island snails and other 'land molluscs,' on whose habits he waxed eloquent. The hotel was native but good, if one avoided foreign luxuries like '*Bischtekke*' and confined one's self to ordering Italian dishes (including raw pea-pods) and native wines. We left on the third day, and were overjoyed on our return voyage to have a magnificent view of the hills near Marciana, and the larger island of Corsica beyond, and then later of Pianosa, the island 'annexed' by Napoleon, and also of Monte Cristo, famed in story, before the little steamboat brought us back to the commerce of Piombino and the railway track to Leghorn.

POT-POURRI.

Love is like the roses,
  Fair and sweet in June,
When in garden closes
  Birds are all a-tune.
Pluck the flower, it grows for you,
Blushing 'neath its veil of dew.
Love is like the roses,
  Fair and sweet in June!

Love is like the roses—
  How the colour pales!
From the garden closes
  Gone the nightingales;
Dim the petals are, and dry:
Say not, rose, that love must die!
Love is like the roses—
  How the colour pales!

Love is like the roses!
  Still their fragrance stays,
Spite of leafless closes
  Through the winter days.
Rose-leaves in your china bowl—
Love still treasured in your soul!
Love is like the roses—
  Still its fragrance stays.

CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

A DOG IN THE PULPIT.

By COULSON KERNAHAN,
Author of *God and the Ant, The Dumpling, An Author in the Territorial,* &c.

THOUGH we choose our own politics, we cannot always choose the company which our politics make it necessary for us to keep. I had promised to address a meeting in a certain village, and was informed by the organiser that, as there was no possibility of my getting back to town that night, Mr and Mrs H., prominent local supporters of the cause, would be pleased to afford me hospitality. Much public speaking about the country has long since convinced me that it is wiser to face the known discomforts of an inferior hotel than the unknown possibilities which may await one even in a princely private house. At the hotel a tired public speaker or lecturer is at least at liberty to please himself. In a private house he has to please and to consider his host and hostess, and is sometimes expected, in spite of tingling nerves and flagging energies, to talk brilliantly, and to entertain a large company when all his longings are set upon quiet and a pipe.

Hence I wrote to the local secretary, telling him, according to the formula I have adopted for such occasions, that circumstances so often render it necessary that I catch an early train in the morning after addressing a meeting, that I make it a rule to stay at hotels rather than at private houses, where an early breakfast and departure might inconvenience my hostess.

He replied hoping that I would see my way to be the guest of Mr and Mrs H.; and as, reading between the lines of his letter, I gathered that these worthy people are so good as to suppose that the chief speaker at a meeting is a person of importance —some measure of which is reflected upon his entertainers—and might take offence were I to refuse, I made no further to-do about the matter, but wrote accepting their invitation.

The result was not a success. Though the dinner, the wines, the flowers, and the silver were sumptuous, my host was offensively familiar, and the conversation of my hostess stilted and artificial. The talk consisted chiefly of scandal, which I abhor, if for no other reason than that one knows that the folk who scandalise their neighbours when in your own company will inevitably spread slanders abroad about yourself as soon as your back is turned. Bored and weary, I leaned back in my chair and let a listless hand drop to my side, when suddenly from somewhere under the table a wet nose snuggled itself affectionately against my fist, and the next moment a warm hairy wedge butted itself between my closed fingers.

It was the Irish terrier of the establishment. He had slipped into the room unseen; and after the flushed, assertive face of my host, the hard mouth, the gimlet eyes, lined and glittering, of my hostess, a look into the honest hazel dog-eyes that met mine so trustfully and truthfully seemed to straighten out my world for me, and I felt as one might feel who after groping his way among sliding quicksands finds firm ground under his feet again. Small wonder that a cynic once said that the more he saw of men and women the more he loved dogs and horses. As I thumped my dumb friend's shaggy and sounding sides, scratched at the ear that was cocked and inclined invitingly towards my hand, and nibbled as it were with my finger-tips at the close hair upon his pleased and insistent crown, the honesty of his undisguised happiness in being thus caressed, and the hard-drawn breathing which betokens a dog's enjoyment and gratitude just as surely as purring betokens a cat's, were—after the shams, scandalisings, and insincerities to which I had been listening—as refreshing as a breath of pure air in a fetid atmosphere. A dog—a dumb animal—had renewed faith and hope within me, and had made sweet and endurable a world of which, had it been peopled entirely by such folk as those in whose company I found myself, I was disposed to be sickened and despairing.

George Eliot says somewhere that many men are kinder to the very dumb animals of their household

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

than they are to the women who love them; and adds cruelly, 'Is it because the animals *are* dumb?' Fear of my own womenkind, to say nothing of Suffragettes, prevents me from attempting an answer to that question; but in regard to my dog I am by no means sure that he and I would get on any better could he answer back. When he and I fall out, when he misbehaves in some way and I have cause to punish him—and myself in doing so—and he turns a reproachful eye upon me, my anger passes. Sometimes even I am rebuked. Perhaps had he flung a reproachful word at me the feud between us might have been fed by a new fuel, and his and my wrath blazed anew. But that dumb, appealing look I cannot resist. It seems to say, 'What I have done amiss I do not know. If I did, I would try to mend it, for I love you, and have no wish but to please you. Perhaps sometimes you unintentionally displease *your* Master, God; but He is an easier Master than you, for He always knows His own mind, besides which He forgives you a great many worse sins and a great many more times than you ever forgive me. If you are sorry, you can say so in so many words, but I can't; and since neither to dog nor to master has been given the power to make known to the other his exact wishes in words, be as patient as you can with a poor little dog who is doing his poor little best.'

To me there is something pathetic in the thought of a dog's confidence in and dependence upon the whims and upon the care of a master by nature careless or forgetful. In their wild state, God's creatures can generally shift for themselves; but to prison a bird in a cage, to chain a dog to a kennel, or even to shut him in a room, and perhaps in the enjoyment of our own freedom, the pursuit of our own pleasure, or the following of our own convenience, to forget that the faithful fretting and pining of the dog for his master are making every moment that passes a tiny martyrdom, and that the bird is suffering the pangs of hunger or the tortures of thirst, is to be guilty of a cruelty not easily to be forgiven.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that I can never see a dog gnawing at a bone without some sense of pity. There is a certain rugged and noble independence in the fearless fending for themselves of wild beasts and birds in the open; and to see them devouring prey of their own hunting arouses in me no sense of pity other than for the quarry. Even the sight of innocent and harmless sheep or cattle browsing peacefully in a meadow—idyllic as is the picture they make, and destined as I may know them to be for the slaughter-house—does not appeal in so near and so intimate a way to me as does the sight of my dog, his whole length prone upon the ground, his outstretched forepaws clasped upon the bone as eagerly as a miser clutches his gold, and the very dog-soul of him as intent upon his task as if life itself depended upon his finding some shred of gristle, some morsel of meat, upon a knuckle-end that his teeth have already scraped and planed to the whiteness and cleanness of polished ivory. Perhaps it is that seeing him thus—his jaws distended to the point of dislocation in an impotent effort to compass the circumference of a huge shin-bone, or else making of the same jaws a pair of nut-crackers to scrunch wickedly at some marrow-end hard enough, one would think, to splinter every tooth in his head, reminds me of the way in which we human beings strain every nerve, break our hearts almost, to compass some trivial end, some twopenny triumph as barren of any ultimate result to ourselves or to others as the dog's gnawing and worrying of the meatless bone.

When my dog looks full at me, eagerly alive and alert to read by the signs of my face whether I am contemplating a walk or a romp, I am not conscious of this pathos of which I have spoken. But when, while he is busy with a bone, or while lying with head upon his paws by the fire, he turns upon me, upward or sideways and slowly, the white edge of a watchful eye, I am strangely reminded of the melancholy which one sees, or fancies one sees, in some Oriental face. The sadness of the East is there, either in reality or in my imagination. By ancestry he may be Scotch, and consequently he is by creed, I suppose, a Presbyterian; but I suspect sometimes that the breed came originally from Persia, for by conviction he is unquestionably a fire-worshipper. To say that he is a fire-fearing dog in the sense in which we speak of a God-fearing man sounds like profanity; but it is a fact that fire seems to inspire him not only with fear but with something like awe. The fear—he will stop dead-short, even as his jaws are in the act of closing upon a *bonne bouche*, to turn a sideway suspicious eye upon the fire—is easily explainable. But his awe comes perhaps of the fact that, looking at the fire, he may realise the existence of some Power outside himself, and outside his comprehension, about which he wonders as we mortals wonder about God, asking himself what manner of Power this can be which now invites him to creep nearer that he may comfort and cheer himself in its kindly warmth, and now strikes suddenly at him to blister and burn with falling coal or darting spark. If even to us men and women that ethereal, elusive, unsubstantial element which we call fire, and which so few of us, for all our science, really understand, is the acknowledged symbol of what is spiritual, and is constantly so used in the Scriptures, surely to a dog's intelligence fire must be even more awful and incomprehensible. Other live things—a bluebottle on a window-pane, a rat running along the road, an elephant in a circus, or a man sitting in a chair—have some relation to the dog's self. He can snap his jaws at the bluebottle, hunt down and kill the rat, bark at or run away from the elephant, and obey the man. But fire is something different from all these; it is life without body, and hence comes his fear and his awe. As he sits by the fender, his eye held by the fire as the eye of a fascinated bird is held by a serpent, I ask

myself of what it is he thinks. Into most of his self-communings I can follow him, but here I lose touch. As a child may flick a toy balloon, first to the right and then to the left, by the touch of a finger-tip, and then suddenly find the obedient slave and plaything elude the grasping finger like a live thing and be whirled aloft by the wind and out of sight, so, as my dog sits before the fire, his soul seems to slip the cable which bound him to me, and to lose itself in depths and distances whither I cannot track him. Perhaps, as he looks into that fire, the spirit of wonder which is at the root of all religion and all worship is awakening within him. Perhaps he is thinking such thoughts as arose in the soul of Moses when he gazed upon the burning bush, and knew it for the manifestation of God. Perhaps even his dog-soul dimly apprehends that I—who seem to be the arbiter and end of his being, and to whom is entrusted the power of life and of death—am after all only his master, not his maker; am only an animal, and mortal like himself, and so somewhere in his dog-soul awakens some dim idea of a God.

This is, of course, the idle and possibly foolish fancy of a dreamer; but of one thing I am at least certain, and that is if my dog knows, or at all events acknowledges, no higher power than I, I am in a sense God's deputy in regard to him. If, therefore, I do anything to soil or to destroy my dog's beautiful and sacred confidence in me, I am in act an atheist, a destroyer of trust, and am loosening the golden chain of love that it is God's will should bind and *shall* one day bind the whole creation—God to His creature man, man to his dumb friends and fellow-sharers of this wonderful gift of life—in the beautiful bonds of mutual confidence and love.

For that reason, in all my dealings with my dog I try to be honest and to be just. I make him no promise that I do not fulfil, and if I have reason to be angry with him or to punish him, I am wary and alert lest Temper snatch the whip out of the hand of Justice, and I fall under the reproof of good old Sir Thomas Browne, who said that he would give nothing for the Christianity of the man or woman whose very cat and dog were not the better for it.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—'WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.'

ON their left were several white villas, before which pink and scarlet geraniums ran riot, with spreading mimosas golden with their feathery blossom, for Ospedaletti makes a frantic, if vain, bid for popularity as a winter-resort. Its deadly dullness, however, is too well known to the habitué of the Riviera; and its casino, which never obtained a license, imparts to it the air of painful effort at gaiety.

'Well,' remarked the shabby man as they passed along and out upon the sea-road in the direction of Bordighera, 'I always looked upon what the people of Auchterarder said regarding the Whispers as a mere myth. But now, having heard them with my own ears, how can I have further doubt?'

'I've listened in the Castle ruins a good many times, my dear Krail,' replied the other, 'but I've never heard anything more exciting than an owl. Indeed, Lady Heyburn and I, when there was so much gossip about the strange noises some two years ago, set to work to investigate. We went there at least a dozen times, but without result; only both of us caught bad colds.'

'Well,' exclaimed Krail, 'I used to ridicule the weird stories I heard in the village about the Devil's Whisper, and all that. But by mere chance I happened to be at the spot one bright night, and I heard distinct whisperings, just as had been described to me. They gave me a very creepy feeling, I can assure you.'

'Bosh! Now, do you believe in ghosts, you man-of-the-world that you are, my dear Felix?'

'No. Most decidedly I don't.'

'Then what you've heard is only in imagination, depend upon it. The supernatural doesn't exist in Glencardine, that's quite certain,' declared Flockart. 'The fact is that there's so much tradition and legendary lore connected with the old place, and its early owners were such a set of bold and defiant robbers, that for generations the peasantry have held it in awe. Hence all sorts of weird and terrible stories have been invented and handed down, until the present age believes them to be based upon fact.'

'But, my dear friend, I actually heard the Whispers—heard them with my own ears,' Krail asserted. 'I happened to be about the place that night, trying to get a peep into the library, where Goslin and the old man were, I believe, busy at work. But the blinds fitted too closely, so that I couldn't see inside. The keeper and his men were, I knew, down in the village; therefore I took a stroll towards the ruins, and, as it was a beautiful night, I sat down in the courtyard to have a smoke. Then, of a sudden, I heard low voices quite distinctly. They startled me, for not until they fell upon my ears did I recall the stories told to me weeks before.'

'If Stewart or any of the under-keepers had found you prowling about the Castle grounds at that hour they might have asked you awkward questions,' remarked Flockart.

'Oh,' laughed the other, 'they all know me as a visitor to the village fond of walking exercise. I took very good care that they should all know me, so that as little explanation as possible

would be necessary. As you well know, the secret of all my successes is that I never leave anything to chance.'

'To go peeping about outside the house and trying to look in at lighted windows sounds a rather injudicious proceeding,' his companion declared.

'Not if proper precautions are taken, as I took them. I was weeks in that terribly dull Scotch village, but nobody suspected my real mission. I made quite a large circle of friends at the "Star," who all believed me to be a foreign ornithologist writing a book upon the birds of Scotland. Trust me to tell people a good story.'

'Well,' exclaimed Flockart after a long silence, 'those Whispers are certainly a mystery, more especially if you've actually heard them. On two or three occasions I've spoken to Sir Henry about them. He ridicules the idea, yet he admitted to me one evening that the voices had really been heard. I declared that the most remarkable fact was the sudden death of each person who had listened and heard them. It is a curious phenomenon, which certainly should be investigated.'

'The inference is that I, having listened to the ghostly voices, am doomed to a sudden and violent end,' remarked the shabby stranger quite gloomily.

Flockart laughed. 'Really, Felix, this is too funny!' he said. 'Fancy your taking notice of such old wives' fables! Why, my dear fellow, you've got many years of constant activity before you yet. You must return to Paris in the morning, and watch in patience.'

'I have watched, but discovered nothing.'

'Perhaps I'll come and assist you; most probably I shall.'

'No, don't! As soon as you leave San Remo Sir Henry will know, and he might suspect.'

'Suspect what?'

'That you are in search of the truth, and of fortune in consequence.'

'He believes in me. Only the other day I had a letter from him written in Goslin's hand, repeating the confidence he reposes in me.'

'Exactly. You must remain down here for the present.'

Flockart recollected the puzzling decision of Lady Heyburn, and remained silent.

'Our chief peril is still the one which has faced us all along,' went on the man in the gray hat—'the peril that the girl may tell about that awkward affair at Chantilly.'

'She dare not,' Flockart assured him quickly.

Krail shook his head dubiously. 'She's leading a lonely life. Her heart is broken, and she believes herself, as every other young girl does, to be without a future. Therefore, she's brooding over it. One never knows in such cases when a girl may fling all prudence to the winds,' he said. 'If she did, then nothing could save us.'

'That's just what her ladyship said the other day,' answered Flockart, tossing away his cigarette. 'But you don't know that I hold her irrevocably. She dare not say a single word. If she dare, why did she not tell the truth about the safe?'

'Probably because it was all too sudden. She now finds life in that dismal little village intolerable. She's a girl of spirit, you know, and has always been used to luxury and freedom. To live with an old woman in a country cottage away from all her friends must be maddening. No, my dear James, in this you've acted most injudiciously. You were devoid of your usual foresight. Depend upon it, a very serious danger threatens. She will speak.'

'I tell you she dare not. Rest your mind assured.'

'She will.'

'*She shall not!*'

'How, pray, can you close her mouth?' asked the foreigner.

Flockart's eyes met his. In them was a curious expression, almost a glitter.

Krail understood. He shrugged his shoulders, but uttered no word. His gesture was, however, that of one unconvinced. Adventurer as he was, ingenious and unscrupulous, he lived from hand to mouth. Sometimes he made a big *coup* and placed himself in funds. But following such an event he was open-handed and generous to his friends, extravagant in his expenditure, and very soon found himself under the necessity to exercise his wits in order to obtain the next louis. He had known Flockart for years as one of his own class. They had first met long ago on board a Castle liner homeward bound from Capetown, where both found themselves playing a crooked game. A friendship begotten of dishonesty had sprung up between them, and in consequence they had thrown in their lot together more than once with considerable financial advantage.

The present affair was, however, not much to Krail's liking, and this he had more than once told his friend. It was quite possible that if they could discover the mysterious source of this blind man's wealth they might, by judiciously levying blackmail through a third party, secure a very handsome income which he was to share with Flockart and her ladyship.

The last-named Krail had always admitted to be one of the cleverest women he had ever met. His only surprise had been that she, as Sir Henry's wife, was unable to get at the facts which were so cleverly withheld. It only showed, however, that the Baronet, though deprived of eyesight, was even more clever than the unscrupulous woman he had so foolishly married.

Krail held Lady Heyburn in distinct distrust. He had once had dealings with her which had turned out the reverse of satisfactory. Instinctively he knew that, in order to save herself, if exposure ever came, she would 'give him away' without the least compunction.

What had puzzled him for several years, and what, indeed, had puzzled other people, was the reason of the close friendship between Flockart and

the Baronet's wife. It was certainly not affection. He knew Flockart intimately, and had knowledge of his private affairs; therefore he was well aware of the existence of an unknown and rather insignificant woman to whom he was in secret devoted.

No; the bond between the pair was an entirely mysterious one. He knew that on more than one occasion, when Flockart's demands for money had been a little too frequent, she had resisted and attempted to withdraw from further association with him. Yet by a single word, or even a look, he could compel her to disgorge the funds he needed, for she had even handed him some of her trinkets to pawn until she could obtain further funds from Sir Henry to redeem them.

As they walked together along the white Corniche Road, their faces set towards the gorgeous southern afterglow, while the waves lapped lazily on the gray rocks, all these puzzling thoughts recurred to Krail.

'Lady Heyburn seems still to remain your very devoted friend,' he remarked at last with a meaning smile. 'I see from the *New York Herald* what pleasant parties she gives, and how she is the heart and soul of social merriment in San Remo. By Jove, James! you're a lucky man to possess such a popular hostess as friend.'

'Yes,' laughed Flockart, 'Winnie is a regular pal. Without her I should have been broken long ago. But she's always ready to help me along.'

'People have already remarked upon your remarkable friendship,' said his friend, 'and many ill-natured allegations have been made.'

'Oh yes, I'm quite well aware of that, my dear fellow. It has pained me more than enough. You yourself know that, as far as affection goes, I've never in my life entertained a spark of it for Winnie. We were children together, and have been friends always.'

'Quite so!' exclaimed Krail, smiling. 'That's a pretty good story to tell the world. But there's a point where mere friendship must break, you know.'

'What do you mean?' asked the other, glancing at him in surprise.

'Well, the story you tell other people may be picturesque and romantic, but with me it's just a trifle weak. Lady Heyburn doesn't give her pearls to be pawned out of mere friendship, you know.'

Flockart was silent. He knew too well that the man walking at his side was as clever an intriguer and as bold an adventurer as had ever moved up and down Europe 'working the game' in search of pigeons to pluck. His shabbiness was assumed. He had alighted at Bordighera station from the *rapide* from Paris, spent the night at a third-rate hotel in order not to be recognised at the Angst or any of the smarter houses, and had met him by appointment to explain the present situation. His remarks, however, were the reverse of reassuring. What did he suspect?

'I don't quite follow you, Krail,' Flockart said.

'I meant to imply that if friendship only links you with Lady Heyburn, the chain may quite easily snap,' he remarked.

He looked at his friend, much puzzled. He could see no point in that observation.

Krail read what was passing in the other's mind, and added, 'I know, *mon cher ami*, that affection from her ladyship is entirely out of the question. The gossips are liars. And'——

'Sir Henry himself is quite aware of that. I have already spoken quite plainly and openly to him, and suggested my departure from Glencardine on account of ill-natured remarks by her ladyship's enemies. But he would not hear of my leaving, and pressed me to remain.'

Krail looked at him in blank surprise. 'Well,' he said, 'if you've been bold enough to do this in face of the gossip, then you're a much cleverer man than ever I took you to be.'

For answer, Flockart took some letters from his breast-pocket, selected one written in a foreign hand, and gave it to Krail to read. It was from the hermit of Glencardine, written at his dictation by Monsieur Goslin, and was couched in the warmest and most confidential terms.

'Look here, James,' exclaimed the shabby man, handing back the letter, 'I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. Tell me if I speak the truth or if I lie. It is neither affection nor friendship which links your life with that woman's. Am I right?'

Flockart did not answer for some moments. His eyes were cast upon the ground. 'Yes, Krail,' he admitted at last when the question had been put to him a second time—'yes, Krail. You speak the truth. It is neither affection nor friendship.'

(To be continued.)

A CHEAP HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY.

MOST people who can afford it prefer a holiday abroad to one at home, because it obviously gives more change of air, of *cuisine*, of scene, and of surroundings. A very little knowledge of the language goes a long way in France. The return ticket from London to St Malo, second-class by rail and first-class by steamer, costs forty-nine shillings and twopence, and a variation by Guernsey and Jersey from the direct route is included. In August (when the boats run every night except Sunday) private cabins should be engaged in advance by writing to Mr T. M. Williams, Southampton (telegrams, 'Foremost').

From Paramé, east of St Malo, to Dinard, St

Enogat, St Lunaire, St Briac, St Jacut, and St Cast, to the west, from June to the end of October you are almost sure of continual sun, with hardly a wet day; while up to the end of January much sun and an even temperature only ten degrees Fahrenheit lower than that of the Riviera are rightly relied upon by the many permanent residents. Fogs are rare, and the rainfall is extremely low. The air is very fresh in the warmest summer weather, especially at St Enogat. That hard-worked Gulf Stream is, as usual, supposed to be a factor in causing some of its blessings. More sheltered than Dieppe and the Normandy *plages*, it is not so cold in bad weather. Shade and rest to the eye are at hand in the orchard-country and in the wild wastes, gorgeous with five kinds of heather, which flourishes exceedingly among the ferns under the great pines and Spanish chestnuts in the forests as well as in the more open spaces among the gorse.

In one very deep and lovely lane near St Enogat, roofed over by Gothic branches, I lately found the hart's-tongue, prickly shield, holly, rusty-back, black and maidenhair spleenwort, cystopteris fragilis, and a number of the commoner ferns; while, not far off, the green and the sea spleenworts, the royal, and the ruta muraria abound.

The Customs examination (a little tea and tobacco are allowed, and should be declared) on your arrival at St Malo is strict and abominably managed; but then your troubles are over. If Paramé is your destination, you should order your omnibus beforehand. Its hotels are fairly good, though expensive —from ten francs *pension* upwards. There is an excellent casino, a lawn-tennis club, and a splendid wide beach for children. Owing to the absence of cliffs and shade, however, the scenery is uninteresting. Paramé and St Malo are on the east side of the mouth of the Rance, the Rhine of France. To get to Dinard or the other *plages* to the west, cross the Rance, a lovely passage of ten minutes by steamer, electric vedette, or sailing-boat, having first given your larger belongings to the commissionaire Ropert, who is noted for his honesty and his command of winged words to his underlings. The London and South-Western Railway Company equally undertake to deliver luggage (none too rapidly) at your hotel. Ropert's tariff is one franc for each large package, and half a franc for the smaller ones; but, if possible, a reduction should be arranged with him personally, especially if there is much luggage.

Caldecott and others have made the characteristics of Brittany familiar. Here, then, we may only refer to some leading attractions and excursions. Cancale, seven miles from Paramé, with the quaint costumes of its pretty lace-makers, is famous for its oyster-beds. A rare storm may give you a chance of seeing, in the shelter of the nearest farm or cottage, the polished wardrobes, old chests, and kitchen-dressers, with their fine brass mountings and old keys; while the villages, churches, and old manor-houses are often charming and full of interest. Dol Cathedral, fifteen miles from St Malo, was founded in 1300 on the site of the old monastery of St Samson, a Scottish disciple of St Columba. On its grand old gray granite walls the ancient legend still runs: 'Il est interdit aux Bohémiens et Nomades de stationner sur le territoire de Dol.' Shade of Quentin Durward! Louis XI., who founded the order of the Knights of St Michel, possibly originated this interdict. Combourg, the château of the Chateaubriands, not far from Dinan, can be visited on Wednesdays. The Duc de Rohan generously opens his château of Josselin to strangers. The ruined château of La Hunaudaye lies in a forest, formerly of immense extent, where the deer, the wolf, the bear, the lynx, and the boar used to roam. Here Gilles de Bretagne was done to death in the dungeon by his brother. The château of Guildo is a splendid ruin on the coast to the west of St Jacut.

Mont St Michel, thirty-three miles from St Malo, crowned by a superb abbey founded in 708—the wonderful rock which withstood so many sieges and whose people sent six ships with William the Conqueror—has been called the Mecca of France. Its ancient battlements and cloisters are undoubtedly among the finest relics of pure medieval architecture in the world. Here from 1414 to 1444 a few brave men kept alive the Lily of France, which the English had laid low almost all over the country. These two hundred Norman and Breton gentlemen, led by the now forgotten Jean d'Harcourt, who met a glorious death at Verneuil in 1424; Nicole Paynel, seigneur de Bricqueville; Louis d'Estouteville, seigneur d'Auzebosc, and his son, sacrificed their lands, risked their all for their country, and successfully endured constant and simultaneous attack by land and sea. The intrepid sailors and corsairs of St Malo, who feared neither the dangers of the coast nor the English fleets, aided and revictualled them on dark nights. Space forbids the reference to many other fine châteaux and places of interest.

Dinard—at the west point of the mouth of the Rance, facing the fine old ramparts of St Malo, its cruel islands, rocks, and forts, and the white tomb of Chateaubriand—is the gayest and most cosmopolitan of bathing-places, 'La reine de la côte d'émerande.' Half the town faces up the Rance, with its lovely Plage du Prieuré and the romantic walk round the Vicomté. Here from the terraces of the club you can watch almost the entire course and the finish of the numerous regattas. On the other side is the well-known *plage* in front of the casino, where famed travellers of all nations are glad to gather year after year from July to September. The lawn-tennis club, about the best in France, with its nine gravel courts, holds weekly tournaments for handsome prizes given by visitors, as well as the big tournament in September, when often the best play in the world can be seen. There is much dancing at the casinos and in the clubs, and in the splendid private villas there are frequent bridge tournaments. There is the steam-tram to St Briac,

five miles off, an unspoilt *plage* with natural seaside golf-links. Some of the holes are of the best, though the greens are very parched in August. The Hôtel de Paris, near by, is clean, popular, and moderate. Paramé, Dinard, St Enogat, and St Lunaire in the season are very gay and attractive to young and old alike. On their firm sands various *ententes cordiales* are cemented by the crowds of happy children of many nations, as they play lawn-tennis, badminton, croquet, hockey, cricket, rounders, golf, and many Continental games. Gymkhanas, water-polo, sand-fort competitions, &c. are frequent; while you hear for nothing the best Hungarian bands on the casino terraces.

There are English churches or services everywhere; while, thanks to the work of the late Mr Gardner, an admirable hospital for the district exists. Picnics, paper-chases, race-meetings, motor and bicycle excursions, vary the round of dances, plays, tableaux, bazaars, and tournaments. All this can be enjoyed for a moderate sum at certain hotels, such as the Windsor at Dinard, where the *cuisine* is very good, and where in August they have to arrange three lunches and dinners for their four to five hundred guests. Here a party staying for some time can, in the season even, arrange terms from eight francs, including cider. The Hôtel d'Angleterre also has a good reputation, and is moderate. There are many others to suit longer purses, up to the Royal, which is quite first-class, and the Crystal, just remodelled, with the latest improvements and splendid baths of all sorts.

If, however, you do not care for the excitement and social duties involved in this Breton Mayfair, where nearly all is vanity beneath a perpetual sun, you can live very well indeed for less money at the adjoining St Enogat, which is the real country, with better air and bathing. You can enjoy the casino and club-life at Dinard, and the tennis there, all the same, while you are a mile nearer the golf-links. The Hôtel de la Mer, with its numerous villas, is splendidly situated on the high cliffs surrounding the beach; and if you like you can bathe directly from your rooms. The sunsets behind Cap Frehel and the rocky islands are superb. There are so many walks and drives and excursions that till dinner you never seem to see the four hundred guests who come year after year to this children's paradise. Many pleasant Anglo-French friendships are formed here. Many an army-boy owes his high marks in French to his devotion to his charming partners in the French waltz, the *boulangère*, &c. How many insular prejudices here melt away! How many invalids and tired workers here become bronzed and strong again! There are no extra expenses to fear except Mrs Davis's tea-rooms on the cliff, where everything is home-made and good.

The prices at St Enogat for a long stay vary from six francs upwards, according to rooms; and at the Hôtel de la Mer and its larger *annexe* the Michelet (so well managed by Mademoiselle Marie Pierre), excellent red and white wines are included. The Pension Victoria, so long a favourite under Mademoiselle Salvator, must also be recommended. There are lawn-tennis courts. The sea-fishing and sailing are tempting, while at low-tide the caves and rock-pools, with the wonderful octopus as a prize, are the unfailing joy of the barelegged contingent. There are steamer excursions from Dinard to Cap Frehel, with its wild, heather-capped cliffs, to the fifty islands of Chausey (the only place in France where no electoral notice ever disfigures the walls, and where no motor siren screams), to Cancale, to Mont St Michel, to Jersey and Guernsey, to Granville in Normandy; there is the fairy sail up the Rance to Dinan, loved by artists for its old-world peace and beauty; and there are walks and drives to Ville-Revault, La Richardais, lakes, châteaux, and points of view innumerable. St Servan also, with its fourteenth-century tower of Solidor and its old furniture shops, is just across the Rance.

St Malo, one of the greatest ports of France, is said to have been named from a Welsh monk, its first bishop, St Maclou, in the sixth century. In its narrow streets and old houses you come across fine fellows, mostly sailor-men, descendants of the corsairs who preyed on English commerce, fought English fleets, and resisted English sieges: of such as Du Guesclin, Jacques Cartier (who discovered Canada in 1534), Admiral Duguay Trouin, Robert Surcouf (who enriched St Malo by capturing and putting to ransom Rio Janeiro in 1711), Mahé de la Bourdonnais (who wrested Madras from the English in 1746), and many others. The taunt, 'Have you been to St Malo?' which implies that your calves are conspicuous by their absence, recalls the St Malo packs of bulldogs which from 1155 to 1770, between ten at night and dawn, ferociously patrolled the streets and guarded the ships on the quays. There was a special tax for the upkeep of these police till they were condemned to death by poison after devouring not merely the calves but the entire body of a revenue officer.

A remarkable record of the French marine enumerates one hundred and sixty-two convoy ships of war and three thousand three hundred and eighty-four merchant-vessels captured by the men of this fighting town during the nine years up to 1697.

And now our race is run. We have won health and strength and happiness, and new friends. Let us leave our bathing-suits, garden-chairs, and summer impedimenta of all kinds in the care of our courteous hosts of the Hôtel de la Mer. Here, as often before, right up to October, we have joyed in the seas warmed by the sun-kissed sands, 'in fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,' in the dance, in the perfect fruitions as well as in the ruins of storied art, in nature above all. Back to home and work, brown and blessed with new strength to combat the fogs of England and the various 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' and, by surviving, end them.

THE BLUNDERERS.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following afternoon, as a certain train slowed down before entering Waterloo Station, Francesca Duncombe, sitting on the back seat of a third-class carriage, read over a letter she had just written in pencil, before sealing it up in the envelope which lay ready addressed beside her.

'DEAR FATHER'—it ran—'I hope you will get this by the evening post, before you have time to be anxious about me. I have left home for some time, because I am afraid if I stayed that I should end by giving in. You are much stronger than I am, and could make me do as you want. So my only chance is in going away. I can't obey you in this thing, though I think I would in any other, as I have done all my life. But I am sure it is wicked to marry a person except when one cares for him. I am afraid it is wrong to go away; but when you spoke to me last night after Mr Blake had gone I saw it was the only thing to do. I couldn't see any help anywhere. FRANCESCA.

'*P.S.*—I have taken my money out of the savings-bank, and shall manage quite well till I can find some work to do. I do not think you will miss me, because I am afraid I have never been a companion to you. So that I hope you will not mind my going away.'

It was curious that hardly a misgiving as to what her father's feelings would be on receiving this missive crossed her mind. She imagined the expression on his face as he read the letter. He would feel cold anger first, then a sense of impotence, and finally he would renounce her, perhaps not without a faint feeling of relief.

Poor John Duncombe! Poor Francesca! That she should read, or think to read, his mind like this showed the frozen atmosphere in which they had passed together two-and-twenty years of what should have been happy, loving intercourse.

The train drew up at the platform, and Francesca, her heart beating fast and a shaky sensation at her knees, stepped out.

'Luggage, lady?' asked a porter, looking curiously at two large brown-paper parcels which she carried under her arm.

'No, thank you,' she said politely; 'I have only these parcels. But could you find me a hansom cab?'

The porter responded with alacrity, and hailed a hansom, while Francesca posted her letter in a red letter-box which caught her eye. Then he helped her into the hansom, and asked for directions. 'I want to go to South Kensington; but ask the cabman, please, to stop somewhere first where they sell travelling-trunks.'

He repeated the instructions, and then stood looking at her so persistently that she realised with a start what he was expecting. She had never travelled alone before, so had had no experience in tipping, and was very vague as to the sum this particular occasion required. However, she bestowed on him a shilling, and was relieved to see that it seemed acceptable.

She had heard that hotelkeepers and landladies look askance on would-be guests without luggage, so her first care was to supply herself with a box in which to deposit her parcels. It had been, of course, impossible under the circumstances to convey luggage to the station at Stellbridge; so she had taken only the few garments and necessaries with her that she could conveniently carry under her arm. With these, and ten pounds which she had drawn out of the savings-bank, she had set out to face the world.

She felt a good deal of natural excitement as she gazed from her hansom on the world of London. She recognised the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey with a thrill; the busy traffic of Victoria Street appealed to her mood after the quiet of Stellbridge. Then as they emerged from Constitution Hill on to the wide space at Hyde Park Corner, where streams of traffic meet, mingle, and part, she leaned forward and gazed, fascinated.

She had named South Kensington as her destination, as it was in that locality that she had stayed a week with the Misses Garner two years before. When the cabman called down for a more definite direction she said, 'I'm looking for furnished rooms. Do you know of any?'

His answer was to pull up his horse abruptly. 'Here's "Apartments to Let,"' he said. 'Try here.'

Francesca got down and rang the bell. The outside of the house was not attractive; but she knew that appearances are sometimes deceptive. A dejected-looking woman opened the door.

'Have you a bedroom to let?' asked Francesca.

'I've top-front,' said the woman apathetically. 'Like to see it?' She took her up many stairs to a dingy room looking on to the street. The curtains were ragged, the carpet worn and stained; one of the chairs wanted a leg. There were crumbs on the floor, and Francesca shivered when she looked at the bed.

'What is the charge a week for this room?' she asked, wondering how she could beat a retreat.

'Five shillings a week,' answered the dejected woman. 'It is a nice, cheery, bright room. You might go all over London'——

She was interrupted by a terrible voice that thundered up the stairs, 'Emmer! EMMER! ye've been and locked up the whisky again, 'ave yer?' A slight pause, then again, 'Emmer!' and heavy steps began to mount towards them.

'Please to excuse me,' said the landlady. 'It's me 'usband.' She left the room without any hurry or agitation; but Francesca heard the sounds of a scuffle on the stairs, whispered pleading, and angry mutterings in response. She held her breath in horror, and for a moment fervently wished herself safe back in the Rectory at Stellbridge. Then the sounds retreated to the bottom of the house.

She went out of the room and listened. A door banged somewhere below. In a moment she was downstairs and outside. She sprang into the cab. 'Drive on into the next street,' she said breathlessly; 'those rooms won't do.'

The cabman drove slowly round the corner. Francesca, breathing more freely, peered out at the houses as they passed. 'Stop!' she cried suddenly.

They were in a street of small houses off the Fulham Road. A window-box of bright geraniums caught her eye—it was the only one in the street—and above it hung a clean white card on which was written 'Furnished Apartments.'

'I am sure this is a better sort of house,' she thought, as she courageously rang the bell. 'If the landlady likes flowers she must be more or less nice.'

The door opened slowly and deliberately. Before her stood a woman of about fifty, who seemed entirely to fill up the doorway, so vastly stout was she. Her face was large and kind, and positively beamed with benevolence.

'Yes, miss,' she said before Francesca had spoken—'yes, miss; nice rooms, miss. Yes. I suppose you've come about them. Yes, small they are, but no nicer rooms in London, I always say. Yes, come and look at them, miss.'

Francesca always said afterwards that she fell in love with Mrs Broad at first sight. Her motherliness, her honest face, her clean, bright rooms, were in such contrast to the horrible experience of ten minutes before that she figuratively fell at her feet.

She took a room at a moderate price, and, having seen her little box deposited in the hall, went out to pay the cabman.

'How much do I owe you?' she said innocently. 'I am afraid I have kept you waiting.'

'Ten shillings, mum,' replied the cabman promptly.

Francesca looked at him in doubtful dismay, but his face was inscrutable. She was meekly preparing to pay the monstrous charge when Mrs Broad's voice resounded behind her.

'Where did you come from, then? Waterloo; waited at a shop, did you, and at a 'ouse too? Ten fiddlesticks! Give him five. That's it; yes, miss. Come in, miss, then. Ten, indeed!'

Thus Francesca came under the wing of Mrs Broad.

They became firm friends that night over a cup of tea which Mrs Broad brought up for her new lodger at five o'clock.

'Things 'ave been slack lately,' the landlady said confidentially, 'for all it's the busy time of year. So I was really pleased when I saw you were somebody after the rooms. And *extry* pleased, miss, if I may say so, when I saw you was a lady—yes, miss, I mean a *real* lady. You see, I know the difference, 'aving known a lot of real ladies. I was 'ead-'ousemaid to Lady Gartry for fifteen years, and then me getting too stout for me work, I married Mr Broad the butler; and then, Mr Broad getting tired of service, we set up this 'ouse ten years ago, and took lodgers. It's only meself now, seeing as Mr Broad passed away three years ago come next October'—— Here the good lady's apron went to her eyes for a moment before she resumed cheerfully, 'And we done real well from the time we started. I 'ave just the two lodgers just now, miss, besides yourself: Mr Smith, downstairs, w'at's a clerk, and Miss Taylor, a young lady from Marshall & Snelgrove's—she's in the top-back, and a pleasant girl.' Mrs Broad here paused for breath. 'Well now, I'll leave you, miss, for you'll need a rest.'

But it was Francesca who now had something to say. 'Tell me, Mrs Broad,' she said, catching the landlady's sleeve as she turned to go, 'how shall I find work? I've come up to London to find work. I have got money enough to keep me for a few weeks; and by the end of that time I must find some way to live.'

Mrs Broad stared. 'Bless you!' she exclaimed, 'I don't believe you're the kind that is meant to work. But there, 'ard times is apt to come to all of us. Ain't you got no people, then, miss?'

'None that are of any use to me at present,' Francesca answered. 'I must make my own way just now. Tell me—you must know London well—what *is* there for me to do?'

'Well, miss,' said the landlady, with a fat, comfortable sigh, 'we must sleep on that. Talk to Miss Taylor. Perhaps there's a vacancy at Marshall and Snelgrove's; though you wasn't meant for that, I know. Or 'ow would governessing suit you? Of course you've got some references?'

'No,' said Francesca, looking straight at the questioner. 'I want to get on without referring to any one. That is what will make it difficult.'

'You'd better tell me, miss,' said Mrs Broad coaxingly, 'w'at it is as has brought you up to London all alone. There's some that would mistrust you in my place, but I know an honest face when I see one. Only, if you told me more, maybe I could help you more.'

Thus adjured, Francesca told Mrs Broad as much of her story as she thought it prudent to disclose. Some instinct of caution led her to disguise her name as Dunn, though it was extremely improbable that she, with her limited acquaintance, should come across any one she knew. The hint of an unwelcome love-affair delighted Mrs Broad, and she abated none of her sympathy when the explanation was at an end. She withdrew, promising her help and support in finding employment.

That night, after putting out her light, Francesca

leaned from her window and reviewed the day's events. What an age seemed to have passed since she had left Stellbridge in the morning! How far away the Rectory garden seemed! Her letter would have arrived by now. For the first time she felt a qualm as she thought of her father. But the letter would reassure him, she reflected, not in the least realising that what she had written would hardly tend to quiet an anxious mind.

Sounds came up to her from the street below—footsteps passing up and down, voices talking, and now and then a cab rattling by; from farther off came the roar of the Fulham Road, calls of newsboys with late specials, the jingle of hansoms mingled with the dull roar of the omnibuses. How vast the city seemed, and how busy and throbbing with life! She felt suddenly very small, and like a lost child. An intense loneliness seemed to grow around her. There was no doubt about it, she had a distinct touch of home-sickness.

Then, all at once, before her mind's eye rose the face of James Blake. How rude and childish she must have appeared to him! But why had he spoken in that confident and complacent tone about not giving her up? He had said no word of caring for her. He had asked her to marry him, she was convinced, because he considered it the proper thing to marry when one had settled down and bought a place. He was the kind of person that would always do the proper thing. She was glad, very glad, that she had spoken plainly, and shown that she understood him. But—— It was with a 'but' in her mind that she was only dimly conscious of, and shrank from inquiring into, that Francesca finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN she arose next morning the feeling of home-sickness had completely vanished, and she felt only a sense of elation in the novel circumstances in which she found herself. She boiled herself an egg for breakfast, singing as she did so, and was proceeding to make some toast when a tap came at the door.

'I'm Miss Taylor—Miss Louisa Taylor,' explained the red-haired young lady who entered. 'I am pleased to make your acquaintance, and hope, if I can be of use to you, you'll let me.'

Francesca shook hands, and offered her visitor a seat, but the latter shook her head.

'No; I'm just off,' she said. 'But Mrs Broad told me that you were looking for a job, and I wondered if you'd like to apply to Marshall's for a vacant place that's going just now. Miss Green, in the lace department, got ill yesterday and had to leave. Know anything of business?'

'Oh no,' said Francesca. 'And—it's very kind of you; but I'm sure I wouldn't do for that. It means a lot of arithmetic, doesn't it? I never was quick at sums.'

'Ah, I thought probably you hadn't the education,' Miss Taylor answered. 'And now I see you, you look too much the lady for the work. You'd do for a model, though, and they'd be glad to get you.'

'A what?' said Francesca, who knew nothing of London shops, and her startled thoughts flew to artists and studios.

'A model for the costume department. All you'd have to do'd be to put on the dresses and walk about for the ladies to look at and see how they want their frocks made. The pay isn't bad. But then I don't know if there's a vacancy at our place.'

'You *are* kind,' Francesca said gratefully, really touched by the girl's evident interest. 'Perhaps you would find out for me, and I'll be looking about meanwhile.'

Some one whistled up the stairs, and the red-haired girl moved to the door. 'There's Mr Smith a-whistling,' she said, and Francesca saw that she blushed. 'His office lays up my way, and he generally goes so far with me. Good-morning, Miss Dunn, and I'll keep my eyes open for you, I will.'

It transpired, however, that Marshall & Snelgrove had no need for a new model at that moment, so Miss Taylor's kind thought was fruitless. Francesca went out to hunt for work on her own account. She thought small shops might be willing to take a saleswoman without experience; but wherever she applied she was refused, sometimes civilly, sometimes the reverse. Errand-girls were wanted in plenty, but she did not think she would descend to that as yet.

She bought a *Morning Post* daily, and studied the advertisement-sheets. Sometimes she would see advertisements for lady-secretaries, and once or twice applied for the posts. But those who might have been willing to engage a secretary without previous experience drew back suspiciously on hearing there was no one to whom she could even refer them for a character. At the end of a fortnight Francesca was still unemployed, her hoard of money daily diminishing, and her spirits were sinking accordingly.

'Bless your 'eart!' said Mrs Broad, to whom she had unbosomed herself one morning on her way out, 'there's many goes longer than a fortnight out of work. Keep up your spirits, my dear. Yes, miss, I should say, perhaps you'll find the very thing to-day—who knows?—seeing as 'ow it's a fine day and the sun shining.'

Mrs Broad's optimism was refreshing, and her lodger felt cheered in spite of herself as she stepped out on the search once more. In the evening, however, she returned as usual with her goal still unwon, and the career of an errand-girl looming large before her.

'With an errand-girl's wages I sha'n't be able to live in this luxurious style,' she thought as she let herself into the house with her latch-key. 'Perhaps Mrs Broad will let me sleep in the kitchen at sixpence a week.'

In the passage she was met by the landlady resplendent in her best Sunday bonnet. It was black, with bright red roses placed stiffly all round it, and crowned with what its owner proudly called a 'haygarette' of brilliant peacock-blue. She wore her 'summer mantle,' too, instead of the cloth coat in which she usually appeared in public, so Francesca concluded she was going into society.

'Any luck, my dear—miss, I should say?' she asked, sighing comfortably as she pulled on clean white cotton gloves.

'No,' Francesca answered cheerfully; 'there's nothing before me but an errand-girl, unless something turns up soon. But I'm not going to worry. I've bought a book, and I'm going to read till bedtime, and enjoy myself. Are you going to a party, Mrs Broad?'

'Not a party, dear, only to me cousin's, w'at's maid to the Honourable Mrs Domville. Mrs Domville is sister to my late lady, and I got Jane Wheeler the place twelve years ago. It's in Upper Brook Street the 'ouse is, and a fine 'ouse, too. Two men and a boy Mrs Domville keeps; there was three before 'er 'usband the Colonel was took, but now she don't entertain so much, and leads a quiet life; but there's three in the kitchen still.'

Mrs Broad rippled on till her fat hands were comfortably squeezed into the cotton gloves. Then she opened the door, and, nodding good-night to her lodger, sailed out at peace with herself and all mankind.

Francesca had invested in a cheap edition of *Pepys's Diary*, and sitting by the open window, soon became sufficiently absorbed in it to forget all her difficulties for the time being. At ten o'clock she began to feel sleepy. She had just closed the book, trying to realise that she was living in the nineteenth century and not in the reign of Charles II., when Mrs Broad burst into the room.

'I've found the very thing for you, Miss Dunn!' she cried, her fat face shining with excitement. 'You're to go and see Mrs Domville to-morrow morning as ever is. She wants a new secretairy, to come every morning and write 'er letters, and you're to be 'er. Now then!'

Inquiries from Francesca elicited the information that Mrs Domville had (according to Jane Wheeler) been much 'put about' the previous day. The girl who came for three hours each morning to act as secretary and deal with Mrs Domville's voluminous correspondence as president of many committees had been suddenly called home to a sick mother. She had then written to say that as she was required to help in the nursing she must give up her situation. Mrs Domville was thus minus a secretary.

This item of news had been poured into Mrs Broad's ears by Jane Wheeler the moment she arrived. 'And then, miss, if you'll believe it, like a 'eaving-sent message the words came into me mind, "Speak for Miss Dunn," and I did speak. I told Jane all about you, leastways not all, not the confidential part *of course*, miss,' said the good lady, sinking her voice to a whisper—she dearly loved a secret; 'but I told 'er 'ow your family 'ad treated you crool 'ard—and 'ow you'd rather beg your bread in the streets—yes, and go to the work-'ouse, than ask them for 'elp'——

'Oh, Mrs Broad!' Francesca said, half-laughing, yet a little disconcerted.

'Well, my dear miss, I mean, if you didn't say those words you meant 'em, I'm sure. But just then Mrs Domville's bell rang, and when Jane went to dress 'er she told 'er w'at I'd said, and she said would you go and see 'er to-morrow at ten o'clock? And you just see, Miss Dunn, if she doesn't engage you the moment she sets 'er eyes on you!'

Francesca rose betimes next morning, and donned a neat dark-blue cotton, the only dress she had brought with her besides the one she had travelled in and worn since her arrival. She had kept the former 'for emergencies,' as she put it, and the emergency seemed to have arrived. She cut the trimming off her hat, and did a great deal of pulling about and retrimming, before she looked in the glass, and dared to hope that she might impress Mrs Domville with honest poverty combined with lady-like taste.

'Neat, but in no way pretentious, is what a female secretary ought to look,' she decided; and with this reflection she ran downstairs.

London was beginning to get hot and stuffy. The pavements this morning seemed to give off a burning heat, and it was with a sense of relief that Francesca turned into the Park and walked briskly across it in the direction of Grosvenor Gate, having first made inquiries of a friendly policeman as to her destination. The air in the open was cooler. She looked lovingly at the blaze of June flowers in the beds, and thought with sudden longing of her beloved garden.

Presently she rang the bell of Mrs Domville's house, and a minute later was mounting the stairs in the wake of a tall footman with a peculiarly cat-like tread.

'Miss Dunn!' he announced, and retired, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

'Good-morning,' said a woman's voice with a soft drawl.

The room was somewhat dim; but Francesca, looking in front of her, saw a very slender, white-haired woman half-lying on a sofa. She had a writing-pad on her knee, and a table stood near her literally covered with papers. Her hair being snowy-white gave at first the impression of age, but on looking close one saw she was not more than five-and-forty. Her face was delicately coloured, the eyes still fine, and she would have been beautiful but that her lips were too thin.

'Have you had any experience of secretarial work?' she asked when Francesca had returned the greeting.

'No,' said the girl; 'but I think I could soon learn to be useful.'

'Typewriting?'

She shook her head.

'Well,' Mrs Domville said, 'it isn't really necessary in this case. Let me see your handwriting.' She pushed pen and paper towards her. 'Write "Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge your letter of the 1st."'

Francesca complied, and the lady looked at her effort and nodded.

'That will do,' she said. 'Spelling good?'

'I can spell perfectly,' replied Francesca.

'Now, as to references.'

'I must tell you at once,' Francesca said, 'that I have no one to refer to. This is my first effort at getting work.'

'Well, but,' said Mrs Domville with a show of impatience, 'you must have some one who can speak for you. Your parish clergyman perhaps?'

'Mrs Domville,' said Francesca, 'there is no one I can ask to speak for me. I have separated myself from my family, and they do not know where I am. I can't apply to any friends. I would not think of pressing you to engage me; but if you do, it must be without a character.'

'Come here,' said Mrs Domville.

Francesca went a step nearer.

'Now,' said the lady, 'have you done anything wrong, anything which, if I knew of it, would prevent me from engaging you?'

'No.'

There was a pause.

'I believe you,' said Mrs Domville. 'I will engage you from to-day. Heavens, what a fool some people might call me! But who on earth could suspect a girl with a face like that?'

She named a salary, not large, but sufficient to pay Francesca's rent and feed her, with a little over.

'Well, that is settled, then.'

'I am very grateful to you,' Francesca said, beaming, 'and I will try my best to be of use to you.'

'Well, if you're no use I can't keep you. You must start with that understanding. I am far too busy,' Mrs Domville answered sharply, but her eyes twinkled. 'But I dare say you will manage all right. Now take off your hat and sit down and write to my dictation. You will have to do practically all my writing, as I get writer's cramp, and am helpless in that way.'

The next few hours passed quickly. Francesca's time was nearly up. She had risen to take a paper from Mrs Domville, and was standing by the sofa, when the softly treading footman opened the door wide and announced 'The Duchess of Wiltshire.'

There was a rustle of silk petticoats, and her Grace entered. She was a woman of presence, and sailed rather than walked into the room. Francesca saw a strong but exaggerated likeness to Mrs Domville, and rightly guessed them to be sisters.

'Well, Mary?' the Duchess said, kissing Mrs Domville rather ponderously on both cheeks. Then Francesca felt the new-comer's eyes fall on her, and looked up, to meet a gaze of approval mingled with dignified curiosity.

'Will you introduce me, Mary?'

Mrs Domville's eyes danced. 'The Duchess of Wiltshire, Miss Dunn,' she said promptly.—'Miss Dunn is my new secretary, Susan, and this is her first morning's work.'

The Duchess's look of interest changed to one of haughtiness, almost dismay. It was not her way to ask for introductions to governesses and secretaries. The appearance of this secretary had entrapped her into a momentary indiscretion. She bowed perfunctorily and extended a limp hand. Then she turned to her sister. 'I hope I am not interrupting you, Mary?'

'Not at all. Miss Dunn is just going.—By-the-bye, Miss Dunn, will you leave this note on your way home, and ask for a verbal answer, which you can bring in the morning? Good-bye.'

The new secretary, a little annoyed—but more amused—by the Duchess's manner, which she saw through perfectly, took her leave and departed, well pleased with her morning's work.

(To be continued.)

DIARISTS OF OUR DAY.

By T. H. S. Escott.

'I HEAR, Raikes, you are not going to the fancy ball to-night.' So, to one of the earliest diarists personally known to the Victorian age, remarked the man who of all others liked him least, and who was himself famous for the luxuriance of his fancy. 'No, I am not,' came the reply; presently met with the rejoinder, 'Yes, you are. And I know what you are going as—of course as Phœbus, because you rise in the east and set in the west.' 'Quite true, my dear Glengall of the long bow,' returned Raikes. 'I am going, and I shall take you with me as my lyre.' This little dialogue took place at White's Club in the summer of 1831. Having gone the round of the town, it took a generation and a half to travel to a country house in the home counties. Here, twenty-five years ago, it was first heard by the present writer.

Thomas Raikes was among the earliest of the long list of men who, born to a commercial station, have so employed the opportunities given by wealth as to achieve fashionable fame and to fulfil the social ambitions that in a little earlier and a very slightly less democratic age were attainable only by those born into the privileged classes. His city fore-

fathers had been for more than a century merchant-princes of the type present to William Pitt's mind when he spoke of an income of forty thousand pounds as qualifying its possessor for a peerage. The diarist's father was intimately acquainted with his Yorkshire neighbours, the Wilberforces. His son found an invaluable friend, on starting life, in William Wilberforce the slave emancipator. Through him he became known to the son of Chatham, and ranged himself among the second Pitt's parliamentary supporters. At Eton he had made acquaintances to whom he stuck and who helped him throughout his career. He picked up several things worth knowing and remembering at school; he also improved by practice and association a natural turn for literary expression. During an age in which conversation was as much of an artistic study as costume, Raikes made his mark among young men about town by the evidences of an observant eye conveyed in the neatly turned phrases of his table-talk or letters. Before the Victorian era the fusion of plutocracy and fashion had scarcely begun. The path of promotion, therefore, which Raikes carved out for himself was one in which he had lacked the help of any pioneer of his own quality. The publication of his diary was helped by his best-known successor in that line of composition, Charles Greville, the Clerk of the Council. Greville was generally ready to assist his friends, provided his own sense of importance was gratified at the same time. Through his friend Henry Reeve, so long the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he had become acquainted with the Longmans. When, therefore, Miss Raikes was bent upon printing her father's memorials, her old family friend, Charles Greville, readily promised his influence at Paternoster Row. The Clerk of the Council was Liberal or Peelite to the backbone. Thomas Raikes, a man of fashion first, politician afterwards, had ever affected the Toryism of the old school. Whenever he referred to Free Trade he wrote as a Protectionist more reactionary than Lord George Bentinck himself. In a word, he left nothing unsaid against Cobden and his followers that an industrious or imaginative partisanship could rake up from public or private sources. The diaries of his friend Thomas Raikes, when first placed in Greville's hands, were a scandalous chronicle of the period, full of personal touches telling severely against the Free Traders. Greville at once resolved on the elimination of all these passages from the manuscript. The diaries, however, had been generally read in London long before they were published. The appearance of the work in its eviscerated condition excited much disappointment. Miss Raikes herself was specially indignant. The next time Greville called at her house she showed her resentment by taking his hat and secreting it in her bedroom upstairs under lock and key. 'Let him go home bareheaded; it will do him good,' said the lady. Uncovered, therefore, the 'gruncher,' as one of his nicknames was, departed to his own roof. 'I do not know,' was the comment on this anecdote by Mr F. Leveson Gower, who originally told it, 'whether he ever forgave her.'

In appearance and manners as well as in opinions and associations, Greville and Raikes represented entirely opposite styles. Raikes at once struck every one as what he was—a sleek, well-groomed, well-bred dandy of the middle class. About Greville there was much that recalled the fourteenth Lord Derby: the same aquiline nose, with other marked features corresponding to it; the same dark, deeply set eyes flashing fire from their cavernous recesses. Both men, in fact, left upon one a like impression of patrician ruggedness. Each, too, was characterised by an easy, negligent toilet, revealing in some of its details or in points of its style the sporting aristocrat. Both were long survived by Mr George Payne, the famous veteran among polite turfites, who had interchanged bets with Lord George Bentinck as well as capped Latin verses with Robert Lowe or discussed Homeric criticism with Mr Gladstone. Making allowance for differences of complexion and of figure, those who can recall Mr Payne may think they have seen Mr Greville in the flesh. Politically, the nobleman whom this diarist facially resembled said at least one rather severe thing about him. A Whig by birth, who flaunted his Whig convictions upon every chance, Greville, on Lord Derby's succession to Palmerston as Premier in 1858, absented himself from the meetings of the Council, sending a deputy. One of the Ministers, noticing this, drew his chief's attention to it. 'Really,' replied Lord Derby, 'upon my word I had not observed the difference. The fact is, when I ring the bell for coal I am never certain whether it is John or Thomas who appears with the scuttle.'

'As for the differences between Charles Greville and Thomas Raikes, they are easily explained,' remarked Mr George Payne to the present writer. Raikes never talked politics to Greville, who did not, therefore, realise the opposite poles of opinion at which each of them stood. Greville, in a word, was a master in the gentle art of making enemies. Raikes maintained his position by never losing a friend. Greville, a past-master in all kinds of worldly wisdom, piqued himself on his intolerance of the frivolity which he pleasantly called 'poor Raikes's great failing.' The two things that in Greville's eye made life worth living were politics and sport. Both, he held, ought to be reserved for the upper classes. As for what amuses mixed society, he had a contempt and loathing for it that Raikes was shrewd enough not to share. Writing to George Payne about the insipidity of the new social circles, he records how last evening, at some place where he had been dining, Billy Something came in, sat down at the piano, and sang songs. After that, of course, everything tolerable was at an end. Even at the banquets of sporting guests and hosts of title such as he approved, Greville did not always find things to go quite smoothly. During the first quarter of the nineteenth

century, at a Newmarket dinner-party, the Lord Petre of the period seems to have been the butt of the evening. A Sussex baronet, it seems, played the fool in patronising him and showing him off. Punch Greville (the Clerk of the Council's most common nickname) disgraced himself by 'hunching' (*sic*) him. The Duke of York—so to his wife wrote Thomas Creevey—the guest of the evening, restored good humour; and, Punch's venom notwithstanding, nothing seriously disagreeable happened.

Among those who assisted at this festivity was another diarist belonging to a slightly earlier period, Captain Gronow, then in the House of Commons and busy with preparing his reminiscences. His exterior showed the fashionable soldier of the period, his moustache waxed and cut after the newest Parisian fashion, his demeanour and walk marked by the suspicion of swagger which the officers of the allied armies had picked up during the occupation of Paris. Gronow had turned the social chances of his Eton days, before going into the Guards, to nearly as profitable account as had been done by Raikes himself. But, though less bailiff-hunted than Becky Sharpe's husband, he never secured a much better position than Thackeray's Rawdon Crawley. Two distinguished soldiers of the Victorian age, the brothers William and Keith Fraser, both fresh in the present writer's memory, left diaries behind them which, if not too full of personal revelations to be printed, will be found, should they ever appear, of far more interest and value than anything written by the fashionable warrior of the Regency. Each of these military kinsmen had won such renown for tact and insight in the casuistry of polite life as to be one of society's referees in all matters of difficulty and doubt. That was the rôle to which Gronow always, but never quite successfully, aspired. At best, the office he performed was that of helping the fine world to wash its dirty linen. His noblest employment seems to have been to help aristocratic or fashionable scapegraces out of disreputable or compromising positions. Sometimes, instead of extricating them, as their relatives desired, the negotiator became the well-born scamps' agent. Thus it was in the case of the grandson of the great Earl Grey. The Reformer's daughter, Lady Hannah Grey, had married the famous 'Bear' Ellice (the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P.). The son of that marriage became enamoured of Mademoiselle Duvernay the opera dancer; he gave her two thousand pounds cash at once, and contracted to allow her eight hundred a year. It soon came out that Gronow had acted as intermediary in all the business details between the young 'Bear' and the dancer's parents. Thomas Creevey, the authority for Gronow's doings, died in the early years of the last reign. He was ahead of Charles Greville only by a generation, though the Clerk of the Council, in his talk as well as with his pen, made a point of alluding with contemptuous compassion to 'old Creevey's' patriarchal age and social disadvantages. The truth is that, in point of seniority, the first of the diarists who lived into the Victorian age, Thomas Creevey, sprang from the same mercantile middle-class as Thomas Raikes, whom, in a certain sleek chubbiness of face and in features not distinctively aristocratic, he did to a certain extent resemble.

John Wilson Croker died exactly a quarter of a century after the passing of the first Reform Bill, in whose way he had thrown so many obstacles. His widow, however, lived to see household suffrage established as the law of the land by the man who had satirised her husband in the Rigby of Disraeli's best-known novel. This lady continued to occupy an apartment in Kensington Palace up to the year 1884. Then it was that I called upon her. It so happened that Mr Gladstone looked in upon the old lady at the same time. Referring to the Croker papers, then, I think, announced as in preparation, the statesman, I remember, said, 'I am sure, madam, your husband will sustain the ordeal of publication better than his enemies would desire.' 'This prediction,' he remarked several years later to Sir William Harcourt, 'fulfilled itself to the letter, for Croker really does come out with flying colours.'

Charles Greville, whose very unmistakable presence still lives in the memory of Newmarket habitués and Doncaster crowds, adopted 'gurnalising,' as Sir Walter Scott called it, for an amusement in his lonely hours as well as with the idea of showing contemporaries and posterity the character of the persons among whom he familiarly moved. When he warmed to his work he became possessed by the idea of magnifying his apostleship. In the performances of Creevey and Raikes, Greville's aristocratic nostrils scented something almost plebeian in tone, in sympathies, and associations. It should be his work to restore to this branch of polite literature the fashionable patricianism that flavours every page and almost every entry in the journals of Greville's eighteenth-century exemplar, Horace Walpole. At the same time, the nineteenth-century diarist had something in the way of a historic conscience with which his predecessor was not troubled. Where his personal partialities or political prejudices are not concerned, Greville is much less inaccurate than his critics have said. About 1830 Lady Essex's London house was converted for one or two nights into a private theatre and opera. Chief among the performers figured Henry Greville, who differed from his brother the Clerk of the Council in enjoying all drawing-room pastimes of the kind. The younger Greville's diaries have since been published and perhaps widely read. He does not, however, I think, mention this entertainment. His resemblance to his better-remembered relative lay not in taste but in temper. On the occasion now mentioned, Henry showed the family irritability by complaining first that he had no applause, then by grumbling that he had too much. The two

brothers were on tolerable terms. Henry occasionally visited Charles in his rooms on the first floor of Lord Granville's Bruton Street house, where Lady Granville complained of always meeting 'Mr Greville's horrid friends' on the staircase. Henry first became known to society as attaché at the English Embassy in Paris. He had a beautiful voice, which he managed consummately well. Fine ladies adored him for his perfect singing, and through his life were always on his side. Unlike Creevey, Raikes, and even Charles Greville, who had no regular establishments of their own, but lived about, on or with their friends, Henry Greville owned a prettily appointed London house. Here he gave the musical parties that were the first of their kind in his particular world, and set the example of familiarising a naturally exclusive society with the ornaments of the operatic stage—Grisi, Mario, &c. When, years afterwards, Christine Nilsson took the place of an earlier 'Swedish Nightingale,' Jenny Lind, as the guest of the evening at Lady Salisbury's Arlington House parties, it was but a development of Henry Greville's hospitable initiative. As autobiographical chronicler, Henry Greville bears a closer resemblance than did any of his predecessors to the later school of diarists. His chief interest is artistic, not political or even diplomatic.

In the spring of 1881 the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, witnessed one of the most interesting dinner-parties ever given, even within those walls, which could tell such remarkable tales. It eclipsed even the send-off banquet in 1834 to the historian Macaulay, when he went to India as legal member of the Viceroy's Council. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, the guest of that evening, has recorded the compliment paid to him in the letters that contain the social story of his daily life. The subject of this entertainment was also on the point of departing for Hindustan. Grant-Duff went to Madras with the reputation of being the best-informed man of his time. During his intervals of literary leisure abroad he made himself one among the pleasantest of journal-writers. His development as a diarist has been upon the same non-political lines as those of Henry Greville. Letters, science, and art, rather than statesmanship, supply the intellectual flavouring to his latest recollections of everyday life. Better than would have been possible from a philosophic analysis of polite progress one learns from the Grant-Duff diaries the extent to which other interests and associations than those of public affairs have supplied the organising principles and consolidating forces of modern clubs, drawing-rooms, and country houses. That conclusion is emphasised by contributions which several of Grant-Duff's friends and former colleagues have made to the same department of literature. A literary as well as parliamentary cadet of a great 'Revolution family' published in one of the magazines some years ago a scathing attack upon the political immorality of the old Whigs. A few days afterwards, from the ducal head of his family he received a little note to the following effect: 'MY DEAR . . . —I congratulate you on your success as a writer. You must now be making such a pretty thing of it by your pen that after this date you will scarcely look to me for your election expenses, and would not wish me to continue the allowance hitherto made you.' Among Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's contemporaries the two most representative proficients in his art are Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr Frederick Leveson Gower. The former's *Some Notes of the Past* has only one fault: all too briefly it suggests rather than actually records the happy comment and illustrative anecdote which, contributed by the author in his time to dinner-tables and drawing-rooms, sensibly increased the conversational gaiety of the Victorian age. Mr Leveson Gower, brother of the late Lord Granville, the Gladstonian Foreign Secretary, by his pen and person has done at least as much as any one of his standing to put the leaders of opposite parties and their followers into a good temper such as may help them to live in social unity with one another, not only among themselves but with their opponents too. The same amiable intention and execution have animated the writer of the younger parliamentary generation who, as his first *nom de guerre*, signed himself 'One who has Kept a Diary.' It has, therefore, been reserved for the twentieth century to see the diarist who confines himself to kindly gossip, and who is a raconteur because he is a peacemaker.

The latest diarists of the day may not take their reader as boldly and deeply behind the scenes as was done by some of their predecessors. They do, however, hold up the mirror to their generation more fully than was done by most of those writers who caught their inspiration from the Hervey Memoirs. In other words, the later diarists are distinguished from the earlier in not confining themselves to one small section of the polite world, but chronicling the doings, sayings, and interests of those who represent the entire social fabric. The contemporary records of Greville are sometimes coloured by personal, even more than political, prejudice. As in the case of William IV. and of Lord Derby the fourteenth, his character-sketches often pass into caricature. These, however, are the faults of the historian not less than of the diarist. Here Greville sins not merely with others of his class but with his graver contemporaries, Froude, Lecky, Macaulay. Right or wrong, however, the elder Greville will remain, for writers on every kind of nineteenth-century theme, exactly what Walpole and Wraxall are to the preceding period.

An interval of less than seventy years separates the death of Charles Greville from the chronicler whose social and political idiosyncrasies he reflected—the creator of Strawberry Hill. Walpole's dilettanteism was the detestation of Greville, to whom the racecourse and the whist-table were less recreations than intellectual exercises and business-

like pursuits. The prime qualification for an observer laid down by Walpole, that he should be entirely the product of his period, was forthcoming in Charles Greville so perfectly as to unfit him, had he lived, for holding up the mirror to any other than his own generation. It is the novel distinction of those who have come after him to reflect and illustrate in their pages the constantly changing and multiplying interests of the educated middle-classes, whose growth to ascendency forms the social story of the last hundred and fifty years. That development Greville would have set himself to ignore and snub. His one or two indirect references to it are, as a fact, even less appreciative in tone than the allusions to the same subject of the Whig parasite Creevey or the Tory Turveydrop Thomas Raikes.

Mr F. Leveson Gower, though born into the same generation as the Clerk of the Council, with the freshness almost of youth enters into the broader interests of the new régime. Here he resembles Sir M. E. Grant-Duff and Mr G. W. E. Russell. No exclusiveness of early associations prevents each of these from being an impartially catholic, a discriminating, as well as historically a most useful commentator. So far so good. There is, however, another consideration that should not be left quite out of sight. It was the appalling fecundity, as he used to call it, of the autobiographer *à la mode* that called forth A. W. Kinglake's remark, 'In my time people did not think it worth while to say what they now hurry on each other to write.' 'Diaries, diarists, and dire results indeed!' with punning plaintiveness murmured, the other day, a connoisseur in this department of *belles-lettres*, as he took up a friend's latest contribution to it. The Latin historian of the Roman Empire has a famous chapter on the consequences to the society of the period of the delation or espionage which had grown up under it. The most intimate and witty guests at private tables are said by Tacitus no longer to indulge in the pleasant and clever or amusing talk which had given a charm to social intercourse. They were afraid lest a distorted version of their casual remarks should reach the Emperor, with result that they might be sent as companions to the poet Ovid in his place of desolate exile on the Black Sea. The fear of printers' ink may coerce into silence as effectually as the dread of an imperial despot. Conversation as an art, more or less successfully cultivated, lingered on at country houses long after it had been elbowed out at Metropolitan dinner-tables by the pressure and pace of everyday life. Now it has begun to languish even in these rural retreats. The friends whose meeting used to be the signal for the interchange of agreeable or at least irresponsible chat, now across the walnuts and the wine confront each other with a stony stare in sullen silence. Pen and ink form the agencies that have turned them all into a sort of Ishmaelites. Each has an uneasy feeling that his next-door neighbour or his *vis-à-vis* may be, like himself, a manufacturer of autobiographical 'copy.' Naturally, he is determined that his rival with the publishers shall not in his next article or volume make capital out of his own good things. Thus the literature whose chief use is to be a monument of the enlivening epigrams and the witty repartees current in cultivated circles may seem in some danger of sounding their death-knell or proving their sepulchre.

SPRINGTIME: AN AUSTRALIAN IDYL.

Oh, to hear the wattles[1] whisper in the scented evening breeze,
'Neath 'God's watchers,'[2] with the Southern Cross above,
And far off the distant Ranges, with the moonlight on the trees,
And the night-birds whispering softly songs of love!

In the gums[3] the magpies[4] warble as they call from tree to tree,
While the shey-oaks stirred by night-winds softly sigh,
And in yards the steers are lowing like the murmuring of the sea,
While from distant forest comes the mopoke's[5] cry.

'Tis a world of silver glory flooding paddocks far and near,
And the grasshoppers are singing as at noon;
But wild-grass orchids glisten with here and there an angel's tear,
As the dewdrops smile a welcome to the moon.

Near the swamp the birds are mating as the plover sail on high,
And in reed-beds black swans circle round and round,
And some fluffy little moorhens, as yet too young to fly,
Filled with nervous tremors dive at every sound.

As I pass a patch of timber where the 'possums are at work,
Comes the sleepy chirp of parrots in a nest;
And a rustle in the old trees, where mysterious noises lurk,
As a great stag-beetle booms above the rest.

In the sedges by the marshland, where the plover come to feed,
With flattened head a black snake hisses by,
And a gay young bullfrog, busy serenading on a reed,
Disappears beneath a boulder with a sigh.

'Neath the dusky starlit heavens, near the ti-tree by the creek,
One can hear the plaintive cry of curlew high above,
And a lonely little musk-rat, who has come a wife to seek,
Thinks it wiser to defer his words of love.

For the night is slowly fading, giving way to golden dawn,
And the moon behind the Ranges sinks to rest;
As in trees the sap is springing, and in pairs the birds are singing,
For Spring has come! and nature 's at her best!

E. A. Henty
(Mrs Edward Starkey).

[1] Mimosa. [2] The stars. [3] Eucalyptus.
[4] Quite distinct from the English bird. [5] Nightjar.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

PROTESTS AND SURVIVALS.

A STUDY IN POPULAR LORE.

By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, Author of *The Tryst*, &c.

SOMETIMES superstition gets hold of the names of well-known historic characters, and weaves romance around them reflecting the natural loathness on the part of popular love to admit the death of a hero. The great King Arthur is one of the most noted. Away in the land of the unknown, beyond the end of the world, he sleeps in an enchantment under the hills, with all his knights in full armour, beside their horses, waiting for the hour when he shall lead again the children of his race to victory. So, too, does Owen Glendower, whose fate in 1415, when he mysteriously dropped out of history, is veiled in inexplicable gloom. And, similarly, Earl Gerard of Mullaghmast sits at the head of his table of knights, waiting till he shall ride forth again as King of Ireland, to hold royal state for forty years. Olger the Dane, too, sits under Kronberg Castle, with his men, sleeping heavily—so heavily that his beard has grown into the stone table at which he sits. It is told how a slave, condemned to die, got promise of pardon upon condition that he descended into the unknown world below the castle, to find out the meaning of the mystic clashing of steel often heard within the rock. Trembling, he entered a subterranean cavern, and there discovered Olger the Dane and all his men deep in a sleep like death. At sound of the disturbing foot the hero started out of slumber, and as he raised himself his beard, which had grown through the table of stone whereon he leaned, broke the table in twain.

The idea is universal. The superstition is found all over Europe, with only the names of the spell-bound heroes altered. Thus the Scottish people could not bring themselves to believe that James IV. was really dead, though he had fallen, with the flower of his country's knighthood round about him, on sad Flodden's gloomy ridge. Nay, but away in some distant land, wearing the floor of some holy cell, anywhere but in death's chill shadows, the king of the chivalrous heart was waiting, and would return again. In the same way have I heard by a Highland fireside the earnest voice of an old Gael, speaking of Sir Hector Macdonald, say that he was not dead. Who that had known him best had seen him and identified that sad, self-stricken corpse in a Paris hotel as his? No; away in Manchuria it was that dauntless heart and firm hand which so well knew the swaying power of battle that were leading the irresistible Japanese to victory over their foes. And the earnest voice pleaded the conviction of the loving heart with pathetic insistence.

But perhaps one of the most remarkable examples is Thomas the Rhymer. Some say he sits with his head on his hand, waiting his hour, under Tomna-hurich at Inverness, or, as others say, under Dunbuck Hill, near Dumbarton. One who entered the hill found him there, but he lifted up his eyes and said so suddenly, 'Is it time yet?' that the fellow fled with fear. Thomas was supposed to have been carried away to fairyland, like Kirke, minister of Balquhidder, the first translator of the Gaelic Psalms in 1684. Here it was most probably the attempt of a mind steeped in superstition to explain an otherwise inexplicable disappearance. Both of them, from imperfect glimpses, were evidently given to long and lonely rambles and meditations on the moors; their attainments also, which so much exceeded those of their fellows, could only be explained by the theory of supernatural dealings with another world. Their bones most probably lie in some mossy quag in the wilderness where they were lost.

The superstitions about persons must all have arisen so. In fact, that is what seems to be the true meaning of the name—something over and above what is seen and tangible, required always to satisfy the peering inquisitiveness of simple minds.

It is humbling to moderns, and to be commended to lecturers on pastoral theology, that though Kirke the minister appeared to one of his flock, and gave the latter the secret of the charm which could restore

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

him from fairyland, the man did not use it. One feels that the hunger for a popular election was even before our day; and we are reminded of the old woman's verdict on a minister once most popular, whose popularity had waned before he died. 'Ay,' she said to me, 'he came in unanimous; but, by my faith, he gaed out unanimous!'

Naturally, about the story of Christ Himself have clustered many superstitions. The gipsies—that strange people who burst into Europe about 1417, looking into people's hands and hearts, and telling what the future held for them—explained their wandering life by the statement that they were doomed to restless roving over the world because it was a gipsy who forged the crucifixion nails; while, also, they claimed the privilege of stealing with impunity once in every seven years, because a woman of their tribes stole one of the four nails, and would have stolen all but for discovery.

Then, again, so also arose the world-wide superstition of the Wandering Jew, who, when Christ on His way to Calvary leaned against his door, thrust the Master forward, saying, 'Go on, thou Nazarene!' And the Galilean looked him deeply in the eyes, and said, 'Yea, I go on, to die and win my peace; but thou—go on for ever!' Still, after all the ages, that tired figure of the curse is traversing the world, and, as he passes, there is war or famine, black despair or crime, trailing behind him, for he carries his own curse as a blight wherever he moves.

Again, around the Christ some beautiful superstitions have clustered. You know the one about the crossbill, that strange bird the points of whose beak cross awkwardly over each other, and whose breast is splashed with red. How got it so strange a livery? Hear how the old thought of the ages gave it meaning in the Spanish ballad:

On the Cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm;
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken
Sees He how, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood, and never tiring,
From its work it does not cease;
From the Cross 'twould free the Saviour—
Its Creator's Son release.

Then the Saviour spake in mildness,
'Blest be thou, of all the good,
Bear, in token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood.'

And that bird is called the crossbill,
Covered o'er with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs like legends strange to hear.

Or, again, how is the robin beloved, while the wren is hated by all Celtic peoples? Listen to the old, rude fireside tale, and you will understand. One day Christ was fleeing from His enemies, and a man was sowing wheat in a field. And as Christ passed across the field with bleeding feet, the robin followed close, and laid its bosom on the bloodstains lest His foes should see. And in one night the wheat was grown, ready for the harvest. So, when the soldiers asked, 'Did any one pass lately?' the robin said, 'Not since that wheat was sown.' But the wren cried out, 'But it was only sown yesterday.' So the wren is a bird accursed and hated by the Gael, while the robin bears upon its breast the holy blood as a warrant for the love of all.

And, again, have you heard the aspen sighing and shivering in the day and the dark, with a grief like some deep, superhuman sorrow? It is because she remembers how the Cross of the Nazarene was hewn out of her stem, and the memory, like a wound in her heart, keeps her in an eternal shudder.

All through our own history you find the shadow of superstition looming, till you scarce can separate superstition from truth. Our wild, dark, sad national life helped in the development of this, and we could not easily escape it. Thus, when the hapless James, who led the flower of Scottish chivalry to death and disaster at Flodden, was worshipping in Linlithgow church just before he went away, a strange, commanding figure appeared before him, solemnly warning him of certain defeat and of unnumbered sorrows waiting for his race if he persisted in the enterprise; then suddenly it vanished among the astonished courtiers before they could remonstrate. It was like the spirit of that sad age pleading with him whom Fate had singled out to die amid his nobles on dark Flodden's ridge. Again, just before the king and the Scottish army left Edinburgh for that same field of sorrow, there were tales of ghostly parade and pageant having been seen moving through Parliament Square; and how an unearthly voice was heard at the Cross as if calling the roll of the noblemen and notables that were to fall, summoning them to judgment. Richard Lawson of Highriggs, formerly a Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in passing, heard his own name in the catalogue, and cried aloud, 'I appeal from that sentence to the mercy of God in Jesus Christ!' And when the fight was over, it was observed that Richard Lawson was the only one of all that dreadful list who came back to the city. The rest had obeyed the midnight cry.

Such premonitions and forewarnings were not uncommon amongst people of our race. The *bodach glas*, or gray man, was one of the commonest. You were walking up the glen, and, lo! there, not far from you, was a gray figure like your own, step for step, swing for swing, with you. Was it for yourself the warning came? Test it by shifting the plaid on your shoulder; and if the spectre did the same, go home and make ready, for the foot of death was coming round the corner.

Often, to the sick especially, a warning comes by way of remembrance; old words long forgotten,

old places and old faces, come to the bedside as if memory had drawn aside the curtain. Not long since, in a Highland village, the doctor and I sat smoking, talking of old folks mostly gone away. One, the roughest in the place, a low type of man, had just died, and the doctor said, 'I felt carried far back into shadowy times by that man's death. He said last night to me, "I am going, doctor. You can do nothing for me." But I could not see signs of his impending death. "Nonsense, John," I said to him; "you will see many a day yet." "No, doctor," he replied; "I tell you I shall die to-night, for all day I have been hearing the voices I used to hear long ago at Ardnamurchan, when I was young." And he did go home that night to them.'

Now, just to show how near we are still to the shadowy fringe of things, I may mention this. Not long since I was at a communion, and afterwards we sat a while in the manse and talked. The minister was a modern man, who knew the trends of contemporary thought, and was abreast of all business up to date; but he told me this, believing every word of it:

It happened in the night-time, in a weird glen we both knew, full of deep stillnesses, with far whisperings of falling waters behind them, a place with the name of many hauntings. The man concerned was a tailor in the clachan at the end of the glen, known far and wide as a sober, intelligent, and hard-working fellow. One night, not long before, he had, as usual, walked across to the village for something he required; but in his return journey, in the dim, gray moonlight, he saw a woman approaching, and he spoke to her, giving her 'Good-evening,' under the impression that she was the widow of a merchant in the place whom he knew quite well. Even as he spoke he saw she was a woman he had also known, but who had been lying six years in her grave! She spoke low to him, telling him not to fear, and she gave him a message for her son, who was at Muir of Ord, far down the Low Country; and then she left him. His mind was perfectly clear, but he said to himself, 'How can I ever deliver a message like that, for what chance have I of getting with it to Muir of Ord?' Well, a fortnight passed, and he was at a funeral in our churchyard, and there, among the mourners, was the woman's son beside the grave. The tailor went up to him and told him the dead woman's secret, and it was accepted and acted upon! Explain that in this late century if you can.

I have another experience of my own, but I do not speak of it in crowded places. It covers a sacred spot in my life, and I can find no clue to the mystery of its intervention.

The change of methods of life and the geographical migration of peoples have made many superstitions drop aside, while yet many of the old signs remain, fragments of lost faiths and overfaiths. For example, I have often seen a plate of salt on the breast of a corpse, and asked why it was there. After some surprise, and evidently some searching of mind, they tell me it is to keep away infection! Of course it was the old notion of the salt preventing any evil spirit from taking up residence in the body from which the rightful owner had fled. Or, again, one often sees under the head of a corpse a Bible laid reverently, and for the same reason. Book and candle are still used, though people have forgotten why. They saw their parents do the same, and they recognise it as a bit of ancient ritual, a sort of death-chamber etiquette. And, oftenest of all, the houses where I have seen these customs most observed are houses of people of Celtic descent.

There were reasons for practices such as these. Life had to become one intricate ritual of defence, every item of which had its explanation and apologetic. Even the importance of such a simple act as putting on both stockings before either of your shoes was easily accounted for. When Columba of the Churches one day put on his left shoe before his right foot was covered, was he not forced to flee for his life for miles along the shingle with only one boot on, and his right foot cut as if with knives, leaving a track of blood behind him? And was that not warning enough for all? The act and many another remain through long generations, though unexplainable in Gaelic, and difficult to explain in an alien tongue.

What was done in the glens long ago is done to-day in the crowded cities. The old shadow of the Highland ancestor stands at the side of the sorrows of his race still, with gleamings of the other world mysteriously about him.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXV.—SHOWS GABRIELLE IN EXILE.

IDWAY between historic Fotheringhay and ancient Apethorpe, the ancestral seat of the Earls of Westmorland, lay the long, straggling, and rather poverty-stricken village of Woodnewton. Like many other Northamptonshire villages, it consisted of one long street of cottages, many of them with dormer windows peeping from beneath the brown thatch, the better houses of stone, with old mullioned windows, but all of them more or less in stages of decay. With the depreciation in agriculture, Woodnewton, once quite a prosperous little place, was now terribly shabby and depressing.

As he entered the village, the first object that met the eye of the stranger was a barn with the roof half-fallen away, and next it a ruined house with its moss-grown thatch full of holes. The paving

was ill-kept, and even the several inns bore an appearance of struggles with poverty.

Half-way up the long, straight, dispiriting street stood a cottage larger and neater-looking than the rest. Its ugly exterior was half-hidden by ivy, which had been cut away from the diamond-paned windows; while, unlike its neighbours, its roof was tiled and its brown door newly painted and highly varnished.

Old Miss Heyburn lived there, and had lived there for the past half-century. The prim, gray-haired, and somewhat eccentric old lady was a well-known figure to all on that country-side. Twice each Sunday, with her large-type Prayer-book in her hand, and her steel-rimmed spectacles on her thin nose, she walked to church, while she was one of the principal supporters of the village clothing-club and such-like institutions inaugurated by the worthy rector.

Essentially an ascetic person, she was looked upon with fear by all the villagers. Her manner was brusque, her speech sharp, and her criticism of neglectful mothers caustic and much to the point. Prim, always in black bonnet and jet-trimmed cape of years gone by, both in summer and winter, she took no heed of the vagaries of fashion, even when they reached Woodnewton so tardily.

The common report was that when a girl she had been 'crossed in love,' for her single maid-servant she always trained to a sober and loveless life like her own, and as soon as a girl cast an eye upon a likely swain she was ignominiously dismissed.

That the sharp-tongued spinster possessed means was undoubted. It was known that she was sister of Sir Henry Heyburn of Caister, in Lincolnshire; and, on account of her social standing, she on rare occasions was bidden to the omnium gatherings at some of the mansions in the neighbourhood. She seldom accepted; but when she did it was only to satisfy her curiosity and to criticise.

The household of two, the old lady and her exemplary maid, was assuredly a dull one. Meals were taken with punctual regularity amid a cleanliness that was almost painful. The tiny drawing-room, with its row of window-plants, including a pot of strong-smelling musk, was hardly ever entered. Not a speck of dust was allowed anywhere, for Miss Emily's eye was sharp, and woe betide the maid if a mere suspicion of dirt were discovered! Everything was kept locked up. One maid who resigned hurriedly, refusing to be criticised, afterwards declared that her mistress kept the paraffin under lock and key.

And into this uncomfortably prim and proper household little Gabrielle had suddenly been introduced. Her heart overburdened by grief, and full of regret at being compelled to part from the father she so fondly loved, she had accepted the inevitable, fully realising the dull grayness of the life that lay before her. Surely her exile there was a cruel and crushing one! The house seemed so tiny and so suffocating after the splendid halls and huge rooms at Glencardine, while her aunt's constant sarcasm about her father—whom she had not seen for eight years—was particularly galling.

The woman treated the girl as a wayward child sent there for punishment and correction. She showed her neither kindness nor consideration; for, truth to tell, it annoyed her to think that her brother should have imposed the girl upon her. She hated to be bothered with the girl; but, existing upon Sir Henry's charity, as she really did, though none knew it, she could do no otherwise than accept his daughter as her guest.

Days, weeks, months had passed, each day dragging on as its predecessor, a wretched, hopeless, despairing existence to a girl so full of life and vitality as Gabrielle. Though she had written several times to her father, he had sent her no reply. To her mother at San Remo she had also written, and from her had received one letter, cold and unresponsive. From Walter Murie nothing—not a single word.

The well-thumbed books in the village library she had read, as well as those in the possession of her aunt. She had tried needlework, problems of patience, and the translation of a few chapters of an Italian novel into English in order to occupy her time. But those hours when she was alone in her little upstairs room with the sloping roof passed, alas! so very slowly.

Upon her, ever oppressive, were thoughts of that bitter past. At one staggering blow she had lost all that had made her young life worth living—her father's esteem and her lover's love. She was innocent, entirely innocent, of the terrible allegations against her, and yet she was so utterly defenceless!

Often she sat at her little window for hours watching the lethargy of village life in the street below, that rural life in which the rector and the schoolmaster were the principal figures. The dullness of it all was maddening. Her aunt's mid-Victorian primness, her snappishness towards the trembling maid, and the thousand and one rules of her daily life irritated her and jarred upon her nerves.

So, in order to kill time, and at the same time to study the antiquities of the neighbourhood—her father having taught her so much deep antiquarian knowledge—it had been her habit for three months past to take long walks for many miles across the country, accompanied by the black collie Rover belonging to a young farmer who lived at the end of the village. The animal had one day attached itself to her while she was taking a walk on the Apethorpe road; and now, by her feeding him daily and making a pet of him, the girl and the dog had become inseparable. By long walks and short train-journeys she had, in three months, been able to inspect most of the antiquities of Northamptonshire. Much of

the history of the county was intensely interesting: the connection of old Fotheringhay with the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, the beauties of Peterborough Cathedral, the splendid old Tudor house of Deene (the home of the Earls of Cardigan), the legends of King John concerning King's Cliffe, the gaunt splendour of ruined Kirby, and the old-world charm of Apethorpe. All these, and many others, had great attraction for her. She read them up in books she ordered from London, and then visited the old places with all the enthusiasm of a spectacled antiquary.

Every day, no matter what the weather, she might be seen, in her thick boots, burberry, and tam o' shanter, trudging along the roads or across the fields accompanied by the faithful collie. The winter had been a comparatively mild one, with excessive rain. But no downpour troubled her. She liked the rain to beat into her face, for the dismal, monotonous cheerlessness of the brown fields, bare trees, and muddy roads was in keeping with the tragedy of her own young life.

She knew that her aunt Emily disliked her. The covert sneers, the caustic criticisms, and the go-to-meeting attitude of the old lady irritated the girl beyond measure. She was not wanted in that painfully prim cottage, and had been made to understand it from the first day.

Hence it was that she spent all the time she possibly could out of doors. Alone she had traversed the whole county, seeking permission to glance at the interior of any old house or building that promised archæological interest, and by that means making some curious friendships.

Many people regarded the pretty young girl who made a study of old churches and old houses as somewhat eccentric. Local antiquaries, however, stared at her in wonder when they found that she was possessed of knowledge far more profound than theirs, and that she could decipher old documents and read Latin inscriptions with ease.

She made few friends, preferring solitude and reflection to visiting and gossiping. Hers was, indeed, a pathetic little figure, and the countryfolk used to stare at her in surprise and sigh as she passed through the various little hamlets and villages so regularly, the black collie bounding before her.

Quickly she had become known as 'Miss Heyburn's niece,' and the report having spread that she was 'a bit eccentric, poor thing,' people soon ceased to wonder, and began to regard that pale, sad face with sympathy. The whole country-side was wondering why such a pretty young lady had gone to live in the deadly dullness of Woodnewton, and what was the cause of that great sorrow written upon her countenance.

Her daily burden of bitter reflection was, indeed, hard to bear. Her one thought, as she walked those miles of lonely rural byways, so bare and cheerless, was of Walter—her Walter—the man who, she knew, would have willingly given his very life for hers. She had met her just punishment, and was now endeavouring to bear it bravely. She had renounced his love for ever.

One afternoon, dark and rainy, in the gloom of early March, she was sitting at the old-fashioned and rather tuneless piano in the damp, unused 'best room,' which was devoid of fire for economic reasons. Her aunt was seated in the window busily crocheting, while she, with her white fingers running across the keys, raised her sweet contralto voice in that old-world Florentine song that for centuries has been sung by the populace in the streets of the city by the Arno:

In questa notte in sogno l'ho veduto
Era vestito tutto di braccato,
Le piume sul berretto di velluto
Ed una spada d'oro aveva allato.

E poi m'ha detto con un bel sorriso:
Io no, non posso star da te diviso,
Da te diviso non ci posso stare
E torno per mai piu non ti lasciare.

Miss Heyburn sighed, and looked up from her work. 'Can't you sing something in English, Gabrielle? It would be so much better,' she remarked in a snappy tone.

The girl's mouth hardened slightly at the corners, and she closed the piano without replying.

'I don't mean you to stop,' exclaimed the ascetic old lady. 'I only think that girls, instead of learning foreign songs, should be able to sing English ones properly. Won't you sing another?'

'No,' replied the girl, rising. 'The rain has ceased, so I shall go for my walk;' and she left the room to put on her hat and mackintosh, passing along before the window a few minutes later in the direction of King's Cliffe.

It was always the same. If she indulged herself in singing one or other of those ancient love-songs of the hot-blooded Tuscan peasants her aunt always scolded. Nothing she did was right, for the simple reason that she was an unwelcome visitor.

She was alone. Rover was conducting sheep to Stamford market, as was his duty every week; therefore in the fading daylight she went along, immersed in her own sad thoughts. Her walk at that hour was entirely aimless. She had only gone forth because of the irritation she felt at her aunt's constant complaints. So entirely engrossed was she by her own despair that she had not noticed the figure of a man who, catching sight of her at the end of Woodnewton village, had held back until she had gone a considerable distance, and had then sauntered leisurely in the direction she had taken.

The man kept her in view, but did not approach her. The high, red mail-cart passed, and the driver touched his hat respectfully to her. The man who collected the evening mail from all the villages between Deene and Peterborough met her almost every evening, and had long ago inquired and learnt who she was.

For nearly two miles she walked onward, until, close by the junction of the road which comes down the hill from Nassington, the man who had been following hastened up and overtook her.

She heard herself addressed by name, and, turning quickly, found herself face to face with James Flockart.

(To be continued.)

EGG-GATHERING IN RUSSIA.

By JAMES COCHRANE, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.

TO the southward of Moscow, and stretching in a broad belt from the Carpathians to the Urals, lies the black-earth region of Southern Russia, where Nature would seem to foster indolence in the tiller of the soil, for she has provided that stoneless black loam known as loess, so fertile that for periods of from fifty to seventy consecutive years corn has been grown without manure.

In this region has sprung up an industry which, though little is known about it, contributes to the well-being of Western Europe, forming as it does an ever-increasingly productive source of those food-supplies of which our islands have need.

Picture a tiny colony of Dutch merchants in central South Russia. Could anything be more incongruous—Dutch thrift amid Russian thriftlessness, Dutch trimness amid Russian slovenliness? It shows grit in the founder of this colony that he has built up a business of large proportions under conditions against the grain, among a peasantry who had to be trained in the most rudimentary of principles, whom long continuance of a hand-to-mouth existence had not taught care of property, but who were rather confused as to the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

In this fertile region settled some eleven years ago a merchant with his family. To-day this gentleman is rewarded by seeing conjured into being by his industry and forethought an establishment covering many acres, the source of supply of millions of the eggs which England consumes, thousands of the spring chickens which appear on her tables, as well as of the ducks, geese, turkeys, &c. which a Christmas season finds on the board of rich and poor alike. How was it done? How is it done? The answer to these questions may be of interest to readers.

The largest eggs in Russia come from the black-earth belt. The forest belt in the latitude of Moscow and northwards gradually passes into the ante-steppe region as the traveller turns southwards. In the ante-steppe region undulating plains, with here and there clumps of trees, are the rule; but farther south the trees creep down by the hollows which the watercourses have carved in the apparently illimitable steppe. Here the peculiar co-operative instincts of the Russian character have massed the peasantry—the farmers, let us call them—in large village communities. The landscape has assumed the aspect of a huge farm without the farmhouses dotted here and there. There are no made roads. Tracks intersect and lead as far as the eye can reach towards the next village, unseen beneath the horizon. What machinery then was there among such surroundings for the setting in motion of an industry? There was the raw material for the industry; but methods had to be devised and helpers had to be trained before London could benefit by the product of the steppe.

The working up of a staff of competent, honest peasants to act as traders and helpers was a difficult matter, one that required a close study of the peasant character, which has not much natural leaning towards business traits. That this problem has been solved, that the *moujik* has been transformed from farmer to honest trader, and in large numbers to boot, speaks for tact on the part of the trainer. To understand and justly appreciate what this transformation means, one has to picture the state of the Russian peasant before Western European ideas and methods have penetrated to his homestead. He is, indeed, a child of nature, and even the child in a dream. His simple fare—black bread and melon, with perhaps some salted fish; his methods of eating it, with nature's implements, using probably his long hair as napkin to clean his hands when the meal is over, content him. His affectionate way of walking hand-in-hand with a neighbour, his devoutness in a religion crammed with superstitions, his willingness to come long distances to church in early morning in all weathers, and stand or kneel in devotion for long periods, all point to the quality of the material of which he is made. Talents, too, he has. His abilities in using hand-tools in turning out articles in wood or leather or metal are great. He has not the business capacity to turn these talents to account, and peasant industries seem much under the control of the sweater.

By dint of careful study, the founder of the industry which we have under review began to appreciate the worth of the peasant character, and began to train a few selected from his neighbourhood to leave their farming pursuits and become his buyers. These peasants were trusted with money, and were asked to ride with their carts through certain areas, buying up eggs in the villages, and to return with them to headquarters. There proved to be black sheep among them who, when thus financed, never returned; but in the majority of cases it is pleasant to relate that the *moujik* invested with the dignity of a trader seems to become too self-

respecting to be a pilferer. Remembering his intense poverty, one wonders the more that he can so well resist temptation to misappropriate the money with which he is trusted.

It must have been, however, a very gradual, very wearying process this working into shape of a band of peasants, and making them into buying-agents. After eleven years the system has grown to such proportions that stocks of eggs to the number of sixteen millions are in store at one time. Chickens are in process of fattening in lots of one hundred and thirty thousand, besides geese, ducks, &c., all or a large part of which have been procured through the medium of the peasant-trader.

It is a curious and interesting sight to watch the return of a trader with his cartful of eggs. For a period of eight to ten days he has been on the road, sleeping on his cart, eating on it, travelling night and day without pause of long duration. In that time he has gradually accumulated eggs to the number of about seven thousand, arranging them row on row with separating layers of straw. Perhaps twenty-five will be chipped, and perhaps none actually broken, in his load, so skilful is he; and yet a glance at his springless, four-wheeled cart makes one but marvel the more. The body of the cart is long and like a dug-out canoe in cross-section. One wonders if a piece of metal has been used in its composition. The wheel-axles are of wood; the wheels are of wood, with curiously long hubs equal in length to the diameter of the wheel in some cases. The shafts are fastened to the cart-body, and are kept from rubbing on the horse's flanks by the very characteristic bow of wood which passes over the horse's head. An air of dilapidation is common to cart, horse, and driver; yet feats of the above kind are done daily in the summer season by the *moujik*, and he probably thinks nothing of it, having no experience of the world beyond his steppe-bound horizon.

The eggs are unpacked from these carts and counted in tens. So delicate becomes the touch of the counter that, no matter how many eggs he may lift in his hand at one time, if the shell of one of them be cracked the fact is noticed. Such cracked eggs are placed on one side, and afterwards their contents are tinned and sold to cake-manufacturers. The crates in which the eggs are now placed are capable of holding about fifteen hundred in their eighteen compartments, and properly aerated and dried shavings, quite non-odorous, are used in place of the straw employed by the peasant-buyer of the eggs. These crates are now placed in cold-air chambers, where the eggs are kept at a temperature slightly above their freezing-point till required for the market. Then the crates are removed from the cold-air chambers, and the eggs powdered with borax. The candling (or putting the egg up to a light for examination internally) has now to be done, and the 'blacks' and 'spots' have a sale in Russia. The eggs which show no black spots when held up to the light are now sorted into sizes, large, medium, and small, and packed in crates for their long journey of nearly one thousand miles by rail to Riga, where they are shipped for London. From twelve to seventeen days are usually reckoned upon for this journey.

Besides the egg-industry, business talent finds other lucrative channels for its exercise. This is the largest poultry-farm in the world, but hardly in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term. Chicks are bought and fattened for one glorious fortnight on millet porridge, then their tongues are cut, they are plucked and trussed, packed in crates, and frozen hard in cold store till required for market. A similar fate is meted out to the geese which may be seen coming into the yard in droves in late autumn. One is astonished to hear that this or that noisy drove has come fifty miles, and that they have progressed hither by ten-mile stages, taking five days on this their last journey. In spite of this some of the footsore, dust-covered, web-footed pedestrians have energy enough to attempt to reach the water of a lake which temptingly occupies the centre of the compound. Some, however, have long passed feeling of this kind, and are being carried by the gooseherd, dead from the fatigues of the march. The feathers of the slain birds are utilised to make down. The feathers are first sorted by ingenious machines, of German make, according to their specific gravities. Next, feathers of a certain quality (and producing down of a certain quality) are fed into the hopper of a disintegrator, a machine which has a very wide application, and can grind anything as hard as bones or as soft as breast-feathers of a duck. The result of the passage of the feathers through this machine and a subsequent sifting is very wonderful. A down has been produced and the quills have disappeared.

Electric light, telephones, all up-to-date household appliances, are to be found in this out-of-the-world spot. One is surprised to find suction gas-engines (the very modern and economical form of power-producer) installed here. Two engines, aggregating one hundred and twenty horse-power, made by the Campbell Company of Halifax, Yorkshire, supply the power needed for the production of cold, the power needed for the production of electric light, and the power to drive the flour-mill and the machine to prepare the *prosa* (millet) for the chickens' food.

But perhaps the most interesting aspect of the industry is its social one. What is being done for the peasant incidentally as he works as a unit in a thriving industry? Those employed in handling the eggs, feeding the live stock, &c. are boarded on the establishment. The allowance of bread per head per day is five pounds, procurable at the shop opened by the proprietor of the business. The shop supplies all kinds of unexpected luxuries. One can buy the most luxurious of sweetmeats. The peasant is sometimes seen buying a cake of scented toilet soap at half a rouble (one shilling and a

halfpenny). He can buy a tiny packet of tea for one kopeck (a farthing), and what is far more important, a room is provided where tea is served to the personnel and to the peasant traders already mentioned, who are thus attracted from the *vodka* shop. *Vodka* drinking is, indeed, a sad curse to them, and they of all peoples and classes who spend money on drink can surely least afford to do so.

When the day's work is done the *moujik's* recreations are of the simplest. Perhaps he dances, or plays the concertina, or sings some melancholy air. But when a wedding has to be celebrated, and the priest has duly united the couple, the peasants give themselves up to the enjoyments of the occasion. The writer well remembers peeping into the brightly lit rooms of a tiny two-roomed log-cabin where such a revel was in progress. The evening was a hot one. In one room, so small that only four couples could with difficulty wheel about, dancing was in progress. The perspiring couples had made up their minds to enjoy themselves. There was a kind of determined-to-see-it-through look on their faces, and evidently they had great staying-powers. In the same room, closely packed and lining the walls, were onlookers waiting till a couple should drop out and to take their place in the dance. The second room was laid out with refreshments. A side-table groaned with all kinds of dishes dear to the peasant palate. One knife, one table-napkin, one fork, did service for the party; but some scorned even these aids, and picked up here a sardine, there a hunch of melon, or tore at a hard sausage. One thought of the cave-dwellers, and wondered what refinements they possessed when they ate. *Vodka* was being served out by the father of the bridegroom, and it was having its effect. One tall man was pointed out as the stationmaster of a tiny wayside station near by. He was conspicuous as being better groomed and less savage in appearance than his fellows, and one heard afterwards that the seductive charms of a wedding feast made him forget on that evening his duty as signalman. A freight train waits two hours before a signal at danger, and then—for the signalman is quaffing his *vodka* and dancing at the wedding—the train proceeds. The driver reports at the next town. Result: two months afterwards the stationmaster, for neglect of duty in his capacity of signalman, is degraded to a charge at a smaller station. Surely such things happen in few other countries than Russia—Russia the land of a great future, but whose inhabitants, in the main, are only awakening out of sleep.

THE BLUNDERERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE answer which Francesca received to the note appeared from its nature to need delivery sooner than the following morning. Accordingly she made her way back to Upper Brook Street late in the afternoon, so as to make sure of finding Mrs Domville at home. It was breathlessly hot, and her head ached as, for the second time that day, she passed up the stairs to the drawing-room.

The door was wide open to admit all the air that was possible, and as she reached the landing a man's aggrieved voice broke on her ear: 'Oh, I say, Aunt Mary, you *are* hard on me!'

'Well, I don't know what sort of creature you'd be if it wasn't for me,' Mrs Domville's voice answered with asperity, and just then Francesca was announced. Her advent evidently caused some surprise.

'What! back again, Miss Dunn?'

Francesca hastily explained her reason, realising the blunder she had made in arriving just at the moment when Mrs Domville was measuring spoonfuls of tea into the teapot.

'I—I—don't know if I did right,' she said; 'but I thought it might make a difference, and that perhaps you would wish to cancel the letter I wrote on the subject this morning, as you said time was important.'

'Of course, quite right to come and tell me; and now you'd better have some tea.'

'Oh no, thank you,' Francesca said, her face growing crimson. 'I can't wait; I must go.'

'Nonsense, child; you look half-dead. Tea is very reviving. Sit down.—Charles, draw up that chair.—My nephew, the Duke of Wiltshire, Miss Dunn.'

Having effected the introduction and supplied Francesca with tea, Mrs Domville evidently forgot all about the girl, and devoted her attention to her nephew. Francesca knew nothing of the things and people they discussed, and was free to watch and listen in silence.

The Duke of Wiltshire was tall and fair, passably good-looking, and undeniably well-dressed. He was very loosely made, and he moved very slowly, as if everything he did was an effort to him. Nevertheless, he kept Francesca provided with food, and seemed as obviously conscious of her presence as his aunt was oblivious of it. While Mrs Domville indulged in a tirade against the Government the Duke employed himself in studying Francesca, always cleverly returning his gaze to his aunt in time to prevent her noticing how very little of his attention he was bestowing on her.

Francesca grew tired of his persistent stare, declined a second cup of tea offered with *empressement*

by the young man, and took her leave as soon as an opportunity occurred.

The Duke, as a matter of course, accompanied her downstairs and opened the front door.

'Good-bye,' she said, bowing.

'Good-bye,' he said, stepping out beside her. 'Er—hot evening. Far to go?'

'A long way,' she answered. 'I live near the Fulham Road.'

'Good gracious! Call you a cab?'

'No, thank you,' she said with a look of alarm, her mind reverting to money-matters. 'I am walking.'

'Much too hot for that. Better let me put you in a 'bus.'

'No, thank you,' she repeated patiently. 'I am walking. Good-bye again.'

The Duke went thoughtfully upstairs to take leave of his aunt.

'By George, Aunt Mary!' he said, 'you've got hold of a ripping-looking secretary this time. Where did you get her?'

'She fell from the skies,' answered Mrs Domville dryly.

'She looks just like that,' said the Duke, sinking into one chair and putting his feet on another. He looked dreamily out of the window.

Mrs Domville looked at him. 'Now, Charles, none of that nonsense!' she said sharply. 'And take your feet off my chair. Good-bye; I'm tired.'

But in spite of her abrupt dismissal, she looked after him tenderly, as, having meekly kissed her in farewell, he left her to herself.

Three days later Francesca was leaving Upper Brook Street after her morning's work, when she recognised in front of her the Duke of Wiltshire's back. Judging by the quick, expectant glance which he threw over his shoulder and the prompt way in which he turned to join her, she had a shrewd suspicion that he had been walking up and down waiting for her.

'Good-morning, Miss Dunn,' he said, lifting his hat in his usual slow, lazy way. 'If you are going through the Park may I walk a little way with you?'

'If you like,' Francesca answered, not very cordially.

'Thank you!' he said more fervently than to her seemed necessary. 'I've been waiting for you, you know.'

'Why did you do that?'

'Because,' he replied, sinking his voice confidentially, 'I wanted to see you. I felt very down on my luck this morning, fed up, sick of life—you know the kind of thing'——

'No, I don't,' said Francesca. 'I don't think I ever felt exactly like that.'

'Well, you're lucky!' said his Grace.

'Still, I don't see why you waited for me.'

'Don't you? Just because I thought seeing you would do me good. You might cheer me up a little, don't you think? I thought you looked as if you could cheer people up the other day when I met you at my aunt's.'

'Are you in trouble, then?' asked Francesca sympathetically, for she was always quick to feel for others.

'Oh, not more than usual. But I sat up very late last night and played bridge, and lost a hundred pounds, and that always depresses me.'

'It seems to me very silly to play in that way,' said Francesca after a pause. It was the first time in her life that gambling had been brought directly under her notice, and she was struck by what appeared to her the futility of the amusement.

By this time they had entered the Park, and were crossing it by one of the centre paths that lead in the direction of Albert Gate. Francesca, in her ignorance, felt a little doubtful as to whether it was correct for a girl to walk alone with a man in the Park. But as they walked on she thrust the scruple away from her. After all, she could meet no one who knew her, and she was beginning to enjoy the feeling of companionship of which she was conscious on finding herself with some one of her own age with whom she felt at ease.

His conversation was not particularly intellectual, but he was young, and youth naturally turns to youth. Also, she was not free from that faint thrill of interest which a girl feels when she is first conscious of being admired.

Altogether she enjoyed the walk, and was sorry when her companion bade her '*Au revoir*' at Albert Gate.

'I've promised to lunch with my mother at one-thirty, and it's nearly two now,' he said placidly, and strolled away without any increase of speed.

After that she frequently met him, and he generally had 'troubles' of a sort to pour out to her. Of her own affairs she never spoke, and he was content to think of her as having 'dropped from the skies,' and neither then nor at any other time did he ask her any questions relating to her home and family.

At the end of three weeks she had become a fairly proficient secretary. Mrs Domville had pronounced her 'exceedingly useful,' and had hired her a typewriter, which she kept at home, and at which she practised hard in the afternoons. Her evenings she generally filled in by trying to teach herself shorthand from a book. Now and then Miss Taylor would come up to sit with Francesca and pour out the history of her love for Mr Smith—to whom, by the way, she was now definitely engaged. Francesca sometimes grew half-envious of the red-haired girl's simple happiness, and wondered if she would ever feel for any man what Miss Taylor evidently felt for her blonde and amiable young Alfred.

On the whole, Francesca was satisfied with her lot for the present. London interested her, and she liked the bracing knowledge that she was earning her own bread. But one care she had deep down in her mind. Sometimes, in spite of herself,

qualms would come to her at the thought of her father alone in his far-away Rectory, and she would wonder if she had been wrong to leave him. But her answer to herself was always, 'He did not want me; he always showed me that. I was no use to him, and I *know* he would have made me give in.' Every week she sent him a post-card, of course giving no address, to say she was well and earning enough money to keep herself in comfort. Thus she salved her conscience and honestly thought she was doing the only possible thing. 'Whatever happened, I couldn't go back now,' she reflected. 'It would look as if I had changed my mind with regard to Mr Blake.'

CHAPTER VI.

ONE Sunday afternoon Francesca sat by her open window listening to the bells of several churches that rang in varying keys, at varying distances from Fowler Place. She had been to St Paul's in the morning for the second time, and had come back impressed anew by the vast immensity of the place and the glorious singing of that unrivalled choir. She sat now idly recalling the pleasure she had felt in listening to the anthem, and the wondrous solo which, thrilled out in the high, pure soprano of a boy, had moved Francesca's musical soul to its depth, and even brought tears to her eyes.

On her meditations in broke Mrs Broad. 'There's a young gentleman to see you, dear,' she said; 'you'd better come down to the parlour.'

'A young gentleman?' Francesca repeated, amazed.

'Yes, miss, yes; a message from Mrs Domville,' panted Mrs Broad, breathless from the long climb. 'I didn't ask 'is name, seeing as 'ow 'e mentioned 'er and said 'e knew you at 'er 'ouse. But run now, miss, for 'e's waiting.'

Francesca descended, and found, as she expected, the Duke of Wiltshire extended somewhat limply on Mrs Broad's best sofa. He rose at her entrance and held out his hand.

'Is it anything important?' she asked when greetings had been exchanged.

'Is what anything important? Oh, by Jove! the—the message. Well, it wasn't exactly a message. At least, you know, there wasn't anything in the nature of one. Because, as far as I know, my aunt didn't know I was coming here. But the old lady who let me in demanded with her stony glance some explanation for my being here, and that seemed the simplest. And it was quite effective.'

'You oughtn't to say things that aren't true,' Francesca said severely, feeling, however, inclined to laugh. 'And what do you want now you are here?'

'I am only paying you a Sunday afternoon call,' his Grace said rather defiantly. 'Mayn't I do that? I wanted to see you. I have been so beastly busy lately that I feel quite tired out, and thought I would give myself a treat as the reward of virtue.'

'What have you been busy at?' she asked, laughing. 'Playing bridge, playing polo, dining out, dancing? Yours is an arduous life, I know; but has it been busier than usual?'

'Well, it has,' said the Duke with an aggrieved air. 'My agent actually came up to London last week to see me. Said he couldn't get full enough answers to his letters out of me, and he thought a few hours' talk, &c. And three mortal mornings have I been sitting at a table with papers, and that man talking to me. He's gone away now, thank goodness! back to the country, and he might just as well have stayed there and done all these things on his own, without bothering me.'

'I suppose you mean matters connected with your estates that had to be settled?'

'That sort of thing.'

'It is to be hoped,' said Francesca, 'that you have honest men about you. I think you ought to be *ashamed* to talk in that way of your responsibilities.'

'Go on, rub it in!' said the Duke. 'What I really want to ask you is this, will you do a theatre to-morrow night with me?'

Francesca's eyes twinkled. 'No, I can't,' she said, 'because I am already engaged to go to the theatre with friends.' She had promised to see the Gaiety piece from the upper circle with Miss Taylor and Mr Smith. 'In any case,' she continued, 'I couldn't go with you. You are probably asking smart friends, and I have no frocks that would be suitable for the stalls.'

'I wasn't asking anybody but you.'

Francesca grew grave again. 'Then,' she said, 'I don't know that I would have gone any the more. It wouldn't be correct, would it, for me to go alone with you?'

The Duke looked away. 'Oh, all right, I think. People are very broad-minded nowadays.'

'Well,' she said, 'I couldn't if I would, anyhow, and I am not sure I would if I could. Now, I am sorry to seem rude; but I simply must have some fresh air, and I'm going out. Good-bye.'

'Where are you going?'

'I'm going to walk in Kensington Gardens, and meet some friends at tea.'

'Can't I come to tea too?'

'I don't think you'd find anything in common with the tea-party. They're my fellow-lodgers—a bank-clerk and a shop-assistant.'

'I should like to meet them.'

'Well, you may come, but I sha'n't introduce you by name. It might oppress them if they knew you were a duke.'

Kensington Gardens was gay with its usual Sunday crowd. Francesca and her escort strolled peacefully about the less frequented paths, talking in a desultory way which she found very pleasant. The Duke's society was an agreeable element in the routine of her days, and she enjoyed what she believed to be a mutual feeling of comradeship between them.

The only thing which now and then disconcerted her on this particular afternoon was the way in which he stared at her. It was such a persistent gaze that she felt it on her even when she was looking in the opposite direction.

Finally, when she could no longer bear it, she said, 'You have been staring at me for the last half-hour. If you have discovered that my hair is coming down, or that I have a hole in my veil, I wish you would tell me so.'

'You haven't a hole in your veil, and your hair isn't coming down,' he returned with a matter-of-factness that was baffling.

'Well, it's time to meet the others,' she said, turning towards the tea-place rather hastily.

Mr Smith and Miss Taylor were looking round expectantly as Francesca hurried up in advance of her companion.

'Do you mind my bringing a friend?' she asked. 'He came to call, and I had to bring him.' Then, turning to the Duke, she said, 'I want to introduce you to my friends, Miss Taylor and Mr Smith.'

They sat down at one of the tables, and Mr Smith turned affably to the Duke.

'Didn't quite catch your name, sir?'

'Wiltshire,' said the Duke, mindful of Francesca's decision.

'Ah, Wiltshire—uncommon for a surname, too. Gardens looking pretty to-day, Mr Wiltshire.'

'Very,' said the Duke with an effort. 'I admire the flowers very much. It is all charming.'

As Francesca had foreseen, the tea-party was not very successful. The Duke was polite in the extreme, and Miss Taylor, Mr Smith, and Francesca all gallantly strove to make conversation flow. But the stranger somehow damped the party, and it was not long before the engaged couple, after some eye-telegraphy between themselves, rose and said they were off to St Mary Abbot's for evening church.

'Thank goodness!' said the Duke when they were out of hearing. 'Don't they bore you?'

'No,' said Francesca stoutly; 'they are real friends. Miss Taylor is one of the nicest girls I know, and I have a great regard for Mr Smith.'

'Well, you don't want to go to church, do you? I know a quiet seat up that way. It's too early for you to go in yet.'

The seat he referred to was in the deep shade of an elm up against the thick belt of shrubs that runs parallel to the long asphalted walk. Here they sat down.

'Now, isn't this ripping?' said he. 'Pretty place it is, and it's ripping to be here with you. You looked splendid this afternoon, do you know? I wonder if you know how beautiful you are!'

Francesca did not care for the turn the conversation had taken, and tried to lead it off on to safer ground.

'Tea has done you good, then,' she said. 'Everything looks "ripping" to you now; and you've forgotten all about your agent and the papers.'

'I've forgotten everything except you,' he burst out suddenly, leaning forward; and before she could realise what had happened he had drawn her to him and kissed her.

In blind rage she struck at him again and again, freeing herself by an effort which took all her strength. Then she faced him, trembling. 'How dare you?' she gasped.

He took a step forward. 'Francesca.'

'Don't come near me! Don't *dare* to call me by my name,' she said, stammering with indignation. She took out her handkerchief and rubbed her cheek with vigour and force that seemed to sting him to impatience.

'Good gracious,' he said, 'what a girl you are! Is a kiss a thing to make all that fuss about? Have I done anything so very dreadful?'

'You may be used to kissing all the girls you meet,' said Francesca with sweeping directness, 'so you may think nothing of it. But that you should *dare* to do such a thing to me! Oh!'—and here the fire died out of her, and her voice broke into indescribable pathos—'and I thought I had found a friend!'

'Then you did like me?' said the Duke. 'Oh Francesca! I love you; and the deuce of it is I can't ask you to marry me, because I've got to marry somebody else.'

Francesca's lip curled. 'I wouldn't marry you to save my life,' she said with emphasis. 'But why have you "got to marry somebody else"?'

'Because I'm a weak ass.'

She looked at him, taking in the trouble in his eyes, the sulkiness in his handsome, weak mouth. Then sympathy and ever-ready interest welled up in her. Her voice softened. 'Surely that is a thing you must be able to decide for yourself?'

'Oh, you don't know! If you'd got a mother like mine, an aunt like mine, and uncles like mine, you'd understand. If you were a wretched man much too poor for your position, and always spending more than you'd got, you'd understand.'

'Then you're engaged to somebody rich?'

'No, not engaged. But I've got to be; they're all waiting for it, and the estate's burdened, and I've got a mountain of debts, and it's the only way out.'

'It's a *hateful* way! Does she like you?'

'Upon my word I don't know. But she'll marry me, I believe. I suppose it will be a bargain—the kind of bargain that's made every day. It *is* hateful, I agree; but it's the only way, and I didn't mind the idea till I saw you.'

Silence fell between them. The meanness and the sordidness of a sphere of life which rendered such bargains necessary struck Francesca dumb.

She had felt interested in this young man, thinking to find a friend and comrade in him, not knowing, poor girl, the impossibility of such friendships. She had in no way idealised him, but had regarded him much as she would have done a hitherto unknown brother. Now, though his weak

selfishness had shattered her honest liking, she felt her resentment at his treatment of her fade away into an intense pity and a motherly desire to save him from a fate which appeared to her to be terrible.

Till the question had arisen of Mr Blake as a possible husband, thoughts of love and marriage had presented themselves to her mind only in a vague and abstract way. But a marriage without love, or for money, had always appeared to her as a thing to be loathed, and well-nigh an impossibility. How could he be saved from this fate?

The shadows lengthened on the grass as the sun sank. The gardens grew quieter, and from their corner they could see no one, so that it seemed as if they had the whole wide stretch of grass and trees to themselves. Francesca turned to her companion and made her appeal.

'Don't do it!' she pleaded. 'It can't be right to marry for those reasons, and it can't make either of you happy. Surely it would be better to lose everything than to make such a sacrifice. Couldn't you sacrifice other things? Give up your bridge; give up spending money; save it instead and try to pay your debts. Those are the things to sacrifice, not truth and—and love, because that is what you will both do, you and she, if you marry without caring for each other. You said just now that you—loved me'—— He started forward, but she stepped back till the seat was between them. 'I don't know how to believe that in view of what you told me the moment after; and in any case it would be no good,' she added hastily, 'because you are not the sort of man I would *ever* marry. Only if I—thought I loved any one, I would rather die than marry any one else for the reasons you are going to do it. Wait, and you will find some nice girl some day whom you will love and who will love you, and how glad you will be that you waited! Do—do take my advice. There, I have done!'

'I will! I will!' he cried, fired by her earnestness. 'You're an angel, and you're perfectly right. I'll sell my ponies, I'll give up bridge—and, by George! I'll sell the place if I can't get straight. It's not entailed, and it's mine, and not my mother's or my uncles' or my aunt's. I'll act on what you've said—I swear I will!'

'Don't promise or swear, but do it,' Francesca said, smiling at him. 'Now, I am going. Will you please understand that I don't want to see you again for the present?'

'One moment,' he said, catching her hand, as she moved away. 'Did you mean it, Francesca, when you said I was not the kind of man you could ever marry? Don't you care for me at all?'

'Not *that* much, I am afraid,' she answered decidedly, measuring half an inch between her two forefingers as if determined to convince him.

'I wonder if you realise what you are condemning me to? No pleasure, nothing but pinching, and not even the hope of your friendship. If I had that to look forward to the rest would be easy.'

'Are you repenting already, then?' she asked, smiling sadly.

'No, of course not. But—now, don't fire up at me; give me one—just one kiss before you go, to remember afterwards;' and he caught her arm again.

'No!' she cried vehemently. 'Let me go, or I shall hate you!'

Rebuked, he fell back, and she held out her hand, softening again.

'Good-bye,' she said gravely, and a moment later they had parted.

She sped home, and as she mounted to her room depression descended on her. Now that she would see the Duke no more, how she would miss him! Not that she wanted to see him, but the companionship had been so pleasant, and she foresaw nothing to take its place. She felt again like a lost child, lonely and uncared-for. And again, as on her first night in London, the face of James Blake rose suddenly before her mind's eye.

This evening her spirit turned gratefully to the thought of him. There was comfort in the remembrance of his strong, sensible face, of his steady gray eyes. For the first time she definitely doubted the wisdom of her action in leaving home.

Presently she remembered the Duke again, and her advice to him. 'Will he do it? Is he strong enough?' she thought.

And the Duke at that moment, away from the inspiration of Francesca's presence, was asking himself the same question.

(To be continued.)

MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.

By T. C. Bridges.

IN September 1906 there appeared in the *British Medical Journal* a letter from Dr John Hall Edwards, President of the British Electro-Therapeutic Society, appealing for help—help in the way of suggested methods to cure himself of a cancerous growth caused by constant exposure to X-rays. The disease is known as X-ray dermatitis, and seems, by all accounts, to be one of the most cruelly painful maladies from which mankind can suffer. 'I have not,' wrote Dr Hall Edwards in this letter, 'experienced a moment's freedom from pain for more than two years, and at times the pain is so severe that I am rendered absolutely incapable of work, whether mental or otherwise. In the cold weather I am unable to dress myself, and the pain experienced cannot be expressed in words. On the

back of each hand I have from fifty to sixty warts, many of them confluent. In order to excise these it would be necessary to remove the whole of the skin from the back of the fingers and from the greater part of the hands. Drugs have so far failed to give me the slightest relief. . . . The excruciating, ever-present pain appears to be due to a permanent irritation of the cutaneous nerves which nothing relieves, and which is intensified by holding the hands in a dependent position and by cold. The pain is of a neuralgic character, it never ceases, and is intensified from time to time by sudden stabs and jumps of such severity as to make one cry out.'

Dr Hall Edwards is one of the pioneers of the X-ray treatment. It was by the aid of a radiograph taken by him that the very first operation of the kind was performed. In 1900 he went to South Africa as radiologist, and published the results of his experiences with gunshot wounds. Soon after his return, the malady which has made his life one continuous torture first appeared. He understood well enough the ghastly threat, yet never for a moment ceased his work or experiments. He took to gloves and other forms of protection, but it was too late. The mischief was done, and nothing was found to stop the spreading of the ulcers.

Since that pitiful letter of two and a half years ago, the disease had become so much worse that it was found necessary to amputate the sufferer's left arm. Yet up to the very day previous to the operation the experimenter was at work in his laboratory, and at the time of the present writing his only fear is that he may not be able to complete his book on the subject for which he has made such amazing sacrifices.

Nor is Dr Hall Edwards the only martyr to the mysterious and cruel influence of the Röntgen rays. In 1897 Mr Clarence Dally, chief assistant in Mr Edison's laboratory, did several weeks of experimental work during which his hands were constantly exposed to X-rays and to contact with highly fluorescent materials such as calcium tungstate. The first symptoms of injury were that his hands became inflamed as though scalded with boiling water, and his hair and moustache fell out. There was, however, no pain at the time, only slight soreness and numbness. Two years later cancer developed in the left wrist, and soon the other hand became affected. Everything was done that science could suggest. As many as one hundred and fifty pieces of skin were taken from his legs and grafted upon his hands, but all to no purpose. The disease went on spreading. Soon the left arm had to be amputated, next the sacrifice of the little finger of the right hand became necessary, and in June 1903 three other fingers were taken off. Eventually the whole of the remaining fore-arm was removed, and artificial arms provided. The disease still continued to spread, and after seven dreadful years kindly death cut short the torment of life.

A third X-ray experimenter was the French doctor M. Radiguet, who died in December 1903, after two years of similar sufferings. His last words were an expression of fervent thankfulness that he had been permitted to live long enough to establish reliable evidence as to the effect of the rays upon the human organism.

The list of victims to the deadly influence of the rays is by no means complete. There was Dr Louis Weigel, one of the greatest American authorities on the subject, whose end came in June 1906, after no fewer than seven different attempts by operation to save his life; Dr Blacker, of St Thomas's Hospital, who died in 1904; while many other experimenters and operators have suffered severely. Mr Edison himself, upon whose mastoidal bone an operation has recently been performed, is said to have had the focus of one eye disturbed, and to have been afflicted with curious lumps upon the chest, the nature of which has not been diagnosed, but which are suspected to be due to the effect of the rays.

One can but hope and trust that operators will in future be able to protect themselves against the malign influence. Dr Hall Edwards has shown that immunity can be obtained by the use of gauntlets lined with rubber and an apron coated with lead. But this does not alter the fact that the invaluable benefits conferred upon suffering humanity by the use of the rays has been paid for by torture unspeakable. All must do honour to the pioneers who have not hesitated to give more than life to the cause.

The pluck and self-sacrifice of the medical profession are proverbial. In the routine of his ordinary duty, more especially while engaged in research work, the doctor comes constantly into contact with all kinds of contagion and infection. Of course he takes precautions, but after all he is only human; he cannot always guard against the insidious attack of the deadly bacillus. A typical case is that of Dr H. W. Syers, physician to the Great Northern Central Hospital. One day in October 1906, while examining some organs in the post-mortem room of the hospital, he gave himself a slight prick—so slight that it did not even draw blood. Two days later the finger became painful, and was at once cut open and dressed. Too late! The poison, a virulent streptococcus bacillus, was thoroughly established in his system, and in less than a week he was dead. His is only one case among many. If the organs and tissues which have to be examined were sterilised the work would be useless. They swarm with micro-organisms, and the slightest cut or scratch may mean death.

In certain cases where it is impossible to obtain knowledge second-hand, medical investigators have had no hesitation in experimenting upon themselves and in taking risks which to the ordinary layman seem madness. Being desirous of determining the amount of carbonic acid gas which, mixed with atmospheric air, formed an atmosphere dangerous

to human life, Signor Teodoro Scribante, of Turin, offered himself as a subject. On three successive occasions he was confined in a hermetically sealed iron chamber the air of which was mixed with varying proportions of carbon dioxide. From a mixture of 1 part of the gas to 333 of air he progressed to one which contained 1·233 of the deadly choke-damp, and at the end of the third experiment was found in an unconscious condition and to all appearance dead. It was only by the use of oxygen that he was at last restored to life.

Not so dangerous perhaps, but certainly most risky and painful, was an experiment which resulted in an interesting paper read three years ago before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. 'A New Aspect of the Sensory Nerves' was its title. Its author, Dr Head, F.R.S., stated that he had had the sensory nerves of his own arm divided, and watched the various sensations disappear. The nerves were reunited by stitching, and the progress of recovery carefully noted. As a result, Dr Head discovered that there are two distinct sets of nerves to the skin, carrying different kinds of sensations. The first set convey the sensations of pain, also of heat and cold; the second set are those of touch which enable us accurately to localise our sensations. The healing power of the skin, he found, depends entirely upon the first set. These discoveries were deemed by the society so valuable that the Marshall Hall prize, given once only in five years by the society, was unanimously awarded to Dr Head.

During the Spanish-American war the United States troops in Cuba suffered far more severely from yellow-fever than from the bullets of their enemies. 'Yellow jack' has been the curse of Cuba time out of mind, and a number of American army doctors at once instituted a campaign against the disease. A serum was discovered by Dr Caldas which, it was believed, would counteract the effect of the fever-germ, and volunteers were asked for who would permit themselves to be bitten by infected mosquitoes so that the effect of the serum might be thoroughly tested. A large number offered themselves, nearly all being doctors or nurses. As the inducement held out was the paltry sum of one hundred dollars, and it was stipulated that the subjects were to take all risks, it is hardly possible to suggest that those who came forward were actuated by any other motives than those of science and humanity. The experiments proved deadly. Two surgeons who permitted themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes fed on the blood of yellow-fever patients died, one of them being Dr Lazear, assistant-surgeon to the military board. Miss Clara Maas, a trained nurse from Orange, New Jersey, was another victim. Her death occurred within seven days of having been bitten by two of the infected *anopheles*. Two medical students also caught the fever and came within an ace of death.

This question of the spread of infection by insects of different kinds has engaged the attention of the medical world for some years past, and at the present time scores of patient experimenters are in the field. The well-known German, Professor Koch, recently spent eighteen months on a desolate island in the middle of Africa's great inland sea, the Victoria Nyanza, engaged in the investigation of that strange and terrible disease, the sleeping sickness. His only white companion was an army medical surgeon, and during the whole year and a half of his stay he saw but three other white men. A rough native canoe hewn out of a single log was his only means of communication with the mainland. The Professor made the curious discovery that wherever crocodiles are found the disease may be discovered. The blood of crocodiles, he says, forms the chief nourishment of the *Glossina palpalis*, the insect which conveys the germs of sleeping sickness. Naturally, the ardent scientist ran considerable risk, but happily he has returned home in the best of health and spirits.

The worst scourge of our own country is tuberculosis, and fighting the 'white death' has occupied the lives of many patient investigators. Some, like Dr Robert Scott, have laid down their lives in the campaign. Dr Scott, who lived at Grangerville, near Newcastle, made extensive experiments upon monkeys, inoculating them with tuberculosis germs, and afterwards placing the animals in hermetically sealed cells into which a breathing mixture largely composed of oxygen and ozone was pumped. Some were completely cured. Dr Scott exhibited their lungs to a jury of medical experts, and convinced them that all traces of the disease had vanished. At last he himself contracted consumption, and, a firm believer in his own treatment, had a special 'condensed pure air' chamber prepared for himself. Alas! he died a martyr, like so many before him, to his zeal for scientific research.

Of late years drug-taking has become a very serious evil, especially among the well-to-do, and of all these stimulating poisons none has more terrible results than cocaine. With the object of investigating the cocaine habit, Dr Winner, of Milford, New Jersey, an American physician of repute, began about five years ago a series of experiments upon himself. He would take large doses of the drug, and while seated before a mirror in brilliant light calmly make notes of the colour of the skin, the muscular action, and mental condition. A single quotation from these notes seems worth inserting: '*July 18th.*—Purchased one-eighth ounce cocaine hydrochloride. One grain boiled for three minutes produced only diaphoresis and local effects. Slept. Hallucinations at the end of twenty minutes, removed after one hour from the injection. Took a bath at five. No forced breathing; no convulsive movements of the muscles. Delirious in the occipital.' Then follows a note as to the administration of an antidote which seems to have

been successful. A few days later the unfortunate experimenter was discovered in a state of furious insanity, smashing the furniture in his rooms. He was taken to hospital, lapsed into unconsciousness, and died on the following afternoon.

It seems to be a fact that hardly any kind of scientific investigation is without its special perils. Little more than a year ago Dr Robert Vance Freeman died from the effects of eating adulterated food. He was one of the famous 'poison squad,' men who volunteered to test various adulterated food-products seized by agents of the American Government. In January 1904 Professor Vincent Rodella, a well-known Italian scientist, was found dead in his laboratory, having unwittingly inhaled the fumes of a prussic acid compound which he was preparing. His age was only thirty. His portrait is in the hall of his university, with this inscription below it: 'Died too young, but not without glory.' Dr Calmette, head of the Pasteur Institute at Lille, is another sufferer in the cause of science. While preparing his now famous snake-serum he was bitten in the hand by a cobra, and only the amputation of the finger saved his life.

Descriptions of death by disease and poison are of necessity gruesome. It is a relief to turn to the records of explorers. Those who penetrate wild lands in the cause of science too frequently undergo terrible sufferings, and sometimes fall victims to their ardour. Yet pain or death, when one is facing the frosts of the Arctic, the sands of the desert, the dank heat of the tropic forest, or the spear of the savage, is not unexpected, and is therefore less repulsive than that which is incurred in the crowded haunts of civilisation. How plainly the explorer foresees his possible fate was proved by a conversation between Andrée and Mr J. Stadling, who stood by when the ill-fated balloon was ready to sail away into the unknown North, and who wrote the story later in the *Century* magazine. 'Suppose the balloon should burst, what then?' 'We shall be drowned or crushed,' replied Andrée. 'When may we hope to hear from you?' 'Not before three months at least. A year, two years may elapse. And if not —if you never hear from us—others will follow in our wake till the unknown regions of the North have been surveyed.'

Arctic exploration is full of stories of intense suffering, of uncomplaining heroism, and self-sacrifice. It is very difficult for one who has never travelled beyond the Arctic circle to picture even faintly the sufferings which result merely from climatic conditions in the far North. A few lines from Lieutenant Peary's description of his crossing of Greenland give just a glimpse of them. The wind, he says, is never at rest on the 'Great Ice, and always it carries an ice-drift a foot or two in depth. In the savage blizzards of a frozen Sahara this drift becomes a roaring, hissing, blinding Niagara of snow, rising hundreds of feet into the air, a drift which almost instantly buries any quiescent object, and in which it is almost impossible for the traveller to breathe. Even when the depth of the drift is not in excess of the height of the knee, its surface is as tangible and almost as sharply defined as that of a sheet of water, and its incessant, dizzy rush and strident sibilation become, when long continued, as maddening as the drop, drop, drop of water on the victim's head in the old torture-rooms.'

In 1902 Mr Dillon Wallace and Mr Leonidas Hubbard made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the huge, barren peninsula of Labrador. Food ran short, there was no game, and their sufferings became terrible. 'Our bones,' writes Mr Wallace, 'were sticking through our skins. Hubbard and I were like walking skeletons. Hubbard grew so weak that he could not proceed farther, and we left him wrapped in a blanket, and pressed on in search of food.' When they returned he was dead!

There is probably no explorer alive who has suffered more physical hardship than Dr Sven Hedin, that plucky Swede to whom we owe nearly all our knowledge of the geography of northern Tibet. The story of his race in the desert against death by thirst is too well known to be repeated here. It is, however, doubtful whether his sufferings on that occasion exceeded those on his journey from Charlik to Ladakh, when he passed through *valleys* far higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. At these enormous altitudes the mere act of breathing became a matter of such difficulty that on this one trip four of his companions died simply because they were unable to breathe. When they came to their camping-ground one evening two were found stark dead on their camels. The others 'died gradually, from their feet upwards, retaining their senses to the end.'

'The experience,' he writes, 'was weird and awful, and certainly the worst I have ever had. I was not affected to the same degree; but I was quite unable to march, and had to remain immovable in the saddle all day. Even to unbutton one's coat meant acute pain and tension to an overwrought heart, which literally was at the point of breaking. . . . During the whole of this one journey of a thousand miles icy gales blew in our faces the whole way.'

One would like to dwell on the bravery of the heroes who have faced the waterless deserts of inner Australia, that Never-Never Land of granite, spinifex, salt-lakes, and mirage; to picture the trials of the explorers who have followed the endless monotony of the bush-paths which wind through the heart of Africa's vast forests; to touch on the enormous difficulties faced and overcome by those who first mapped out the gigantic watersheds of the Amazon and the Orinoco. But space does not permit, and one may fitly close a paper of this kind with a brief description of the dangers braved by Mr G. C. Curtis, the first man who reached the summit of Mont Pelée after its terrific eruption.

In the cause of science this man actually descended into the crater, although at the time it was still in a state of active eruption. Mist, rain, steam, and dust made an atmosphere through which it was impossible to see more than a few yards; but other senses than that of sight gave warning of the surrounding perils. The atmosphere reeked of sulphur, so that breathing was almost impossible. Constant crashes like the firing of heavy cannon proceeded from the depths in front, while at frequent intervals masses of ejected rock fell close and rolled clattering and clinking back down the precipitous slopes. One explosion was so close that the heat scorched the face of the bold observer. It was during their return that he and his companions had their narrowest escape. A great mass of blackish liquid mud was suddenly ejected and went rushing down a ravine immediately in front of the party. Crested with huge boulders, this ten-foot wall of mingled earth and water went hurtling down the mountain-side, cutting away the rocks as though they had been paper. The roar was absolutely deafening and the ground shook so continuously that Mr Curtis was barely able to keep his feet. A few yards farther on and they must have been overwhelmed. It was a stroke of good fortune that saved the explorers from a sudden and appalling end.

THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THE granite rim of the Never-Never-Land is a grim fragment of the three thousand square miles of Pacific bed-rock that mesozoic upheaval flung up into the sunlight to make Australia. It does not offer to the immigrant a very encouraging sample of the legacy bequeathed by those restless folk who, having exterminated the blackfellow and his dingo, are now camped on the fringe of their heritage. The fearful interior has so far been left to the restless bunyip, which is free to roam in ghostly solitude over unending plains of sand and stones. In the heart of the continent the dead level is broken only by the gaunt growths of gums and spinifex, which might stand in the vegetable world for the emblems of despair. The pathless earth is powdered with the dust of forgotten martyrs and of their fallen camels. The dreadful cliffs, which hold back the crashing waves of two oceans from inundating this waterless region, are perhaps the fitting binding for Nature's gospel of despair. The blank visage of Cape Schank, the forbidding profile of the Otway, suggest the abandonment of hope by all that enter. A veneer of tropical vegetation, it is true, of waving palm and luxuriant fern, does something to soften the lower coast of Queensland, and to hold out a kinder welcome to incoming mail-boats; but, on the whole, the first view of the Australian coast breeds thoughts of suicide in the architect of fallen fortunes who seeks new channels for his energy.

To be just, the shell belies the kernel. No sadder, no more depressing finis could well be written to an ocean voyage of six weeks than the approach to Sydney Heads, particularly when an easterly gale is hurling the surf over the lantern of the Macquarie Lighthouse. Yet not the most sanguine immigrant could picture anything more alluring than the panorama which, with very little aid from sun and sky, unfolds to his wondering gaze the moment he has passed through those grim portals that seem to shut out the last link with the old home. In the making of the glorious harbour Nature has been bravely helped by man. Her part in the wonderful effect was a passive one. She invited decoration and suggested possibilities to the architect and landscape gardener, who have between them made something imperial out of what was merely rustic beauty of the crudest kind.

Nowhere on all Australia's rim is the coastline the just index to the hinterland. The ugliness of the barren cliffs near Newcastle gives no indication of the glories of Bulli Pass or the lovely windings of the Hawkesbury River. Sometimes, too, the edge of the continent is unduly flattering. The seductions of Whitsunday Passage and Albany Pass find a wretched sequel in the iron-roofed townships and reeking mining-camps of northern Queensland. Any one with the temperament that revels in coasting deserves pity if he dies before his steamer has crept along the twelve hundred miles of cobalt water that all but stagnates inside the Barrier Reef, so clear and still that the eye accustomed to such vertical prospect can see every brilliantly coloured fish that swims over the madrepore meadows and in and out of the coral castles buried in the jungle of lovely weeds. The narrow way within the Barrier expands no more than fifty miles, and the average depth is well within fifty fathoms. Spots there are on this perilous but fascinating passage in which the steamer, going painfully at half-speed, seems to be navigating some Norwegian fjord basking in a softer climate than the northland knows. The passage of these tranquil waters is a joy of many days to all but the anxious captain, who, in company with the special pilot, spends both days and nights upon the bridge until his precious charge is out of the toils.

Either approach to Australia, then, is full of deceit. The beauties of the northern route raise hopes soon dashed on landing. The dourness of the southern shores, than which perhaps all England cannot show ten miles of coastline more depressing, leaves room for agreeable disappointment at the journey's end.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

BOY BRIGHT.

By Lloyd Osbourne.

PART I.

WHEN Miss Millie James, the Editor of the *Monthly General Intelligencer*, told Miss Effie Jupe, the office typist, to requisition seventy-five cents from Major von Buelk, the business manager, and insert an advertisement in the *New York Herald* for a new office-boy, how little she suspected the far-reaching consequences that were to follow her command! Indeed, so small was the importance she attached to it that she merely said, 'Oh, bother! look up the old one, Effie,' to Miss Jupe's request for the proper formula of boy-invitation; and thus it was that the 'old one' was resurrected, and went forth, all new and dressed up again, to jostle for a place in the dense columns of the Sunday edition:

'Wanted, Boy, bright, willing, tidy, polite, and punctual. Two dollars weekly. Apply Office *General Intelligencer*, No. 53 East Ninth Street, New York City.'

Now, whether it was the insufficiency of the two dollars weekly, or the absence of brightness, willingness, tidiness, politeness, and punctuality in the rising generation, or the altogether dingy, dismal appearance of No. 53 East Ninth Street, intensified as it was by the shabbiest stuffed bear you ever saw set out in front, and a peculiarly wild, furry, penetrating odour that seemed to attend the process of turning cat into ermine, and just-dog into mink, beaver, and astrakhan (as practised mysteriously by dark, pale aliens with hooked noses in the basement and first floor)—whether it was due to this, or merely to shortage of boy in the busy marts of trade, the fact remains that it was not until late on Wednesday that there was a single application for the vacancy.

He was a frank, smiling, attractive boy, with clustering fair hair and strange, earnest eyes; and as he stood there in his ragged clothes, twiddling his little cap, everybody smiled, for he was a contagious kind of boy, and the more you looked at him the better you liked him; and Mr Whatling, who was painting at an easel, said jovially, 'Hello!' at which everybody laughed, including the boy, the joke being in the way he said it, which was big and jolly like himself.

'Have you come in answer to the advertisement?' asked Miss James.

'Yes, miss,' the boy answered, with a duck of his head, and becoming suddenly embarrassed as they all stared at him.

'What's your name?'

'Georgie Thompson.'

'What did you do before you came here?'

'Sold papers, miss. Papa and mamma dead.'

'What made you want to come and work for us?'

'The streets are getting awful cold, and—and'—— He stopped pitifully, and looked up at her, so shrinking and small and scared, with such a tell-tale quiver of the cherubic mouth, and such a droop of the childish, ill-clad shoulders, that further personal information seemed likely to be all wet and soaky.

I suppose it was very wrong for an editor to put her arms about an office-boy and kiss him; but that was just what Miss James did, being all woman, bless her! with the tenderest, most impulsive heart in the world; and she didn't ask for references, or inquire about his punctuality or willingness, or anything; and when she let him go, all tumbled and bewildered and ashamed, yet glad too, he found himself engaged. Not to Miss James, of course. I don't mean that at all, he being ten at most, and she past twenty-eight. But engaged to a job, and officially then and there appointed office-boy to the *Monthly General Intelligencer*, with all the rights, privileges, obligations, and increments that were attached to the position. Miss James's blue eyes were too moist and there was something too choky in her throat for her to teach Georgie's duties to him at that moment; but Mr Whatling, who was always ready to talk, even when painting

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

Nocturnes, set him on a soap-box, and began in the whimsical Whatling manner to explain the universe, and more particularly that part of it on East Ninth Street that, he felt, specially needed Georgie's attention.

'Not that I like that name,' he said, running his hand reflectively through his artist-hair, which was excessively long and unkempt. 'Georgie Thompson is no name at all; it has no appeal, no colour, no—no *shock*. I think we'll call you Boy Bright—after the advertisement, you know—"Wanted, Boy Bright." It suits you; it has piquancy. Will you be Boy Bright?'

'If the lady doesn't mind, sir.'

Miss James was understood to say she didn't mind; and, as the boy caught the glance she gave him, he thought she had the prettiest, nicest, sweetest face he had ever seen, though he was not old enough to interpret the faint lines that told of bygone sorrows bravely borne, nor to appreciate the effects of poverty and discouragement which, like breath on a glass, had dimmed a beauty once as fresh as a rose.

'Now, Boy Bright,' said Mr Whatling, 'I hope you haven't come here with any anticipation of becoming President of the United States? While it is admittedly true that most of our great men have begun as office-boys, they had invariably attached themselves to something going and growing. You, my dear little midshipman, are standing (or rather sitting) on the deck of a sinking ship! Yes, Boy Bright, Failure, with outstretched arms, welcomes you to our midst.'

Mr Whatling dabbed on more sky, and retreated several paces to watch the effect, and cheerfully mixed some star-material on his palette.

Boy Bright, somewhat confused by the publicity of his position, watched and waited in silence.

He did not have to wait long, for Mr Whatling, advancing again, resumed his harangue. 'I, for instance, paint pictures that nobody buys, and if I live at all it is through the charity of Miss James, who, appreciating the difficulty of making a studio out of a hall-bedroom, allows me the run of this editorial establishment. Passing lightly from myself, let me turn your youthful attention to Miss James, who, during the long intervals of professional relaxation, writes stories for the magazines that return with the faithfulness of homing pigeons to yonder bottom left-side drawer. That imposing Austrian individual with the meerschaum pipe—Major von Buelk, Boy Bright; Boy Bright, Major von Buelk—two good fellows ought to know each other. Well, the Major, little though he looks it, is a Failure too. He was too brave, too honourable, too straightforward for any other fate. He may be a little stout for a hero, and much too devoid of hair, but he sacrificed a career and a fortune to save the family honour. Look at him respectfully, Boy Bright, not because he's our business manager, but because he's a Man.'

Boy Bright shyly gazed at the Major, whose bushy eyebrows and heavy, grizzled moustache gave him a formidable appearance. He was a very stout gentleman, and so superfluously built that he overfolded like a rhinoceros, especially at the collar.

'*Ach*, you dom fool!' he observed in a booming voice, 'the child is a goot child. Paint your dom silly picture, and let him in his duties instructed be.' No one seconding his protest, he bent over his ledger again, and blew out clouds of smoke as though to hide his bald head.

'That little lady yonder,' continued Mr Whatling, unabashed, and indicating a slender, dark girl sitting before a typewriter, 'is Miss Effie Jupe, and that work she is consulting so anxiously is not the Bible her mother gave her when she left the old farm for the temptations of the city, but a manual explaining the difference between princip*al* and princip*ull*, and such pitfalls for number one-and-a-half girl-shoes as dilapidated and vegetable. If she is the only one of us who isn't an out-and-out Failure, it must be said in her favour that she has the Failure-instinct, and chose us rather than the Grabham Gas Company, which was competing with us for her services. No; like you, Boy Bright, she searched night and day for a sinking ship, and stepped aboard with the same alacrity.'

'But, please sir, what am I to do?' asked Boy Bright, as the inventory came to an end for lack of further human material, and the Nocturne engrossed a silence that grew longer and longer.

'Oh! do?' cried Mr Whatling, quite surprised, and painting with sudden vigour. 'Why, do what we all do—do nothing. Plough the sand, dream of the Unattainable, draw cheques on the Bank of Fantasy and Hope Deferred, and consecrate every faculty in keeping clear of Art. That's enough to begin with, isn't it?'

At this Miss James looked up from her writing, and her smile was like sunshine as she told Boy Bright not to mind Joey—which seemed to be Mr Whatling when contracted. 'I'll tell you everything about everything in a minute,' she added; 'and if you work hard, and try to be cheerful, and don't talk back when I'm cross, I'll see that you become President after all.'

Boy Bright, much mystified, and yet strangely happy, sat on his box, and thought it was a very funny place, and the people very funny people, and wondered why they were all Failures when they were so nice; and wondered, too, what Mr Whatling had meant by a sinking ship. It was just his joky way of talking, of course; but it had a splendid sound, though Mr Whatling was dressed more in accordance with the sister-thought of a desert island, his clothes were so old and shiny, and his cuffs so frayed, and his hair so wild and straggling.

'Please, sir, what am I to do?' repeated Boy Bright in a lull of Nocturne, as Mr Whatling rolled and lighted a cigarette.

'The duties of an office-boy,' returned Mr Whatling oracularly, 'are a good deal what the office-boy condescends to make them. I will sketch for you

the Ideal, which, like everything ideal, is also the unattainable, and will leave you to supply the personal coefficient for yourself.'

Mr Whatling stared at him with such humorous expectancy that Boy Bright felt he had to answer something. So he answered, 'Thank you.'

'The Ideal,' continued Mr Whatling, 'arrives here at dawn, and cleans and sweeps and dusts and tidies up the whole place. He empties the stove, shines it up, and makes a fire. He puts Miss James's desk in order; he carts away the Major's tobacco-ash; he sets out Miss Jupe's pencils and note-books; he comes and looks at my things, and —listen, Boy Bright—*he leaves them alone*, after murmuring a few words of artistic delight and appreciation. Towards nine the office force begins to arrive, and he must greet them with appropriate ceremony, nicely graduated from the crawling obsequiousness due an editor to the "Hello, Joey!" that is quite good enough for me. Then he brings in the mail, and sorts it over, removing on his own responsibility fifteen bushels of advertising rubbish before laying the rest on the desks of the Major and Miss James.

'The time has now arrived for him to carry, with the caution and care of an armed bank messenger, certain priceless manuscripts and proof-sheets to the printers in Franklin Square. He does this on his two legs, at the dictates of health and economy, and remains at large for a period that is proportionate to the toughness of his conscience. He returns to lick stamps and perform other necessary functions of an allied nature, until a noticeable restlessness and a tendency to pester and drum reminds the office force that he must be lunched. This rite, to which he attaches inordinate importance, is consummated around the corner for ten cents, and its effects are visible for hours afterwards until water and soap are imperiously suggested.

'During the afternoon there is a persistent trickle of literary undesirables, who must be prevented at any cost from leaping the goat-fence in the outer office; and here come into play those qualities of firmness, conciliatoriness, and imagination with which the Ideal is so richly endowed. He must regard the intrusion of these poor wretches as a surf beating against a rock; and you, Boy Bright, are the rock. You will ask, then, who it is that supplies the material for the *Monthly General Intelligencer*. Echo answers faintly but distinctly, Miss James and Major von Buelk, eked out by the efforts of seven paupers, whose identifications and passwords will be subsequently supplied to you. There, Boy Bright, is your day; and may you be a little hustler in the vineyard!'

Miss James had been listening to all this, and when Mr Whatling stopped she called Boy Bright over to her, and asked in her low, sweet voice if he thought he would like to stay.

'Very much,' assented Boy Bright; 'though, if you'll excuse me, I think I'd better run out and find a place to sleep.' His politeness was astonishing, as were his stately, old-fashioned manners, and the sort of sure way he had, not exactly precocious—it was too boyish for that—but extraordinarily winning and self-reliant. He went off as coolly as though he were grown-up, and were going to the Waldorf Hotel; yet Mr Whatling, who had followed him surreptitiously to the landing, said he had slid down the banisters like an everyday boy.

'What a darling!' cried Miss James. 'He is the dearest, handsomest, manliest little chap I ever saw, and I'm just crazy about him.'

'Poor little mite!' said Joey. 'What a cursed world it is, where such waifs and strays have to shift for themselves! And there he is, as bold as brass, going out to look for lodgings with ten times more courage than I have, and forty times more initiative! By George, it's enough to make one feel ashamed!'

'I'm surprised that anything could make you feel that way, Mr Whatling,' observed Miss Jupe, who was always engaged in sham battles with the painter, whom secretly she admired almost as much as the stout Major.

'If you were born again,' snapped Joey, 'you'd be a nasty little seal on what you would probably call an iceberg, and you'd keep barking and annoying all the other seals till somebody in rubber boots shot and skinned you, and a rich lady would wear you at a party, and everybody would be glad.'

'I always like going to parties,' returned Miss Jupe; 'though, goodness gracious, Joey! I hope nobody would recognise my ski'——

'Effie, Effie,' interrupted Miss James with severity, 'there are gentlemen present!'

'I can't get him out of my head,' said Joey, beginning to paint with renewed ardour. 'Poor little devil, he ought to be in the Park with a nurse, skating head-foremost into grown-up bread-baskets, and making the ear-piercing noises of happy infancy. It's all darned wrong, and I'm going to become an Anarchist—a red, hairy, reviling, maniacal, bomb-throwing, seen-through-the-smoke-in-the-act-of-escaping Anarchist!'

Had he been a little lost dog who had followed one of them home, Boy Bright could not have snuggled more contentedly into the lives of these four people. His boyish, hungry heart craved affection; he had been so long out in the cold, so long nobody's little boy, that he fairly welled over with love, like a miniature gusher of the Standard Oil Company. Miss Millie James was his first favourite, of course—queenly, long-limbed, velvety-voiced Miss James, with the whimsical, tender smile, and the lovely blue eyes that were so melting-soft, though keen, too, about such matters as little boys' ears and necks, and sticky cherub mouths. There was nothing Boy Bright wouldn't have done for Miss James, even to drowning in soap and water, which, if she had stipulated for a knighthood test, she would of a certainty have made her choice.

And Joey—the jolly, irrepressible, light-hearted,

always-laughing Joey, whose pictures looked just as well wrong-side up as right-side, and were named Whistlers, perhaps from the amount of whistling that went into the composition of them? Oh, how he loved Joey, and how many miles he had walked with him, carrying a Whistler, too, under his little arm, to very-much-offended, stand-offish people in shops, who, as Joey said, couldn't see a joke! For nobody ever bought Whistlers, and in his heart of hearts Boy Bright sometimes thought it was rather a tiresome joking for little legs, and wondered why Joey didn't stick altogether to painting Miss James in a pretended motor-car, which, when he condescended to do it, could always be sold for twenty dollars each—quite small ones—and accumulate enough to buy a new suit of clothes and a hair-cut. Boy Bright used to speak to Joey seriously about it; but nobody could do anything with Joey—not even Miss James—and you had to love him just as he was, which in Boy Bright's case was an awful lot.

It took longer to get acquainted with the Major, who was so fat and gruff and grown-up, and spoke in such a spitty, hissy, foreign kind of way, that at first you were quite alarmed when you attracted his attention. The Major, like Joey, was a joker too, though a fierce, explosive joker that it took time and courage to get used to. Once he made Boy Bright cry, he was so roaring and terrible, and then it was their friendship really began, for the Major caught him up on his knee, and called himself a silly old Austrian fool, and petted him, and wiped away the tears, and said it was only in 'vun'—'*Mein Gott*, in vun, child!—in vun!'—and insisted on giving him a knife with three blades, and took him out afterwards and bought him a little overcoat with a velvet collar, and three marked-down shirts. After that there was no question about loving the Major too, who altered so much from first appearances (always deceitful, as we are told) that he could often be induced to play bear, and rampage about the floor on all-fours, and be shot with a toy pistol, his guttural accent and spitty way of talking being wonderfully effective—for bears.

And there was Miss Jupe, who was such a subdued little thing, and so quiet and demure, that it was ages before you realised she was an awful tease; though her other quality, that of an insatiable kisser, was much sooner discovered. Not that she kissed anybody but Boy Bright, except perhaps her parents in Jersey City; but she just used to eat Boy Bright up, and had such a pouncing way of doing it that she reminded him of an embarrassing little tiger, she was so quick and sudden. And she could make up the most outrageous fibs about Boy Bright, and tell them with such a serious face that it was a wonder the floor didn't open and swallow her up; not to speak of her giving him bits of board made up to look like chocolate, and lassoing him with typewriter ribbon, and dropping paper-fasteners down the back of his neck. Yes, an awful tease, in spite of her innocent, wide-open brown eyes, and the respectful, pussy-cat way she'd say, 'With pleasure, Miss James,' or, 'Shall I run off two copies, Major?'

(To be continued.)

THE DUTY OF THE NATION TO THOSE WHO HAVE SERVED IN THE ARMY.

By E. BRUCE LOW, M.A.

WITH A COMMENDATION BY LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

I DESIRE very cordially and earnestly to commend this article to the serious consideration of my fellow-countrymen. To make service in the Army a passport to employment in civil life seems to me the corollary of short service with the colours. Unless we do this we cannot hope to get the best material for the Army by voluntary enlistment, and the calamity of compulsory service will be brought nearer than it is. I regard the movement to organise a regular system of finding employment for all soldiers who deserve it as nothing but the discharge of a national obligation.

BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

THE problem of the unemployed has become acute in our midst, and there are few who have not felt a throb of pity for the thousands of starving men, women, and children around us all through the dreary winter. But how many of us have given a thought to the case of the unemployed soldier—the man out-of-work who has never learned a trade, but has given the best years of his youth and manhood to the service of his country, and has taken our place in India or Africa while we have enjoyed the comforts of our home civilisation?

> For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
> The farmer ploughs the manor;
> But glory is the sodger's prize—
> The sodger's wealth is honour.
> The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
> Nor count him as a stranger;
> Remember he 's his country's stay
> In day and hour of danger.—BURNS.

If we think of it, the case of these men is well worthy of the warmest support of every employer of labour in the country; not merely because, while civilians have been earning bread for their families and laying by a store for the days of old age or commercial depression, these men have been learning the trade which cannot be of use to them or their children in their later years; but also because they are in themselves well fitted by their training for being entrusted with positions where punctuality,

promptness, and exact fulfilment of duty are essential, which are to the soldier his 'second nature.' On higher grounds still, we feel that the soldier calls for our sympathy and confidence. To him, as to our sailors, we owe it that to-day our Empire has been preserved and extended, that our commerce is carried into every quarter of the globe, and our traders find themselves safe from insult even in the remotest regions of Central Asia and Africa under the ægis of that Power which overshadows them wherever they go. Do we recognise how much we civilians owe to the sacrifices made by these men when they appeal to us for work and for the opportunity to lead honest and respectable lives? Let a single instance suffice. There was a day in January 1900 when the great heart of the British Empire stood still, sick with apprehension, and despondent, after the black week which closed in gloom the record of the old year. On that day the fate of the whole British people, colonist and stay-at-home alike, hung on the courage of a few rough soldiers of the Manchesters, Rifles, Devons, and Gordons. Had they proved false to their trust, the fate of Ladysmith with its hunger-worn garrison, of Natal, and South Africa itself, would have been sealed, and the Boers would have carried out the boast of their leaders that they would drive the British back to the sea. Have we forgotten with what dire sinking of heart the people read, as the gathering darkness of Saturday the 6th of January was falling upon these islands, the solemn warning of impending disaster which came as his last word from Sir George White: 'Attack renewed—very hard pressed'? And then the pall of night fell, leaving us in suspense which for most of our anxious people continued till Monday morning, when the glad news of a desperate but successful resistance was carried to the uttermost parts of the earth. What were our soldiers doing for us all the while? Here is the record of two of them during the hours of close, almost eye-to-eye, fighting. Before the Boer fire the Manchester Regiment particularly suffered great loss. Some of the sangars on Cæsar's Camp were occupied by the enemy, but there was one spot in the defence which the Boers failed to carry. In the little sangar where they had been stationed, Privates Scott and Pitt—the survivors of fourteen men posted there—swore an oath that they would never give up while breath was left in their bodies, and for fifteen long hours, under a scorching sun, and later amid a torrential rainstorm, their deadly rifle-fire kept the Boers at bay. In the end, as we know, the enemy were compelled to withdraw baffled, whereupon the two plucky privates who had 'held the fort' so manfully returned to the camp, smoke-blackened, and in Scott's case wounded, to receive the due reward of their heroism. These two lads are but samples of what there is of courage, mettle, and fidelity to duty among our soldiers and sailors, and we should try to realise when one of them comes to us beseeching with their looks—for their words are few as a rule—how much our honour and credit, our commercial stability and our whole civilisation, may have depended on that man's courage in the hour of trial.

The problem of finding employment for our ex-soldiers is one which must be regarded as an obligation of the national honour. That it is one of wide extent the figures which follow will show.

Every year the number leaving the colours and joining the ranks of the unemployed considerably exceeds twenty thousand. In 1908 the number of linesmen who joined the Reserve with good characters—from the military point of view—was twenty-four thousand; but there were many more who were well worthy of employment, but who for some lapse from the strict requirements of Army routine failed to obtain more than an 'indifferent' certificate. These men, too, require our assistance before they sink, under the pressure of hard times and disappointed hopes, into the abyss of slumdom in our cities, or become tramps and outcasts, reduced to desperation, on the verge of crime. To find employment for these men, no longer attached to their regiments, is a serious undertaking and well worthy of the co-operation of every responsible citizen, whether employer or not. At least let us give them a chance.

The subject of providing employment for the best of our Reserve men has long caused anxiety at the War Office and among those who have at heart the best interests of the Army, as an essential element of our national life.

In 1877 and 1894 committees of the Houses of Parliament were appointed, and issued reports, and in 1883 and 1891 the Treasury appointed committees for the purpose of considering and reporting upon the subject. The latest committee, appointed in 1905, was an exceedingly strong one, and had Sir Edward Ward, K.C.B., the famous Director of Supplies during the siege of Ladysmith, and now Permanent Under-Secretary for War, as its chairman. Besides Sir Edward Ward and Lord Cheylesmore, the committee included representatives of the Navy, as well as the chiefs of the Army recruiting organisation, and such large employers of labour as Sir F. Harrison, then general manager of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the late Sir George Livesey, the chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. This committee signed their report in July 1908, and it well repays careful perusal. (Blue Book Cd. 2991, price 8d.)

Among its recommendations are (1) the formation of an association for the provision of employment for ex-soldiers to undertake the work now carried on by the War Office and by existing agencies; (2) that the Government should direct the various public departments to fill vacancies in certain appointments by ex-soldiers and sailors of good character; (3) that County and Burgh Councils should be urged to reserve a number of appointments for these men; (4) that the police force should be available for them under special arrangements as to age of admission and pensions; (5) that every soldier should be required to learn some technical work during his military career; (6) that

classes be opened for the education of soldiers in motor-driving and in commercial and practical subjects; (7) that lectures be delivered in military centres in order to bring the matter of their future civil career before the men; (8) that facilities be given them for emigration, after a preliminary training; (9) that thrift and the advisability of joining friendly societies be impressed on the men; and (10) that the form of character supplied to them on discharge should be improved in respect to its division, whatever their military and civil conduct.

The whole of these recommendations will no doubt in course of time be adopted, but much still remains to be done. As it was, in 1908 the whole of the various agencies existing for the purpose of finding employment were unable to do so in the case of three thousand of the best class of reservists. The subject of finding employment for reservists has naturally engaged the attention of the Spiritual and Moral Advisory Committee formed nearly three years ago by the Army Council. This committee is composed of the best authorities. Lord Roberts is a member, and clergymen and civilians, Protestants and Roman Catholics, who are well known for their interest in the well-being of the nation.

It is gratifying to learn that—largely, we believe, at the suggestion of the Rev. P. R. Mackay, D.D., a Scottish minister who has on successive occasions visited all the large military stations in India, and done military duty with our troops in Egypt and India—a scheme was originated which provided that the best opportunity be given to men of good character on their return to civil life, while means should be taken to do the best possible for those who have been less fortunate during their period of service in the Army. The scheme, which is clearly the result of long practical experience of Army conditions and knowledge of the men, has been approved by the War Office, and is now being brought into action.

The scheme was warmly supported by Sir Edward Ward, and recommended by him to the attention of the people of this country at the large and representative meeting of gentlemen connected with the Scottish regimental associations held in Edinburgh on 5th January 1909, and it was warmly approved by the Financial Secretary of the War Office during the discussion of the Army Estimates on 4th March 1909. His remarks are well worthy of quotation here. He said:

'Interesting work is going on in Scotland of associating the religious bodies with the work of looking after the soldiers. In Scotland this was perhaps particularly easy, because the ecclesiastical arm was so strong. Part of the work consisted in asking the recruit to give the name of some minister with whom he had been associated. To his great surprise, he found that 95 per cent. of recruits had been able to mention some minister. When a soldier left the colours the papers were sent to the Rev. Dr Mackay of the United Free Church. Dr Mackay got into communication with the minister of whatever religious denomination the man might belong to in the place where the soldier was going to settle down. A great deal of work has already been done in this way. This cut both ways. Not only was the soldier in touch with the minister when he left the colours, but the minister was kept in touch with the soldier when he joined the colours.

'A third way in which this was to be worked was for the soldier's home minister to look him up on furlough. He hoped the splendid work Dr Mackay was doing would be extended. The old reproach that the soldier was a blackguard when he was in the force and a wastrel when he was out of it had almost altogether disappeared. They trusted the soldier more, they looked after him better, and as a result they got a better and cheaper Army which was more in touch with the life and sympathies of the mass of the people.'

In carrying out his great scheme Dr Mackay has been nobly sustained by the personal encouragement of Sir Edward Ward, and by a powerful section of the leaders of public opinion; and it is especially noteworthy that on every hand the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, of every denomination have responded to Dr Mackay's appeals for co-operation. How the men themselves have appreciated the efforts being made on their behalf is evident from numerous letters which we have seen. The following extract from one of these, from a soldier whose certificate was only 'indifferent,' speaks for itself:

'I take the present opportunity of writing to thank you for your kind reception of me when, in company with A., I called on you last Saturday. Your kind words on that occasion did a lot towards dispelling a somewhat despondent feeling which had been creeping over me. I intended saying a good deal more when I saw you, but did not wish to intrude further on your valuable time. . . . I should like to be in a position to form a home of my own, where I could keep my father in his declining years. He is the only relative I have got, having lost my mother when I was but twelve months old.

'Now, sir, I have tried for several good situations, but have always failed, not from lack of ability, but unfortunately from lack of references. This constant failure naturally made me somewhat despondent, until I heard of your success in securing a situation for A.

'I then plucked up courage and decided to ask you to assist me in like manner. If I only get one chance I shall do my best, and am positive I shall succeed in any respectable situation.

'I am in possession of a first-class Army School Certificate. I have also got a fairly good reference (of which I enclose a copy) from a previous employer. I think I could manage to get another one also. . . . In the meantime, accept of the sincere gratitude of —Your humble servant.'

Another Scots soldier for whom a situation has been found described his case as follows:

'I am an ex-soldier, discharged with an "indifferent" character, according to the records. That I merited this designation I will not attempt to deny. I joined the Army at sixteen years of age, and when it is remembered the temptations to which a young person is subjected in the Army, and the regardlessness of the future inherent in some people, and of which I was especially guilty, it can easily be seen how an account can be run up in a defaulter-book. I may say that my crimes (so called) chiefly consisted of overstaying passes, four cases of drunkenness, one of these on duty (picket), but it was proved that I was under the influence of drink ere I was aware that I was required for duty. My regimental entries consist of two only. Now, the effect this "indifferent" character may have on my future is obvious, as I cannot turn my hand to any Government employment.

'I thought I would make this appeal to you to assist me in obtaining an appointment as postman or policeman, for which I am physically adapted, though I hardly dare hope for the latter.

'I can only say, in conclusion, that should you see your way to assist me in obtaining any of these appointments I shall endeavour to the best of my ability to show I have merited your assistance.'

Though these men left with their character marked 'indifferent,' it is clear from their letters that they are men who have not forfeited their claim to be helped by their fellow-countrymen.

Although the scheme has involved a considerable amount of extra work upon the officers commanding the various regiments who are asked to obtain from the men in the ranks (who may have recently joined, or who may be about to leave the colours) such facts regarding their religious and civil connections as are likely to enable Dr Mackay to set at work the machinery which he has provided for the benefit of the soldiers when they leave the colours, it has worked well, and, as the War Office has declared, it is worthy of general support.

It remains for all employers of labour and for all those who are interested in the welfare of our soldiers and sailors to follow Dr Mackay's example, and to bestir themselves in order to remove that nightmare which haunts every soldier in the last year of his service with the colours as to what is to become of him when the State casts him adrift.

Dr Mackay has wisely resolved that his care shall not be limited to those who may carry with them what are described by the military reports as 'good' characters, which, however, exclude four classes whose characters may, in a military sense, be only 'fair' or 'indifferent,' 'bad' or 'very bad.' Personal knowledge of military conditions satisfied the last committee that great hardship has resulted from the present form of character granted on discharge to our soldiers, and they have strongly urged that no time should be lost in improving the present defective system. As an example of the present method it may be mentioned that no soldier (however perfect his conduct, from a military or civil point of view, may have been) can obtain the highest form of 'good character'—namely, 'exemplary'—unless he has served for at least six years.

It is not to be forgotten that every soldier has his conduct under observation for twenty-four hours daily, whereas men in civil employment enjoy practical freedom from supervision during more than half of the day. In this way it cannot be denied that for a soldier to produce a good character his conduct must be of a much more consistent and steady nature than is represented by the certificate of an employer in a civil calling.

With the greatly improved conditions of service which now exist, the class of men attracted to the Army has also improved. It is to be hoped that, with the clergymen of every denomination at work on his behalf, and able to certify as to the applicant's antecedents, employers of labour, public offices, and all sections of society who require steady, reliable, punctual men, accustomed to give prompt attention to orders, and men methodical in their habits, will feel themselves bound in honour to put themselves into touch with the various agencies, regimental associations, and recruiting offices, where lists of candidates are always kept, before proceeding to fill any vacancies in their staff.

We have no doubt whatever that the Rev. Dr Mackay (33 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh) will be very pleased to assist and advise those who are on the outlook for reliable men. Lists of unemployed soldiers are also carefully kept by Major Masterton, V.C., and Lieutenant Robertson, V.C., the chief recruiting officers in Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE VELVET PAW.

THE new-comer stood before Gabrielle, hat in hand, smiling pleasantly and uttering a greeting of surprise.

Her response was cold, for was not all her present unhappiness due to him?

'I've come here to speak to you, Gabrielle—to speak to you in confidence.'

'Whatever you have to say may surely be said in the hearing of a third person?' was her dignified answer. His sudden appearance had startled her, but only for a moment. She was cool again next instant, and on her guard against her enemy.

'I hardly think,' he said with a meaning smile, 'that you would really like me to speak before a third party.'

'I really care nothing,' was her answer. 'And I cannot see why you seek me here. When one is hopeless, as I am, one becomes callous of what the future may bring.'

'Hopeless! Yes,' he said in a changed voice, 'I know that; living in this dismal hole, Gabrielle, you must be hopeless. I know that your exile here, away from all your friends and those you love, must be soul-killing. Don't think that I have not reflected upon it a hundred times.'

'Ah, then you have at last experienced remorse!' she cried bitterly, looking straight into the man's face. 'You have estranged me from my father, and tried to ruin him! You lied to him—lied in order to save yourself!'

The man laughed. 'My dear child,' he exclaimed, 'you really misjudge me entirely. I am here for two reasons: to ask your forgiveness for making that allegation which was imperative; and, secondly, to assure you that, if you will allow me, I will yet be your friend.'

'Friend!' she echoed in a hollow voice. 'You—my friend!'

'Yes. I know that you mistrust me,' he replied; 'but I want to prove that my intentions towards you are those of real friendship.'

'And you, who ever since my girlhood days have been my worst enemy, ask me now to trust you!' she exclaimed with indignation. 'No; go back to Lady Heyburn and tell her that I refuse to accept the olive-branch which she and you hold out to me.'

'My dear girl, you don't follow me,' he exclaimed impatiently. 'This has nothing whatever to do with Lady Heyburn. I have come to you from purely personal motives. My sole desire is to effect your return to Glencardine.'

'For your own ends, Mr Flockart, without a doubt!' she said bitterly.

'Ah! there you are quite mistaken. Though you assert that I am your father's enemy, I am, I tell you, his friend. He is ever thinking of you with regret. You were his right hand. Would it not be far better if he invited you to return?'

She sighed at thought of the blind man whom she regarded with such entire devotion, but answered, 'No, I shall never return to Glencardine.'

'Why?' he asked. 'Was it anything more than natural that, believing you had been prying into his affairs, your father, in a moment of anger, condemned you to this life of appalling monotony?'

'No, not more natural than that you, the culprit, should have made me the scapegoat for the second time,' was her defiant reply.

'Have I not already told you that the reason I'm here is to crave your forgiveness? I admit that my actions have been the reverse of honourable; but—well, there were circumstances which compelled me to act as I did.'

'You got an impression of my father's safe-key, had a duplicate made in Glasgow, as I have found out, and one night opened the safe and copied certain private documents having regard to a proposed loan to the Greek Government. The night I discovered you was the second occasion when you went to the library and opened the safe. Do you deny that?'

'What you allege, Gabrielle, is perfectly correct,' he replied. 'I know that I was a blackguard to shield myself behind you—to tell the lie I did that night. But how could I avoid it?'

'Suppose I had, in retaliation, spoken the truth?' she asked, looking the man straight in the face.

'Ah! I knew that you would not do that.'

'You believe that I dare not—dare not for my own sake, eh?'

He nodded in the affirmative.

'Then you are much mistaken, Mr Flockart,' she said in a hard voice. 'You don't understand that a woman may become desperate.'

'I can understand how desperate you have become, living in this Sleepy Hollow. A week of it would, I admit, drive me to distraction.'

'Then if you understand my present position you will know that I am fearless of you, or of anybody else. My life has ended. I have neither happiness, comfort, peace of mind, nor love. All is of the past. To you—you, James Flockart—I am indebted for all this! You have held me powerless. I was a happy girl once, but you and your dastardly friends crossed my path like an evil shadow, and I have existed in an inferno of remorse ever since. I'—

'Remorse! How absurdly you talk!'

'It will not be absurd when I speak the truth and tell the world what I know. It will be rather a serious matter for you, Mr Flockart.'

'You threaten me, then?' he asked, his eyes flashing for a second.

'I think it is as well for us to understand one another at once,' she said frankly.

They had halted upon a small bridge close to the entrance to Apethorpe village.

'Then I'm to understand that you refuse my proffered assistance?' he asked.

'I require no assistance from my enemies,' was her defiant and dignified reply. 'I suppose Lady Heyburn is at the villa at San Remo as usual, and that it was she who sent you to me, because she recognises that you've both gone a little too far. You have. When the opportunity arises, then I shall speak, regardless of the consequences. Therefore, Mr Flockart, I wish you good-evening;' and she turned away.

'No, Gabrielle,' he cried, resolutely barring her path. 'You must hear me. You don't grasp the point of my argument.'

'With me none of your arguments are of any avail,' was her response in a bitter tone. 'I, alas! have reason to know you too well. For you—by your clever intrigue—I committed a crime; but God knows I am innocent of what was intended. Now that you have estranged me from my father and my lover, I shall confess—confess all—before I make an end of my life.'

He saw from her pale, drawn face that she was desperate. He grew afraid.

'But, my dear girl, think—think what you are saying! You don't mean it; you can't mean it. Your father has relented, and will welcome you back, if only you will consent to return.'

'I have no wish to be regarded as the prodigal daughter,' was her proud response.

'Not for Walter Murie's sake?' asked the crafty man. 'I have seen him. I was at the club with him last night, and we had a chat about you. He loves you very dearly. Ah! you do not know how he is suffering.'

She was silent, and he recognised in an instant that his words had touched the sympathetic chord in her heart.

'He is not suffering any greater grief than I am,' she said in a low, mechanical voice, her brow heavily clouded.

'Of course I can quite understand that,' he remarked sympathetically. 'Walter is a good fellow, and—well, it is indeed sad that matters should be as they are. He is entirely devoted to you, Gabrielle.'

'Not more so than I am to him,' declared the girl quite frankly.

'Then why did you write breaking off your engagement?'

'He told you that?' she exclaimed in surprise.

The truth was that Murie had told Flockart nothing. He had not even seen him. It was only a wild guess on Flockart's part.

'Tell me,' she urged anxiously, 'what did he say concerning myself?'

Flockart hesitated. His mind was instantly active in the concoction of a story.

'Oh, well—he expressed the most profound regret for all that had occurred at Glencardine, and is, of course, utterly puzzled. It appears that just before Christmas he went home to Connachan and visited your father several times. From him, I suppose, he heard how you had been discovered.'

'You told him nothing?'

'I told him nothing,' declared Flockart—which was a fact.

'Did he express a wish to see me?' she inquired.

'Of course he did. Is he not over head and ears in love with you? He believes you have treated him cruelly.'

'I—I know I have, Mr Flockart,' she admitted. 'But I acted as any girl of honour would have done. I was compelled to take upon myself a great disgrace, and on doing so I released him from his promise to me.'

'Most honourable!' the man declared with a pretence of admiration, yet underlying it all was a craftiness that surely was unsurpassed. That visit of his to Northamptonshire was made with some ulterior motive, yet what it was the girl was unable to discover. She would surely have been cleverer than most people had she been able to discern the hidden, sinister motives of James Flockart. The truth was that he had not seen Murie, and the story of his anxiety he had only concocted on the spur of the moment.

'Walter asked me to give you a message,' he went on. 'He asked me to urge you to return to Glencardine, and to withdraw that letter you wrote him before your departure.'

'To return to Glencardine!' she repeated, staring into his face. 'Walter wishes me to do that! Why?'

'Because he loves you. Because he will intercede with your father on your behalf.'

'My father will hear nothing in my favour until'—— and she paused.

'Until what?'

'Until I tell him the whole truth.'

'That you will never do,' remarked Flockart quickly.

'Ah! there you're mistaken,' she responded. 'In all probability I shall.'

'Then, before you do so, pray weigh carefully the dire results,' he urged in a changed tone.

'Oh, I've already done that long ago,' she said. 'I know that I am in your hands, utterly and irretrievably, Mr Flockart, and the only way I can regain my freedom is by boldly telling the truth.'

'You must never do that! By Heaven, you shall not!' he cried, looking fiercely into her clear eyes.

'I know! I'm quite well aware of your attitude towards me. The claws cannot be entirely concealed in the cat's paw, you know;' and she laughed bitterly into his face.

The corners of the man's mouth hardened. He was about to speak and show himself in his true colours; but by dint of great self-control he managed to smile and exclaim, 'Then you will take no heed of these wishes of the man who loves you so dearly, of the man who is still your best and most devoted friend? You prefer to remain here, and wear out your young life with vain regrets and shattered affections? Come, Gabrielle, do be sensible.'

The girl did not speak for several moments. 'Does Walter really wish me to return?' she asked, looking straight at him, as though trying to discern whether he was really speaking the truth.

'Yes. He expressed to me a strong wish that you should either return to Glencardine or go and live at Park Street.'

'He wishes to see me?'

'Of course. It would perhaps be better if you met him first, either down here or in London. Why should you two not be happy?' he went on. 'I know it is my fault you are consigned to this dismal life, and that you and Walter are parted; but, believe me, Gabrielle, I am at this moment endeavouring to bring you together again, and to reinstate you in Sir Henry's good graces. He is longing for you to return. When I saw him last at Glencardine he told me that Monsieur Goslin was not so clever at typing or in grasping his meaning as you are, and he is only awaiting your return.'

'That may be so,' answered the girl in a slow, distinct voice; 'but perhaps you'll tell me, Mr Flockart, the reason you evinced such an unwonted curiosity in my father's affairs?'

'My dear girl,' laughed the man, 'surely that isn't a fair question. I had certain reasons of my own.'

'Yes; assisted by Lady Heyburn, you thought that you could make money by obtaining knowledge of my father's secrets. Oh yes, I know—I know more than you have ever imagined,' declared the girl boldly. 'You hope to get rid of Monsieur Goslin from Glencardine and reinstate me—for your own ends. I see it all.'

The man bit his lip. With chagrin he recognised that he had blundered, and that she, shrewd and clever, had taken advantage of his error. He was, however, too clever to exhibit his annoyance.

'You are quite wrong in your surmise, Gabrielle,' he said quickly. 'Walter Murie loves you, and loves you well. Therefore, with regret at my compulsory denunciation of yourself, I am now endeavouring to assist you.'

'Thank you,' she responded coldly, again turning away abruptly. 'I require no assistance from a man such as yourself—a man who entrapped me, and who denounced me in order to save himself.'

'You will regret these words,' he declared, as she walked away in the direction of Woodnewton.

She turned upon him in fierce anger, retorting, 'And perhaps you, on your part, will regret your endeavour to entrap me a second time. I have promised to speak the truth, and I shall keep my promise. I am not afraid to sacrifice my own life to save my father's honour!'

The man stood staring after her. These words of hers held him motionless. What if she flung her good name to the winds and actually carried out her threat? What if she really spoke the truth? Ay, what then?

(To be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF ALGERIA.

By Captain P. L. OLIPHANT.

PART III.—THE PEOPLE.

WHEN the French took possession of Algeria in the first half of the nineteenth century, they assumed responsibility for the government of a mixed population of Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, Jews, negroes, and foreigners, amongst whom racial feeling was more or less acute, but all of whom—with the exception of the Jews and foreigners—were bound by the common tie of Islam. At the time the French were not very sure of their ideal of government. Sometimes they upheld the Empire; then they relapsed into Republicanism, only to restore the Empire once more; until they finally decided that the Republic was the thing for them, and raised the cry of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' Now, liberty is all very well in so far as it is consistent with our ideas of civilisation, and fraternity is an excellent ideal; but equality, either between individuals or races, never has existed, and never can exist. But the catchword was adopted with enthusiasm, and, with the inflexible logic which is characteristic of the nation, it was applied impartially to all nations and races which fell under the dominion of the French Republic. Arabs and Kabyles and Jews were all made brothers, and assured of their equality to each other and to their conquerors, the French. But the brown men and the black, knowing less of civilisation but more of human nature than the white, are quite unable to grasp the republican view of equality. The Moors and Arabs were furious when, in 1871, the French Government declared the Jews, whom they had persistently persecuted, to be entitled to all the rights and privileges accorded to themselves. The general hand-shaking and fraternal embraces were performed according to order, but with great wonderment and consternation on the part of the brown men of the Tell and of the desert. Even the Kabyles, who amongst themselves are communistic, could not understand the attitude of the French, who had scarcely finished the task of bringing them into subjection, and now proclaimed a universal state of equality. If the French had been content to give a full measure of liberty, and to have advocated fraternity as a desirable ideal, and had left out all foolish talk of an impracticable equality, they would have done better for themselves and for their subjects, the people of Algeria.

The results of this mistaken policy are only too obvious in the mixed communities of the larger towns. The native inhabitants, anxious to avail themselves of the privileges of equality, have eagerly adopted all the vices of their conquerors and none of their virtues; nor have they dispensed with any of their own peculiar failings to make room for the imports of foreign depravity. On the other hand, the French and European settlers, from overfamiliarity with the natives, have acquired much of their indolence and crooked dealing without that dignity and reserve which are the Arabs' most impressive characteristics.

A denial of racial equality does not necessarily imply that the superiority is all on one side. A visit to the annual ball given by the Governor-General at his winter palace in Algiers will convince one on this point. This ball is the great official function of the season, and to it are bidden all the Arab chiefs from every quarter of Algeria. The invitation partakes of the nature of a command, and all are expected to attend, though the journey from the uttermost parts of the desert to the

capital takes weeks to accomplish. The French and foreign inhabitants are there also in large numbers, and the officers of the army. As this is a republican country, there can be no discrimination in the issue of invitations, and so far as the French residents are concerned the gathering is decidedly mixed. In this assembly of jigging French nonentities, pushing and struggling through the densely packed *salons*, the resplendent robes of the Arab chiefs and the calm dignity of their bearing form a most striking contrast. Needless to say, they take no part in the dancing. One trembles to imagine what they are thinking of the unveiled, half-clothed women who are being dragged through the mazes of the dance in the arms of the men! But they pay little attention to this part of the entertainment. For the most part they are seated majestically round the illuminated courtyard, engaged in grave conversation with their neighbours, or gazing silently before them through dark, inscrutable eyes. There is an Arab proverb which says, 'Keep your eyes open, and keep your ears open, and talk of date-stones;' and the Arab guests of the Governor-General no doubt have it in mind as they sit in the court of the winter palace.

Whatever may be our opinion of the ethics of the Mohammedan religion, there can be no doubt that it is an intensely living faith, and that it exercises a far more potent influence on the lives of its followers than does Christianity. For this reason it must receive first place in any attempt at a description of the people of Algeria. It is manifested at every turn: in the prostrate form of the Arab who has left his camels and is praying by the wayside, in the little shrines in the streets presided over by *marabouts* reading in sing-song tones from the Koran, in the mosques daily at the hour of prayer, in the fierce fanaticism of the wilder desert tribes, and, most of all, in the eyes of every man whom one encounters. 'The trivial round, the common task,' of the Arab's existence is bound up indissolubly with his religion and the Koran, and he is an adept at finding plausible explanations for his lapses from the law. There was a certain *marabout* who had a great liking for champagne, a beverage forbidden by his religion. He used to assemble his disciples to witness a miracle. The cup which he held in his hand and raised to his lips undoubtedly contained the forbidden wine; but as soon as it passed his lips it was turned to milk. His disciples were perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and watched with awe and reverence the performance of their teacher's miracle.

Like other Eastern religions, Mohammedanism owes much of its power to superstition. The tombs and relics of holy men possess remedial and beneficent qualities. An elderly woman suffering from lumbago will sit for hours with her bare back resting against the cold stone pillar of a *marabout's* sepulchre, now and then eating a handful of earth from a hole scooped out on the top of the grave. There are special shrines recommended to childless women in hope of offspring. A pretty idea is that which lies beneath the little vessel of water to be seen on every grave. It is placed there that the birds may drink of it, and drop by drop carry the soul of the departed to heaven. Representations of the hand of the Prophet and of his wife are to be seen on every side, that those who pass by may touch and be fortunate. Trinkets also are made in this form, to be worn round the neck.

The fanaticism of the Mohammedan is a quality which loses force when brought in contact with European civilisation. In the interior of Morocco it is still unsafe for an unbeliever to go about openly. The European in the city of Morocco who sets any value on his earthly existence goes about in native costume; for there is an awkward conviction in the minds of the people that to kill an unbeliever is a sure passport to heaven. The same idea exists on the north-west frontier of India, and in other places where Islam is not in close touch with foreign ideas. But there is nothing of this to be anticipated in the settled provinces of Algeria. The tourist may wear his loudest suit of checks without fear of reprisals from the natives. If he is anxious to see something of Arab fanaticism in perfect safety, he can, on payment, persuade a few Dervish priests to perform for his benefit. He will witness a weird and revolting performance: the passing of skewers through cheeks and limbs, the burning of the body with flaming torches and red-hot irons, the devouring of live scorpions, and finally the collapse of the performer in a real or simulated fit. How much of it all is trickery and how much due to hypnotic trance is a matter which must be left to the spectator to decide for himself. There are also sacrifices of a fanatical description; but the French Government does not encourage performances of this nature, and they are generally celebrated in secret and at unearthly hours of the morning.

The Arab is by nature indolent; to him time does not mean money, and if it did, it would not be worth while hurrying. But there are a good many things he can do well enough when he chooses. A distinction must be drawn between the Arabs of the interior and the Moors who inhabit the towns on the seaboard. The Arab of the desert does nothing beyond cultivating a few date-palms or a little patch of irrigated cornland, or rearing a few camels and goats. The Moors, who are the offspring of the mixed races which have from time to time occupied the towns and villages along the coast, or are the descendants of the Moors who were driven out of Spain, are far more advanced in civilisation than the Kabyles or desert tribes. Nearly all the industries of the country, putting aside those that have been introduced by the French, are carried on by the Moors. Their architecture is famous all over the world; their brass and leather work and embroideries are also well known. Their children attend the schools, whilst the parents are engaged at their shops and offices doing all in their power to adapt their outward habits to the new civilisation

which has sprung up on the north coast of Africa. Inwardly they are still of the East—unchanging; but the effort to assimilate Western notions has robbed them of the dignity and reserve which the Arabs of the desert have never lost through undue familiarity with the stranger.

The Arab takes his pleasures quietly. He is quite contented lounging all day in a café, with an occasional game of draughts or dominoes. He will spend happy hours asleep in the mosque, or at the door of his house with his back to the wall. In the evening he will again resort to the café to look on silently at the performances of the dancing-girls. The café has been cleared, and the benches arranged round the walls. On a platform at one end of the room sit the musicians. One plays a violin, resting the instrument on his knee; another bangs dexterously on an earthenware drum; and the third performs upon a small wooden instrument resembling a clarionet of singularly ear-piercing quality. The girls dance, one at a time, on the cleared space below. It is the *dance du ventre* common all over the East. In the majority of the dancers there is little or no grace, the merit of the performance depending on the abnormal development of the muscles and adipose tissue of the stomach, the legs and arms playing an entirely secondary part. But now and again one chances on a dancer whose inherent grace carries her through the tortuous performance with credit, even to Western eyes. The ranks of the dancers are recruited from all the native races, and they lay no claims to respectability; but the tribe of the Ouled Naïls supplies the greater number of them. They are handsome, swarthy women from the desert, with an abandon which is not without its charm. The Arabs who have assembled to witness the dancing look on in silence, and never applaud. Sometimes they will mark their appreciation by a gift of money, pressed against the forehead of the dancer. But, in spite of the apparent apathy of the onlookers, much jealousy exists both among the girls and their silent admirers. The simple son of the desert knows of only one cure for jealousy—it is a knife in the ribs of his rival. On this account dancing is forbidden in the native cafés in Algiers; but it can be witnessed in Constantine or Biskra without let or hindrance.

The position of Arab women in Algeria is very much the same as that of their sisters in all Mohammedan countries; they are either the drudges or the playthings of the men. The status of woman has ever since time began been a vexed question. We of the West are shocked at the restrictions imposed by the East on womankind; and they of the East are infinitely more scandalised by the license which is allowed to ours. On this point East and West will never be in agreement. Nevertheless, the feminine influence is felt with equal force in both hemispheres. The Mohammedan has discovered that to aver that woman has no soul does not prevent her from rising on occasion to heights of heroism and devotion; whilst the Westerner, who protests that she is all soul, expects her to perform the menial duties of his household with a good grace. Consistency, if such a thing be possible in our dealings with women, seems to lie rather on the side of the Oriental, who has assigned woman a definite destiny, and will admit of no further possibilities for her, than with us, who have never yet been able to define her position in the universe.

Certainly, to our ideas, the Arab woman lives a dreary life. Until the age of twelve she is allowed the freedom accorded to children in every quarter of the world, with the reservation that her sex is a standing reproach to her. Then she is required to veil her face, and thenceforward she passes into the ranks of womanhood, and she may never show her face again except to her husband or in the seclusion of her own house. The custom of veiling the face sprang from the very human weakness of no less a person than Mohammed himself. The Prophet was desperately jealous of his child-wife Fatima, and to ensure that none but himself looked upon her, he ordered her to veil her face. The idea caught on with his disciples, with the result that for the best part of fifteen hundred years the daughters of Islam have been compelled to cover their faces.

The emancipation of the women of Algeria from the thraldom of Oriental custom is one of the chief objects of Christian missionary endeavour in the country. In Algiers and in Cherchell there are industrial schools where young Arab girls are taught the art of embroidery and carpet-making, and the little pupils become very proficient at the craft. But it is difficult to understand what advantages are gained for them by their proficiency. If they listen to the teachings of the estimable people who have enticed them into the schools, and become Christians, they incur social ostracism amongst their own people, and fall into a condition far worse than the 'slavery' from which it was intended to free them. If they do not listen, then they return to their normal existence, and a certain number of pious Mohammedans obtain wives who, in addition to other desirable qualifications, are expert carpet-makers.

Jews form a very considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the towns in Algeria. In Algiers alone there are some ten thousand of them, and throughout the country between fifty and sixty thousand. They are, for the most part, descendants of the Jews who were driven out of Italy, Spain, and Portugal in the fourteenth century. Until the French occupation they were despised and persecuted by the Moors and Arabs; now they are on an equal footing. They have played an important part in the commerce of the country since the time of the Deys, making themselves indispensable when a bargain has to be driven. In the bad old days, when the European states, roused by popular outcry against the marauders from the African coast, sought to appease discontent by the ransom of some of their countrymen

who were held in slavery by the Algerines, it was through the Jews in Algiers that the negotiations were carried out. In appearance there is little to distinguish the Jews from the Arabs except their dress; but even in this particular the Jewish women are given to aping the Arabs, and sometimes veil their faces in the streets that they may be taken for Arab women. An abnormal excess of adipose tissue is essential in a Jewish beauty. It is said that young girls are fattened up for two years previously to their arriving at a marriageable age that they may find favour in the eyes of the men of their race.

There are also many negroes in Algeria. They come from the Soudan. Many of them are the descendants of slaves. Their black skin does not seem to prejudice them in the eyes either of the Government or of the Arab population; for they enjoy equal rights with the rest of the community, and they intermarry freely with the Arabs. On the borders of the desert it is often difficult to distinguish between the two races; for Soudanese features and colour seem to merge into the more classic lines and shades of the Arab. The negroes in Algeria profess Mohammedanism as readily as the negroes in America take to Christianity. Religion with them seems to be purely a question of environment, and whichever faith they adopt, they graft upon it the grotesque emotionalism of their nature.

But Jews and negroes leave but little impression on the mind of the traveller in Algeria. It is the Arabs and the Kabyles of the native population who interest him most. When he looks back upon his travels it is not the crowded streets of Algiers and Constantine, with their medley of French, Moors, Jews, and Arabs, that arrest his thoughts, but rather the ruined villages of old Biskra on the edge of the illimitable desert, with the date-palms clustering at the foot of the sandy mound, and the Aurés Mountains glowing crimson and golden in the rays of the setting sun. He will remember how he stood alone, looking out across the waste of sand, unconscious of the presence of any human being, until the stirring breeze wafted to him the odour of incense from a hidden shrine.

THE BLUNDERERS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE answer to the question came two days later. Francesca and Mrs Domville were at their morning's work, sitting for coolness in the back drawing-room, which faced north, when some one was shown into the front room. It was the Duchess, and Mrs Domville laid down her papers and moved through the folding-doors to greet her sister.

She did not trouble to shut the door behind her, and Francesca heard the Duchess's eager tone of mingled excitement and exultation, 'Oh Mary, my dear, he has done it, and it's all right!'

'You mean Charles is engaged?' Mrs Domville's cool voice replied. 'Well, it's about time. I am glad it is settled.'

'My dear, I am thankful! She will do very well. She is certainly very pretty, and if I can get a hand in her clothes—— I could wish,' the Duchess went on pensively, 'that Mother M'Cann was a little different, but one can't have everything.'

'Where did it come off?'

'At Bessie Canterbury's ball last night. I must tell you that he had been too odd about it—but *too* odd! He came to me on Sunday night, told me that he could not go on with it, that he couldn't stand it, didn't care about her; and said he would rather begin to economise and get things straight himself. Fancy, Charles economise! I was desperate—begged him to reconsider; but he went to bed as sulky as a bear. I wrote a note to his uncles, told them everything he had said, and asked them to look in in the morning. Francis took him a ride in the Park. Then John spoke to him after luncheon, and between us all I fancy we made him see what his plain duty was. In the evening Blanche M'Cann was at the ball, and so it all came off.'

The Duchess sighed comfortably, and Francesca heard her settle herself heavily on the sofa.

'And does he look happy this morning?' Mrs Domville asked a little sharply.

'Of course he's a little thoughtful,' admitted the Duchess, 'and a little cross,' she added. 'But it's only natural. It's a very important step to take.'

'Very,' agreed Mrs Domville dryly. 'And, after all, he can't afford to be particular.'

But Francesca, as she heard, found the tears stealing down her cheeks. 'Oh, poor Charles!' she thought. 'Poor, weak Charles!'

She bent resolutely to her work, and it was perhaps ten minutes later when the two ladies, having exhausted the great topic for the time being, drifted to other subjects. Francesca was absorbed in a calculation, but a familiar name fell on her ear, and she found herself once more interested.

'I saw Nina Scovell this morning,' the Duchess was saying. 'They came home a fortnight ago. She is looking well.'

'She was at tea here yesterday,' said Mrs Domville, 'and is much taken up with a change which she imagines she sees in Jim Blake. I thought him looking depressed myself when I saw him one day. Nina says he dined with her and Algy, and was so distrait and dull that they could get nothing out of him. Finally, Nina asked him in

chaff if he was in love, and he looked so guilty that Algy kicked her under the table and changed the subject. She is sure she hit the right nail on the head, or he would have chaffed her back.'

'Well,' said the Duchess, 'he ought to marry, of course, now that he has bought Scovell and settled down. How would Pamela Stanley suit him, if he hasn't found some one already?'

'I won't be a party to your match-making,' Mary Domville said, laughing. 'I'll leave all that to you. But I think you would find Jim Blake a difficult man to match-make for; and I know no woman who is good enough for him,' she ended with more warmth in her voice than Francesca had ever heard.

'I believe I agree with you,' said the Duchess half-grudgingly. She was not given to praise. She left soon afterwards, and Mrs Domville rejoined her secretary.

'When my sister arrived, Miss Dunn,' she said, 'I was just going to begin to talk about plans. I go away generally a fortnight later than this; but letters I got this morning have made me change my plans. I want to go away to-morrow, so when you have finished up these papers you can begin on your holiday too. There will be no meetings of any of these societies in August, so there will be nothing fresh to deal with. And in September, too, things will be very slack. I shall be back on the 1st of October, when I shall expect you to resume work. I may tell you that I am *very* pleased with you; you have got wonderfully quickly into my ways. Well, we shall part now for two months, and I believe I shall be quite glad when we meet again. What shall you do with yourself? Shall you go to the country?'

'I really don't know,' Francesca answered. 'I had hardly thought of holidays. I shall probably stay in London.'

Mrs Domville looked at her curiously. 'What is your story, I wonder?' she said. 'No, don't be afraid. I am not going to ask for it. But you ought to be at home, I am sure, not alone in London. Not that I am afraid for you; you look very well able to take care of yourself. And I am sure good old Mrs Broad looks after you well. But you must be lonely all the same. Do you know, if I wasn't going to other people's houses I should like to take you away with me.' And she added to herself, 'I could make that girl look so attractive that she would turn the heads of a roomful of men. With proper clothes, and her hair done well, she would be a beauty.'

'You *have* been kind to me,' Francesca said, blushing with gratitude and pleasure.

As she left the house that morning she felt she had plenty of food for reflection. First she began to wonder how she should fill up her two months of entire liberty. It was pleasant to feel the rustle of notes in her pocket, the first instalment of her salary; but, somehow, though she had keenly looked forward to the moment when she should handle the first money she had ever earned, the reality did not come up to the anticipation. For some reason she felt out of spirits.

Her mind went back to the Duchess's conversation with her sister. So Charles had succumbed to his fate! He had made a struggle; she was glad at least of that. But his weak defences had soon been battered down by his family, and she could hardly be surprised, knowing his character and having heard his mother's description of the formidable attack. She wished him well with all her heart, and hoped he might find happiness in spite of the unpromising outlook. There was good in him, and latent ability, she felt sure, for 'Blanche M'Cann' to discover and encourage—if she could or would.

The remarks about James Blake had forcibly recalled his image to her mind, and with it came thoughts against which she struggled in vain. What was this something about him which could make Mrs Domville enthusiastic and the Duchess generous? What was there about the memory of him that held her and braced her, and yet gave her something like pain at her heart? She had turned in contempt from his clumsy wooing. This pain at her heart was surely remorse for her rudeness; it was not, could not be, regret for having lost him?

She was in the Park now, and as she walked along comforted herself with her old theory.

'He made no pretence of caring,' she thought. 'It was as the Duchess said—it was the proper thing to marry and settle down now he had a place. He might have made me care if he had cared himself, and there was no word of that. But, oh dear, I want something badly to-day! I want home; I want father! I wish I knew that he wanted me!'

'Miss Duncombe,' said a voice.

A man who had been walking quickly past had stopped suddenly, and now barred her way.

It was James Blake.

Her heart seemed to stop beating; the colour rushed over her face.

'I have been looking for you,' he said quietly. 'You are wanted at home.'

'I can't go home,' she said, finding words with an effort, and feeling a curious trembling about the knees.

'I think you will when you know my reason. Your father isn't well, Miss Duncombe; he needs you.'

'Do you mean he is very ill?' Francesca asked.

'His heart has been weak for a year, and he has been pretty bad since you left home.'

'I did not know,' she whispered.

'How could we tell you? I have searched for you and watched for you everywhere, but never found a trace of you.'

Francesca hardly heard him; her thoughts were with her father.

'When can I go? When is the first train?'

'At four o'clock.'

She had another question ready, and after a moment or two it came. 'Does—does he want

me?' She held her head high and looked at him; but Blake saw her lip quiver as she waited for the answer.

'You are all he wants,' he said.

'Thank you,' she answered quietly. 'I will go home now and pack.'

He turned and walked beside her.

'Where are you staying?' he asked, and she told him.

'I don't want to bother you with questions,' he went on; 'but are you all right? Have you been well, and got on all right?'

Briefly she told him of her life since she had left Stellbridge, dwelling on the comfort of her lodgings and the motherliness of Mrs Broad.

She heard him draw a long breath as of relief.

'When did father get ill?' she asked.

'The night you left,' Mr Blake answered after a pause. 'For a week he was very bad. They got him two nurses, and Dr Drew was with him for three nights. He got better slowly, but I am afraid you will find him changed.'

'He will get well, won't he?' said Francesca in sudden fear. Then, as her companion was silent, she cried, 'Oh, Mr Blake, will he die? You think he will, and that it is my fault?' and she clutched his arm, not knowing what she did.

'Listen!' he said firmly, for her voice had risen in her grief. 'You are not to think that kind of thing. Your father told me the night before you left home that his health was bad, that any day might see the end of his life; his heart might fail at any moment. I did not dream, until I heard you had gone, that you had not been told the situation as I had been. Your departure was a shock to him, and it *may* have made him ill; but a sudden start, any haste or over-exertion, would have brought about the same result. On the morning you left he was late for a meeting in the village, and walked up the hill too quickly; it is more than possible that the strain caused the breakdown independently of your leaving him.'

'How could I leave him?' Francesca said miserably. 'What must he—must you—anybody, think of me?'

'Don't look back,' said Blake energetically; 'look forward. Your coming will be everything to him. You made a mistake—we all do that at times. Don't waste time regretting it. You didn't understand, that was all.' He spoke the last sentence softly, half to himself.

By this time they had reached the Albert Gate.

'It's too hot for you to walk any farther,' he said in an authoritative tone which made Francesca feel half-grateful, half-resentful. As he raised his stick to a passing hansom a voice cried, 'Jim! Jim!' and a lady in a carriage which had just turned out of the Park beckoned to him while she called to her coachman to stop. Blake looked a little embarrassed, but went forward as the carriage drew up to the curbstone.

It was Lady Scovell, looking fresh and dainty in a cool muslin dress.

'Why have you *never* come to luncheon with us, as you promised, Jim, you wretch?' she said, looking at him kindly with friendly brown eyes. 'Algy and I want you to do a play with us to-night. He is furious with you.'

'It can't be to-night, I'm afraid,' he said with a smile. 'I'm engaged to-night; and I've been very busy, or you know I should have looked you up. Give my love to Algy, and tell him not to give me up yet as a bad job.'

Lady Scovell's eyes wandered past him to where Francesca stood shyly on the pavement.

'I mustn't keep you. I didn't see you had anybody with you. Why, it's Francesca Duncombe!' she added, and, leaning forward, she held out her hand cordially.—'I didn't know you ever came to London! Do come and see me. I have always felt we ought to know each other better.'

'I'm going home to-day,' said Francesca, 'or I should have liked very much to come.'

'Well, give my love to dear old Stellbridge, and let me know if you ever come up again.—Good-bye, Jim, and I'll never forgive you for refusing all my advances.'

With a nod, and a smile that lit up her charming face, she was gone.

'Now, *is* it that girl that is the reason of Jim's preoccupied airs?' she asked herself as her horses turned towards Mayfair.

The others drove westward in silence; but as the hansom neared Fowler Place, Blake spoke, looking straight before him. 'I just want to say this to you, because I think it will put your mind at rest. You remember what we talked about last time we met? Don't be afraid that I shall ever bother you in that way. I won't force myself on you in any way. But will you try to think of me as a friend, and count upon me for help if you need it?'

She thanked him mutely. Then something impelled her to ask a question. 'Will you tell me something?'

'What is it?'

'Why did you ask me—to marry you, I mean?'

'Don't you know?' he asked gruffly, still looking ahead.

'Please tell me why.'

Then he turned and looked at her. 'Because I loved you.'

'Oh!' The direct answer took her aback. She flushed hotly. How could she have been such a fool as to ask that question and bring that embarrassing answer on herself? The next minute the hansom stopped. He helped her out and stood gravely beside her on the steps as she opened the door with her latchkey.

'Good-bye,' she said.

'Good-bye,' he answered, almost coldly, as he turned away.

Poor Francesca! She ate a hasty luncheon, and

then began her packing. This, then, was the end of her great venture! She had felt courageous, independent, strong-minded, when she had quitted Stellbridge for London two months before. Now, as she looked back, her hasty action appeared to her to be selfish and foolish, and—worse than all—melodramatic. Her conscience tortured her when she thought of her father, whom she had always imagined indifferent to her and utterly outside her life, lying ill and wanting her, while she had remained heedless of him in her self-imposed exile.

How Blake must despise her! He had loved her, he said, using the past tense. It was over, then. Her cruel thoughtlessness had killed his love, and no wonder!

But she would look forward as he had told her, and do all that love and care could do for her father while he remained to her. Afterwards, she hardly cared what would happen. She would come back to Mrs Broad and try London again.

Her farewell to Mrs Broad fairly upset that good lady. 'Leaving me, miss! Well, to think of it! A week's rent instead of notice—no, that I will not take from you. And what I'm to do, miss, without you—you that's so bright and cheery and singing in the 'ouse like a sunbeam!' In agitation Mrs Broad was apt to mix her metaphors. 'Well, we'll all be dull indeed.' Some large tears fell as she spoke, and she wiped them with her apron. 'But then, miss, my dear, I'm glad as 'ow you're making it up with your poor pa. I am sure 'im on a sick-bed—I just 'ope for your sake it's not a deathbed, for I know what *that* is—all the differences as you may 'ave 'ad with 'im 'll vanish away, and I 'ope as 'ow you'll live 'appy at 'ome now; though it's true your gain's our loss, so it is.'

'I'll come back and see you, Mrs Broad,' Francesca said, holding the fat hand in her cool, friendly grasp. 'And, oh, I can't thank you enough for all you've done for me and been to me! And you'll say good-bye for me to Miss Taylor and Mr Smith, and tell them I'll send them a wedding-present when the wedding's fixed.'

She arrived at Waterloo a quarter of an hour before the train was due to start, and established herself in a third-class carriage. She was so lost in thought that she hardly knew when the train started. On the journey she sat still in her corner, now her father's face, now James Blake's, rising before her. She dedicated herself to her father, making many resolves to begin her life anew, to make him feel the new sympathy which she would have with him, to *make* him need her if he never had before. And she prayed silently and fervently that it might not be too late.

Worn-out with anxiety, she had fallen asleep when the train drew up at Stellbridge, and she woke with a jerk. She stepped out dreamily on to the platform, and saw the village asleep in the still peace of an August evening.

'I will drive you up, Miss Duncombe,' Blake's voice said beside her; and she turned, too tired to be surprised. He had come by the same train, then.

A quarter of an hour later Blake entered the sick-room quietly after a whispered consultation with the nurse. He came in with the air of being well accustomed to be there, and the calm greeting of the invalid from the bed told of a quiet understanding between the two.

After a few desultory remarks the visitor led the conversation round to the subject uppermost in his mind.

'Well, I had more success in my search, to-day,' he said lightly.

The sick man changed colour and turned eagerly. 'Well?' he said.

'It would be odd if I hadn't met with some, after all this time, wouldn't it?' Blake went on. 'However, it was no credit to me. The success was pure luck, because I ran against your daughter in the Park. She looks splendidly well.' He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, and as he went on the invalid, who had begun to show signs of agitation, became calm again under the influence of the pleasant voice. 'She has had good luck in getting a secretaryship to a friend of mine, Mrs Henry Domville. She has worked for that lady for six weeks, and I might have seen her any day if I had ever gone to the house. It is a small world after all!'

'And is she coming home?' Mr Duncombe asked.

'Of course,' Jim Blake answered. 'In fact, she has come already.'

There, it was out, and the invalid bore the news better than they had expected. The nurse came forward with a smile, and something in a cup. 'You will see your daughter presently, Mr Duncombe, if you rest now.'

Late in the evening Francesca came softly. She knelt beside the bed and slipped her hand into his, half-expecting it would be coolly put aside.

'I am glad you have come home at last, Francesca,' he said, and actually kept her hand in his.

'I ought never to have gone away, father. And I want you to forgive me.'

'Forgive you?' Then, after a pause, 'Francesca, some things have been revealed to me lately that were hidden before. I dare say I have been a little cold to you, my dear. But I always was too reserved. Your mother sometimes told me so. I have cancelled the—the decision which caused you to leave me. After all, I am conscious that all the trouble came from my want of faith. I will leave your future in the hands of God, who does all things well. We will let the past go, and begin again for the little time we have left. That is what you would like, I think?'

Francesca stooped and kissed him, the tears in her eyes.

'Good-night, Francesca,' he said. And they were nearer to each other then than in all the twenty-two years they had spent together.

(To be continued.)

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE study of London, its evolution and its progress, is unceasingly interesting, and diligent searchers among the records of the past are constantly discovering facts which, if not absolutely new, have a considerable appearance of freshness and are very wonderful. We think that at some time or other it must occur to every man who is of a contemplative mind, when walking through London, to ask himself the question as to how it all began. Here are these thousands of miles of streets, hundreds of thousands of houses, shops, and warehouses, millions of people all so closely packed together that it is with difficulty one moves about in this seething, busy mass which represents the farthest advance of civilisation for the time being. Here we have the utmost complication of life, and yet there must have been a time when all this place was green fields and sloping wooded hillsides, past which little rivers and rills sought their way towards the big Thames. Wild animals prowled about, and the predominant sounds when the winds were still were not those of wheels or whistles or motor-horns, but of the birds who piped their songs between the earth of this primeval London and the clear sky above it. In good time men came along, the first Londoners, and at once they set about the grand evolution which has gone on unceasingly ever since. We have seen the state of the central part of London, as it was in these early times, described as consisting of a tidal river almost a thousand feet in width, with marshes on either bank, while there was a wild moorland on the north side which was useless for agricultural purposes, and there were dense forests on both the north and south sides; while over to the west, somewhere between where Oxford Street and the Strand now are, there was a little patch of pasture-land. The early Londoners (or Lyndyners) had, by the natural conditions of the place, protection against an enemy by river, marsh, and forest, but they were dependent for supplies from outside, save for fish, birds, and game. They had a very good natural port at Dowgate, near the Walbrook, which accommodated small ships sailing up the river. Mr J. George Head has been making some deep examination into the details of the rise and growth of London, and has come by a mass of most interesting detail. He concludes that the beginning of London was somewhere near the present site of St Paul's Cathedral, and that in the earliest times it was merely a collection of mud huts, the village being only of the extent of about an acre. That was some two thousand years ago, and in the interval London has increased from the solitary acre to a matter of one hundred and seventeen square miles. In place of the mud huts we have over six hundred thousand houses, for the tortuous paths among the huts we have over two thousand miles of streets, and for the few hundreds at most of the early Londoners we have five millions of the most civilised people, for whose convenience in moving about from one place to another there are no fewer than three hundred and twenty-nine railway stations. There is a piece of land in St Clement Danes, near to the present Law Courts, for which six horseshoes were paid as rent in the reign of Edward the First, and to satisfy tradition and the old statutes the Corporation of London still pays that same rent for it, but the freehold of that land is now worth three or four pounds for every square foot of surface. In 1339 the rateable value of the City of London was twelve thousand pounds a year; but now it is more than five million pounds. Three hundred years back there were some wise people who thought they were far-seeing, and who came to the conclusion that London was then getting very much too big, and that unless some check was placed upon it there would be great trouble in store for posterity. They advised Queen Elizabeth of their views, and suggested that some steps should be taken to impede the growth of the town. But London is fifty times as big to-day as it was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and folks have long since ceased to talk of stopping its

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

growth or to suggest that any good was to be gained from doing so.

* * *

Brighton is to have another day. A few of its old glories may yet be revived. Very likely it is quite impossible in these days of nervousness and fear, and of quick and easy movement, for gay and notable society ever to be concentrated in one place and to perform such feats in social life as was the case in the Georgian times at Bath and Brighton. In these latter days Brighton has not had a very good time; it has found some difficulty in making ends meet to any satisfactory extent, and all the sparkle has seemed to have disappeared from the life of the place. The motor-car, and the South African war, and the income-tax, and the bad times generally have had a lot to do with the bringing about of this state of affairs. People came first to consider that they had better not go to Brighton, and then afterwards they were moved to ask themselves what was the good of going to Brighton anyhow. So they stayed away. But there is a beautiful dignity about the place, a charm of architecture and arrangement, a majesty of frontage, and a great halo of rich tradition hanging constantly above it which cause it to be really a very easy matter for Brighton to be assisted to a great revival at almost any time. There is a great charm even in the name, so that people who have not been to the place and know nothing of it still nearly always feel that this cannot be like other resorts at the seaside, that it must be something brighter and finer and grander. And just lately Brighton has come by a revival. The patronage that has been extended to it during recent months by the King has done it immense good, just as it did His Majesty good also. Here he enjoyed a greater freedom and more respected privacy than he has done at most Continental places, and it was a charming sight to see the First Gentleman taking his walks and his rests in the semi-private gardens on the front which are reserved for the residents with certain household rights. Somehow this did seem to be a real link with the past, such as few other revivals of custom have been. And so it is not surprising that in these days there is a great new interest being taken in the things of Brighton, and particularly in all the wonderful facts of its history and its traditions. It was a book published by Dr Russell in 1750, in which he advocated the use of sea-water in the treatment of the diseases of the glands, that first brought about the prosperity of Brighton, for it at once became the fashionable watering-place of the day, displacing Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Harrogate, and other inland resorts of the same kind; and when some thirty years later the Prince of Wales went to live there, it rose to the height of its success and glory. Many and excellent are the stories that have been told about the Prince and his doings at Brighton, and some of the best of them are repeated by Mr Lewis Melville in his interesting new book on the place. One of them concerns what the Prince said to a lady of Brighton at the time when he kept harriers there. 'I was out one day, ma'am,' he said, 'with my harriers; we found a hare, but the scent was catching and uncertain, so that we could go no continuous pace at all. There was a butcher out, ——, ma'am! a great big fellow, fifteen stone, six feet two inches without his shoes, and the bully of all Brighton. He overrode my hounds several times, and I had spoken to him to hold hard in vain. At last, ——, ma'am! he rode slap over my favourite bitch Ruby. I could stand it no longer, but, jumping off my horse, said, "Get down, you —— rascal! pull off your coat; none shall interfere with us, but you or I shall go back to Brighton more dead than alive!" ——, ma'am! I threw off my coat, and the big ruffian, nothing loath, did the same by his. By ——, ma'am! we fought for an hour and twenty minutes, my hunting-field forming a ring round us, no one interfering, and at the end of it the big bully butcher of Brighton was carried away senseless, while I had hardly a scratch.' The Prince then turned to a foreigner high in his favour for corroboration. '——! you remember it?' he asked, only to receive the reply, 'By ——! your Royal Highness, I do forget.'

* * *

Lloyd's is a very wonderful institution. It is known that although it is ships that are chiefly insured there, you may insure anything else. And the institution is not less wonderful by reason of some facts concerning it which have just been made known. So many and vast are the ramifications of its dealings, and to such a large extent is the general safety of trade dependent upon it, that it is perhaps not surprising that at various times one hears questions as to whether it is absolutely secure, while hints to the contrary sometimes emanate from American, German, and other competitors. But its stability has been amply and finely vindicated. In answer to the criticisms that had been made, the members some time since decided to submit their methods and accounts to chartered accountants, and the results, which have just been made known, show that 98 per cent. of the membership is certified as good for the liabilities undertaken, while of the 2 per cent. whose names did not appear on the certified list the majority were expected to qualify for certificates almost immediately afterwards. As Sir John Luscombe, the chairman of the committee, remarks, the stability of Lloyd's is a matter that concerns the whole world, and the results of the recent investigation are highly satisfactory from all points of view. Wonderful thing, this Lloyd's! And why Lloyd's? Who was Lloyd? He has been dead a very long time now, and he never knew in his lifetime or had the slightest suspicion that his name would be perpetuated most likely through all time, or anyhow so long as London remained a business centre or ships sailed the seas; that in one sense his fame would be more enduring than that of statesmen or other people who have

serious influence upon the affairs of the world. And old Edward Lloyd was a Welshman who merely kept a coffee-house in Tower Street somewhere about the end of the seventeenth century. Owners, captains, and others connected with shipping got into the way of looking in here and meeting each other, and Lloyd came to do so well from this special custom that he moved off to a bigger place at the corner of Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane, and took his valuable customers with him. The underwriters and shippers came to regard the coffee-house as their recognised meeting-place, and sales of ships, cargoes, and shipping material were held there from time to time. So the idea of the institution gradually grew and became more exact, and in 1774 Lloyd's—now a separate and very definite thing—moved off to the first floor of the Royal Exchange, where it has remained ever since. It was not until 1871 that it was incorporated by Act of Parliament; but to correct a misapprehension which is general among people who are not concerned in any way with seafaring matters, and have little knowledge concerning them, we may state that it does not as a corporation undertake insurance business; only its members individually or in firms do so. Of these individuals there are some six or seven hundred attached to the corporation.

* * *

A little while since we had some most interesting conversation with a member concerning some of the curious customs which belong to this old institution as to most others that have grown up in the same way in the City of London; and one of the things he told us was that every now and then, when important news comes to hand concerning some ship about whose fate there has been doubt, a bell is rung which was under the sea for many years, and belonged to a sunken frigate which is still there. It is the bell of the *Lutine*, and, big and sombre-looking, it hangs from a hammered-iron bracket at Lloyd's, with a length of an ancient ship's cable-chain suspended close by. The *Lutine* was a frigate carrying thirty-two guns, and one October evening in 1799 she was lying comfortably in Yarmouth Roads laden with a large quantity of specie which for the most part belonged to English merchants and bankers. She was to go out to sea very soon, and this night a ball was given on board as a sort of farewell to the local people and the friends of those belonging to the ship. It was a happy affair; but before it was entirely over and all the guests had left the ship, orders were received for the *Lutine* to sail forthwith for Cuxhaven. She went out in the moonlight to sea, and all was well until three days later, when a heavy gale got up, and just after midnight, running under a heavy press of sail, she struck on the outer bank of the island of Vlieland and sank at once. All on board were lost except two men, who were picked up by a Dutch cutter. Both died shortly afterwards. Many attempts at salvage have been made since those days. Treasure to the value of fifty-five thousand pounds was fished up very soon after the wreck had taken place, and even so recently as twenty years ago some three thousand coins, two cannons, three watches, and various other articles were got up from the wreck. And somehow Lloyd's has always felt itself to be peculiarly associated with the lost *Lutine*, and when the members came to establish a Masonic Lodge of their own, they were moved to call it the Lutine Lodge. When a member of Lloyd's, by reason of the risks he has undertaken, is anxious about the fate of any particular vessel, he expresses in writing to the committee his desire to be informed of the first news in regard to her, and the name of the ship is then added to the list of the overdue vessels, the happenings to which are formally announced in the big room. When a ship that is so overdue is reported in any way—as arrived, spoken, or abandoned—the crier is handed a slip of paper, and then he tolls the bell of the old *Lutine* twice, a solemn hush falls upon the busy scene, and the crier shouts out his news. It may mean a difference of thousands of pounds, or hundreds of thousands, to some people in that throng; but in a moment the usual activity is resumed, and the scene is just the same as it was before. The continuity will not be broken until the bell of the old *Lutine* is rung again, and it is told how another ship is still safe or that she has gone beneath the sea.

* * *

When the sunshine comes again after the winter gloom, the enterprising inventor becomes very busy, and you have no idea how very busy the inventor can become when he likes. The mind does not seem to invent things so well in the times of short days and long cold nights, or at all events things that can be patented. But the spring and the summer bring with them large crops of ideas, the most wonderful ideas, as any one who will pay a visit of investigation to the Patent Office may discover. Naturally, and indeed necessarily, the inventor is very topical in his ideas. When there is war in the air he goes along to Chancery Lane with specifications for all the most wonderful engines of death, while his brother-inventors bring forward means for the preservation of life. And as there is nearly always war in the air, a constant supply of new war-patents is made. Lately there have been many registrations in connection with aeronautics—not indeed many for complete flying-machines themselves, but for various little adjuncts to mechanical flying such as every thorough aeronaut will feel he must have. Soon enough we shall have something invented to prevent our flying-machines from skidding in the air, or doing that which is equivalent to the great trouble of the motorist. And this reminds us that, either because interest in motoring is to some extent waning, or because it is felt that a state very closely bordering on perfection has been reached, there have not been so many motor-inventions during recent months as there were previously for fifteen years or more. At the same time, the inventors are almost des-

perate in their pursuit for a perfect non-skidding wheel, and are improving on the existing ones almost daily; in fact, it was ascertained that during the first three months of the present year no fewer than one hundred and twenty patents for improved wheels were registered, which is at the rate of more than one a day. Skating on rollers being one of the crazes of the moment, it follows that the inventor has been giving his mind up very earnestly to solving the question as to how it may be better done than at the present time. He wants to render it more delightful, easier, and so forth, and so he is making all kinds of patent roller-skates. Specifications for large numbers have been put in this year, whereas not one new invention of this class had been registered for a long time previously. If all these inventors had their way what a world of complicated convenience this would be! They have something for you from the first moment after rising until you seek your rest again at night, or rather they consider you before you do even rise, for we see here at the Patent Office, recently put in, the specification for an apparatus for 'automatically igniting, particularly domestic, fires at predetermined times.' What happens is that when the alarm goes off in the morning a strip of oil-soaked paper leading to the already laid fire is brought into contact with a night-light, and by the time the person roused has properly opened his eyes and come to realise that the time for sleeping is at an end, and the work of the world must go on, he or she is in a measure comforted by the knowledge that the first and most irksome task is already performed—automatically.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—BETRAYS THE BOND.

THE girl hurried on, her heart filled with wonder, her eyes brimming with tears of indignation. The one thought occupying her whole mind was whether Walter really wished to see her again. Had Flockart spoken the truth? The serious face of the man she loved so well rose before her blurred vision. She had been his—his very own—until she had sent off that fateful letter.

In five minutes Flockart had again overtaken her. His attitude was appealing. He urged her to at least see her lover again even if she refused to write or return to her father.

'Why do you come here to taunt me like this?' she cried, turning upon him angrily. 'Once, because you were my mother's friend, I believed in you. But you deceived me, and in consequence you hold me in your power. Were it not for that I could have spoken to my father—have told him the truth and cleared myself. He now believes that I have betrayed his business secrets, while at the same time he considers you to be his friend!'

'I am his friend, Gabrielle,' the man declared.

'Why tell me such a lie?' she asked reproachfully. 'Do you think I too am blind?'

'Certainly not. I give you credit for being quite as clever and as intelligent as you are dainty and charming. I'——

'Thank you!' she cried in indignation. 'I require no compliments from you.'

'Lady Heyburn has expressed a wish to see you,' he said. 'She is still in San Remo, and asked me to invite you to go down there for a few weeks. Your aunt has written her, I think, complaining that you are not very comfortable at Woodnewton.'

'I have not complained. Why should Aunt Emily complain of me? You seem to be the bearer of messages from the whole of my family, Mr Flockart.'

'I am here entirely in your own interests, my dear child,' he declared with that patronising air which so irritated her.

'Not entirely, I think,' she said, smiling bitterly. 'I tell you, I much regret all that has happened, and'——

'You regret!' she cried fiercely. 'Do you regret the end of that woman—you know whom I mean?'

Beneath her straight glance he quivered. She had referred to a subject which he fain would have buried for ever. This dainty, neat-waisted girl knew a terrible secret. Was it not only too true, as Lady Heyburn had vaguely suggested a dozen times, that her mouth ought to be effectually sealed?

He had sealed it once, as he thought. Her fear to explain to her father the incident of the opening of the safe had given him confidence that no word of the truth regarding the past would ever pass her lips. Yet he saw that his own machinations were now likely to prove his undoing. The web which, with her ladyship's assistance, he had woven about her was now stretched to breaking-point. If it did yield, then the result must be ruin—and worse. Therefore, he was straining every effort to again reinstate her in her father's good graces and restore in her mind something akin to confidence. But all his arguments, as he walked on at her side in the gathering gloom, proved useless. She was in no mood to listen to the man who had been her evil genius ever since her school-days. As he was speaking she was wondering if she dared go to Walter Murie and tell him everything. What would her lover think of her? What indeed? He would only cast her aside as worthless. No. Far better that he should remain in ignorance and retain only sad memories of their brief happiness.

'I am going to Glencardine to-night,' Flockart went on. 'I shall join the mail at Peterborough. What shall I tell your father?'

'Tell him the truth,' was her reply. 'That, I know, you will not do. So why need we waste further words?'

'Do you actually refuse, then, to leave this dismal hole?' he demanded impatiently.

'Yes, until I speak, and tell my father the plain and ghastly story.'

'Rubbish!' he ejaculated. 'You'll never do that—unless you wish to stand beside me in a criminal dock.'

'Well, rather that than be your cat's-paw longer, Mr Flockart!' she cried, her face flushing with indignation.

'Oh, oh!' he laughed, still quite imperturbed. 'Come, come! This is scarcely a wise reply, my dear little girl!'

'I wish you to leave me. You have insulted my intelligence enough this evening, surely—you, who only a moment ago declared yourself my friend!'

Slowly he selected a cigarette from his gold case, and, halting, lit it. 'Well, if you meet my well-meant efforts on your behalf with open antagonism like this I can't make any further suggestion.'

'No, please don't. Go up to Glencardine and do your worst for me. I am now fully able to take care of myself,' she exclaimed in defiance. 'You can also write to Lady Heyburn, and tell her that I am still, and that I always will remain, my blind father's friend.'

'But why don't you listen to reason, Gabrielle?' he implored her. 'I don't now seek to lessen or deny the wrongs I have done you in the past, nor do I attempt to conceal from you my own position. My only object is to bring you and Walter together again. Her ladyship knows the whole circumstances, and deeply regrets them.'

'Her regret will be the more poignant some day, I assure you.'

'Then you really intend to act vindictively?'

'I shall act just as I think proper,' she exclaimed, halting a moment and facing him. 'Please understand that though I have been forced in the past to act as you have indicated, because I feared you—because I had my reputation and my father's honour at stake—I hold you in terror no longer, Mr Flockart.'

'Well, I'm glad you've told me that,' he said, laughing as though he treated her declaration with humour. 'It's just as well, perhaps, that we should now thoroughly understand each other. Yet if I were you I wouldn't do anything rash. By telling the truth you'd be the only sufferer, you know.'

'The only sufferer! Why?'

'Well, you don't imagine I should be such a fool as to admit that what you said was true, do you?'

She looked at him in surprise. It had never occurred to her that he, with his innate unscrupulousness and cunning, might deny her allegations, and might even be able to prove them false.

'The truth could not be denied,' she said simply. 'Recollect the cutting from the Edinburgh paper.'

'Truth is denied every day in courts of law,' he retorted. 'No. Before you act foolishly, remember that, put to the test, your word would stand alone against mine and those of other people. 'Why, the very story you would tell would be so utterly amazing and startling that the world would declare you had invented it. Reflect upon it for a moment, and you'll find, my dear girl, that silence is golden in this, as in any other circumstance in life.'

She raised her eyes to his, and met his gaze firmly. 'So you defy me to speak?' she cried. 'You think that I will still remain in this accursed bondage of yours?'

'I utter no threats, my dear child,' replied Flockart. 'I have never in my life threatened you. I merely venture to point out certain difficulties which you might have in substantiating any allegation which you might make against me. For that reason, if for none other, is it not better for us to be friends?'

'I am not the friend of my father's enemy!' she declared.

'You are quite heroic,' he declared with a covert sneer. 'If you really are bent upon providing the halfpenny newspapers with a fresh sensation, pray let me know in plenty of time, won't you?'

'I've had sufficient of your taunts,' cried the girl, bursting into a flood of hot tears. 'Leave me. I—I'll say no further word to you.'

'Except to forgive me,' he added.

'Why should I?' she asked through her tears.

'Because, for your own sake—for the sake of your future—it will surely be best,' he pointed out. 'You no doubt, in ignorance of legal procedure, believed that what you alleged would be accepted in a court of justice. But reflect fully before you again threaten me. Dry your eyes, or your aunt may suspect something wrong.'

She did not reply. What he said impressed her, and he did not fail to recognise that fact. He smiled within himself when he saw that he had triumphed. Yet he had not gained his point.

She had dashed away her tears with the little wisp of lace, annoyed with herself at betraying her indignation in that womanly way. She knew him, alas! too well. She mistrusted him, for she was well aware of how cleverly he had once conspired with Lady Heyburn, and with what ingenuity she herself had been drawn into the disgraceful and amazing affair.

True it was that her story, if told in a criminal court, would prove so extraordinary that it would not be believed; true also that he would, of course, deny it, and that his denial would be borne out by the woman who, though her father's wife, was his worst enemy.

The man placed his hand on her shoulder, saying, 'May we not be friends, Gabrielle?'

She shook him off roughly, responding in the negative.

'But we are not enemies—I mean we will not be enemies as we have been, shall we?' he urged.

To this she made no reply. She only quickened her pace, for the twilight was fast deepening, and she wished to be back again at her aunt's house.

Why had that man followed her? Why, indeed, had he troubled to come there? She could not discern his motive.

They walked together in silence. He was watching her face, reading it like a book.

Then, when they neared the first thatched cottage at the entrance to the village, he halted, asking, 'May we not still remain friends, Gabrielle? Will you not listen, and take my advice? Or will you still remain buried here?'

'I have nothing further to say, Mr Flockart, than what I have already said,' was her defiant response. 'I shall act as I think best.'

'And you will dare to speak, and place yourself in a ridiculous position, you mean?'

'I shall use my own judgment in defending my father from his enemies,' was her cold response as, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, she turned and left him, hurrying forward in the darkening twilight along the village street to her aunt's home.

He, on his part, turned upon his heel with a muttered remark and set out again to walk towards Nassington Station, whence, after nearly an hour's wait in the village inn, he took train to Peterborough.

The girl had once again defied him.

(To be continued.)

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A TABLET AND A REVERIE.

By Herbert Russell.

As I wandered down along the old water-side Barbican of Plymouth, my eye was arrested by a stone let into the cobbles. It bore the simple inscription, '*Mayflower*, 1620.'

An aged, dim-eyed waterman approached me, croaking out a query as to whether I wanted a boat. 'No,' said I. 'Can you tell me the meaning of this stone?' 'Why, sure 'nuf, it's there in memory of them they call the Pilgrim Fathers, who embarked from them very steps there to go aboard their vessel, the *Mayflower*, and sailed away to America.—D'ye want a boat, master?' and he waddled in chase of another possible fare.

Mayflower! Pilgrim Fathers! To be sure, it was from old Plymouth that this sturdy little band sailed away to begin life afresh, with a sweet conscience, in the settlement of New England. From old Plymouth, I say—which one of the greatest of America's writers has christened 'the mother of a hundred Plymouths up and down the world.'

Here was I standing on the very spot, viewing the symbolic foundation-stone of the mightiest commonwealth history has ever known. And it was old Plymouth still.

I strolled to the extremity of the little, weedy jetty, around which the tide sluggishly swirled into Sutton Pool, and sat down on the parapet to muse. Before me lay grouped the most ancient quarter of Plymouth; behind me stretched the sparkling lagoon of the Cattewater.

The finger of Time has writ many wrinkles upon this quaint picture, and the hand of the modern master-builder has done little towards smoothing these out. Barring a few touches of incongruity, I was gazing upon much the same scene that grew dim before the eyes of those heart-stout disciples of William Penn as they loosed their sails and flew away for Cape Cod to found New Plymouth. A picture of mullioned windows, hoary gables, pillared façades, low-pitched arches dawning upon mysterious courts—all time-mellowed as an old Dutch painting in the warm glow of the afternoon sun.

Fancy scarcely needed any better stimulus than such a bygone setting in order to fit the figures of the Pilgrims themselves into those surroundings. Ghosts of grave-looking, venerable men, in sombre doublets and sugar-loaf hats, seemed to rise up from that tablet in the ground, and flit in vanishing array to the moss-green landing-steps, chanting plaintive hymns as they set their faces to God and the Great Unknown.

Here was the tract of water which had cradled their caravel—a lofty-pooped, cumbersome-bowed structure, yet proud in her posture of uprearing masts and raking boltsprit, as though sentient with the spirit of liberty.

Mayflower! What prettier name, or more fancy-touching with a vision of sturdy hopes, dark superstitions, vague misgivings, and an ever-over-riding quality of deep faith?

A dim, silvery, early-autumn mist hovered over the Cattewater, nearly obscuring the tall background of the Batten shores. An old-fashioned coaster rode solitary to her anchor, looming somewhat vaguely through the calm haze. She was the one detail which gave material shape to my musing. The magic, illusory touch of that atmospheric dimness wrought the stirless ship into a very semblance of the ancient fabric which I had in my mind's eye.

How little did those solemn men wot of the prodigious part they were destined to play in the world's story as they slowly descended into their waiting pinnace and pulled out towards the little caravel, with her festooned sails, and her ancient drooping to the kiss of the water!

The dripping of the oar-blades would stand for the tears which their 'right good courage' alone subdued. For there were women amongst them—the mothers of that sturdy American race which a century and a half later was to enter upon a struggle for independence against the land that had exiled their forebears.

It was home they were leaving—home, in days when all beyond the violet rim of the horizon was steeped in mystery; home, which wears her fairest and most tender guise in this nethermost corner of green Devonshire.

I rose from my seat and strolled in a leisurely fashion under the shadow of the Citadel, whose gray battlements had blinked down upon the picture of my musing. And this wise I gained Plymouth Hoe.

Out of the hazy serenity of the seascape beyond the breakwater there came a mighty steamship. Her proportions were magnified by the murkiness, and she towered like an island as she swept round into the curve of Cawsand Bay. A fisherman leaned against the parapet watching her. I asked him what steamer she was. 'The American mail-boat from New York,' he answered.

My vision of the poor little *Mayflower* vanished abruptly before the prosaic marvel of this contrast. Yet that four-funnelled monster appealed to me as but the fruits of the seed which that three-century-gone band of Pilgrim Fathers had sown.

THE BLUNDERERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first week or two after Francesca returned to take up her life at Stellbridge were not altogether easy ones. It was awkward to have to face people who, of course, knew of her escapade, and guessed at various reasons for it. The Rectory servants, it was true, who had always loved and pitied Francesca, and had secretly admired her for taking her fate in her own hands, were overjoyed to see her back.

It was Mrs Drew and her like that were especially hard to face. The doctor's wife bowed coldly to Francesca when they met. She told her husband that until she knew every detail of the story, and everything Francesca had done during those two months the girl had been away, she could not dream of allowing Lily to hold any communication whatever with her. To desert her father, to leave him almost to die without ever coming near him! 'There is no use in speaking, doctor,' she ended, 'for my mind is made up.'

Mrs Carter, of Laurel Villa, *had* heard it whispered that Francesca had certainly eloped and was secretly married. Another story was current, that Mr Duncombe had informed his daughter that *he* intended to make a second venture in matrimony, and that she had thereupon left in anger, and refused to come back even though she heard he was at death's door. Francesca, of course, heard none of the gossip, but was conscious of a chilly atmosphere amongst all her acquaintance, with the exception of her old cousins and Dr Drew, who continued her friend in spite of his wife's opposition.

Mr Duncombe improved very slowly. An assistant had been found to take his duty for the present, and he clung to the hope that the winter would see him at work once more. But the doctor shook his head.

It was one afternoon about three weeks after her return that on her way up from the village she met Mr Blake coming from the Rectory. She had just crossed the stile from the road, and was ascending the field-path leading to the garden, when he advanced upon her.

'I am glad to have met you,' he said in his cool, pleasant tones. 'I have just been up to say good-bye to your father. I am going away to-morrow.'

Francesca's heart literally jumped, and then seemed to fall down like a leaden weight. She heard her own voice say calmly, 'Are you going away for long?'

'For some months probably. I am going to join my friends the Scovells, who are yachting, for the present, and then later on I shall get them to drop me somewhere abroad to wander for a bit. I am glad to leave your father better. I want you to promise me that if he—or you—should ever want me or my help you will send for me. If you write to Scovell, a letter will always find me. I have seen so much of your father these last few months that we have grown to be friends, and I should like to come if he ever wants me.'

'I will remember. You are very kind,' she said. 'You have been very kind to us all this time.'

'Please don't call me kind!' he said roughly. Then, checking himself, he went on in a more gentle tone, 'It is not a question of kindness. As I said, your father and I are friends. Well, I must not keep you;' and he held out his hand. 'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye.'

She turned and went up the field-path, abjectly miserable, and furious with herself for being so. What a dull, dark day! She wished the sun would come out. It felt chilly and autumnal, and the leaves were actually turning. The summer was over. The long, long winter would be upon them all too quickly.

There was a step behind her. 'Francesca!' It was Blake's voice. It vibrated with feeling so that she hardly recognised it. She looked at him. His face was alight, radiant with hope.

'Francesca, I saw your face as you turned away. Do you care—whether I go or stay? I will stay if only you tell me to.'

For a moment she struggled for self-possession; then the tears rained down her face as she hid it in her hands. Then she felt his arms round her, and he whispered again, 'Francesca, tell me!'

'Oh, stay, stay; I couldn't bear you to go!' she cried at last. 'You mustn't go away ever.'

'Then you love me?' he asked as the sobs ceased and she grew calm.

'Of course I do; but I thought you didn't love me any more. Are you sure of it?' she asked anxiously. 'How can you? And why don't you hate me after all I've done?'

There was no answer to be made just then in words.

The rapturous happiness of the moment when two souls, destined for each other, find each other was theirs then. They seemed to stand apart from all the world, heeding nothing, knowing nothing but that the best of life was theirs after all, and that till death, and after, they belonged to each other.

Then, when speech returned to them, how much there was to recall, how much to explain, and how little, after all, the explanations mattered! Nothing could matter now in view of the one glorious, wonderful fact.

'But, oh, Francesca,' Blake said, 'your letter—that pitiful, pathetic letter! I hadn't cried since I was a boy, but I cried over that letter you wrote to your father. He gave it to me, and I took it away, and simply made a fool of myself. How could you—how could you? Did you really think I could be such a brute as to put real pressure on you? But I saw how frightened you were, and I *raged* to think I had been the cause of driving you away. And I saw so clearly that you thought it was a conspiracy between your father and me. He and I had it out long ago; but I couldn't forgive him that night for what he did, nor for long after—not till we got very near each other in the weeks he was so ill. But that time wiped it out.'

'Poor father!' Francesca said. 'But I was wrong, utterly and entirely wrong. I see that now.'

'We were all blunderers, but you were the least wrong of the three of us. Imagine my being such a dolt as to ask you to marry me, and never to convey to you the ghost of an idea that I had fallen in love with you the first time I ever saw you, and had worshipped you from that time on!'

'Did you?'

'The wonder to me is that you didn't see it. But I always have been a fool at expressing myself. My only excuse is that when I spoke to you I felt there was so little reason why you should love me that I had very little hope. And I suppose I thought it so obvious that I should love you that I left out the telling of it. Well, I paid for my stupidity.'

'You won't go abroad, will you?' Francesca asked shyly.

'I rather think I won't,' Blake answered.

They were standing on the path a few yards from the little gate into the garden. Unheard by them, Mrs Drew, who had been up to inquire for the Rector, approached the gate. She saw Francesca first, and summoned the cold look which she had of late been wont to bestow on that young lady. Then, as she came in view of Blake, though the two were standing apart soberly enough, she surprised a certain expression on his face which caused a rapid readjustment of her mind.

The doctor's wife had a remarkably quick perception, also a vivid imagination. She saw herself, as in a prophetic vision, calling upon Francesca, and being received in the large drawing-room at Scovell. Her mind was made up in a moment, and with a pleasant smile she advanced on the couple.

'I am *so* glad, Francesca, to hear your dear father is still improving.—Such an old friend the Rector is!' she continued, turning with outstretched hand to Blake. 'I have felt so for Francesca, and now she must be so glad to have her anxiety lessened!'

Francesca could not feel any very great cordiality towards Mrs Drew, remembering the latter's late treatment of her; but she answered more responsively than did Blake, on whom the attitude of the village towards the Rector's daughter had not been lost.

Mrs Drew, however, appeared oblivious of any coldness in their reception of her, and chatted pleasantly for some minutes before she descended towards the village, full of eagerness to impart her impressions, and conscious also of a sharp regret that she had not cultivated Mr Blake's acquaintance for Lily.

And Blake and Francesca passed through the gate into the scented garden, hand in hand, with their hearts full of happiness and the love-light shining in their eyes.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOVELTY IN BABY-CARRIAGES.

IT was American ingenuity that devised the light, collapsible chair-carriage for children which has now come into such extensive vogue. Unfortunately, however, it has been sadly misused. It was contrived to offer the parent a light, convenient means for assisting the little one by giving baby welcome rests during walking excursions, which at the same time, owing to its collapsible design, could be packed up and easily carried on a public vehicle such as a tram, omnibus, or train when occasion arose. To-day it is extensively used for babies of extremely tender age, for whom it is the most uncomfortable vehicle that could be pressed into service, since it offers no support whatever to the body of the little one such as is essential to its welfare. As a result the carriage has been the butt of emphatic medical obloquy, and there is no doubt but that it is responsible for many physical infirmities among

children. Again, however, American inventive genius has come to the rescue in the evolution of a new type of carriage fulfilling the requirements of lightness, convenience, and portability. It is strongly made of wicker, and in general design resembles a basket of sentry-box design. It is scientifically constructed, the object being complete comfort and assistance in the correct formation of the frame and body of the tiny rider, by providing adequate support at the small of the back. When seated therein baby is snug and warm, rests in a comfortable position, and cannot possibly fall out. Possibly, however, its most commendable feature is its universal character, as it can be used as a carriage, high-chair, floor-chair, or if desired can be carried in the hand. For outdoor service the carriage is mounted upon a pair of small rubber-tired wheels of the usual type, and can be pushed or pulled with equal facility, with the child inclined at an easy angle. For table-use all that is necessary is to lift the carriage off the wheels and place it upon an ordinary chair at the table; while, when placed on the floor, it forms an enticing little wickerwork chair, which owing to its broad base cannot readily be upset. It can also be carried in the hand from place to place, with baby safely seated inside, by means of two round handles which form the top frame of the vehicle. It will thus be seen that the conveyance can be used for a multiplicity of purposes, and owing to its compact design and light weight can be taken anywhere without menacing the health or safety of the child, and without being an encumbrance to the nurse or parent.

ELECTRICAL ENERGY FROM THE WIND.

A short time ago we drew attention to the extensive use that was being made on the Continent of windmills for driving electrical machines for the supply of energy for lighting or other purposes. In this country the possibilities of this cheap source of power have not been realised, though in Germany, Denmark, and other countries there are several firms who have built up flourishing businesses in the supply of the special inexpensive plant required for this field of activity, and numerous installations have been laid down at country residences where the whole requirements of the house and estate, both in regard to lighting and the driving of all descriptions of implements, from the knife-machine to the chaff-cutter, are derived from the wind. This apathy may be attributable to the apparent whimsical nature of our winds; but as a matter of fact official records show that in these islands the mean hourly velocity of the wind is from seven and a half to seven and three-quarter miles, and during the past year the longest period when the wind velocity ruled below five miles per hour was only seven days. Considering that a seven-mile wind is sufficient to yield some eight horse-power, it is apparent that the intervals when insufficient atmospheric movement prevails to generate energy are very short and few and far between. Of course, in order to take the fullest advantage of the wind it is essential that the windwheel or windmill should be of such design as to offer the minimum of resistance in revolution, and in this direction an English firm has effected a decisive advance upon Continental practice. The wheel is of special construction, and, unlike the ordinary type, is supported on either side of its axle, the wheel itself revolving on roller bearings, so that friction is reduced to the minimum and the power proportionately increased by the elimination of resistance losses. The wheel is fitted with a special type of tail which automatically regulates the speed by varying the angle of inclination of the wheel to the wind. The wheel itself can be made up to a diameter of one hundred and fifty feet, whereas hitherto the diameter limit has been thirty-five feet. The whole is carried on a steel tower, the extremities of which form apexes, and is stayed in position by hard steel guy-ropes. Another benefit accruing from this design is that no elaborate foundations are required, a log of wood being ample upon which to support the mill. Again, in the Continental systems a petrol or other engine must be kept in reserve to drive the dynamos during those periods of calm when the wind-turbine is inoperative, and this not only entails a capital outlay of some three hundred pounds, but invariably necessitates the services of a skilled engineer. In the new system the stand-by engine is dispensed with, and instead a battery of accumulators is used of sufficient capacity to fulfil all requirements for a week of calm, though they can be made to meet any such possibilities. It will be seen that the English system is not only cheaper to install than the usual type of wind-turbine, but costs much less to maintain, and can be operated by any one possessed of average intelligence. The advantage of the wind-turbine over the engine system of generation is that it is a silent servant the whole time a breeze is blowing, and owing to the perfection of automatic control requires no attention when in use.

RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN BLINDNESS AND SENSE.

Are the senses of the blind more acute than those of normal people? It is generally supposed that a sightless person, more especially if his infirmity is congenital, has the remaining faculties abnormally developed in order to compensate somewhat for the deprivation of the one sense. Upon this point some interesting experiments have been carried out by German scientists, the sum of which would appear to upset popular contention in a pretty convincing manner. They found that the blind was no more able to detect the direction of sound than the sighted person, that the sense of smell was somewhat more deficient in the former than the latter, and that the normal person possessed a keener sensitiveness of touch than the afflicted. It is, however, somewhat difficult to reconcile this contention with absolute facts. One may use the most delicate instruments it is possible for human ingenuity to contrive for the determination of the

above question, but after all they merely constitute a tangible basis for comparisons. One has only to recall the remarkable accomplishments of Miss Helen Keller, who is no doubt the most extraordinary blind person of the day. To pit such an example against scientific investigation would, however, only be construed as the exception proving the rule, were it not for the fact that there are innumerable other instances which could be cited of a similar character. In the German experiments the question of standard of intelligence does not appear to have been taken into consideration, and yet this, after all, is an important factor. The blind person must be trained in the use of his remaining senses as much as the sighted person is taught to distinguish colours, objects, and so forth, while it must also be borne in mind that the possession of all the senses rather tends to assist the individual work of any one. This can be proved in various ways. For instance, click two objects in the hand in close proximity to a blindfolded sighted person and a sightless individual. The former will be quite at sea in detecting the locality of the sound, but the average blind person will readily determine its direction and source. Again, face the two unconsciously to the wall and tell them to step forward. The former will unhesitatingly collide with the obstacle, but the latter will pull up and say that he can 'feel' its existence. Such experiments could be repeated *ad lib.* with similar results. Under these circumstances it is obvious that far more conclusive testimony is necessary to disprove the popular impression concerning the peculiar sensitiveness of the blind's remaining faculties than the German experiments afford.

LURKING DANGER IN DRINKING-WATER.

Although extreme care is observed to secure the purity of our water-supply, questions of health demand that elements of risk should be reduced to the minimum. This can only be completely done by sterilising or filtering all water, even when drawn from the tap, before drinking, since during its passage from the reservoirs through the mains and supply-cistern to the tap it is liable to become contaminated with either organic or inorganic substances, or possibly both, which are highly prejudicial to health. Boiling is a tedious and inconvenient precaution. What is required is some system of obtaining what may be termed 'ever-ready' filtered water. This is now possible by inserting a filtering medium between the supply-pipe and the tap, through which substance the water for human consumption must pass, and thereby become separated from all foreign substances in suspension. The filter comprises an inverted cast-iron cylinder attached to the service-pipe. Within this outer casing is a hollow tube of compressed kieselguhr, which is the most efficient water-filtering medium known. When the tap is turned on the water passes into the outer cylinder, and under the imposed pressure is forced through the wall of kieselguhr into the hollow space within and out of the top through the delivery-pipe. There is no delay whatever, as under the pressure the water is forced through the filter in a steady, continuous stream. Water so treated is absolutely sterile, as a bacteriological test has conclusively proved. Periodically the kieselguhr is removed and cleaned merely by wiping its outer surface with a soft rag, and if required it can be sterilised by being boiled. Were household taps equipped with such a simple device as this, complete protection would be afforded against any possible outbreak of a malignant water-borne disease, which occasionally results, even in these scientific days, from the water becoming inadvertently contaminated.

FRUSTRATING THE CLOAK-ROOM THIEF.

A simple and ingenious little device which should commend itself to restaurants, hotels, clubs, and public cloak-rooms in general where garments have to be temporarily placed, has recently been perfected. Its object is to frustrate completely the nefarious practices of the cloak-room thief, while at the same time it guards against the possibility of mistakes arising. It comprises a metal attachment to the rack. There is the bracket upon which the coat and hat are placed. Above is a short descending arm which is pressed down until the coat and hat are tightly gripped between the extremities of the two bracket-sections. Once the lock clicks the garments cannot possibly be removed surreptitiously from their position without tearing, and yet at the same time the pressure of the two sections does not exercise the slightest damaging effect upon even the most delicate fabrics. To release the garments one has to insert a key in the lock and move the sliding piece back. The same principle is adapted to umbrella-stands, the upper member of which carries a line of small slots. The umbrella is simply pressed in the slot until a click indicates that the umbrella is automatically secured. To obtain its removal the key is inserted in the lock and pressed down, and the umbrella is withdrawn, leaving the slot again ready for use. In this invention possible loss of keys when the apparatus is not in use is overcome by rendering them irremovable from the lock while it is open. The fact that there are no two keys alike prevents a coat, hat, stick, &c. from being taken in error. The utilisation of this device, the necessity of which has long been experienced, to supersede the prevailing happy-go-lucky methods should successfully remove one of the greatest worries afflicting the manager of any public building or the cloak-room attendant, especially as it is inexpensive and can be attached to existing fittings.

GAS MADE AT HOME.

One of the greatest drawbacks to life in the country is the absence of public gas-supply facilities. So far as lighting is concerned, this deficiency can

be tolerated, but it vitally affects the good housewife who is compelled to resort to coal-fires, with all their numerous drawbacks, for cooking purposes. Under these circumstances the application of what is generically termed 'air-gas' to domestic uses is one of far-reaching possibilities. This invention, which has been perfected by Mr F. J. Cox, M.I.Mech.E., comprises the preparation of a gaseous vapour from a light hydrocarbon derived from petrol, and its combination with air in such a manner that the proportion of gas is so small as to render it safe from explosion. As a matter of fact, the mixture is only 1·4 per cent. of gas to 98·6 of air. At first sight it would appear impossible for such a weak gaseous mixture to be capable of combustion; but with the special type of burner that has been designed an intensely hot bunsen flame free from all impurities is obtainable eminently adapted to cooking purposes. Moreover, owing to the extreme purity of this gas and the absence of all fumes arising from combustion, edibles cooked thereby are immune from that peculiar flavour so easily perceptible in foods prepared by ordinary coal-gas. The air-gas is made as required by a little device occupying only two or three feet of space, and so simple to operate that the servant can attend to it. All danger of explosion or ignition of the spirit is removed by sealing the volatile liquid in a special reservoir, so that no pure gas is emitted. The system has recently been subjected to a series of severe tests in France, and its safety and economical working, combined with efficiency, were demonstrated. It has the further advantage of being automatic in its action, so that no more gas is generated than is actually required. For an outlay of some twenty-five pounds a complete miniature gas-making plant capable of supplying all demands for gas both for lighting and cooking in a small house can be obtained, and the cost of the gas is only a fraction of what that of coal would be to achieve the same end. It places the lover of rural life upon exactly the same footing as dwellers in our towns and cities, where the householder has the gas laid to his front door. It is not surprising under these circumstances that several country residences have been equipped with this system, and there is no doubt that were the installation marketed upon the popular rental system, its use would be widely extended to those small houses where at present the initial outlay is the only deterrent against its adoption.

INGENIOUS MEANS FOR SECURING SMOKE ABATEMENT.

Strenuous efforts are to-day being made to bring about a welcome abatement of the smoke nuisance, and numerous devices have been perfected to minimise smoke emission, coupled with drastic legislation and the infliction of heavy penalties upon offenders. Far more in this direction could be achieved, however, were the simple expedient offered by Sir Alexander Kennedy more extensively practised. All that is required is a small mirror so fitted in the boiler-house as to enable the stoker to see at a glance, by reflection and without moving far from his furnace-door, whether his chimney is smoking or not. Improper stoking is one of the chief causes of the smoke nuisance, and when the stoker is reprimanded he invariably pleads as his excuse his ignorance of the fact that smoke was issuing from his chimney, as he was not in a position to see it. One firm in the north country has given the idea a trial, and has found it very efficacious, it having enabled them to keep beyond the strong arm of the law more successfully than formerly.

A HANDY AUXILIARY MOTOR-ATTACHMENT FOR YACHTS.

Though the true yachtsman, who is so firmly wedded to his sport and delights in harnessing the wind to speed him along, regards mechanical propulsion with disdain, yet there are times when a small, compact auxiliary motor-outfit would be very acceptable. This is most apparent when he wants to reach port in a calm or to save a tide. To meet these emergencies a handy little attachment has recently been evolved, which is auxiliary in the fullest sense of the word, since it does not form a permanent fixture of the craft, but can be easily attached and detached at will, and does not entail any structural alterations. There is a short spar carrying a length of shafting which is slung over the side of the vessel so that the screw at its lower end lies under the counter in clear water. At the forward end of the spar bearing against a thrust-chock is a small pulley over which passes a belt connected with the motor bolted to the deck usually just abaft the mast. The action of the propeller keeps the spar bearing so hard against a distant piece slung over the yacht's side as to render it almost impossible to push it away. Steering under way is perfect, far less helm being required than is needed when the vessel is running before the wind. When stowed on board, the spar occupies but little space, and can be lowered or hauled aboard in three minutes. By means of the power thus obtained, the yachtsman can be rendered independent of calms when the necessity arises without impairing the sailing qualities of his craft. When not required, the whole outfit can be stowed on board or left ashore.

HANDBOOK OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

That South Australia is awakening to the value of her magnificent assets as the central state of the Commonwealth is evident by the issue of a Government *Handbook of South Australia*, by David J. Gordon (C. E. Bristowe, Adelaide), in which her remarkable resources are set forth, which are at present being developed by only about four hundred thousand people. Very interesting features are the irrigation colonies of Mildura and Renmark, this

last on an elbow of the great Murray River. Other colonies are proposed. The Surveyor-General says that without great expense the low-lying lands along the Murray River valley might be made worth three and a half millions sterling. In one case five thousand acres of mature vines yielded produce in one season equal to forty pounds an acre. The Government has gone to great expense in forming wells. There are over one hundred and thirty Government bores, and more than twenty-five artesian wells. The theory as to artesian wells is that the supply from which they draw is the result of excessive rainfall on the Queensland Great Dividing Range, which has soaked down into an immense layer of porous strata between two impervious rock-beds, forming a sort of water-sandwich. The prospects of settlers in regard to sheep-farming, poultry-farming, fruit-farming, and viticulture are all discussed. When the rush to Canada becomes more normal the claims of Australia may receive greater attention, with its more attractive climate.

A NEW METHOD OF MANUFACTURING OILSKIN.

Oilskin overwear, so long indispensable to seafaring men, now finds favour with landsmen in both town and country, and its use by both sexes is fast becoming widespread. As with many other articles, despite the host of British firms who manufacture oilskin clothing, much of the supply comes from America, where large and wealthy concerns are engaged in the industry. The making of oilskin by any of the methods hitherto known is a very slow process, and the best results of the old method have serious defects. The cloth used for the purpose is first painted or soaked with a ground-coating of the waterproofing solution, and hung up for a few weeks in a heated room to dry. Then a second coating is applied, and the material is again hung up for some weeks. At the end of that time the cloth, if dry enough for tailoring, is made into garments. These garments next receive a coating, and the drying process is repeated. When the drying is as complete as possible, the garments must be allowed to mature. This usually takes about three months, dependent on the weather; so that, from start to finish, the time spent in making an oilskin garment may amount to nearly five months. Even with the utmost care, the oilskin thus manufactured has certain objectionable features: its appearance is seldom pleasing; it has an offensive smell; the cloth is always more or less greasy, damp, and sticky; and the waterproofing is not durable, for it is apt to crack and peel off, especially when it begins, as it usually does, to harden with age. From the trade point of view, the goods so made are difficult to handle in stock because of the impossibility of storing them in bulk, owing to their stickiness. When packed together they are apt to cake into a solid mass, and can be separated only by being torn asunder, to the utter destruction of the waterproofing. These defects are due chiefly to the action of the metallic oxides used in the waterproofing solution to hasten the very imperfect process of drying. Besides having such bad effects, and a tendency to rot the actual fabric, the oxides generate heat and render the garments highly inflammable—so much so that spontaneous combustion often occurs. A new method of manufacture has been recently invented, and is now in operation at a Glasgow factory. By this new method a great saving of time is effected. Within so short a space as twelve hours from the moment when work is begun upon the raw material a finished oilskin garment can be produced ready for immediate wear, in contrast with the five months taken by the old method. All the faults of the old method have been remedied, and the difficulties and dangers overcome, by the new process. The new material neither smells nor sticks; and though absolutely dry from the outset, it remains pliable and does not harden with age. Its appearance is good, and its finish and quality far superior to the old material. The inventor claims for the new oilskin that it will not crack or peel, nor stain or discolour, as does the old oilskin; that it will stand any climate and withstand frost, snow, or any weather; and that the waterproofing will last as long as the fabric. Goods made of the new oilskin may be packed together in any fashion and in any quantity without risk of caking or spontaneous combustion. Moreover, brine, oils, petrol, ordinary acids, or chemicals cannot injure or destroy the waterproofing. The uses the material may be put to are almost countless. For instance, it insulates electricity and can be adapted for medical purposes. Indeed, for any object where a thoroughly waterproof, airtight cloth is wanted this new material may be employed. It can be made in all textures from the most delicate silk required by the surgeon to the coarsest wagon-cover needed for railway traffic. Another novelty of the process is that the new oilskin can be made in colours. And not the least satisfactory element of the discovery is that it marks one more success for British inventive skill in open field against the foreigner.

SUMMER COLONIES FOR CITY PEOPLE.

In one of the latest reports of the American Commissioner of Education there is a section on this subject, describing the method adopted in Berlin whereby thousands of children are enabled to lead a healthy open-air life on the land, go to school, and gain a knowledge of small culture at the same time. On what is waste land outside the city, the parents rent at about four shillings for the summer season a patch of land on which is erected an arbour or temporary house, with corrugated iron roof, for housing themselves and their children. On these patches the children, under the guidance of teachers and parents, sow seeds and plant shrubs and vines and kitchen-produce. These arbour-gardens are tended by the amateur gardeners, who do not all remain overnight; thousands return to their homes in the city, and others only spend Sundays and holidays there. The German Empress, after

a visit to the arbour-gardens, was so impressed with the healthy appearance of the gardeners and the habits of thrift engendered that she sent a selection of strawberry-plants and flowers to the little colonists. The example of Berlin has been followed by Düsseldorf on the Rhine. The 'school in the forest' has been adopted at Charlottenburg, Dresden, and Elberfeld, and at Borstal Wood, near London.

FASTING AND FRUITARIANISM IN THE CURE OF DISEASE.

A remarkable hospital report on these lines by Dr O. L. Abramowski, Mildura, South Australia, is given in the April issue of the *Herald of the Golden Age*. It corresponds in many points with the methods adopted by Dr Oldfield in the fruitarian Lady Margaret Hospital, Bromley, Kent, and with some of the hints contained in Dr Keith's *Plea for a Simpler Life* and *Fads of an Old Physician*. No meat, alcohol, or drugs are used, and tea, coffee, and cocoa are weak and sparingly given. In acute cases of typhoid-fever the abstinence from food coincides with the feverish stage. In chronic cases no food, or only a limited supply of fresh fruit or fruit-juice, is given until after the disappearance of the 'habit hunger.' As soon as the tongue is clean, the temperature normal, and genuine hunger begins, feeding is resumed, but not before. Under these conditions nursing has been easier and shorter, and a much smaller proportion of deaths has occurred under hospital treatment.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

BOY BRIGHT.

PART II.

BOY BRIGHT was soon as much at home as though he had known them all his life; and, oh dear, how he loved every one of them, and how they loved him, and how jolly it was in the dingy old rooms, and how often they rang with laughter and fun! He came in to them like a streak of sunshine, with his adorable face and pretty, winning ways, and his gay, bubbling laugh; and if he wasn't utterly spoiled I suppose it was because he was an old-fashioned child, with a singular earnestness and perception that kept him nice under extraordinary provocation to degenerate into brat.

In time, being inquiring as well as old-fashioned, he learned to know why Joey had referred so despondently to the *Monthly General Intelligencer*—usually called the *General*, as though it were a Grant or a Sherman—as a sinking ship. Originally founded in 1858 by Erasmus Trotter, the American Slavery Abolitionist, it had once been a real monthly, with a real circulation, and, standing in the van of civilisation, had appealed to Man and Heaven to strike the shackles from the slave. Its musty, ill-printed files were full of a passionate denunciation. Trotter himself went out at the first call to arms; his letters from the front (all appearing in the *General*) were couched in the strain of a lofty and fervid patriotism not unworthy of an ancient Roman. He died of his wounds at the battle of the Tennessee, and the *General* had to go on without him—which it did, dismally enough, in a black border.

From that day to this it had steadily dwindled. Its only subscribers, apparently, were those who had taken it in its prime, and who, from sentiment or affection, continued to do so long after its decadence. It had been bought, rebought, and bought again; but no editor had been able to increase the number of that faithful handful who year after year paid their tribute to Trotter's memory. All sorts of people put money into it, and hope, and ideas—and all lost them. The *General*, whether as an exponent of fiction, of philanthropy, mission furniture, or civic reform, slowly ate up everybody connected with it. It never was a hearty eater, but merely chewed up three or four hundred dollars a month more than its income. It would have perished off the earth had it not, in some mysterious, long-forgotten manner, got finally entangled with the Titheradge Estate.

Why the Titheradge Estate was willing to lose three or four hundred dollars a month is more than I can explain. Perhaps it was because it was an excessively rich estate, dragging with it such a myriad of expenses that the *General's* monthly bite passed unnoticed; or perhaps, having been in litigation for half a century, it had grown so old and bewildered and decrepit that it didn't see well, and thought the deficit wasn't a deficit at all, but a profit. Anyhow, the *General* belonged to the Titheradge Estate, whose attorneys, Messrs Lyon & Klaw, used to write to it very snappishly every quarter-day, enclosing a cheque, and announcing that it—the *General*—was shortly to be wound up.

They had been winding up the *General* in this way ever since the Major had come into the office sixteen years before, and so far nothing had ever happened except to make every one feel insecure and uncomfortable. It was surprising the *General* dared to come out at all, with Lyon & Klaw so ready to chop his poor old head off; but he was a war-time *General*, very conscious that he had three thousand friends that loved him, not for what he was, but for what he had been. What he was, it must be confessed, wasn't anything much. Some trashy short stories, a serial from one of the literary unemployed, four or five scolding articles on the dreadful decay

of decency and honour in our midst, and a statistical-shotted page headed, 'Progress of our Coloured Brother'—and there you had the *General* in his old, whity-green regimentals, appealing more to your charity than to any idea you might have of really getting twenty-five cents' worth for your money.

All this about the *General* is necessary to explain the Tragedy of December 20, 1907. It was an ideal day for a tragedy—gloomy, wild, and driving with snow; and the frosted windows, misty and dripping, distorted the figures on the street till they were mere blobs against the all-pervading white.

Boy Bright was on the floor, whittling thirteen-inch guns for a battleship in process of construction; Joey, temporarily stopping whistling to try something that would sell, was painting Effie Jupe, who, with her shirt-waist off, and her hair down and clustered on her bare, girlish shoulders, was standing very close to the stove, and listening to the paper bag she held to her ear—it was supposed to be a sea-shell; and the picture was to be called 'A Message from the Sea.' Joey had painted a lot of such messages, and they were, as he expressed it, 'sure pop.' He was certainly in awful need of 'sure pop,' being reduced to two dollars and eighty-five cents, and his room-rent overdue. Miss James was writing at her desk, and the Major was snorting through some callisthenic exercises which he was accustomed to perform at intervals throughout the day, and was making such a grampus of himself that nobody but Boy Bright heard a knock on the outer door.

He ran out, thinking naturally that it was one of the seven paupers with a manuscript; but what was his surprise to find himself confronted by two splendidly dressed gentlemen in fur coats, who looked so important and commanding and stern that his little heart quailed within him.

'Is the editor in?' one of them inquired in a grand, overwhelming way.

'I will take in your name, sir, and see,' answered Boy Bright, with the customary formula. 'Please be seated, and I will find out.'

But the two, instead of sitting down properly, boldly pushed their way through the goat-fence gate and trod in right behind him. Effie uttered a shriek and grabbed for her shirt-waist; Miss James gasped and looked up; Joey, palette in hand, turned threateningly with the light of battle in his flashing eyes; the Major, who in his day could fight his weight in wild cats, started forward as though willing to do it again.

'I beg your pardon,' said the first grand, overwhelming gentleman, indicating the second grand, overwhelming gentleman, 'this is Mr Victor Titheradge, who by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States has established his ownership of the vast Titheradge Estate, and incidentally of this—er—ludicrous and deplorable magazine enterprise. I am Mr Peabody, his legal adviser. Which of you, may I ask, is Miss James, the editor of the—er—*Monthly General* what-do-you-call-'em?'

'I am,' said Millie, flushing such a lovely pink that Mr Peabody's somewhat strident tone modulated perceptibly.

'Well, ah—er—Miss James—I am sorry to say—for your sake, but not for Mr Titheradge's, whose interests in this matter have been scandalously abused—to say, yes, that your services, and those of your staff, will be dispensed with on January the 1st. In a day or two—oh, ah, er—after Christmas, I had better say—I will send a reliable person to take charge of everything here, and pay you off.'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr Titheradge, who had been turned to for confirmation, and was trying to steal a view of 'The Message from the Sea'—'yes, yes, of course, Peabody. Wind it up! Wind it up!'

'I think we ought to look over the Eighth Avenue block next,' said Mr Peabody, quite unconcerned at having killed the *General* for ever and ever. 'It's on our way, you know, and the Fister Brothers have raised their offer to three hundred and seventy thousand for it. Expert advice is all right, but why not see the thing for ourselves?'

'If it's on our way,' assented Mr Titheradge, as though it would have taken a million to make him go out of it.

'Then, good-afternoon,' said Mr Peabody to the still-speechless Miss James. 'The person that I will send you will find most courteous and kind, I am sure, and I know you will afford him every assistance in your power.'

Then the two grand, overwhelming gentlemen, with a grand, overwhelming urbanity as icy as the blast outside, passed out in single file like a pair of Indians who had massacred a family of settlers and were departing with their scalps.

The stricken household gathered about the stove, mourning for the *General;* mourning for the happy, cosy, care-free days now over; mourning for themselves, thus grimly cast back into the sea of life—mourning and laughing, and crying and smiling, and all telling Boy Bright at once that he wasn't to be scared, for whatever happened there was always to be room for him too; and Miss James hugged him, and Effie hugged him, and the Major said he couldn't 'lofe him any better if he were an Austrian child, and all his own;' and Joey said he was a brick, and that they'd all chip in by-and-by and send him to school, so he shouldn't grow up a Failure, but be just such another as the splendid, silk-hat Gazabus who had fired them.

Then, what do you think, as Boy Bright was vehemently protesting that he didn't want to grow up a silk-hat Gazabus—why, it somehow came out that Joey was engaged to Millie James, and that the Major and Effie had been devotedly attached for two years, and that everybody loved everybody, so to speak, and were going to get married. Joey said it was not only the wisest thing they could do, but was an economy that was positively forced upon them since they all could live together for half-nothing in a squeegee flat, and Boy Bright could sleep on a convertible sofa.

The next few days were spent, not in getting married—which was easy and could wait—but in trying to get jobs—which was terribly hard and couldn't. The Major landed one on Ellis Island, at seventy-five dollars a month, to interpret for the Hungarian immigrants; Joey went off to make sure there was no slackening in the demand for girls in motors, and grew so discouraged that he fell a victim to a decorator, who hired him to fresco angels on ceilings for two dollars a day; poor, pretty Miss James just couldn't find anything except insults from horrid men; and Effie got the promise of an engagement with a statistical bureau with the longest hours, and the smallest salary, and the darkest, dismalest hole to work in that man in his might ever offered to girlhood in her extremity.

But the *General's* family did not falter—no, indeed not. Lovable, irrepressible Joey saw to that, and it was his idea that of giving a good-bye Christmas party in the old rooms, with a tree and a supper, and all the lights lit, and punch with sliced pineapple floating in it, and pully-crackers, and a train of cars for Boy Bright, and a wind-up torpedo-boat, and——

Oh! it was a wonderful party, and so gay and sad, and tearful and jolly, that probably in the whole of New York there wasn't one like it that night. It was only Boy Bright who seemed unable to join in properly, and his wistful, woebegone little face wore a strange expression, more as though he were grown-up and the others were the children; and he kept looking at them as though his heart were full of other and deeper things than trains or torpedo-boats, and was almost bursting.

After supper they sat on a Navajo blanket before the stove, very squeezy and close, with silly tissue-paper caps on their heads, and told stories; and Joey told one about a starving painter in Paris; and Millie told a perfect curdler about a spectre who was the means of restoring a cancelled mortgage; and Effie told a story about a blind man's faithful dog, which would have been terribly pathetic if they hadn't always laughed at the wrong places; and the Major told one about a lady who found herself at midnight stark alone in a railway compartment with a sleeping gentleman in a corner, and how he wasn't a sleeping gentleman at all, but a dead gentleman, with his throat cut from ear to ear. And then, when they were all done, what if Boy Bright didn't pipe up and say, 'Please, mayn't I tell a story too?'

Now, none of them dreamed that Boy Bright wanted to tell a story, and they were all astonished, though, of course, anything might be expected from such an old-fashioned child; and after he had been encouraged, and told, yes, they'd just love to hear it, he took a deep breath and began: 'Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived in a great big splendid castle, and he hadn't any father or mother—that little boy hadn't—but belonged to an estate, just as the *General* did, though he was called little Crœsus, because he was so rich, or rather was going to be when he grew up. And though he had ponies and automobiles, and stacks and stacks of toys, and two little boys who were hired to come and play with him, do you know, little Crœsus wasn't happy. No; he used to look out of the window, and wish he had a mother instead of Miss Marchmont, who was hired just like the boys, and a father instead of Mr Pendergast the lawyer; and, oh! he'd get so blue—oh! so awful blue, Joey—that I believe he'd have traded any time with some of the fellows skating down Fifth Avenue, even the commonest and poorest of them. And Miss Marchmont was good to little Crœsus, and so was Mr Pendergast too; but still—— You see, if anybody seemed to like little Crœsus they sent him right off; and first it was Jimmy the stable-boy, and then it was Robert the second footman, and then it was Katie, one of the under-housemaids. And when Katie was sent away it just broke little Crœsus all up, and he said to himself, "I am going to run away like Tommy in the book."'

Boy Bright stopped for a moment with such a far-away look in his eyes that he didn't notice the effect his story was having. The others were all holding their breath with the motionlessness of people struck dumb with amazement, while shivers of excitement danced along the Navajo blanket like shocks of electricity.

'Well, one night little Crœsus crept out as dirty and ragged as he could make himself, and tried to be as much like Tommy in the book as he could; though the book was all wrong about its being hard. Why, everybody was good to little Crœsus, puffickly, wonderfully good; and a Swedish lady took him in for nothing, and nobody beat him or ill-treated him at all, and the only bother was a Salvationist who tried to catch him for a home. And then he got a job as office-boy with the dearest, kindest, bestest people in the world—— No, no, Joey, the story ain't finished. Yes, he loved every one of them, little Crœsus did; and finally, when the *General* busted, and they all had to look for jobs, and weren't specially good at finding them, little Crœsus thought and thought and thought how to help, and then he said to himself, "Why shouldn't they get the reward and divide it, and I'll just make them a Christmas present of myself, even if I have to go back? And, oh, Joey, it's TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!'

He didn't get any further than that, for Effie had run at him, and was shaking him, and kissing him, and slapping him all at once, and screaming, 'You're Philip van Nuys! You're Philip van Nuys! You're Philip van Nuys!' And the others all cried out 'Philip van Nuys' too, as though it was a miracle, for the papers had been full of nothing else for weeks, and there were articles broadcast about the Black Hand and the terrible increase of crime; for the universal idea was that Philip van Nuys had been kidnapped, and was being held for ransom by fiends in human shape.

Joey didn't want to go to the telephone at all, and at first didn't want to claim the reward either;

and Boy Bright had to talk and talk and talk, and order and order, they were all so backward and undecided, and kept hugging him instead of doing anything. But, finally, Joey was made to ring up the Van Nuys' mansion on Fifth Avenue, and say he had found Philip, and would they kindly come and fetch him? And come and fetch him they did, in two automobiles crammed with policemen, who burst into the office with revolvers; and while the situation was being explained to Miss Marchmont and the officers, my stars! if more reserves didn't come pounding up, and more after that, till East Ninth Street was all jammed with a crowd that sprang up from nowhere, and surged about the entrance of No. 53, yelling and gesticulating as though they were a riot.

Then, as they said he must go now, Boy Bright turned to Joey, who was crying just as bad as he was, and kissed him; and kissed Miss James, who was crying too; and kissed the Major, who was just dripping; and kissed Effie, who even at that watery moment was still such a little tease that she bit his ear till it hurt, and said it was a love-bite, so she'd know him again if they ever met; and Boy Bright said she was too stupid for anything, because they were going to meet ever-ever-every day, and he was going to ask Miss Marchmont to let him come to the squeegee flat and sleep at night on the convertible sofa! And Miss Marchmont, who was dreadfully agitated and trembly, said he could do anything in the world if only he'd promise never to run away again and drive them distracted. And then all the officers opened a kind of lane for Boy Bright and Miss Marchmont to pass through; but at the door Boy Bright stopped, and insisted on looking back, tugging at Miss Marchmont's hand until she had to. And if ever he appeared a cherub from heaven it was then, his eyes were so shining, and his face so strangely noble in its childish beauty; and all he said was 'Merry Christmas!' just like that, to the four people he loved better than anything on earth. 'Merry Christmas!' and then he turned, like the great little gentleman he was, to allow Miss Marchmont to precede him, to return to his great, splendid, lonely house on Fifth Avenue.

THE END.

THE OLD HOME.

'Neath the shade of the towering pine-woods,
Where the fairy footsteps tread,
In a garden gay where the children play,
The old home rears its head.
It is gray with the storms of winter,
As it stands in its flower-strewn dell,
Where my sires did fight for their King and Right—
That's where I love to dwell.

They look from their panelled pictures,
Warrior and Cavalier,
With their lovely dames, in their gilded frames,
And their eyes speak loud and clear:
'We did our best for the old home,
We reared this roof-tree well,
And we trust that you will be strong and true
To the home where we loved to dwell.'

And across this old stone threshold,
With a joyous heart, I led
The fairest bride in the country-side
On that day when we were wed.
And in all life's woes her sunlight
Has never ceased to shine,
And sorrow dies when her welling eyes
Look lovingly into mine.

When the spring has tinged our woodlands,
In the joy of the budding year,
With the bright primrose, and the violet grows
In the groves of the fallow deer;
When the birds are singing sweetly
In the woods and vale and hill,
Where'er I roam, in the dear old home
Is where I would be still.

When the harvest brings its treasures,
Its sheaves of golden grain,
And with dance and song a joyous throng
Goes merrily down the lane;
Then every lass has her sweetheart,
And they're blithe on the village green,
There's no joy on earth like the homely mirth,
The old pipe and tambourine.

Hark! the sound of the huntsman's horn
Through the merry woodland rings:
And we must ride to the covert-side,
To join in the 'sport of kings.'
And then when the chase is over,
And the darkling shadows fall,
Old tales are told by the friends of old
In the firelit, haunted hall.

And there's joy when the bells of Christmas
Ring out over dale and hill;
And the King of Kings His message brings
Of peace, and to men Goodwill;
And the children's happy voices
Re-echo unceasingly,
Where the fire shines bright on a Christmas night—
That is where I love to be.

So here's to the Homes of England,
The hall and the cottage too;
The sturdy men of the moor and fen
Who are honest, brave, and true.
We love our homes by the hillside,
Our garths by the guarding sea,
And will aye defend, till life shall end,
Our homes where we love to be.

P. H. Ditchfield.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

JOHN MAINWARING, FINANCIER.

By MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL, Author of *Little Jarvis, Sprightly Romance of Marsac*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE wide, bright terrace of the great watering-place of Heimbad was a riot of colour on an August afternoon. The gay gowns of the women rivalled the gorgeous flower-beds, while toward the farther end of the terrace a mass of snorting and puffing automobiles lent a note of savage colour to the scene.

At a table on the terrace sat Richard Courtenay, lawyer and gentleman, watching the scene in the meditative manner with which a thinking man of forty observes such things. He was forty, and his whole life up to that time had been spent in that grim conflict known as providing for a family. Only within six months had his sisters married, his mother come into an inheritance, and his younger brothers become self-supporting.

Courtenay thought his prosperity had arrived too late. It should have come two years before, when he found himself in a little Swiss village, where at the same hotel was Lucia Mainwaring, the woman he would have wished to make his wife. Courtenay surmised that she was the paid companion of the elderly lady with whom she was travelling. His passion for Lucia Mainwaring was one of those sudden and overwhelming cataclysms which are liable to overtake a man from twenty to eighty. He had never felt himself in a position to ask any woman to marry him; therefore he did the only thing possible — bade Lucia a cheerful good-bye and took the next steamship for New York.

Courtenay's sombre reflections concerning life, love, and Lucia Mainwaring were interrupted by a tall, handsome, oldish man seating himself at the same table. Never, thought Courtenay, had he seen such vivid eyes. They reminded him vaguely of Lucia Mainwaring's blue pools of light. Everything about the stranger shouted out his nationality —he was an American.

The new-comer inspected Courtenay, and remarked, after a few minutes, 'This is a very interesting place.'

'Very,' answered Courtenay.

'Of course, I did not mean Heimbad alone, but the whole of this toy Grand Duchy of Osterberg. It furnishes nine hundred men to the Imperial army, and a bodyguard of three hundred more, with brass helmets and nickel cuirasses, to protect the Grand Duke from ghosts, I suppose. Have you ever seen the Grand Duke?'

'Yes,' answered Courtenay; 'I knew him twenty years ago, when both of us were students at Giessen University. By a series of deaths and a streak of insanity in the family he became Duke of Osterberg, and I'll warrant there never was such a surprised Grand Duke in the world when he was notified of his succession.'

'Streak of insanity, did you say?' The stranger, his voice resonant with keen interest, turned full on Courtenay.

'Well, that's the polite name for it. I think it is simply degeneracy and drink.'

It was evident that the family history of the Grand Duke Hugo XVIII. was of the deepest interest to Courtenay's new-found acquaintance. Just then something happened which made Courtenay forget everything else in an instant of time. It was the sight of Lucia Mainwaring walking along the promenade, the sun glittering gloriously upon her, graceful, tall, and radiantly handsome. With her was an elderly lady, evidently her mother, and a slip of a girl, as plainly a younger sister. Lucia, who was essentially a clothes-wearing woman, seemed to add a splendour of her own to her superb white gown, to the ropes of pearls around her throat, and the waving white plumes in her picturesque hat. On catching sight of the older man, Lucia nodded to him, a brilliant smile illuminating her eyes, while the younger girl threw him a kiss. The identity of his new acquaintance suddenly flashed upon Courtenay. He was John

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

Mainwaring, a man of whom Courtenay knew much and had heard more, a master of finance whose millions were untainted; and Lucia was his daughter.

Then Lucia's eyes met Courtenay's. She gave no sign of agitation, and after an exchange of glances and a courteous bow, she passed on in silence.

'So you know Miss Mainwaring?' said Miss Mainwaring's father.

Courtenay, without betraying his conviction that he was talking to the father of Lucia Mainwaring, replied, 'Yes. I had the honour of making Miss Mainwaring's acquaintance in Switzerland two years ago.'

'That was the time when she was travelling with a chaperon who was taken very ill at Alpensberg. Miss Mainwaring likes once in a while to lead the simple life, but not for very long.'

Courtenay blushed at the remembrance that he had even considered whether he might not ask Lucia if she were in temporary need of money, and thanked God that he had not dared so much.

'Her mother has a pedigree,' said Mainwaring. 'I am a great believer in atavism. Those two girls, Lucia and Milly, show they have a grandfather, at least on their mother's side.'

'They certainly have a father,' remarked Courtenay, looking full at Mainwaring. 'I have been at work on some of those land-grant cases in which Mainwaring is mixed up, and I know his course pretty thoroughly.'

'I hope you like it,' said Mainwaring with a grin.

'I am lost in admiration of the man,' responded Courtenay boldly.

Just then there was a great commotion on the terrace, everybody standing up, while the band played the national hymn of Osterberg. It was the Grand Duke Hugo XVIII. and his suite—the same big, blonde, innocent-eyed Hugo of twenty years before, who used to wear Courtenay's shirts and complained that the collars were too small.

The next thing Courtenay saw, the Grand Duke was standing with Lucia Mainwaring, the centre of a dazzling group. The younger sister Milly, a marvel of prettiness, had slipped off and was sitting at a table with Tommy Goddard, a little naval ensign who had crossed the ocean with Courtenay, and had thrown out mysterious hints of being upon a love-errand.

Then a stiff and glittering object in brilliant uniform approached and spoke to Courtenay. It was Baron von Tempsky, aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke. 'This is Mr Courtenay, I believe? His Serene Highness asks your attendance.'

Courtenay at once joined the group, in which stood Lucia Mainwaring. The Grand Duke embraced and kissed him student-fashion.

'Wait for me,' said the Grand Duke after the first greetings were over, 'on yonder bench. I wish to have a long talk with you, and you must join my party at dinner to-night on the terrace.'

Courtenay with cordial thanks accepted, and then turned to Lucia Mainwaring and exchanged a few words. There was a glint of laughter in her eyes, as if saying to him, 'What do you think of me now?'

The afternoon was full of pleasure and pain for Courtenay. It was on toward sunset when he found himself sitting on a bench alone with the Grand Duke and listening to his confidences.

'Ah, what a joy it is to meet one like you, my friend,' he cried, 'to whom one can speak from the heart! I have a dream that sounds like one of the tales of Scherezed, but it is as practical as anything ever devised by an American financier. You observed the beautiful Miss Mainwaring on the terrace?'

'Yes,' replied Courtenay. 'I have the honour of a slight acquaintance with Miss Mainwaring.'

'Now, hear my story,' continued the Grand Duke. 'I adore Miss Mainwaring.'

'That is very unfortunate,' replied Courtenay dryly.

'But listen, my friend. I contemplate offering her marriage—morganatic of course. Her father, you know, is stupendously rich, and it is not to be supposed he would not be willing to bestow a splendid dowry upon his daughter for the honour I wish to do her. I make no secret of the fact that my finances and those of the Grand Duchy are in a very confused state. The Kaiser, I may say, is somewhat angry with me on account of the financial situation in Osterberg. I hope to obtain from him the rank of countess at least for Miss Mainwaring. That will put the marriage upon a dignified basis, morganatic though it will be; and Mainwaring, I am sure, will give his daughter a magnificent dowry.'

The angry blood rushed into Courtenay's face at the mention of a morganatic marriage for Lucia Mainwaring; but he realised that his viewpoint and the Grand Duke's were as far as the poles asunder.

'Have you reflected,' asked Courtenay after a moment, 'whether Miss Mainwaring would accept such a proposal, and what her father will say to it?'

'What! to become a countess, the wife, even morganatically, of a Grand Duke of the Empire; to be recognised as such; to rank next to royalty and before ambassadors?'

Courtenay remained silent. The Grand Duke prattled on until there was just time left to hurry to the hotel and dress for dinner on the terrace.

The party was large, and Courtenay was placed next Lucia. Above them was the blue-black sky of night, satined with palpitating stars, and a great golden moon hung trembling over the tree-tops of the park. In Lucia's eyes, as she turned them full on Courtenay, was something which was either coquetry or passion, he could not tell which. Courtenay was charmed, pained, mystified. For Lucia was, like all women, subtle and simple, frank

and sly, bold and timid, strong and weak, rash and calculating, and able to deceive herself and all the world beside.

CHAPTER II.

WHETHER Lucia Mainwaring were in love with Courtenay or not, there could be no doubt in the days that followed that her father at once fell deeply infatuated with him, and would scarcely let Courtenay out of his sight.

One thing amazed Courtenay, and that was Mainwaring's evident ignorance that the Grand Duke's marked attentions to Lucia could only mean a morganatic marriage. Mainwaring discussed the Grand Duke and Lucia quite frankly with Courtenay.

'You see,' he said as they walked together one morning in the park, 'it all depends on Lucia herself. If she loves the fellow there is nothing more to be said. And I must admit that, with all my daughter's fine qualities, she has that strange feminine hankering after what women call social position. When we came from the West Lucia expected New York society to fall at her feet. It didn't, and this chagrined her. She appears to me to be torn between love and ambition, and I can't tell which will win.'

Courtenay did not ask the name of the man who represented love in the game. His own lack of fortune and Lucia's supposed poverty had stood between them two years before. Now there was the vast lump of Mainwaring's money like a lion in the path.

Just then Lucia's graceful figure appeared coming toward them. Mainwaring quickly slipped off into a bypath, leaving Lucia and Courtenay alone under the trees.

'Papa has been talking to you about the Grand Duke?' said Lucia, with a directness inherited from her father.

'Yes,' replied Courtenay; 'and the notion of the kind of marriage the Grand Duke means has not yet dawned upon your father.'

Lucia blushed a little under Courtenay's eye, but she replied, half-laughing, 'I believe the Grand Duke thinks my father is a little cracked.'

'All Europeans think that American fathers are a little cracked,' answered Courtenay with a short laugh. 'But I shouldn't like to be in Hugo's shoes when he mentions the word morganatic to your father, and he certainly will.'

There was a pause, and then Lucia said with downcast eyes, 'But I have had my dream of love, and it went wrong. Now I may have my dream of ambition, and take its chances.'

Courtenay set his jaw hard. If she were capable of this morganatic marriage—well, then, she could never have been the woman for him. Then they separated.

Courtenay walked back in the direction of the terrace; but when he had gone fifty yards the Grand Duke's voice hailed him from a motor-car, and almost before he knew it he was whirling toward the summer palace of Sternberg, six miles away.

The Grand Duke was in a state of suppressed ecstasy, and as soon as they reached the palace and were alone he clasped Courtenay in his arms and cried out joyfully, 'My friend, it is all arranged! A week ago to-day I sent Von Tempsky to see the Kaiser. Von Tempsky returned this morning, bringing with him the Kaiser's stipulations in writing concerning my marriage. I immediately sent Von Tempsky to Heimbad with a request to Mr Mainwaring that he come to Sternberg at two o'clock to-day. There may be some difficulties in the way of our coming to a mutual understanding. Mainwaring is to me a daring and perfectly incomprehensible person, and I foresee that your services will be valuable. He may object to giving his daughter the sum of money—ten million marks—which the Kaiser positively requires before conferring upon her the rank of Countess of Heimbad.'

'Mainwaring won't make the least objection to giving his daughter ten or twenty million marks,' replied Courtenay. 'But whether he would allow you to control one penny of the money, or even consider your proposal to marry his daughter morganatically, is more than I can say.'

'Then Mainwaring is a lunatic!' responded the Grand Duke.

The two had luncheon together, and then returned to the small, high-ceiled room in which the Grand Duke held his most private interviews. They had lighted their cigars when Mainwaring's arrival was announced.

'I shall continue to smoke,' remarked the Grand Duke, 'as it will indicate a certain indifference to the result, which, I assure you, my friend, I am very far from feeling.'

Courtenay could have laughed aloud at the idea of this six-foot infantile Serene Highness being able to throw dust into the eyes of John Mainwaring. In another moment Mainwaring was ushered in, and the Grand Duke received him with marked courtesy. After a pause the Grand Duke began, with an air of expansive candour, and taking his cigar from his mouth, 'Mr Mainwaring, you see before you a lover. I adore Miss Mainwaring.'

'So do I,' responded Mainwaring.

Courtenay could have added that he too adored Lucia.

'But,' continued the Grand Duke, becoming serious, 'a reigning sovereign cannot always follow the promptings of his heart.'

'Quite true,' replied Mainwaring, with equal seriousness. 'Napoleon had to divorce Josephine. Your Serene Highness can appreciate better than I this painful parallel.'

The Grand Duke saw a laughing devil in Main-

waring's eye as he said this, and was afraid he was joking. The Grand Duke continued, however: 'At first it seemed a titanic task to make it possible that I should be able to secure my happiness with Miss Mainwaring. However, love can surmount great obstacles. I sent my favourite aide-de-camp and my personal friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Baron von Tempsky, on a special mission to the Kaiser, laying before him all the circumstances in the case. These'—taking up some papers from the table—'are the Kaiser's terms. I can give them to you in brief.'

Mainwaring moved his chair up to the table, and the Grand Duke read in a sonorous voice: 'The Kaiser requires first that ten million marks shall be settled upon the Grand Ducal Crown of Osterberg without conditions. There are certain obligations of the Grand Duchy toward the Imperial Government which the Kaiser stipulates shall be liquidated out of this ten million marks; but this is a subject of negotiation between the Imperial Government and the Grand Duke personally. The Grand Duchy of Osterberg has no constitution.'

'And probably never will have,' said Mainwaring suavely.

'Such is my hope,' responded the Grand Duke tartly. 'The Grand Duchy of Osterberg has been happy without a constitution for eight hundred years.'

'Then, to bestow a constitution upon Osterberg would be like giving a telescope to a blind man,' replied Mainwaring.

The Grand Duke liked less and less Mainwaring's easy, not to say debonair, manner; but he was prepared for this, and kept on resolutely: 'Miss Mainwaring's position as Countess of Heimbad will be entirely fixed and regular. The marriage itself will be perfectly regular, morganatic though it will be.'

At the word morganatic the light leaped into Mainwaring's eye. It was the first time he had suspected the species of marriage which was being offered to his daughter.

Something seemed to illuminate the Grand Duke's mind also, for he turned to Courtenay and said quickly, 'Please explain to Mr Mainwaring the true status of the perfectly honourable marriage which I offer Miss Mainwaring.'

'That is unnecessary,' replied Mainwaring, rising to his feet.

Instinctively both the Grand Duke and Courtenay stood up. Mainwaring remained silent, grinding his teeth, while his face turned a dull red. The next moment his arm shot out, and but for Courtenay would have landed full upon the Grand Ducal nose. Courtenay had rowed stroke in the university boat-race, but he was as helpless as a child to hold Mainwaring, who dashed around the table with the obvious intention of throwing the Grand Duke out of the window. The Grand Duke was a soldier and courageous enough, but he thought he was dealing with a madman, and before Mainwaring could get at him he slipped out of the door. Mainwaring, now pale and panting, recovered himself with a strong effort. He walked back to his chair and sat down quietly enough; but Courtenay could see the veins pulsating in Mainwaring's neck and powerful jaw.

Both men were perfectly silent for ten minutes. When Mainwaring spoke his comprehensive mind had already produced the germ of a course of conduct. It even brought a smile to his strong, expressive mouth. 'Why didn't you let me whack that scoundrel?' he asked pleasantly of Courtenay. 'I would have liked to have got in a blow on his solar plexus. However, I can still make him sweat for his devilish, colossal, and infernal impudence in daring to propose that my daughter should become his morganatic wife.' Mainwaring's eyes grew sultry as he spoke these words; but in a moment he continued, Courtenay meanwhile scarcely able to believe his own ears: 'Now, do you go and find the Grand Duke, and make my compliments and apologise to him. Tell him that I am a man with a violent temper, which my daughter does not inherit. That's a lie, by the way; my daughter has a temper just like mine. Then you tell his Serene Highness that I am prepared to resume the negotiations, and that I am fully able to give my daughter forty million marks if I choose, and I will if she marries to please me. So just go and speak to the Grand Duke, and I'll stay here as quiet as a lamb until you come back.'

Courtenay's short absence was utilised by Mainwaring writing a memorandum, to which he signed his name.

In two minutes Courtenay returned grinning. 'The Grand Duke says he will accept your apologies, and will see you in the next room.'

Mainwaring, with an answering grin, went with Courtenay into the next room, and going up to the Grand Duke, said, 'I beg your Serene Highness's pardon for my exhibition of temper just now. I admit that I resented the idea of a morganatic marriage for my daughter. However, I have changed my mind. Here is a little memorandum which I have written and signed. I offer to give my daughter forty million marks upon her marriage to your Serene Highness if the Kaiser can be induced to bestow sufficient rank upon her to permit of her becoming Grand Duchess of Osterberg instead of merely Countess of Heimbad. I have also given a list of references to New York banks and trust companies which will prove my ability to keep my part of the bargain. I have put in one stipulation, which any father would, I think. It is that my daughter shall fully and freely consent to the marriage.'

The Grand Duke opened his arms wide, and Courtenay was afraid that a kiss and embrace of Mainwaring were impending; but Mainwaring by a skilful manœuvre got out of the way, and accepted only a cordial handshake.

'I agree to your stipulation, and nothing shall be wanting on my part,' cried the Grand Duke enthusiastically, 'to bring about making Miss Mainwaring Grand Duchess of Osterberg.'

Courtenay did not for a moment believe Mainwaring's sudden change of front meant what it seemed to mean. He saw in it some elaborate scheme of revenge, such as Mainwaring was capable of working out in every detail.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO IMPROVE THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow,
Author of *Old England, The English House, Hints on House Furnishing,* &c.

A GOOD story is told of Tennyson and a jerry-builder. The poet, having a great detestation for a free-trade in ugliness, protested against a common act of vandalism—the felling of useful trees on a new site. 'Why do you cut them down?' he asked. 'Put the foundations of your house a few yards back, and you could save them; trees are beautiful things.' The home-spoiler laughed with amusement. 'Trees are luxuries,' he replied. 'What *we* need is utility.' And the slipshod commercialism of our time has never had a more laconic spokesman.

Most of us have one thing in common with the jerry-builders: we are fond of cheapness, and believe that it pardons a great many frauds. The word cheap fascinates the modern mind. Who does not wish to buy something at a bargain? Even thriftlessness, mere waste of money, is bought in that way, not without pleasure to the purchasers. 'My dear,' says Mrs A. to Mrs B., 'this furniture may be too fragile and too varnished, but consider the price! Cheap, my dear—very! You'd be astonished if I showed you the bill—receipted. Not hire-purchased, you see; I'm not to be gulled by silly advertisements. No. I found my own shop and made my own choice.' Then Mrs B. looks enviously at her friend's sofa and chairs, reflecting that her own better furniture 'cost quite a lot,' and marvelling why she did not get a cheap suite without value, so as to save money for her dress-account.

A friend of mine some years ago was very proud of his belief that bad workmanship became good if he bought it 'cheap.' His hobby was reading. 'I am buying,' said he, 'in the cheapest editions to be found, all the classics published in French, German, and English. Print and paper don't count for much, you see; the important thing is to have a writer's thought and style, and these may be got to-day at rare bargains. It's modern enterprise,' he concluded with pride, as though he formed part of each printing-machine and of each publishing speculation. The last time I saw this devotee of cheapness he was reading by a heavily shaded light, with his eyes protected by blue glasses, and a green shade around his forehead. 'Very troublesome, my eyes,' he said to me. 'Reading—well, it's a splendid hobby; but it plays the deuce with my eyes, somehow.' For he had then in hand one of those translations from the Greek classics which are sold in Paris for twopence or threepence.

If medical men were to write down all the bodily troubles that have their rise in bad work at 'bargain prices' we should understand why chemists look so prosperous. It is because the ills produced by cheapness need expensive medicines. In the long-run cheapness means annoying discomforts and bad nerves.

Then, of course, there are questions of social economy. Crafts and trades are not properly nourished by tiny prices and defective work. That sort of diet resembles Falstaff's plentiful sack accompanied by little good solid food, producing weak legs and a swelled body. Lord Morley, who has never feared to be serious, would put the truth in a different way, and ask us to remember that all civilisations are tested and proved by their household arts—that is, by their home-life considered in relation to domestic achitecture and to the general equipment of cottages and houses.

Here, if anywhere, thoroughness of work will be prized and safeguarded, if only because of its daily effect on that for which men labour—namely, the happiness and health of their womenfolk and children. Yet, somehow, during the last fifty years good house architecture has been a rare thing, a joy for the well-to-do. The middle-classes and the poor have been dependent on jerry-builders, whose speculations have been a national disaster, as bad almost as a foreign raid or invasion. Have they not ravaged great districts of beautiful country? Where farms used to be we find labyrinths of mean streets, so badly built that even the decencies of life are not considered with the least care. Walls and floors, which ought to be as sound-proof as science can make them, particularly when bedrooms adjoin one another, are as indiscreet as phonographs. Every movement in one bedroom is heard in another, so that children cannot help listening to their parents' words and actions.

Again, take the transmission of sound through wood. It ought to be common knowledge that timber is an excellent conductor of noise. Yet the joists of floors often touch one another from house to house, with the result that many houses become one in disturbing sounds. Privacy is quite impossible under such conditions. Why is it, then, that householders do not complain as a body? Could they not form a Society of Home Defence, with a central

office in London, and with power enough to press their needs and grievances on all political candidates? One fears, though, that the jerry-builder has represented the popular taste; and what that taste is, and has been for five decades, may be seen clearly in the following picture, drawn by a distinguished architect, the late J. J. Stevenson:

'The principle of construction seems to be that it [that is, a home] shall always be out of repair, so as to provide work for the building trades; and that at the end of the lease a house may be worthless to a ground landlord. The walls are thin, and let in the cold and the sound even of conversation in the next house. But for the floor-timbers that tie the walls together, a gust of wind would overturn them. The floors shake with the slightest movement; the plaster is half sand, and is kept on the walls mainly by the paper pasted on it; doors and windows do not fit; the plumber-work is bad, and the water-pipes freeze; the "compo" outside requires constant painting, and occasionally scales off in masses. Workmen are never out of the house, and the tenant finds that to keep it habitable adds a third to the rent. The architecture, again, however small the house may be, is a union of vulgar pretentiousness and mean shams.'

Such is an English home when cheapness becomes the standard of value. It is then the negation both of common-sense and of decency. Common-sense ought to know that in an age of general competition things cannot be made or sold for less than their market value, and hence it is absurd to talk about cheapness. But there is something more important than that to be understood, something that touches the welfare of a whole nation—namely, that a habit of doing bad work is degrading, like a habit of telling lies. Thoroughness of work is honesty of character, without which no nation can progress.

For that reason, and no other, the present bad condition of household art denotes a very dangerous time in our national history. If the past has left us any tradition more remarkable than our delight in sport and our love of adventure, it is the tradition of good and thorough craftsmanship, which may be followed from the early Victorian era backward to the settling of Christianity among the Saxons of the seventh and eighth centuries. During that long span of time Great Britain was loyal to honest workmanship. Here and there, as in the tower of Earl's Barton Church, Northants, you may see to-day how firmly and well the ancient Saxons built. On *their* thoroughness Time cannot play with lingering hands that ravage and undo. And you may see, also, in all typical examples of old British work a reticence of style that keeps away from showy and meretricious ornament. To-day, on the other hand, side by side with the craze for cheapness, there's a parade of sham decoration. The public hates simplicity and insists upon having a fussy make-believe. Wall-papers are covered with realistic patterns, the 'cheapest' furniture is often inlaid, basswood (a bad thing that soon wears out) is stained to look like rosewood or mahogany, and ordinary oak is turned into brown oak by being treated with a solution of chromate of potash. Sycamore is a fine wood, but the taste of the hour prefers it when it is 'converted' into ebony, for which purpose two or three applications of logwood chips are used, followed by a treatment with vinegar and steel filings.

Wherever we look, in any branch of the popular household arts, we find pretension and glaring sham. It is difficult to believe that we have had great public teachers like Pugin, Ruskin, Carlyle, and William Morris. Where has their influence gone? Why are their writings looked upon as 'stodgy'? Critics, amazed by the worthless household things displayed in the shop-windows, ask themselves these questions every day. At one time they believed that early Victorian furniture was the ugliest in the world, but now they admit that it was well made, while the bulk of our own furniture is bad in every way. This fact must be clear to any one who compares the simplest cottage furniture of the eighteenth century with the wares sold to-day in large and important shops. Finally, owing to this degradation of our contemporary household crafts, fabulous sums are paid for old examples of British furniture. Collectors have given a thousand guineas for a single arm-chair which Chippendale would have been glad to make for thirty. Thus we pass from the extravagance of cheapness encouraged by popular shops to the extravagance of collecting at public sales by auction. The one represents a time of shoddy and the other a protest against that time.

But it is not enough to state a case. The origin of bad things should be explained, and it is necessary also to suggest practical remedies. The decline of British workmanship in the domestic arts and crafts, though clear enough to all students of social history, has not yet been explained in a definite fashion. To understand its origin we must remember that the usual growth of a nation is like that of yew-trees: an imperceptible addition of new substance and life extending over hundreds of years. Such was the social growth of England from Saxon times to the invention of steam machinery. Now and again the growth was interrupted by grave national disturbances, just as yew-trees are harmed by occasional tempests; but when strong things grow under conditions of resistance, of struggle against opposition, they gain tenacity and stamina. Further, when a nation's progress goes on slowly age after age through the centuries, traditions are formed in all crafts and trades, and they change gradually, imperceptibly, like the home-life to which they appeal. Artisans learn in youth all that traditions have to teach, learn it thoroughly, and understand it to their finger-tips. Thus village masons centuries ago were true architects, for they did unaided such beautiful work as our modern architects are happy to imitate; and among other craftsmen also admirable things were done as a

matter of course, without any fanciful chatter about 'art.' A child's sampler was a good thing of its kind; a carpenter's deal table had beauty and distinction; and the same fine spirit of thoroughness may still be found in fishing-smacks, canal-barges, costers' barrows, saddles, country carts, and other examples of old craft-methods. Indeed, wherever the great traditions manage to survive, there you will find humble and common objects that artists love because of their beauty.

It follows, then, that bad work means the disappearance of good traditions. This may arise either from mere carelessness or from a sudden and complete change in a nation's life and normal progress. Such a change began with the invention of steam machinery, which has produced in less than a hundred years more grave questions of social economies than did all the other centuries lying between us and the Roman domination.

The Roman roads, elaborately built and paved, mark the beginning of one type of society in which growth was slowly accumulative; railways and the factory system put the world on new lines of progression, giving us mechanical invention and speed for traditional handicrafts and slowness. It is hard to realise how complete was the social revolution. In a few years women and men had to adapt themselves to a new ordering of their daily lives. Houses were no longer built, but thrown together in a few weeks; great factories seemed to spring out of the fields by enchantment; and soon a fever of restlessness spread from town to town, fostered by a newspaper press that screamed for the people's pennies from early morning till late at night.

All this, no doubt, was not friendly to any old tradition that the nation wished to keep; and soon it became evident that the general standard of workmanship was regulated, not by economic principles favourable to all household wares, but by two things: (1) by the element of danger in the products of certain industries, and (2) by the people's alert criticism in all that belonged to their sports and pastimes. In other words, the peaceful home arts declined rapidly, while good workmanship was maintained in all sporting tackle and in all things which brought people face to face with dangers, such as ships, railway engines, surgical implements, revolvers, guns, rifles, and so forth. This fact is very remarkable. I do not think you will find without difficulty any examples of slipshod craft-methods in those two classes of industrial enterprise. It is only in the home arts that sham and pretension hold sway. As an example of this, compare any surgical implements with ordinary penknives or with table-knives, and you will find that while the first are admirably simple and thorough, and therefore fit for their purpose, the others look much better than they are in reality. The steel of ordinary penknives leaves much to be desired, and many table-knives are soon blunted even by tender meat. Silver fruit-knives, again, show much wasted and showy labour, for their blades are usually scrawled over with unnecessary designs, manufacturers having no confidence in the natural beauty of silver.

If surgeons were careless like householders, if they did not insist upon having excellent tools, we may be sure that competitive manufacturers would cheapen the quality of work in surgical implements. Under modern conditions, no tradesman will give more than his customers will accept. For instance, cricket-bats are well made because all cricketers are good judges of their own needs, and dangerous things are usually well made because manufacturers know that slipshod work would mean a loss of life and a very serious public scandal, as in the case of the bayonets which 'corkscrewed' in the Soudan. Shipowners were inclined to be careless before the Plimsoll mark was introduced to keep them and the public in mind of the dangers attending dishonest trade-methods. It is because the household arts have neither the protection of private knowledge nor the discipline of public fear and criticism that they decline under the competition of to-day's industrialism.

Only a householder here and there knows anything helpful about design and decoration, and those who supply him with furniture are subject to no public criticism. The newspaper press never criticises the shop-windows, never reviews a trade catalogue, and has seldom a word to say on any question of house architecture and furnishing. Are homes, then, of no account? Is a nation's family life of less importance than books, plays, and pictures, which are kept under searching public discipline?

The jerry-builder could never have won for himself such a bad reputation if the newspaper press had 'slated' his first achievements; and the displays of cheap goods in shop-windows would soon be improved by expert criticism in the leading journals. Tradesmen would then be afraid to show off any defective wares, realising that their shop-windows are public exhibitions subject to censure as well as praise. The general principle is this: that all goods shown publicly for sale ought to be criticised publicly by experts, so that their workmanship may not become deceptive and therefore bad for the people to buy.

It may take some time for this principle to be recognised by the newspaper press. Meanwhile householders may defend their own interests by following three simple rules of common-sense: (1) Never buy from illustrated catalogues unless the articles are introduced by some well-known expert, like Mr Walter Crane, Mr Heywood Sumner, or Mr Lewis F. Day. Who desires to know what a tradesman thinks of his own market goods? What householders need, and should insist upon having, is the recommendation of some independent judge, who will not discredit himself by praising bad design and careless workmanship. (2) Make sure that the tradesman who sells furniture is also

the manufacturer. When he is not the public suffers, and for the following reason: A retailer buys goods at a large discount, the minimum being 25 per cent., and no manufacturer in the home arts can give that discount and yet keep his craft-methods at a proper level of excellence. Many large stores are mere distributers, and some of them persuade the smaller manufacturers to give even higher discounts than 25 per cent., with results disastrous to fine old industries. This point deserves notice from the Board of Trade and the County Councils. Every town needs a communal showroom for the best products in the household arts; then good craftsmen would be able to exhibit their work in a public manner and make themselves known. At present they cannot afford to advertise, nor can they compete against the trading methods of the great retail shops. (3) Never buy any furniture which is profusely advertised. Too much importance cannot be attached to this rule. Advertisements are not only very expensive, they form part of the cost of production; and any efficient craftsman will tell you that well-made furniture cannot bear costly advertising and yet be sold at a reasonable price. No good work was ever done in a hurry; and there are technical reasons why good furniture cannot be made rapidly, and therefore in sufficient quantities to justify extensive advertising as a business speculation. One technical reason is the intractableness of wood. All woods, no matter how long they are kept, nor how dry they may be superficially, begin to shrink as soon as you cut into them and expose new surfaces to the air. Oak three hundred years old will do that. Yet advertisements ask us to believe that sound furniture can be made easily, quickly, and in huge quantities at the same time. Experts hold different opinions. One admirable craftsman, Mr Stephen Webb, gives the following advice, the best which can be given: 'The longer the interval between the cutting up of the wood and its fitting together the better for the work. In the old times the parts of a cabinet lay about in the workman's benchway for weeks, and even months, and were continually turned over and handled by him while he was engaged on the mouldings and other details. The wood thus became really dry, and no further shrinkage could take place after it was put together.' To-day, on the other hand, in most trade furniture, machinery is used even for mouldings, and stability of craftsmanship is often neglected in order that money may be saved for advertising. With thick varnish you may keep the air from acting on ill-seasoned woods, and you can say to your critics, 'After all, I sell my wares. And those who live to please must please to live.'

When will the public understand that contempt for its intelligence and taste is the ruling factor in those types of business that pretend to be 'popular'?

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE WHISPERS AGAIN.

WAS it really true what Flockart had told her? Did Walter actually wish to see her again? At one moment Gabrielle believed in her lover's strong, passionate devotion to her, for had she not seen it displayed in a hundred different ways? But the next she recollected how Flockart had taken advantage of her youth and inexperience in the past, how he had often lied so circumstantially that she had believed his words to be the truth. Once, indeed, he had openly declared to her that one of his maxims was never to tell the truth unless obliged. After dinner, a simple meal served in the poky little dining-room, she made an excuse to go to her room, and there sat for a long time, deeply reflecting. Should she write to Walter? Would it be judicious to explain Flockart's visit, and how he had urged their reconciliation? If she wrote, would it lower her dignity in her lover's eyes? That was the great problem which now troubled her. She sat staring before her undecided. She recalled all that Flockart had told her. He was the emissary of Lady Heyburn, without a doubt. The girl had told him openly of her decision to speak the truth and expose him, but he had only laughed at her. Alas! she knew his true character, unscrupulous and pitiless. But she placed him aside.

Recollection of Walter—the man who had held her so often in his arms and pressed his lips to hers, the man who was her father's firm friend and whose uprightness and honesty of purpose she had ever admired—crowded upon her. Should she write to him? Rigid and staring, she sat in her chair, her little white hands clenched, as she tried to summon courage. It had been she who had written declaring that their engagement must be broken, she who had condemned herself. Therefore, had she not a right to satisfy that longing she had had through months, the longing to write to him once again? The thought decided her; and, going to the table whereon the lamp was burning, she sat down, and after some reflection, penned a letter as follows:

'My Darling,—I am wondering how and where

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

you are! True, I wrote you a cruel letter; but it was imperative, and under the force of circumstance. I am full of regrets.

'I have had you before my eyes to-night, and I feel quite sure that at this very moment you are thinking of me. You must know that I love you dearly. You gave me your heart, and it shall not belong to any other. I have tried to be brave and courageous; but, alas! I have failed. I love you still, and I must see you soon —very soon.

'Mr Flockart came to see me to-day, and says that you expressed to him a desire to meet me again. Gratify that desire when you will, and you will find your Gabrielle just the same—longing ever to see you, living with only the memory of your dear face.

'Can you doubt of my great, great love for you? You never replied to my letter, though I have waited for months. I know my decision was a cruel one, and to you quite unwarranted; but I had a reason, and the reason was because I felt that I ought not to deceive you any longer.

'You see, darling, I am frank and open. Yes, I have deceived you. I am terribly ashamed and down-hearted. I have tried to conceal my grief, even from you; but it is impossible.

'Grim circumstance forced me to write as I did. Forgive me, I beg of you. If it is true what Mr Flockart says, then send me a telegram, and come here to see me. If it be false, then I shall know by your silence.

'I love you, my own, my well-beloved! *Au revoir*, my dearest heart. I look at your photograph which to-night smiles at me. Yes, you love me!

'With many fond kisses like those I gave you in the well-remembered days of our happiness,—
Your own,
GABRIELLE.'

She read the letter carefully through, placed it in an envelope, and, marking it private, addressed it to Walter's chambers in the Temple, whence she knew it must be forwarded if he were away. Then she went out to the village grocer's, where she posted it herself, so that it left by the early morning mail. When would his welcome telegram arrive? She calculated that he would get the letter by midday, and by one o'clock she could receive his reply—his reassurance of love.

So she went to her bed, with its white dimity hangings, more calm and composed than for months before. For a long time she lay awake, thinking of him, listening hour by hour to the chiming bells of the old Norman church. They marked the passing of the night. Then she dropped off to sleep, to be awaked by the sun streaming into the room.

That same morning, away up in the Highlands at Glencardine, Sir Henry had groped his way across the library to his accustomed chair, and Hill had placed before him one of the shallow drawers of the cabinet of seal-impressions.

There were fully half-a-dozen which had been sent to him by the curator of the museum at Norwich, sulphur-casts of seals recently acquired by that institution.

The blind man had put aside that morning to examine them, and settled himself to his task with the keen and pleasurable anticipation of the expert.

They were very fine specimens. The blind man, sitting alone, selected one, and, fingering it very carefully for a long time, at last made out its design and the inscription upon it.

'The seal of Abbot Simon de Luton, of the early thirteenth century,' he said slowly to himself. 'The wolf guards the head of St Edmund as it does in the seal of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury St Edmunds, while the Virgin with the Child is over the canopy. And the verse is indeed curious for its quaintness:

✠ VIRGO. DEUM. FERT. DUX. CAPUD. AUFERT.
QUOD. LUPUS. HIC. FERT.' ✠

Then he again retraced the letters with his sensitive fingers to reassure himself that he had made no mistake.

The next he drew towards him proved to be the seal of the Vice-Warden of the Grey Friars of Cambridge, a pointed one used about the year 1244, which to himself he declared, in heraldic language, to bear the device of 'a cross raguly debruised by a spear, and a crown of thorns in bend dexter, and a sponge on a staff in bend sinister, between two threefold *flagella* in base'—surely a formidable array of the instruments used in the Passion.

Deeply interested, and speaking to himself aloud, as was his habit when alone, he examined them one after the other. Among the collection were the seals of Berengar de Brolis, Plebanus of Pacina (in Syracuse), and those of the Commune of Beauvais (1228); Mathilde (or Mahaut), daughter of Henri, Duke of Brabant (1265); the town of Oudenbourg in West Flanders, and of the Vicar-Provincial of the Carmelite Order at Palermo (1350); Jacobus de Gnapet, Bishop of Rennes (1480); and of Bondi, Marquis of Sasolini of Bologna (1323).

He had almost concluded when Goslin, the gray-bearded Frenchman, having breakfasted alone in the dining-room, entered. 'Ah, *mon cher* Sir Henry,' he exclaimed, 'at work so early! The study of seals must be very fascinating to you, though I confess that, for myself, I could never see in them very much to interest.'

'No. To the ordinary person, my dear Goslin, it appears, no doubt, a most dryasdust study; but to a man afflicted like myself it is the only study that he can pursue, for with his finger-tips he can learn the devices and decipher the inscriptions,' the blind Baronet declared. 'Take, for instance, only this little collection of impressions which

they have so kindly sent to me from Norwich. Each one of them tells me something. Its device, its general character, its heraldry, its inscription, are all highly instructive. For the collector there are opportunities for the study of the historical allusions, the emblematology and imagery, the hagiology, the biographical and topographical episodes, and the other peculiarities and idiosyncrasies in all the seals he possesses.'

Goslin, like most other people, had been many times bored by the old man's technical discourses upon his hobby. But he never showed it. He, just the same as other people, made pretence of being interested. 'Yes,' he remarked, 'they must be most instructive to the student. I recollect seeing a great quantity in the Bargello at Florence.'

'Ah, a very fine collection—part of the Medici collection, and contains some of the finest Italian and Spanish specimens,' remarked the blind connoisseur. 'Birch of the British Museum is quite right in declaring that the seal, portable and abounding in detail, not difficult of acquisition nor hard to read if we set about deciphering the story it has to tell, takes us back as we look upon it to the very time of its making, and sets us, as it were, face to face with the actual owners of the relic.'

The Frenchman sighed. He saw he was in for a long dissertation, and, moving uneasily towards the window, changed the topic of conversation by saying, 'I had a long letter from Paris this morning. Krail is back again, it appears.'

'Ah, that man!' cried the other impatiently. 'When will his extraordinary energies be suppressed? They are watching him carefully, I suppose.'

'Of course,' replied the Frenchman. 'He left Paris about a month ago, but unfortunately the men watching him did not follow. He took train for Berlin, and has been absent until now.'

'We ought to know where he's been, Goslin,' declared the elder man. 'What fool was it who, keeping him under surveillance, allowed him to slip from Paris?'

'The Russian Tchernine.'

'I thought him a clever fellow, but it seems that he's a bungler after all.'

'But while we keep Krail at arm's-length, as we are doing, what have we to fear?' asked Goslin.

'Yes; but how long can we keep him at arm's-length?' queried Sir Henry. 'You know the kind of man—one of the most extraordinarily inventive in Europe. No secret is safe from him. Do you know, Goslin,' he added in a changed voice, 'I live nowadays somehow in constant apprehension.'

'You've never possessed the same self-confidence since you found Mademoiselle Gabrielle with the safe open,' he remarked.

'No. Murie, or some other man she knows, must have induced her to do that, and take copies of those documents. Fortunately, I suspected an attempt, and baited the trap accordingly.'

'What caused you to suspect?'

'Because more than once both Murie and the girl seemed to be seized by an unusual desire to pry into my business.'

'You don't think that our friend Flockart had anything to do with the affair?' the Frenchman suggested.

'No, no. Not in the least. I know Flockart too well,' declared the old man. 'Once I looked upon him as my enemy, but I have now come to the conclusion that he is a friend—a very good friend.'

The Frenchman pulled a rather wry face and remained silent.

'I know,' Sir Henry went on—'I know quite well that his constant association with my wife has caused a good deal of gossip; but I have dismissed it all with the contempt that such attempted scandal deserves. It has been put about by a pack of women who are jealous of my wife's good looks and her *chic* in dress.'

'Are not Flockart and mademoiselle also good friends?' inquired Goslin.

'No. I happen to know that they are not, and that very fact in itself shows me that Gabrielle, in trying to get at the secret of my business, was not aided by Flockart, for it was he who exposed her.'

'Yes,' remarked the Frenchman, 'so you've told me before. Have you heard from mademoiselle lately?'

'Only twice since she left here,' was the old man's bitter reply, 'and that was twice too frequently. I've done with her, Goslin—done with her entirely. Never in all my life did I receive such a crushing blow as when I found that she, in whom I reposed the utmost confidence, had played her own father false, and might have ruined him!'

'Yes,' remarked the other sympathetically, 'it was a great blow to you, I know. But will you not forgive mademoiselle?'

'Forgive her!' the old man cried fiercely—'forgive her! Never!'

The gray-bearded Frenchman, who had always been a great favourite with Gabrielle, sighed slightly and gave his shoulders a shrug of regret.

'Why do you ask that?' inquired Sir Henry, 'when she herself admitted that she had been at the safe?'

'Because'—— and the other hesitated. 'Well, for several reasons. Yesterday Stewart told me that the Whispers had been again heard in the Castle. The people believe them precursory of evil to fall upon this household, you know. The story of your quarrel with mademoiselle has leaked out.'

'The Whispers!' laughed the old man in defiance. 'Let the people believe what they will. My daughter shall never return to Glencardine—never!'

As he had been speaking the door had opened, and James Flockart stood upon the threshold. He had overheard the blind man's words, and as he came forward he smiled, more in satisfaction than in greeting.

(To be continued.)

LONG-DISTANCE TELEGRAPHY.

IFTY years ago, or more, it was the writer's privilege to assist at Edinburgh in the *direct transmission* of a Royal message between Balmoral and Potsdam. The event took place on a fine summer Sunday morning, when the lines were quiet and the atmosphere was calm and highly conducive to the passage of the electric current. The Morse embosser had not long before taken the place of the Cooke and Wheatstone double needle; and the *click* of the armature enabled us to hear whether the signals were going through all right. The embosser was, indeed, a very good 'sounder,' although it was not until many years after that that form of instrument was adopted for general use. The wire was in relay at Edinburgh, the primitive windmill or 'mouse-mill' form of relay being in use—a very simple contrivance compared with the elaborate 'translator' of to-day. The experiment was carried out under the direction of Mr Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, electrician of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, one of the most prominent scientists of his day, whose ingenuity in the matter of telegraphic invention was amazing. One of Mr Varley's staff was at Balmoral, and my old countryman and *confrère* David Lumsden was at Amsterdam, where the Electric Company had an office at that time, which was designated 'English Amsterdam' to distinguish it from the Dutch office.

The experiment was successful, the message going through without a hitch; and we all plumed ourselves on being associated, however remotely, with such a marvellous feat of telegraphy. And it *was* a feat for that day, although it pales into insignificance with what has recently been accomplished by the Indo-European Telegraph Company, or even with what takes place every day between the Foreign Gallery at St Martin's-le-Grand and the more distant capitals of Europe. Here, however, the progress is not so great as it seems, for the late Sir Henry Fischer used to tell how, on Sundays, he would amuse himself when on duty at 'old F. G.', in Founder's Court, Lothbury, by getting through to St Petersburg or Constantinople, and having a chat with 'Sir Bruin' or the 'Unspeakable Turk,' as the case might be. And yet, not long before, messages between Edinburgh and London might have to be retransmitted half-a-dozen times in bad weather, when the insulation went to pieces.

The cable companies have been reproached for want of enterprise in the adoption of improved methods of transmission, and for constituting themselves a 'ring' in order to maintain the present high rates for telegrams passing over their lines. Be this as it may, the reproach does not lie very heavily at the door of the Indo-European Company, which has taken the lead in the matter of long-distance telegraphy, and is likely to maintain, if not to improve, its position in that respect. A year or two ago, by the adoption of the Wheatstone automatic system, it set up direct working between Manchester and London and Teheran, a distance of nearly four thousand miles, which was a world's record at that time. Now it has beaten its own record, and pushed through to Calcutta, between which and London, a distance of seven thousand miles, messages were exchanged on a Saturday towards the end of January last. This is a most notable achievement, to put it in the mildest possible form—an achievement which even a Kelvin or a Varley or a Wheatstone would have deemed impossible a quarter of a century ago, and which the present writer, familiar with all the improvements of the past half-century, looks upon as almost uncanny. Of course it has only been rendered possible by the free use of relays, of which there are no fewer than thirteen in circuit between London and Kurrachee, and one between Kurrachee and Calcutta, at Agra. The clerks at these lonely outposts, scattered amongst the barren steppes of Russia and through the great Persian lone land, must lead an eerie life, as they sit in their huts listening to the hum of the world as it passes from the Far East to the distant West, and *vice versâ*. The idea of the relay is, no doubt, taken from the old coaching days; but there is this essential difference, that the coaches pulled up for change and refreshment, whereas the electric current speeds along and takes up its 'refreshment' as it goes, more closely resembling the locomotive which scoops up its water from between the rails as it careers along at fifty or sixty miles an hour.

Cables do not enter very largely into the operations of the Indo-European Company, being confined to a length of some two hundred miles between Lowestoft and Emden, beyond which, by way of Berlin, Warsaw, Odessa, and Tiflis, a land-line is carried to Teheran. This is probably as wild a stretch of country as exists anywhere, and the climatic conditions are of the worst possible character, so that the delicate operation of telegraphing by means of relays through seven thousand miles of line becomes the more remarkable. Beyond Teheran the difficulties are not less serious, although of a different character perhaps. Here the line passes through unsettled country, swarming with hostile tribes who look upon it with suspicion rather than with awe; and the utmost vigilance on the part of engineers and patrols is necessary to maintain it in working order. Compared with a cable lying comfortably at the bottom of the sea, the maintenance of a land-line carried through a foreign country some thousands of miles distant from the base of operations is an anxious as well as a costly undertaking. Nor is the costliness of telegraphing to the Far East likely to be greatly mitigated by this system of direct communication,

because, while transmitting stations have been eliminated, relay stations have had to be set up. The gain to commerce will be in increased speed and accuracy of transmission, two most essential points in telegraphy; and the rest may be safely left to Mr Stratford Andrews, managing director of the Indo-European Company, to whose well-directed skill and enterprise these marvellous achievements are due.

Those who, in their innocence, think that wireless telegraphy, so called, is destined to supersede cables should ponder the history of long-distance telegraphy, which has ever been associated with the continuous wire, whether enclosed in a cable or carried overland. The current passes as readily out of the cable into the open wire, and *vice versâ*, as though they were one, and this it is which has made long-distance telegraphy possible on a scale never dreamt of by the pioneers of the cable system. The great problem with the early inventors of the telegraph was 'how to tie the current to a wire;' but the problem with the wireless people is how to let it loose, so that it may career over the face of the globe for any one to catch hold of! Even at sea, where the system has undoubted advantages, any ship within radius may help itself to the messages knocking about; and although this was a mercy in the case of the wreck of the *Republic*, it might be far otherwise in the case of ships of war at close quarters with the enemy. There is great trouble at Aldershot, where there is a powerful wireless station, through messages coming to hand from all quarters not intended for them, and some curious stories are told of the vagaries of the system. Wireless waves from Berlin have been received, and it is known that the Aldershot waves have been taken up by the German wireless stations, so that there is a constant tapping of messages not intended for the Aldershot station. During the troubles at Casa Blanca the wireless messages sent by the French warships to the station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris were received by the British warships at Dover and passed on to Aldershot! American millionaires, fired by the exploits of Binns of *Republic* fame, have set up costly installations along the coast, near New York, as playthings for their sons, and to such an extent has the nuisance grown that legislation has been demanded to put a stop to it. This only proves what has been foreseen by practical telegraphists from the first, that the more the system is extended the less efficient it becomes; and if to this we add that it lacks the great essentials of speed, security, and secrecy, we shall see that it can never become of any real value for commercial purposes, although it may continue to excite interest as a scientific curiosity. Secrecy is of the very essence of all telegraphy; but there can be no secrecy where messages are thrust violently into the air, to be picked up by the first eavesdropper who comes along.

AN EX-ARTILLERYMAN'S YARN.

By M. A. Richardson Jones.

'TALK about the fidelity of animals! Ugh!' Such was the euphemistic remark which greeted our ears. It was uttered by the man in the corner. A most discreet silence had made us hitherto oblivious of his very presence.

The scene was the general dining-room of a very third-rate coffee-shop situate somewhere down Farringdon Road way.

We comprised a very curious assortment of individuals. The person who had been doing most talking was, as would be expected, the person whose experience was the most limited—to wit, a London sewerman. Another of the party was an old man with gray hair and white, close-cropped whiskers. He was endeavouring to impress upon our senses the fact that we were not mountains. I am afraid I must confess ignorance as to the purport of his remarks. A third person was obviously a Yankee. There were two other persons, by appearance foreigners; also, the manager of the establishment, an amiable, stout, good-natured sort of chap, who was leaning his arm upon the back of one of the seats and casting a benevolent and indulgent smile upon everything and everybody—even upon myself—a broken-down clerk of no fixed abode, with no particular aim or ambition in life except to be certain of a sufficiency of meals (or their equivalent in the shape of coin of the realm) for the morrow.

'Fidelity of animals!' again repeated the hitherto reticent stranger. 'You mean the fidelity of an animal to itself in the carrying out of any fell plan, and never deviating from its purpose until it has accomplished its desire!' Such a remark fell like a thunderclap upon his audience. We had been telling one another of the faithfulness and fidelity of animals to men, each and every one speaking with a certain amount of personal experience on that particular subject. We expected something sensational whereby the speaker would be able to give foundation for his remarks. We got it.

'Several years ago I belonged to the Artillery. We were stationed at a picturesque little town somewhere in the district of Monghyr, province of Bengal. In addition to horses, we had several elephants attached to our battery. These elephants were greatly prized and petted by our fellows, one huge beast in particular, by name Tom, being always singled out as the recipient of a few delicacies.

'Before I proceed further I may as well state that if any of you present have an intimate knowledge

of, or have had dealings at all with, elephants, the first remark you will make when I have finished will be, "Oh, but that is not compatible with the mannerisms and doings of elephants; consequently we must take your story with a grain of salt."

'If it *was* compatible with the mannerisms and doings of elephants I should not say a word about it; but the general public nowadays have got themselves tired of listening to the schoolboy yarns of the elephant who refused to cross the unsound bridge, and the elephant who swamped the tailor (who pricked his trunk) with dirty water. People tire of those things and want something unusual—in fact, something hard for them to credit or believe, something that whets their appetite and makes them wonder what on earth *couldn't* happen. To continue with my story.

'It was the custom of our men to take these elephants for a morning bath in a picturesque little lake hard by the town, and a very pretty sight it was to see them gambolling and disporting themselves in the water, and playing with our men, who also took advantage of the opportunity which availed itself of having a morning dip.

'It happened on three or four occasions when the garrison went for their morning bathe that a garrison-man's body was found in the water, having been washed ashore. This was most unaccountable, as in each instance the unfortunate person was a most accomplished swimmer, and there were never any marks of violence noticed upon the deceased's body. Apart from that, the person was never missed after general bathing; it seemed to be only on occasions when he went by himself in the afternoon or evening. In fact, the whole affair seemed so mysterious and black that we began to doubt the faithfulness of the natives living in the town, and yet no suspicion could possibly be laid on any one.

'One day, as it was approaching twilight, I found myself at leisure, with absolutely nothing to do; neither could I find any means of amusement. It had been an extra sultry day, and was apparently working up for a storm. A happy thought struck me: I would have a bathe! I went round and searched up Tom, mounted, took a seat upon his head in the approved Oriental fashion, and drove him off to the lake. Thinking he would appreciate a splash about first of all, I kept my seat and headed him straight into the water.

'He very gradually waded out until the water was lapping about his ears. There was no hurry, and I allowed him to cool and rock himself in the water for some considerable time.

'After tolerating his leisure for quite long enough and beginning to get impatient, I endeavoured to drive him back on to the bank, when without the slightest warning he seized me around the waist with his trunk and lifted me off his head. I then noticed—which of course I hadn't seen before—a most unusual gleam in his eyes. He held me in his trunk and waded farther and farther into the lake, proceeding carefully the while, as though he were searching for some particular spot.

'Presently he stopped and dipped me, dressed as I was, into the water. Immediately a most horrible presentiment flashed across my mind. *The elephant intended to drown me!* Before he submerged me I had fortunately taken a very deep inhalation, and as I was a most experienced swimmer I fully intended to make a desperate effort to save my life.

'I knew that under ordinary circumstances I was able to keep under water for considerably over a minute. I also recollected at the moment that I had a native knife stuck in my belt, and this I instinctively felt for. Unfortunately the elephant's trunk was covering it at the moment. I endeavoured to force my hand down to secure the handle, and to accomplish this task I struggled with all the strength of a frenzied man. I might just as well have hoped to fly at the moment as to secure the knife.

'However, in struggling as I did I accomplished one thing, and that particular thing saved my life. For a brief space I found my head above water, and during that second an idea came to me how I could cheat the elephant of his prey.

'I had just sufficient time to breathe deeply and formulate my plan of escape when I found myself submerged once again, this time lower in the water. It now resolved into a duel of brute force and cunning *versus* man's strategy and endurance.

'I knew the elephant had to breathe some time, as well as I had to breathe, so for about ten seconds I struggled fiercely to free myself, and then I quietly gave up the struggle. I did not give up hope, however, for to cease struggling was part of my programme.

'I could see the beast's eyes watching me in the water, and after a few more seconds I allowed my left arm to drop motionless. Not so my right hand, however; I kept that still over the spot where my knife lay. Just about ten more seconds, and then I allowed my head to sink backwards as though I were lifeless. It was my idea to sham death in order that the beast might loose me from his hold, and the sooner I was apparently dead the more probable my chance of ultimate escape.

'Conflicting thoughts passed through my mind. Would he let go his hold or would he not? If the worst came to the worst, and I was just about spent and still a prisoner, I would make one more desperate effort to secure the handle of my knife; and once that trusty weapon was in my hand it would be a matter of a few seconds or so ere I had severed the elephant's trunk, and then the tables would be turned with a vengeance. If I failed! The idea was too horrible to entertain. No, I couldn't—I wouldn't fail! I could play the waiting game as long as the elephant! Besides, I wasn't spent yet. I could hold out for nearly a minute longer in a case like this.

'But what did he intend to do with me when I was drowned? And why on earth had he seized on me as his prey? Ah, what was that? Surely, surely

my plan was successful! I felt the trunk gradually, very gradually relaxing its hold. Yes! Hurrah, I had succeeded! I was saved! I had outwitted the beast, but I had to be cautious. When I was entirely free my apparently lifeless body gently floated to the surface of the water, and I found myself able once again to breathe God's pure air.

'For the first time for many years I breathed an earnest prayer of thanks for deliverance. My knife was now in the grasp of my right hand, and I felt a far greater sense of security. I saw the trunk of the beast emerge above water and heard his deep breathing. I dared not move! I noted with joy that the ripples on the surface of the water gently bore me away from the beast. All seemed deathly still and silent.

'After a short space the animal waded into shallower water. Still I did not move; and lucky for me I did not do so, for I observed, out of the corners of my eyes, the elephant turn round and deliberately watch to see if I made any movement. After a most critical survey he walked farther ashore. Presently he again turned, as if to make assurance doubly sure, and concentrated his gaze upon me. Evidently satisfied, the beast finally turned and walked back in the direction of the barracks.

'How glorious the sunshine seemed! How lovely the birds and insects flying over the face of the water! How lovely it was to be able to swim and move about! Nature seemed to have an entirely new seduction. Whilst I, as one back from the dead, was admiring Nature's works, it suddenly dawned upon me that no one had observed my exit from the barracks. No, not a single person! That was most peculiar.

'This set me thinking seriously. Could it be—— Good heavens, never! What was the elephant's object in attempting to drown me? Why was such method shown, for method it surely was? I endeavoured to thrust my knife back into my belt so as to swim ashore; but in so doing I blundered, and the knife slipped from my hand to the bottom of the lake. I immediately dived for it, and after a brief search discovered it on a patch of sand, and was just about to pick it up when I noticed also a revolver, an army revolver, lying scarcely a foot away. I seized both, and rose to the surface to examine my discovery. Imagine my feelings when I found that the number on the revolver corresponded with the number of the soldier whose dead body had been washed ashore only a few days ago! My suspicions were pretty nigh confirmed.

'How I got back to barracks I don't know. Suffice it to say that when I did get back I scared all by my appearance and alarmed them somewhat considerably by my story and the exhibition of our dead comrade's revolver.

'When my story had been reported to the officer in charge, he at once ordered our late comrade's body to be exhumed; and sure enough, after examination, a discoloured ring was noticed around the middle of his body in the selfsame spot where the elephant had seized me. This ring had escaped notice before, as the poor fellow was washed ashore in his regimentals, just as I should have been but for that lucky inspiration which enabled me to save my life.

'The elephant, whom we were all most kind to in the barracks, had a systematic way of dealing death to his benefactors, and he would never have been found out except by accident, and that accident was the sparing of my life that afternoon.

'A most exhaustive inquiry elicited the fact that some one in uniform had once teased the animal considerably; and, not being able to identify his persecutor, the beast had concluded to avenge himself in his own particular way, and if the lust of the animal had not been satiated, terrible as it is to contemplate, man by man might have suffered until either the survivors were removed to fresh quarters, or probably the whole original company were wiped out.

'Early the following morning two dozen eager men gladly and willingly ensured future protection from the beast by volleying into his skull the contents of their rifles.'

THE PERILS OF ORCHID-HUNTING.

ORCHIDS abound in the greatest profusion in the hot, damp parts of the West and East Indies, in Madagascar and other islands in the same region, in the moist forests of Brazil, the warm parts of Central America, and in Western Mexico. Not dependent on the soil for their nutriment, they are mostly found clinging to the trunks and branches of trees, to stones and crags, where they vegetate among ferns and other shade-loving plants, or occupy by themselves exclusively the places which they affect.

Warmth and moisture are essential to orchids, and warmth and moisture in tropical countries are synonymous with miasma and fever. Wild animals also, and poisonous serpents, abound in the umbrageous depths wherein the rarer varieties lie hidden. Not infrequently, too, the collector has to seek his specimens among savage or semi-civilised peoples, who strongly resent his intrusion into their midst. Many an orchid-hunter has sacrificed his life to his daring. Falkenberg perished thus at Panamá, Klabock in Mexico, Brown in Madagascar, Endres at Rio Hacha, Wallis in Ecuador, Digance in Brazil, Schrœder in Sierra Leone, Arnold on the Orinoco, and so on through a long list of victims of the passion for orchid-finding.

One firm of orchid-importers reported a year or

two ago that they had five collectors killed in as many months by the wild tribesmen of the Western Himalayan slopes; while three others, even more unfortunate, were made prisoners, and carried off to undergo the nameless horrors which have from time immemorial been characteristic of Central Asian slavery. If the pay is big, the risks an orchid-hunter runs are correspondingly great. Cutting his way through tangled forests, wading often up to the waist through stagnant swamps, always on his guard against savage beasts and still more savage men, the orchid-hunter earns every penny of his money. Even orchid-fanciers seldom realise the terrible dangers and hardships that have to be faced by the men who go into the wildest depths of the tropic forests in search of new or rare examples. The rarer orchids are generally found in the most inaccessible spots and in the densest and most marshy jungles. Even the natives avoid the districts into which the intrepid orchid-hunter penetrates in pursuit of his floral quarry.

One has only to talk with any of these men to hear remarkable stories of hairbreadth escapes and of appalling sufferings; but, unhappily, in too many cases the daring orchid-hunter never returns to tell the story. Large numbers are sent out by Messrs F. Sanders & Company of St Albans, the great specialists in orchids.

A few years ago eight orchid-hunters met at Tamatave, and then separated in search of specimens. Within a year only one of them survived, and he had spent months in the most pestilential swamps, from which he emerged with his health impaired. One of the others had been captured by the native priests, who drenched him with oil and burned him to death on their altar.

Fostermann the German, who holds the record of having discovered nearly forty orchids which were previously unknown to science, tells the story of how one of his finds cost a human life. He was far up in the wilds of the Siamese forest when, just before sunset, he noticed with his field-glasses an orchid which he did not know growing high on a tree overhead. The question was whether to stop and climb for it. It was late, and the ground was unsuitable for camping. His guide volunteered to go on ahead and search for a camping-place while the others procured the orchid. This was agreed to, and the party were busy securing the plant, when a terrible scream was heard in the brush in front. Fostermann ran as hard as he could in the direction of the sound, and was just in time to see a huge tiger carrying off his friend. He followed, but darkness fell, and it was not until next morning that they managed to track and kill the man-eater and bury the remains of its victim. The orchid was named after the man of whose death it had been indirectly the cause.

M. Hamelin, one of the most successful of all collectors, and the discoverer of many new orchids in the little-known inland forests of Madagascar, tells how, in these regions, 'not only was our party exposed to the risk of being strangled by hostile and ferocious tribesmen—a fate which befell many a poor fellow belonging to our expedition—but we had to struggle almost night and day against the wild animals that haunt these primeval forests.' He himself, in the same country, had to go through the ceremony of being made 'brother-in-blood' to King Moyambassa in order to penetrate the interior of the island, an honour which nearly cost him his life. In a letter home he says: 'It was nearly a year before I discovered the gorgeous orchid now known as *Eulophiella Elisabethæ*. This plant only grows in a very limited region, and on trees of slow growth which only begin to attain any height after ten years. To secure the orchids, which flourish on the tops of the tallest trees, I was obliged to have the trees cut down, and then I most carefully gathered all the plants myself. Enormous difficulties and manifold dangers have to be surmounted before the country where they grow can be reached.' Speaking of wild animals, he says: 'The most terrible of all is the *fossa* (a carnivorous beast related to the cat tribe), against which we had constantly to be on guard. One of these animals caused the death of the brother-in-law of the king, a fine, handsome, well-built man. It pounced upon his shoulder, rending the flesh from his back and mangling him in a frightful manner. Being "brother-in-blood" to the king, and thus a relative of the deceased man, I had to take part in the funeral ceremony; and, worse than that, I had to obey their laws, which command that if any one has the moral responsibility of an accident, and death is the result of it—especially of a relative—he has the choice of being greased and burned alive or of taking the whole family of the deceased and of marrying his wife. I chose the latter alternative!'

When a hunter finds an orchid there are three ways of getting it: he may cut down the tree to which it clings, he may lasso the branch or limb on which it hangs and draw it to him, or he may cut a sapling, lean it against the tree, and climb up and bring down the plant. As a precaution against snakes and scorpions, which are as often found in trees as anywhere else, cutting down the tree is with most orchid-hunters the favourite method of securing the coveted plant.

If a man climbs a tree for an orchid and is suddenly confronted by the head of an angry snake in the dense foliage, his chances of escape are very small indeed. Many of the little snakes of the tropics are as poisonous as the dreaded rattler. In one expedition two men were bitten on the feet. Both died. One lingered for four hours in greatest agony. Such fear have the natives of the bite of one variety of snake found in Colombia, South America, that they amputate whenever possible as the only means of saving life. On one occasion, when an Indian was bitten on the hand by a snake, his companion immediately drew his *machete* and chopped it off at the wrist. A famous collector once got a terrible scare with one of these venomous

little reptiles. Two Indians came into camp with their finds. From one of them the collector got what appeared to be a splendid orchid. It was about a foot across and well preserved. He held it in his hand, admiring it, when his eyes were attracted to a bright spot in the centre of the plant. For what seemed a long time he stood there gazing on that bright spot before it resolved itself into the head of a poisonous snake. He dropped the plant and ran.

It was in South America that Roezl, the most celebrated orchid-hunter of his day, met with an adventure which he often told. Roezl always carried a folding trestle, with a light board to fix upon it, which made a sort of desk, with a camp-stool to match. His hut was the last one in the row of huts composing the village at which he was then encamped, and one evening he set himself as usual to write labels and memoranda for his herbarium. Darkness set in, and so absorbed was the enthusiast that he gave no attention to a loud purr, though conscious of the sound for some moments. At length he raised his eyes. By the open doorway stood a creature whose dusky fur glistened like silk in the lamplight, its great yellow eyes staring into his. It was a black jaguar, rarest and most savage of all felines. So they remained staring. Roezl felt his hour had come. He could not have moved a limb; his hair rose and the sweat poured down. The jaguar also kept still, purring louder and louder, its velvet lips slightly raised, and showing a gleam of the huge fangs. Presently it drew nearer, still purring, came up to the trestle, arched its back like a cat, and pressed against it. Crash fell desk, lamp, specimen-box, camp-stool, and enthusiast—a clattering overthrow! The servants rushed in. No jaguar was there. Roezl used to attribute his escape to the fact that he never carried arms. When the brute was approaching he must have fired had a weapon been handy—no man could resist the impulse; and then, whatever the issue of the shot, he would certainly have died.

In addition to the dangers and difficulties inseparable from the actual finding of the orchid, there are innumerable troubles ahead of the indefatigable collector before his work is done. The task of getting it out of the country and seeing it safely on board a home-going steamer is no easy business. In many cases, indeed, the difficulties are almost insuperable, and nothing but the most indomitable perseverance on the part of the hunter could overcome them. Occasionally an unforeseen circumstance robs a collector of the spoils for which he has so strenuously striven. The cruel luck of one unfortunate hunter would be hard to beat. After months of ceaseless toil, exposed to the usual risks and hardships of his profession—occasionally wading up to the waist in mud, and at other times venturing into almost inaccessible places—he at last succeeded in collecting between three and four thousand orchids of an exquisitely beautiful and rare species. His delight knew no bounds; and with all possible haste he commenced his tortuous journey back to the seaboard, where his precious and dearly won floral treasures would be shipped to England. At the first opportunity he telegraphed to Messrs Sanders. Joy reigned in St Albans that day at the success of the home-coming orchid-hunter; but it was short-lived. A fire broke out in the hold of the vessel that very night, and not a single plant was saved! The unfortunate collector was nearly distracted when he realised what had happened. With a heavy heart he wired to his employers: 'Collection destroyed by fire. What shall I do?' Back came the mandate from the disappointed orchid-importers: 'Go back at once!' It was impossible; the rainy season was at hand, and native servants were difficult to procure. To that effect he wired to St Albans. 'Go back!' was the reply. And back to Antioquia, perhaps the wettest country under the sun, the luckless collector had to go.

Even when a consignment is safely despatched—a consignment of, say, forty thousand plants—if three thousand are landed more or less alive the collector has reason to congratulate himself. A few years ago Roezl sent home from Colombia no less than twenty-seven thousand specimens of a valuable kind. Only two were alive when they reached Britain. They were sold for forty guineas each—not a high price when one considers what they had cost. On another occasion one thousand orchids were sent from the Philippines. Not one of them lived. The consignment represented the year's work of an experienced collector, assisted by more than one hundred natives; the expenses of the expedition were considerable, and the dangers encountered and the difficulties overcome in getting the plants to the seacoast for shipment to this country sufficient to appal any man. 'In this connection,' remarked a celebrated orchid-hunter when recounting some of the hardships and dangers of his remarkable career, 'I often think, now that my work as a collector is over, that had I known at the start of an expedition just what my experiences would be, I should have abandoned the attempt in despair of coming through alive.'

A LINE OF GOLD.

Across the sea it stretched out far away,
As evening shadows closed the summer day;
For miles the sunset lit the waters cold
With brilliant glory in a line of gold.

Its pathway shone serene that summer even,
Like to a golden roadway up to heaven;
And visions brought me of a land afar,
Beyond the lustre of the evening star.

And often as I sit and dream, or lie
Thinking of better things beyond the sky,
The line of gold with all its brightness broad
Turneth my thoughts with reverence to God.

WALTER SMITH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE TURK AT HOME.

By ROBERT L. JEFFERSON, F.R.G.S.

IT is not too much to say that the world was a little surprised, and perhaps not a little disappointed, at the apathetic manner in which Turkey witnessed the spoliation of her territory a little time ago. One expected something more than the feeble bleat of protest which was made. Poor little Servia, with her scanty population of less than three million souls, presented a much more manly front to the spoilers than did the original ruler of the Balkans. The prevailing idea that the Turk is a truculent and bloodthirsty individual received a shock. He accepted the situation with a mildness which was rather bewildering. To those who remember Bulgarian, Armenian, and Macedonian 'atrocities,' in which the Osmanli figured as a blood-drenched butcher of human beings, this meekness on his part was contrary to the general idea of his character.

I have visited Turkey a good many times, and, if one can be allowed to form a general idea from such visits, my impression of the Turk is that he is far from being the swashbuckling fire-eater one would expect him to be from casual report, or even from the occasional uprisings, religious or political, which periodically shock Europe. Indeed, I have invariably found him a rather dull, stupid, and languorous Oriental. His patience and obedience are rare. As a soldier he is blindly compliant to the commands of his superior officer, and, supported by his belief in the existence of a paradise for the true Osmanli who dies in battle, rarely questions the cause, but fights with a sullen courage, although without enthusiasm.

The Turk is a good worker, but he does not like work; the life of the lotus-eater is much more in his line. Everything, including fighting, means effort, and effort means fatigue. His greatest wish is to be left alone. He hates railways, good streets, sanitation, and other emblems of up-to-date civilisation. Of no man can the saying be more truthfully given that what was good enough for his forefathers is good enough for him. The consequence is that the more avaricious and ambitious Christian or Hebrew ousts him at every turn. Turkey swarms with Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, and these people are *the* business people of the Near East. In Constantinople, Salonika, Smyrna—in fact, in all the ports of the Turkish littoral—nine-tenths of the trade is in the hands of Greeks, Armenians, or Jews. The Turk cannot compete—he collapses on the merest show of business rivalry; he raises an apathetic hand in plaintive protest, murmurs '*Kismet*,' and retires.

Of the peasant Turk it may be said that he has no mind except on the subject of his religious belief. In that he is fanatical. Apathetic and indolent on nearly all other matters as he is, prick him on the raw of his religion, and he is at once a fiend.

I was in Constantinople at the time of the last massacres, and witnessed sights which will never be eradicated from my memory. The subtle cunning which characterised the preliminaries leading up to the massacre fills the Europeans of Constantinople to this day with a sort of admiration for Johnny Turk. The sleepy-eyed, narghile-smoking, coffee-drinking sloth in one day was transformed into a raging demon; for forty-eight hours he battered, stabbed, and shot. Glutted with his work of carnage, glorying in what he had done on behalf of his religious principles, he then subsided into the quiet, mild, and suave personality from which he had so unsuspectingly and so suddenly emerged.

His ignorance is not to be wondered at when one considers the almost entire want of educational facilities; but his dense ignorance, combined with his natural apathy, invests him with a character which is always a puzzle to the European. His superstitions are absolutely child-like, and no amount of reasoning will get him to see things as they really are. He is suspicious of everything new. He does not want anything new. He is firmly, indissolubly wedded to the old. During the reign of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid electricity was taboo in Constantinople, because electricity had something to do with dynamos, and dynamos sug-

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

gested dynamite—of which the Sultan had a great terror. A year or two ago a big hotel in Constantinople installed an electric light plant in defiance of the Imperial decree. The owners of the hotel were asked to stop their enterprise, but they flatly refused. Force was out of the question, for the hotel belonged to a powerful European syndicate; so the difficulty was got over by a heavy fine being imposed, which the hotel people most cheerfully paid.

One of the most amusing phases of Turkish life is the manner in which the Government has allowed itself to be hustled in connection with its internal affairs. Thus, in Constantinople and Smyrna, when the Englishman wants his letters he does not apply to the Turkish post-office for them; on the contrary, he goes to his own English post-office; while, if he writes home, he buys English stamps and affixes them to his letters. And the same applies to the German, the Austrian, and the Frenchman. When the late massacres were on the point of breaking out, a certain English merchant applied to the Sublime Porte for passports in order to pass his Armenian and Greek servants to the safety of British vessels in the harbour. They were refused. 'Very well,' said the Englishman, 'I shall write the passports myself, and if you refuse to honour them the matter must be thrashed out between Great Britain and Turkey.' The passports *were* honoured, and to this day some are in existence, and are known by officials as 'G.'s passports.'

When I rode my bicycle to Constantinople the advent of the humble wheel in the city of the Caliphs created something of a sensation. The roads in Constantinople are vile, but this did not prevent enthusiastic would-be cyclists from getting cycles out. The Sultan was very alarmed at the introduction of the newfangled thing, and issued an Imperial *irade* forbidding the faithful to cycle, on the ground that it was 'immoral and dangerous to the State.'

There is one wretched little music-hall in Constantinople, mainly the resort of sailors. Some years ago an Austrian sharpshooter gave an exhibition of his prowess in the way of shooting the pips out of playing-cards, and feats of a similar character. The next day the Grand Vizier interviewed him. Under no circumstances must the artiste repeat his performance. It was the Imperial wish that the sharpshooter should change his occupation at once. He was offered a post in the Turkish administration representing a far bigger income than he could ever hope to derive from music-hall work, and he accepted. The inference was that, as he was such a crack shot, there was the danger of his being employed by the hostile 'Young Turk' party to shoot the Sultan at Selamlik.

In my own personal relations with the Turks I have, I must say, found them most kind and most hospitable. While tremendously suspicious of every movement on the part of the intruding Giaour, they are politeness itself once the way is smoothed with official explanatory papers. In a country where indolence is the besetting vice, corruption is naturally rampant. The bribe is in no country so powerful as in Turkey. The skilfully planted *mejedeh* is the 'open sesame' to almost everything. Passports and *teskeris* are mere bits of paper; the bribe is an oracle which is never known to fail. Altogether the Turk is a most interesting creature, and the recent events in Constantinople supply abundant evidence of his curious character. It is amazing that in a single fortnight a regime, which had been in existence for thirty-three years, could have been wiped out and a new one installed with so little national disturbance. It is singular, also, that all this has been done, not at the call of the nation, but by the action of revolutionaries heterogeneously made up of Turks, Christians, and Jews, with an organisation and strength unknown to all but themselves. Impassively the Turk accepts his new Sultan, and regards with indifference the fate of the Caliph who for thirty-three years he has all but deified. What is the mind of this man who outwardly is so amusingly dull, so child-like in most things, and yet who bears the reputation of being a fire-eater of the first order?

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTAINS A FURTHER MYSTERY.

'MY dear Edgar, when I met you in the Devonshire Club last night I could scarcely believe my own eyes. Fancy you turning up again!'

'Yes, strange, isn't it? how two men may drift apart for years, and then suddenly meet in a club, as we have done, Murie.'

'Being with those fellows who were anxious to go along and see the show at the Empire last night, I had no opportunity of having a chat with you, my dear old chap. That's why I asked you to look in.

The two men were seated in Walter's dingy chambers on the second floor in Fig-Tree Court, Temple. The room was an old and rather frowsy one, with shabby leather furniture from which the stuffing protruded, panelled walls, a carpet almost threadbare, and a formidable array of calf-bound volumes in the cases lining one wall. The place was heavy with tobacco-smoke as the pair, reclining in easy-chairs, were in the full enjoyment of very excellent cigars.

Walter's visitor was a tall, dark man, some six or seven years his senior, a rather spare, lantern-jawed young fellow, whose dark-gray clothes were of un-

mistakable foreign cut, and whose moustache was carefully trained to an upward trend. No second glance was required to decide that Edgar Hamilton was a person who, having lived a long time on the Continent, had acquired the cosmopolitan manner both in gesture and in dress.

'Well,' exclaimed Murie at last, blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips, 'since we parted at Oxford I've been called to the Bar, as you see. As for practice—well, I haven't any. The gov'nor wants me to go in for politics, so I'm trying to please him by getting my hand in. I make an odd speech or two sometimes in out-of-the-world villages, and I hope one day to find myself the adopted candidate for some borough or other. Last year I was sent round the world by my fond parents in order to obtain a broader view of life. Is it not Tacitus who says, "*Sua cuique vita obscura est*"?'

'Yes, my dear fellow,' replied Hamilton, stretching himself lazily in his chair. 'And surely we can say with Martial, "*Non est vivere, sed valere vita*"—I am well, therefore I am alive! Mine has been a rather curious career up to the present. I only once heard of you after leaving Oxford—through Arthur Price, who was, you'll remember, at Balliol. He wrote that he'd spoken one night to you when at supper at the Savoy. You had a bevy of beauties with you, he said.'

Both men laughed. In the old days Edgar Hamilton had been essentially a ladies' man; but since they had parted one evening on the station-platform at Oxford, Hamilton had gone up to town and completely out of the life of Walter Murie. They had not met until the previous evening, when Walter, having dined at the Devonshire—that comfortable old-world club in St James's Street which was the famous Crockford's gaming-house in the days of the dandies—had met his old friend in the strangers' smoking-room, the guest of a City stockbroker who was entertaining a party. A hurried greeting of surprise, and an invitation to call at the Temple, resulted in that meeting on this gray afternoon.

Six years had gone since they had parted; and, judging from Edgar's exterior, he had been pretty prosperous.

Walter was laughing and commenting upon it, when his friend, removing his cigar from his lips, said, 'My dear fellow, my success has been entirely due to one incident which is quite romantic. In fact, if anybody wrote it in a book people would declare it to be fiction.'

'That's interesting! Tell me all about it. My own life has been humdrum enough in all conscience. As a budding politician, I have to browse upon blue-books and chew statistics.'

'And mine has been one of travel, adventure, and considerable excitement,' declared Hamilton. 'Six months after I left Oxford I found myself out in Transcaucasia as a newspaper correspondent. As you know, I often wrote articles for some of the more high-class papers when at college. Well, one of them sent me out to travel through the disturbed Kurdish districts. I had a tough time from the start. I was out with a Cossack party in the Aras valley, east of Erivan, for six months, and wrote lots of articles which created a good deal of sensation over here. You may have seen them, but they were anonymous. The life of excitement, sometimes fighting and at others in ambush in the mountains, suited me admirably, for I'm a born adventurer, I believe. One day, however, a strange thing happened. I was riding alone through one of the mountain passes towards the Caspian, when I discovered three fierce-looking Kurds maltreating a girl, believing her to be a Russian. I called upon them to release her, for she was little more than a child; and, as they did not, I shot and killed two of them. The third shot and plugged me rather badly in the leg; but the shooting had been heard by my Cossack companions, who, coming quickly on the spot, killed the last of the girl's assailants, and released her.'

'By Jove!' laughed Murie. 'Was she pretty?'

'Not extraordinarily—a dark-haired girl of about fifteen, dressed in European clothes. I fainted from loss of blood, and don't remember anything else until I found myself in a tent, with two Cossacks patching up my wound. When I came to, she rushed forward and thanked me profusely for saving her. To my surprise, she spoke in French, and on inquiry I found that she was the daughter of a certain Baron Conrad de Hetzendorf, an Austrian, who possessed a house in Budapest and a château at Semlin, in South Hungary. She told us a curious story. Her father had some business in Transcaucasia, and she had induced him to take her with him on his journey. Only certain districts of the country are disturbed; and apparently, with their guide and escort, they had unwittingly entered the Aras region—one of the most lawless of them all—in ignorance of what was in progress. She and her father, accompanied by a guide and four Cossacks, had been riding along when they met a party of Kurds, who had attacked them. Both father and daughter had been seized, whereupon she had lost consciousness from fright, and when she came to again, found that the four Cossacks had been killed, her father had been carried off, and she was alone in the brutal hands of those three wild-looking tribesmen. As soon as she had told us this, the officer of the Cossacks to whom I had attached myself called the men together, and in a quarter of an hour the whole body went forth to chase the Kurds and rescue the Baron. One big Cossack, in his long coat and astrakhan cap, was left to look after me, while Nicosia—that was the girl's name—was also left to assist him. After three days they returned, bringing with them the Baron, whose delight at finding his daughter safe and unharmed was unbounded. They had fought the Kurds and defeated them, killing nearly twenty. Ah, my dear Murie, you haven't any notion of the lawless state of that country just then! And I fear it is pretty much the same now.'

'Well, go on,' urged his friend. 'What about the girl? I suppose you fell in love with her, and all that, eh?'

'No, you're mistaken there, old chap,' was his reply. 'When she explained to her father what had happened, the Baron thanked me very warmly, and invited me to visit him in Budapest when my leg grew strong again. He was a man of about fifty, who, I found, spoke English very well. Nicosia also spoke English, for she had explained to me that her mother, now dead, had been a Londoner. The Baron's business in Transcaucasia was, he told me vaguely, in connection with the survey of a new railway which the Russian Government was projecting eastward from Erivan. For two days he remained with us; but during those days my wound was extremely painful owing to lack of surgical appliances, so we spoke of very little else besides the horrible atrocities committed by the Kurds. He pressed me to visit him; and then, with an escort of our Cossacks, he and his daughter left for Tiflis, whence he took train back to Hungary.

'For six months I remained, still leading that roving, adventurous life. My leg was well again, but my journalistic commission was at an end, and one day I found myself in Odessa, very short of funds. I recollected the Baron's invitation to Budapest; therefore I took train there, and found his residence to be one of those great white houses on the Franz Josef Quay. He received me with marked enthusiasm, and compelled me to be his guest. During the first week I was there I told him, in confidence, my position, whereupon he offered me a very lucrative post as his secretary, a post which I have retained until this moment.'

'And the girl?' Walter asked, much interested.

'Oh, she finished her education in Dresden and in Paris, and now lives mostly with her aunt in Vienna,' was Hamilton's response. 'Quite recently she became engaged to young Count de Solwegen, son of one of the wealthiest men in Austria.'

'I thought you'd probably become the happy lover.'

'Lover!' cried his friend. 'How could a poor devil like myself ever aspire to the hand of the daughter of the Baron de Hetzendorf? The name doesn't convey much to you, I suppose?'

'No; I don't take much interest in unknown foreigners, I confess,' replied Walter with a smile.

'Ah, you're not a cosmopolitan nor a financier, or you would know the thousand and one strings which are pulled by Conrad de Hetzendorf, and the curious stories afloat concerning him.'

'Curious stories!' echoed Murie. 'Tell me some. I'm always interested in anything mysterious.'

Hamilton was silent for a few moments.

'Well, old chap, to tell you the truth, even though I've got such a comfortable and lucrative post, I'm still, after several years, considerably mystified.'

'How?'

'By the real nature of the Baron's business.'

'Oh, he's a mysterious person, is he?'

'Very. Though I'm his confidential secretary, and deal with his affairs in his absence, yet in some matters he is remarkably close, as though he fears me.'

'You live always in Budapest, I suppose?'

'No. In summer we are at the country house, a big place overlooking the Danube outside Semlin, and commanding a wide view of the great Hungarian plain.'

'The Baron transacts his business there, eh?'

'From there or from Budapest. His business is solely with an office in the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris, and a registered telegraphic address also in Paris.'

'Well, there's nothing very mysterious in that, surely. Some business matters must, of necessity, be conducted with secrecy.'

'I know all that, my dear fellow, but'—— and he hesitated, as though fearing to take his friend into his confidence.

'But what?'

'Well—but there, no! You'd laugh at me if I told you the real reason of my uneasiness.'

'I certainly won't, my dear Hamilton,' Murie assured him. 'We are friends to-day, dear old chap, just as we were at college. Surely it is not the place of a man to poke fun at his friend?'

The argument was apparently convincing. The Baron's secretary smoked on in thoughtful silence, his eyes fixed upon the wall in front of him.

'Well,' he said at last, 'if you promise to view the matter in all seriousness I'll tell you. Briefly, it's this. Of course you've never been to Semlin—or Zimony, as they call it in the Magyar tongue. So that you may understand aright, I must describe the place. In the extreme south of Hungary, where the river Save joins the Danube, the town of Semlin guards the frontier. Upon a steep hill, five kilometres from the town, stands the Baron's residence, a long, rather inartistic white building, which, however, is very luxuriously furnished. Comparatively modern, it stands near the ruins of the great old castle of Hetzendorf, which commands a wide sweep of the Danube. Now, amid those ruins strange noises are sometimes heard, and it is said that upon all who hear them falls some terrible calamity. I'm not superstitious, but I've heard them—on three occasions! And somehow—well, somehow, I cannot get rid of an uncanny feeling that some catastrophe is to befall me. I can't go back to Semlin. I'm unnerved, and dare not return there.'

'Noises!' cried Walter Murie. 'What are they like?' he asked quickly, starting from his chair and staring at his friend.

'They seem to emanate from nowhere, and are like deep but distant whispers. So plain they were that I could have sworn that some one was speaking, and in English, too!'

'Does the Baron know?'

'Yes; I told him, and he appeared greatly alarmed. Indeed, he gave me leave of absence to come home to England.'

'Well,' exclaimed Murie, 'what you tell me, old chap, is most extraordinary! Why, there is almost an exactly similar legend connected with Glencardine!'

'Glencardine!' cried his friend. 'Glencardine Castle, in Scotland! I've heard of it. Do you know the place?'

'The estate marches with my father's; therefore I know it well. How extraordinary that there should be almost exactly the same legend concerning a Hungarian castle!'

'Who is the owner of Glencardine?'

'Sir Henry Heyburn, a friend of mine.'

'Heyburn!' echoed Hamilton. 'Heyburn the blind man?' he gasped, grasping the arm of his chair and staring back at his companion. 'And he is your friend? You know his daughter, then?'

'Yes, I know Gabrielle,' was Walter's reply, as there flashed across him the recollection of that passionate letter to which he had not replied. 'Why?'

'Is she also your friend?'

'She certainly is.'

Hamilton was silent. He saw that he was treading dangerous ground. The legend of Glencardine was the same as that of the old Magyar stronghold of Hetzendorf. Gabrielle Heyburn was Murie's friend. Therefore he resolved to say no more.

Gabrielle Heyburn!

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND MUJIK.

CAN any good thing come out of Russia? we are inclined to ask, that land of vast distances, of anarchy, misgovernment, revolution; that unspeakable country, which is not one but many countries. Count Leo Tolstoy, during a long lifetime, in more than fifty volumes has made Russia articulate to the whole civilised world. Even more by his courage, character, and nobility of purpose has he captured the imagination of many people. The critics complain of a lack of clearness and movement in some of his books. The Church disowns his rendering of Scripture doctrine, and has excommunicated him. Withal, he is the one person in the Russian Empire whom the Tsar has never dared to touch; the Government has prohibited some of his books, mutilated others, and banished some of those who assisted him. Although the Moscow Government vetoed the decision of the municipality to hang portraits of Tolstoy in the schools, we have two picture post-cards before us bought from among half-a-dozen others in that town and posted to us.

The way in which his eightieth birthday was celebrated formed a striking tribute to the esteem in which he is held. Over a thousand letters, telegrams, and addresses poured in to his house at Yásnaya Polyána, near Moscow. Reuter flashed the event, with comments upon it, to the newspapers. The booksellers in Russia made a feature of his books and books about him. The Single-Taxers of Australia sent an address; and one which Tolstoy valued much came from the waiters of a music-hall in Moscow: 'We are far from following the ideals set forth by you, but we rejoice in the thought that we are beginning to learn a little of your teaching, and out of "men" [name given to a waiter] we are becoming human beings, who have a consciousness of God and a striving for eternal truth.' A German admirer wired: 'Hail to the pride of Russia!'

Few can go all the way with Tolstoy as a thinker and reformer, and it is a pity that he should have misunderstood, and misrepresented as well, that good man Dr Baedeker, and rather caricatured him in his *Resurrection;* this gentleman did a notable work in visiting Russian prisons, and in elevating the spiritual life of many of the Russian nobility. Tolstoy seemed entirely incapable of understanding Baedeker's point of view.

One of the greatest things Tolstoy has done has been to illuminate the life of the Russian peasant, and to stretch out a helping hand for his elevation. Such books as Dr Kennard's *Russian Peasant* give a deplorable account of his condition. The *izba* of the peasant is on a much lower level even than the hut of a West Highland crofter or an Irish cabin. Though emancipated, the peasant is still treated like a dog, and is in many cases as much of a serf as ever. Dr Kennard says he is as yet an unworked mine, waiting to be exploited by broad and liberal educational measures. But first he must himself get awake. For many are wallowing in filth in their homes, ignorant, superstitious; there is an entire absence of ventilation in their huts, an atmosphere impregnated with unutterable odours, superheated, dense, owing to the absence of a chimney. There is no abuse of language in saying that such an atmosphere, to one used to pure air, is fit to 'knock you down.'

By initiative and enterprise much may be done. Where British capital and enterprise have had a chance it has been like exploiting a gold-mine. One does not like to hear of certain industrial conditions, however, where the working hours are from 6 A.M. to 7.30 P.M., Saturday included, for our equivalent of one shilling and a halfpenny a day. An offer of tea-money amounting to twopence halfpenny has a wonderfully stimulating effect in the amount of work done. It is difficult to know what thoughts are simmering beneath those brows with the long straight hair as thick as a mat, clipped below the ears and the back of the neck to the bowl's edge, which is placed on the head to guide

the rustic barber. Below the rim everything is shaved. The faces below the thatch are past description for uncouthness; there are also not a few *vodka* noses in every village. The saints' days and the village *yarmak* or fair are a sure apology for holidays. Fish, cucumbers, water-melons, and dry black bread are the fare of many. The trains in Russia go slower than those in Britain, and, like the houses of the better classes, are heated to sixty-five degrees in winter.

To all who wish to understand Tolstoy and the work he has done Mr Aylmer Maude, in his *Life of Tolstoy: First Fifty Years* (A. Constable & Co.), supplies abundance of information. There are full materials here for forming a judgment on the great Russian, while the same author is writing up the period that follows. Mr Maude has written his book because he found so many people were interested in Tolstoy, and so few understood him; and his twenty-three years of residence in Russia, and experience of the novelist's country home near Moscow, have given him abundance of opportunity and material to do so. Along with his wife, Mr Maude has translated some of the more important of Tolstoy's works, he has taken part in a Tolstoy colony, and he went to Canada at his request to make arrangements for Doukhobor migration. This has made him a sound and capable exponent of Tolstoy's views, and one who has the approval of the Master.

Count Leo Tolstoy is an aristocrat by ancestry, who has solved the problem of 'back to the land' and back to the people. A certain Peter Tolstoy, born in 1645, distinguished himself in the service of the State. Count Elias Tolstoy, who figures in *War and Peace*, married a wealthy Princess Gortchakoff, and ran through her money as well as his own. Tolstoy's own father, Count Nicholas, married Princess Marie Volkhonsky, descended from a prince of Montenegro. She spoke six languages, was musical, and had a gift for improvising tales which her son inherited. Leo, born 28th August 1828 at his mother's estate at Yásnaya Polyána (Bright Glade), was the youngest of five children, and was deprived of his mother's care in early childhood. He was still young when his father died. Aunt Tatiana supplied the place of both parents, and had a strong influence in the moulding of his character. She it was who revealed to him the high and spiritual delights of love and of an unhurried, quiet life. Up till he was fourteen, Tolstoy's youth was happy, innocent, and, as he says, 'joyful, poetic.' Leo was an odd little fellow, never doing things like other boys; and once, in trying to fly, threw himself out of a window with nearly fatal results.

Mr Maude, speaking of the freedom and natural conditions prevailing in Tolstoy's first school, is led to compare what he endured at Christ's Hospital School between 1868–74, which he called years of mental stultification. The pages of *Chambers's Journal* came as mental relief and recreation. He says: 'I feel sure the stultifying effects of such cruel and senseless treatment would have been even more serious had not the school authorities, by some strange oversight, allowed *one* really readable and interesting periodical to find a place among the Sunday magazines and other sterilised literature obtainable in the school library. This one publication, which I read ardently during my school years, was *Chambers's Journal*. It contained novels by James Payn, and other matter suited to my powers of mental digestion. From smuggled copies of Captain Marryat's novels I also got a good deal of culture—far more, I am sure, than from any of the lessons we endured.'

The books which influenced Tolstoy most up till he was fourteen were the story of Joseph from the Bible, the *Arabian Nights*, Poushkin's *Tales*, and the Russian folk-legends. Later came discursive reading, the Gospel of St Matthew, Rousseau, Dickens, and Voltaire. At the school in Moscow he imbibed the prevailing opinion that the Christian religion was an old-fashioned superstition. Later he was to return to its main teaching. He went next to the University of Kazan, where he alternated between the asceticism of his brother Demetrius and the self-indulgence of his brother Sergius. We are told he enjoyed hunting and indulged in gambling and the society of gipsy girl-singers. Those years he afterwards regarded as the wildest and the most wasted of his life. Afterwards we find him settled on his estate at Yásnaya Polyána, and endeavouring to improve the condition of his serfs. After three years he went to the Caucasus to economise, in order to pay off his debts.

He entered the army, in which his elder brother was serving, and which was then engaged in subduing the native tribes. He was impressed by the beauty of the mountains, which he described in his *Cossacks*, but did not take kindly to the officers with whom he was thrown in contact. Here he began to write for the *Contemporary*, a Russian periodical, and made an impression at once.

Tolstoy volunteered for active service when the Crimean war began in 1854, and received an appointment on the staff of his uncle, Prince Gortchakoff, the Commander-in-Chief. Tolstoy was engaged in the defence of Sevastopol during the siege, and was frequently under fire. Here he saw war in all its naked horrors, and made others see it later in his *War and Peace* and different sketches he wrote. His description of Sevastopol in December, when published, caused the Dowager Empress to shed tears and gave Tolstoy his first European fame. It also caused the Emperor Alexander II. to give orders that the life of that young man be cared for. Accordingly he was moved some distance away from the seat of war. In writing he aimed at directness and simplicity. While at the Crimea Tolstoy had the reputation amongst his brother-officers of being the soul of the battery; a good story-teller, who improvised rhymes and was full

of witty anecdotes; an excellent hunter, rider, and athlete.

He settled in St Petersburg when the war was over, with the growing reputation of a brilliant writer, having entry to the best society of the place, but being profoundly dissatisfied with himself. He asked himself if the present life was worth living. He could not afterwards think of those years without loathing. He was sceptical of his work as a writer, convinced that he could not teach others if he did not himself know what he had to teach. Tolstoy next settled in the country near where he was born, and did what he could to ameliorate the condition of the serfs previous to the decree of emancipation in 1861. During two visits abroad, he travelled in England, Germany, and France; made special inquiry regarding the various educational systems; and conducted experiments, too, in teaching the peasant children around him in Russia on original lines.

Tolstoy's marriage in 1862 to Sophia Behrs gave him the completest happiness in family life, and to them were born thirteen children during twenty-six years. His wife admired the work of her husband, and assisted him in many of his literary labours. Some parts of *War and Peace* she copied many times. He worked best in winter, and walking and work out of doors formed his recreation. When run down a change of scene to the steppes, and draughts of *koumiss*, helped to restore him. He interested himself in horse-breeding, and from time to time increased his possessions in land. When Tschaikowsky and Rubinstein arranged a musical evening in his honour, the great writer said, 'Never have I received so precious a reward for my literary labours as on that wonderful evening.' Tschaikowsky says: 'He who in his writings was the deepest of heart-seers proved in personal contact to be a man of simple, whole, and frank nature, showing very little of the omniscience I feared.' Tolstoy has always liked the country better than Moscow, because there the people he did not want turned up, and prevented him from seeing those he did want. Mr Maude tells us Tolstoy's stories are as straightforward as daily life, showing his large capacity to feel intensely, note accurately, and think deeply. He always displays a scientific accuracy of observation. Life to him is all-important, and art is a handmaid of life. Beauty, simplicity, and sincerity was his criterion of art. Tolstoy besides wrote some simple stories for the people such as appear in English in *Twenty-three Tales from Tolstoy*, complex tales for society, three plays, one really great novel, and many interesting essays. He launched opinions, rightly or wrongly, on dogmatic theology, Christianity, economic and social problems, war, conscription, art, science, food-reform, and the use of stimulants and narcotics. Some think that *Anna Karenina*, which aroused immense interest when being issued serially, stands higher than even the highest point reached by Meredith. Howells calls Tolstoy one of the greatest imaginative writers that have ever lived, and says that supreme art in literature had its highest effect in making him set art for ever below humanity. He learned from Tolstoy to try character and motive by the highest ideal. A Frenchman writes: 'His collective works might be entitled "Views of the Nude Human Soul." In *Anna Karenina* we see the soul in the coils of passion; in *War and Peace* we see the soul in battle and intrigue; in *A Night's Lodging* we see the soul where *vodka* and worse gnaw it. *The Dominion of Darkness* takes us into the catacombs of the hideous. *Ivan Ilyitch* is the greatest study of death ever made.' Tolstoy wrote the long novels *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* during the fourteen years that followed his marriage. Of his school reading-books, including an ABC book, nearly two million copies have been sold, while millions of copies, in a cheap form, have been sold of his *Tales and Parables*, and of such stories as *Where Love is, there God is also*, *Ivan the Fool*, *Texts for Woodcuts*, illustrating, as has been said, the single and simple aspects of the Tolstoyan morality with the familiar directness of *Æsop* and the *Arabian Nights*. The history of his mind and thought, with frequent changes of attitude towards the problems of life, is reflected in the works published during the last twenty years, of which these are the more important: *My Confession*, a *Criticism of Dogmatic Theology* (not yet translated), *The Four Gospels Harmonised*, *What I Believe* (or 'My Religion'), *The Gospel in Brief*, *What then must We Do? Life*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, *The Christian Teaching*, *What is Art? Resurrection*, and *What is Religion?*

Tolstoy has deposited his memoirs and diaries with the curator of the Moscow Museum, and they are not to be published until ten years after his death.

In December 1858 Tolstoy was nearly killed by a bear. While he was out shooting with a party, the bear rushed at him and knocked him over on his back in the deep snow. The next thing he knew was that he was being weighed down by something heavy and warm, and he felt his face being drawn into the beast's mouth. He could only offer a passive resistance by pulling his head down and presenting his cap for the bear to chew. Assistance came, frightening the beast away, but a permanent mark was left on his face.

Beyond the experiences in the Caucasus and at the Crimea, duly noted in his works, his life has been uneventful. The death of his brother Nicholas at Hyères in 1860 bit deep into his soul. A journey in Italy left no permanent impression in his writings. A long-standing feud with Turgenief, whom he challenged in 1861, was settled in 1878. Other events have been the handing over of his property to his wife and family in keeping with his own peculiar views, the distribution of relief to the starving Russian peasants during 1891–92, and his sympathy with the Doukhobors. To this extraordinary body he gave the profits of the first edition of his *Resurrection*. But Tolstoy seems to have

repented in his old age of getting and holding property, money, and goods. He is, says Mr Maude, no faultless and infallible prophet whose works should be swallowed; but he is a man of extraordinary capacity, sincerity, and self-sacrifice, who has for more than twenty years striven to make absolutely plain to all the solution of some of the most vital problems of existence.

JOHN MAINWARING, FINANCIER.

CHAPTER III.

IN a few minutes Courtenay and Mainwaring were in Mainwaring's automobile rushing back to Heimbad.

When the hotel was reached Mainwaring said to Courtenay, 'Come to my rooms and let's have a drink. I tell you I felt to-day for the first time that I am sixty years old.'

As they entered the drawing-room Lucia appeared from the balcony.

'Lucia,' said Mainwaring to his daughter, 'I wish to say something to you, and I want a witness. Courtenay will do extremely well.'

Lucia turned a lovely, startled face upon her father.

'It is this,' continued Mainwaring in a cool voice. 'I went out to the Castle of Sternberg to-day by appointment with the Grand Duke. He made a direct proposal for his marriage with you—morganatically, of course.'

Courtenay saw the blood stealing into Lucia's face at the word morganatic, but she remained silent.

'The terms are these: the Kaiser will agree to make you Countess of Heimbad, and demanded ten million marks as a settlement on the Grand Duke. There is one thing about it which the Grand Duke did not mention, but which I happen to know. Those left-handed marriages may be dissolved. If the Grand Duke throws you over when he gets the money you will be still my child, and you shall never want for anything as long as I have a dollar. However, he may never wish to throw you over, but'—here Mainwaring's voice showed a note of concentrated rage and contempt—'mark my words well. If you marry the Grand Duke on these terms—these shameful terms—do you never as long as you live let me see your face again. You may do as you like about your Grand Duke, and I shall do as I like about my daughter!'

Mainwaring's deep and controlled emotion communicated itself to Courtenay. Every nerve in his body was tense as he watched Lucia's face. Her head drooped as if in shame that she had even considered for a moment a morganatic marriage. When Mainwaring stopped she stood like a bird poised for a rush of wings, and in another moment she had thrown herself, sobbing, in her father's arms, and Courtenay fled to the street.

Courtenay was not surprised when, next morning, the whole Mainwaring party left Heimbad. At the station Mainwaring said, smiling, to him, 'Don't be surprised at any time if you hear from me, and I understand you will be willing to come to me at my request?'

Courtenay remained the winter and spring in Europe, but did not go near the Mainwarings.

One day in June he received a peremptory telegram from Mainwaring, who desired Courtenay's presence immediately near Frankfort. The next day found him at the handsome suburban villa which Mainwaring had given as his address. Mainwaring met him, and carried him off at once to a private room.

'I have been having a strenuous time with both my daughters,' he said, laughing a little. 'Milly has bullied me into letting her engage herself to the little Goddard chap. Both of them are much too young; but, of course, Milly got the upper hand of her mother and me. My daughter Lucia appears to be in a reflective mood, thinking about her Grand Duke, no doubt.'

Courtenay felt his face grow warm at the mention of Lucia's name, but he said coolly, 'How do matters stand at present with the Grand Duke?'

'Beautifully! Beautifully!' cried Mainwaring. 'My object is to have the Grand Duke offer to make my daughter his Grand Duchess, and to pay him off for his infernal, scoundrelly proposal to make her his'——

Mainwaring stopped speaking, and his ruddy face darkened. Then he spoke again with an incipient grin: 'Of course, it all depends upon my daughter's wishes. I made that express proviso, but I suppose that the idea that she shouldn't want to be a Grand Duchess would seem like a pipe-dream to the Grand Duke. However, I think I have got the Grand Duke pretty well shanghaied. First, I had to get hold of the salt-mines, the largest source of revenue to the Grand Duchy; but they were working the mines at a loss, because they had made no improvement in methods since the days of Frederick Barbarossa. Just to humour the Osterbergers, I offered seven hundred thousand dollars in real money—American money, I mean—for the salt-mines, which was more than they were worth. I countered on this, though, by buying for a song the Osterberg copper-mines, the finest I ever saw in my life, with the bornite lying around in chunks. Then I managed to acquire—on the sly, of course—a controlling interest in two of the leading industries of the Grand Duchy, and I bought outright the new hotel at Heimbad. Next I closed the whole business up for the season just to show the Oster-

bergers what I was prepared to do if the Grand Duke wasn't obliging. Then came the best stroke of all. I found that my prospective son-in-law had notes floating around in every capital in Europe. I bought up every scrap of paper with the Grand Duke's name on it. I can now put the screw on him to the tune of about four hundred thousand dollars. The whole investment foots up something like two million dollars, but I estimate that with the copper-mines and a modern system of mining salt I can close out in the end at a profit. I have got not only the Grand Duchy but the Grand Duke in pawn, and neither he nor they can turn a wheel until I get solid cash.

'After all,' Mainwaring kept on, 'it's a small affair, this toy Grand Duchy and miniature Grand Duke. In America we play a bigger game than this every day in the year except Sundays and holidays. But there is a kind of charm in the very smallness. It is like playing bagatelle after a game of horse-billiards. It's the very thing to amuse a tired financier. But there is one point on which I want to consult you.'

Mainwaring was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the footman ushered in Von Tempsky. He bowed stiffly to Courtenay and Mainwaring, and handed Mainwaring a letter sealed with the Grand Ducal arms.

CHAPTER IV.

THE letter was from the Grand Duke, formally notifying Mainwaring that the Kaiser would agree to confer the rank of Duchess upon Miss Mainwaring, thus making her eligible to become Grand Duchess of Osterberg, on condition that the sum paid down should be forty million marks, instead of ten million, and on the same terms.

'Then I take it,' said Mainwaring to Von Tempsky, 'that it only remains now to get my daughter's formal consent. And I should like to have your opinion with regard to publicity. I have managed by bluffing and lying to keep the matter out of the American newspapers until a fortnight ago. I think the best thing now is to admit the truth, and simply say what the Grand Duke has offered, and that the matter is in negotiation.'

Von Tempsky reflected a moment, then replied, 'Your plan appears to be judicious. It would perhaps be just as well that the news should come back to Europe from America, thereby familiarising Europe with the idea of the marriage before it is officially confirmed.'

After a few commonplaces Von Tempsky rose, and Mainwaring escorted him out. Then Mainwaring returned to Courtenay.

'I think it's all settled,' he said. 'That newspaper business is the thing I wish to consult you about. I shall cable to the inquisitive New York newspapers that the Grand Duke has made his offer, the Kaiser has consented, and it rests with my daughter to say whether she will be Grand Duchess of Osterberg or not.'

Courtenay remained silent; he had scarcely spoken a word during the whole interview. In his heart was stirring the fierce pain of disappointed love and baffled passion.

Mainwaring, without noticing Courtenay's strange silence and sombre looks, continued: 'I can't make out how my daughter stands on this Grand Duchess business. Of course there was no question of a morganatic marriage; but ever since the game has been in her own hands, so to speak, she has been depressed, uncertain, tormented. But she must settle the matter for herself. There are some things the simple creature man cannot decide for the complex creature woman.'

Courtenay rose as pale as death, and mumbling something about being remembered to the ladies, took his leave. Once outside the villa, he turned from the avenue into an alley of dwarf fir-trees, which offered a short-cut to the high-road, where his carriage awaited him. As he reached the middle of this dim solitude he saw advancing toward him a white figure which he knew to be Lucia Mainwaring.

In a minute or two they met face to face. Courtenay was shocked at Lucia's appearance. She was ashen in colour, and as near ugly as a beautiful woman could be.

They exchanged everyday greetings, scarcely knowing what they were saying, and then came a pause.

Courtenay, his heart wrung with the evidence of Lucia's suffering, burst out, 'You are looking terribly pale and thin. Have you been ill?'

'Not outwardly,' replied Lucia, moved by the passionate anxiety in Courtenay's voice, 'but very ill here.' She placed her hand on her heart and raised her beautiful, miserable eyes to Courtenay. 'I don't understand what my father means about this—this marriage. No one but myself knows what I suffer.'

Some impulse, sudden and uncontrollable as a bolt from the blue, made Courtenay seize her hand and cry, 'Is it that you love another man?'

'Yes,' answered Lucia in a thrilling voice, 'I do love another man.' She trembled as she spoke, and would have fallen but for Courtenay's sustaining arm.

'Lucia!' he cried—'Lucia!' and laid his lips upon hers.

. . . . . .

They remained long in the shaded alley—they knew not how long. In paradise there is no note of time. But after a while, hand in hand, the man and the woman passed through the shadows and came into the shimmering sunlight.

All at once Courtenay roused himself from his heavenly dream, and said to Lucia, 'It seems to me there is but one thing to do, and it is for us to be married as soon as possible, and that without con-

sulting your father. If we do, it will place him in a position of playing fast and loose with the Grand Duke. Of course he has done it outrageously'—Courtenay laughed like a man who has won a game—'but we must not let on we know it.'

'How quick you are to think!' murmured Lucia.

Courtenay was indeed quick to think, his trained mind taking in the situation at a glance. 'I shall return at once to Frankfort,' he said, 'see the American Consul, and get a clergyman. It can all be arranged by four o'clock. Then, if you will meet me at the station in Frankfort, we can be married and take the night train for—Alpensberg.'

Both of them laughed merrily at this.

'My mother would come with us,' said Lucia.

'Better not,' replied Courtenay after a moment. 'You ought not to implicate any member of your family.'

'Good-bye!' cried Lucia, turning away with a radiant smile. 'I will be at the Frankfort station at four o'clock, if you will have it so.'

At four o'clock that afternoon Courtenay, with the Consul and his wife, met Lucia in the Frankfort station. Courtenay and Lucia were married in a little, dingy church close by, and the next morning found them in Alpensberg and in paradise.

On the third evening after their marriage, as they sat on their balcony watching the moon rise over the white peaks, a firm step resounded in the room behind them, and Mainwaring appeared. He caught Lucia in his arms and kissed her, and grasped Courtenay's hand.

'It was the neatest thing possible,' he said, 'and you have saved me a whole lot of trouble and my reputation as an honest man besides. I never meant this Grand Ducal marriage to take place.'

'Then,' cried Lucia, all smiles and tears, 'why did you worry me so about it?'

'Because,' replied Mainwaring, rumpling up his hair like a delighted schoolboy, 'it gave me a chance of getting even with the Grand Duke Hugo XVIII. for that impudent morganatic proposal. And it tickled me to get a blanket mortgage, so to speak, upon him; and I am not so sure that didn't have a good grip upon the Kaiser himself. It took me ten months' work and cost me two million dollars, but it was worth all it cost.' The light of a gladiator shone in Mainwaring's eyes as he said this.

'I suppose the Grand Duke has heard the news by this time, and thinks me a double-dyed villain,' said Courtenay, laughing.

'I should think so,' chuckled Mainwaring. 'I telegraphed the news to Reuter's, and it was all over Europe and America the night before last. The Grand Duke, *incog.*, with only Von Tempsky as an escort, turned up at the villa at seven o'clock yesterday morning. He was as near crazy as any man I ever saw. I told him that I had not the remotest idea there had been anything between you and Lucia until we got your telegram saying you were married. Of course I saw all the time you two were dying for each other. The Grand Duke executed a regular ghost-dance while imprecating me, and you, his false friend, and women in general, while even Von Tempsky limbered up and made a few unstudied remarks. But the Grand Duke, I tell you, has a latent capacity for business. I believe he wouldn't mind sitting at meat with the Money-Devil himself. As soon as the first paroxysm was over he proposed to marry my daughter Milly on the same terms. I sent at once for my wife and Milly, and in the presence of the Grand Duke laid the proposal before them. The girl gave a scream that made even Von Tempsky jump. Then she dashed herself into her mother's arms, and the two wept and wailed as if I had suggested Milly's immediate electrocution. The Grand Duke looked from one to the other of us, completely dazed. I said, "Your Serene Highness sees how it is. My daughter is engaged to be married to an ensign in the American navy, with his pay and one-fourth interest in a farm in Kentucky—so he tells me on his word of honour—and she won't give him up. There is no use trying to make the deal."

'"But," bawled the Grand Duke, foaming at the mouth, "she is your daughter, and you can prevent her from throwing away a Grand Ducal crown." My wife then spoke up. She said to me, "John, this child shall not be made merchandise of with my consent." And I answered, "Good Lord, Sarah, did you ever know me to do anything without your consent since the day you promised to love, honour, and obey me?" She turned, with an air as if she were a Grand Duchess herself, and walked out of the room, carrying Milly with her. Well, the Grand Duke raved and stormed until Von Tempsky dragged him off as limp as an old shoe-string. Then I sent for the newspaper men, and gave out an interview a yard long. I told every detail of the affair up to the point that my daughter, without telling me or even her devoted mother, walked off with Mr Richard Courtenay, the well-known New York lawyer, and married him, I presume against his will, as he had never given the least indication of wishing to marry my daughter. I am proud of that interview. As a piece of casuistry it has not been equalled since Mark Antony made his funeral oration over the bones of Julius Cæsar, and I want to express my eternal thanks to both of you. You have placed me under lasting obligations to you, and have afforded me superhuman beer and skittles, so to speak.'

Mainwaring, Lucia, and Courtenay had supper in the garden of the villa. Mainwaring managed to obtain a bottle of thin champagne, and drank the health of the bride and groom. Courtenay responded with the health of Mr and Mrs Mainwaring, and Lucia suggested that of Milly and Tommy. Then Mainwaring declared that he must not leave out the Grand Duke, whose health he drank standing and with all honours.

'I have not made up my mind,' he said with his rich laugh, 'what I shall do with the Grand Duke, whom I have in chancery, and the Grand Duchy,

which I have in pawn. But I got my whole family into Switzerland to-day, and will take passage from Cherbourg on Saturday. Cherbourg is not in the Kaiser's dominions. My experience of the last ten months will always be the most cherished recollections of my life.'

When it was near ten o'clock Mainwaring, Lucia, and Courtenay strolled along the little, dimly lighted town to the railway station, where Mainwaring's special carriage was waiting for the through-train. At the tender parting between father and daughter Courtenay turned away. It was too sacred even for the eyes of a husband. Courtenay and Lucia walked back through the dusky night, hand in hand, in silence and in perfect joy.

THE END.

TYROLESE MARKSMANSHIP.

By REGINALD WYON.

N these days of rifle-clubs and strenuous effort to awake in England a love of target-shooting, a little information regarding the greatest race of European marksmen may be of interest.

The German Tyrolese—and by this is meant the German-speaking Tyrolese of the north—undoubtedly deserve this designation. The Swiss, the Bavarian Highlanders, and the natives of many Austrian provinces are likewise splendid shots; but at all their great meetings Tyrolese marksmen invariably take all the best prizes. Marksmanship is, indeed, the Tyrolese heritage. A century ago Tyrolese peasants armed with the most primitive weapons again and again utterly routed the disciplined and conquering French and Bavarian armies. They were well led, it is true; but it was solely due to their marvellous shooting that these peasants were able to hold more than their own against the invaders. It is said that these marksmen when aiming waited where possible for every shot to kill three or four of the enemy. Regarded from their present capabilities, this can be easily credited.

As a result of their loyalty to the House of Hapsburg and their shooting-skill, the Tyrolese to-day enjoy certain unique privileges: firstly, the right to perform their military service in the crack Tyrolese Imperial Rifle Regiment (Tiroler Kaiser Jäger Regiment), the smartest light infantry corps of the Austro-Hungarian army; and, secondly, the right of possessing and carrying firearms without a permit (*Waffen pass*), a privilege granted to no other province in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In consequence nearly every peasant has one or more rifles and shot-guns in his home—for they are passionate lovers of the chase as well—and can walk abroad armed to the teeth if it so please him, and with none to say him nay. This privilege ceases south of Bozen, where Italian is the language of the peasants.

Each able-bodied Swiss possesses a military rifle, but it is solely for military purposes, and is the property of the State; as is the case also with the Montenegrin, though with the latter warlike race the rifle invariably accompanies its owner wherever he may wander.

Of course, from a serious shooting point of view, no nation can compare with Montenegro and Albania. In these countries, and in particular on the border, men carry rifles never knowing when they may be called to use them in real earnest. Consequently their target-practice is confined to practical shooting; that is, a mere tiny 'bull' is a luxury—it is a man's body they practise to hit; and, as long as they can kill, the exact spot is immaterial. Likewise, judging distance accurately is an essential gift, and on their Sunday practice-shoots the target (usually a white or conspicuous block of stone the size of a man's body) may be placed at any distance from two hundred to five hundred yards.

Not so with the Tyrolese marksman. It is too crude, and he has reduced target-shooting to a fine art. He disdains the military rifle as clumsy and inaccurate, and his own rifle is a weird and cumbersome object, with an enormously heavy butt, a leaf-sight, a tiny fore-sight the size of a pin's head, and a most delicate hair-trigger. The 'bull' at two hundred yards measures twelve inches only in diameter, is divided into five rings, and no shot counts on the white. Plumb in the centre counts six, the outer ring of the 'bull' one. Though these rifles are twice as heavy as the modern magazine-rifle, all shots are fired standing, with no rest at all.

Some idea of the accuracy of a crack shot may be gathered from the fact that unless he can, standing, put five successive bullets into a space that can be covered by a half-crown piece at two hundred yards, he considers himself in very poor form. Even then his score may be only twenty out of a possible thirty. A poor shot, though a man who can get on the twelve-inch bull every time, may find himself credited with a paltry five or six. It is disheartening work for a novice, even if he has not done so badly at Bisley in former days, and proudly sported the marksman's crossed rifles on his volunteer tunic.

That this fancy shooting—there is no better name for it—does not spoil the Tyrolese peasant for military rifle-shooting is amply demonstrated when we witness an imperial rifle regiment on parade. It would seem as if every man wore the green velvet balls dangling on his breast, the Austrian army badge of marksmanship. But excellent weapon as is the Austrian Mannlicher rifle, it is of little use at the tiny targets of the national shooting-ranges.

The writer has had ample opportunity of studying the Tyrolese peasant marksman at home. Every village or cluster of villages has its own rifle-range run by the village council and controlled by the State. Membership is not obligatory, but there is no subscription attached to it, and, once a member, the peasant may use any rifle-range throughout the country. A further privilege is granted him after the completion of his three years' military service—namely, that one of the annual three weeks' trainings with the colours as reservist is remitted to the *Standeschutz*, or member of the National Rifle Club. This is also an exclusive Tyrolese privilege.

When a youth reaches the age of eighteen he must attend the nearest rifle-range whether he be a member or not, and fire a certain number of shots; and later, if he is passed for military service, he must again fire a certain number of rounds as conscript ere he joins his regiment. The regimental authorities thus know the shooting possibilities of each recruit, and these preliminary tests are carried out with the service rifle, of which every range must possess a few.

Weather permitting, every range is open for practice on Sunday throughout the year from 11 A.M. till sundown. Ammunition is supplied at cost price; but most marksmen prefer to supply their own cartridges, which they fill themselves. The clerk of the range enters every score on an official sheet, and a nominal charge of four hellers (less than a halfpenny) is made for every shot entered therein. This pays for the upkeep of the range, the markers, &c.

An additional zest is given by a weekly *Gnadengabe* (gift of grace) from the Government, whereby the top scorers of the day receive two or three shillings each as a prize. The older men and crack shots, however, seldom compete for these small prizes, and give their younger and poorer comrades a chance to pay their day's shooting expenses.

Every opportunity is also seized to hold a *Preis* or *Freischiessen* (prize or free-shooting match). In the former case, substantial prizes are provided by subscriptions, entrance-fees, and a higher charge for every round fired, and the local cracks travel continually all over the country attending such meetings. It speaks much for their love of shooting pure and simple that in most cases they are more than content if they merely cover their expenses; and they by no means try to make a business of it. The writer has often seen a particularly successful marksman spend the bulk of his winnings treating his comrades to a great wine-carouse. The *Freischiessen* is more of a local affair, open, however, to all comers, and is more of a jollification. It is given on any excuse, as, for instance, the marriage of a member. He supplies free drinks and the expense of the range out of his own pocket, all of which may cost him anything from five pounds to fifty pounds, according to his means. The feature of this is a specially prepared and highly ornate *Ehrenscheibe* (or target of honour) inscribed with the giver's name and date, at which every one may fire one shot. Every hit is carefully pegged and numbered, so that on the score-sheet being referred to each marksman's hit may be recognised. At the conclusion the target is hung up permanently in the shooting-gallery.

More complex is the great annual prize-shooting at the huge central rifle-ranges, such as was held recently at Bozen in honour of the Emperor's Diamond Jubilee. The shooting lasted for a fortnight, and nearly five thousand riflemen competed. To English ideas the method of deciding the best shots is fluky in the extreme. It is literally the best shot that wins. To explain. The rifleman may fire as many shots as he likes, but once he hits the bull he must retire. That shot of his may be plumb in the centre or on the outside edge—it remains as his shot in that particular competition. As may be imagined, at a large meeting the distances from the plumb centre differ often only by a hair-breadth, and to measure the hit an instrument is used which registers the thousandth part of a centimetre. It happened at Bozen that a very indifferent rifleman, not out of his teens, who had come merely to look on, suddenly made up his mind to have a shot. He borrowed a rifle from a friend, paid his ten crowns entrance-fee, and with his first and only shot hit plumb in the centre. For this he got eighty pounds, a banner worth half that amount, and several medals. It happened to be the best hit of the whole fortnight's meeting. At the same time, there are prizes for the best series of shots, as is the case in England; but the great prizes are all won in the above manner, and it is not often given to the novice to fluke so successfully. The old hand seldom fails, and always knows when his hand is absolutely steady. He will test himself by holding the ends of his thumb and forefinger about a quarter of an inch apart and note if there is the slightest tremor. Maybe he will consider a pint of wine essential first, or step up at once and fire his rounds, or wait till another day.

It must be admitted that the Tyrolese crack shot abhors teetotalism, and smokes strong tobacco from morning till night, and he will make in some instances as good a score drunk as sober. At any rate, an all-night carouse will not prevent him from making a magnificent display next morning.

Though most of the shooting is done at two hundred yards, every *Bezirk* or district containing several villages possesses a four hundred yards range, where an oblong target is used. It is eighteen inches in width, and has a blue-black bull of only six inches diameter. As is the case in all Tyrolese target-shooting, standing is the only position allowed; and, in addition, the leaf-sight may not be used at this range, but the ordinary back-sight only. This range must be used a certain number of times each year, and every four years a compulsory competition takes place at it in each *Bezirk*. The Emperor here again shows his love for his

mountaineers by giving ten ducats for prizes at each of these matches; and it is worthy of notice that only in Tyrol and solely connected with rifle-shooting is this old designation of a coin used (ducat, about nine shillings and sixpence).

Many villages have, in addition to the outdoor rifle-ranges, an indoor air-gun club, where they shoot one evening a week during the winter. The air-gun, which costs about five pounds, is no toy, and is modelled on the lines of the heavy target-rifle. The darts, too, are carefully tested, and the conditions are precisely the same as in firing out of doors at two hundred yards. Many a young shot begins here, and emerges on to the range a first-class marksman. Prizes are shot for each evening; but a suspicion of levity is introduced every week by the following rule: Each member in turn is called upon to provide a *Juxscheibe* (a joke-target), usually some advertising poster. One member selects an object on the poster—it may be a bottle, or a person's ear or nose—as the 'bull,' the name of which he writes down, and encloses it in a sealed envelope, which the clerk of the range holds. Every member may fire one shot at whatever point he imagines may be the 'bull,' and at the conclusion the man who has hit nearest the secret point wins the prize given by the evening 'joker.' Otherwise, target-shooting in Tyrol is not treated lightly.

THE WARREN AT FOLKESTONE.

By F. G. Aflalo.

IN the blue gault mausoleum of Folkestone's broken undercliff lie the disintegrated remains of a hundred generations of animals which dwelt in shells. The coast of Kent is hereabouts broken by a stretch of strange and beautiful verdure fed by the water which, draining through the porous surface-soil of the cliff, finds its farther progress to the beach barred by this funereal gault. There, on the Warren, lies the imprisoned water in a basin, and vegetation has benefited and rankled with such bewildering results as to have produced a natural garden of tangled beauty nowhere equalled on the coast of Britain.

The garden is ever changing. To the geologist—to whom the soft clay is a happy hunting-ground, enabling him at a blow to drive his pick through fifty centuries of evolution—the changes that mark the face of the Warren during a human lifetime would be imperceptible, for he reckons only in æons, and his eye is focussed on a far horizon that ignores the middle distances of time. Yet every period of flood and drought marks the Warren for its own. Slimy newts and clinging pond-snails change homes with the thrifty ant and nervous lizard within a year. Gleaming pools, over which golden-armoured dragon-flies chase their tiny prey, may at the passing of a heavy train be filled up with a miniature landslip that smothers a hundred homes. The little, wild creatures of the Warren live ever on the brink of destruction, like peasants on the slopes of Pelée or Vesuvius. After the drought of summer, autumn rains turn the tables; and, after the fashion of Indian tank-life, the children of the waters swim at ease over the sodden remains of land-animals.

There, amid the mazes of the Warren, may be seen collectors gloating over all manner of spoils. One with probing hammer would lay bare the family vault of ancient beings, who inherited the earth ere the coming of man. Another, sweeping the droning harvest of the air with his green net, transfers to a cyanide Nirvana the gay fritillary or elusive burnet. A third is intent only on such old-fashioned wild flowers as luxuriate in this sun-bathed spot, gathering—let us hope with sparing hand—the gentian and centaury and queer little terrestrial orchids. A fourth kneels watchful on the margin of a stagnant pool, and waits for some treasure of insect life to float within his grasp. Frogs and newts keep company with whirligigs and other lesser lights in these still pools. Vipers, willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, rustle suggestively in the dry bracken, and the innocent slow-worm often suffers for the guilty. It is lazier to evade the quick heel of some fool who, having crushed the beautiful burnished body, congratulates himself on having killed a dangerous reptile.

Here, in fact, is a microcosm of life's little tragedies, of silent endings and humble beginnings. Here each spring is a renascence in which tadpoles wriggle once more in every pool and little throats call for food in every bush. Here in winter-time is a sleeping city in which only those find evidence of life who take the trouble to turn up the hard earth or frozen mud that hides the sleepers from the light of day.

Only at rare intervals round the sea-washed barrier of this kingdom is there such wealth of flowers within reach of the collector. The wild wallflower and horn-poppy, with other fair or fragrant treasures of the cliffs, bloom in mid-air, and are often hidden from every eye save those of mewing gulls and screaming daws. Down on the red walls of Devon sweet-scented patches may be seen at intervals by those who coast in yachts and search with telescopes, but their fragrance is only for the scurrying rabbits. Here and there in Hampshire far-seeing municipalities have preserved green chines from the builder, but gorse and other evergreens alone deck their slopes, and no wild-flowers make the pattern of their carpet.

The general rule is that the spindrift stings wild

land-flowers to death, and it is for this reason that the Warren is unique in offering wild flowers and wild seas in one focus, preserving the beauty of an inland garden in the grip of the spray, a seismic confusion of flowers and ferns very pleasing to the eye that loves to dwell on simple vegetation. It is perhaps after the more artificial beauty of the Lees that you find this wilderness irresistible. Nature and the railway have combined to beautify it, and only a botanist and engineer in conclave could distinguish the share of art. Little ponds gleam through screens of hawthorn and curtains of sweet-briar, and invite closer acquaintance by the aid of winding paths not so abrupt as to tire you. Trefoil, stonecrop, and other simple plants no longer encouraged by salaried gardeners linger hereabouts in tender memory of an unsophisticated generation that loved their modest worth.

GRETA HALL.

By R. H. Brewer.

VEN the 'unliterary' man often takes an interest in a house which has been the dwelling-place of a distinguished writer. I am acquainted with two men who, though they had not read a line of Wordsworth, put themselves to some inconvenience in order to have a look at Dove Cottage. It is a little curious that many men, knowing little or nothing of the works of an author who has made the house in which he lived famous, will nevertheless expend both time and money for the mere satisfaction of being able to say they have seen it. The explanation in some instances may be that they have an idea that the qualification to speak with authority about the birthplace of a genius entitles them to share the glory that clings to the name of that genius. When this is so let us look upon the weakness with charity, for their interest in a 'literary' house may lead them eventually to read the immortal works which were written within its walls.

Happily, those interested in literary shrines have in Great Britain plenty of easily accessible places affording the means of gratifying their appetites, for the quondam homes of great literary men are dotted all over the country; and nowhere are they more plentiful than in the English Lake District. I wish here to introduce the reader to one of these Lake District shrines—Greta Hall, Keswick, where Coleridge and Southey dwelt together, whose walls sheltered Southey for forty strenuous years, and whose hospitable threshold was often crossed by Wordsworth, Lamb, De Quincey, and other literary celebrities.

Greta Hall revived my interest in its associations when it was offered for sale by public auction, and, with the grounds adjoining, was bought for six thousand two hundred pounds by Mr Robert Slack, Derwent Hill, Keswick. What the Hall cost to build I do not know exactly, but imagine it must have been well within three thousand pounds, for the man who built it was by no means rich.

The builder of Greta Hall, William Jackson, is an interesting personality. He was a carrier from Whitehaven on the West Cumberland coast to Kendal and Windermere. Wordsworth has immortalised him in his poem *The Wagoner*. Jackson carried passengers and goods in pre-railway days, and his business was fairly lucrative; at all events he made enough by it to build Greta Hall and to be in a position to retire on an assured income of two hundred pounds a year—not a large fortune as fortunes are reckoned in these days; but then Jackson's ambition was to acquire intellectual rather than monetary riches. Therefore he built Greta Hall, and settled there with the intention of devoting his bounteous leisure to the enjoyment of his books, having already got together a fairly good library. Among his volumes he prized most highly the works of Milton and Shakespeare; but he admired all the poets, and his sympathies were not confined to poets who had passed beyond human aid, as afterwards appeared from his kindly treatment of Coleridge. The latter was invited to use Jackson's library as freely as if it were his own, and in a letter to his friend Poole in 1800, Coleridge referred to the carrier's books in the following terms: 'Our landlord, who resides next door in this twofold house, is already much attached to us. He is a quiet, sensible man, with as large a library as yours, and perhaps larger, well stored with encyclopædias, dictionaries, and histories, &c., all modern.' In that out-of-the-way corner of the world in the year 1800 such a library must have been to Coleridge a priceless treasure.

The story of how Coleridge came to live in the Lake District is interesting. After the 'Pantisocracy' craze—in which Southey was associated, and which fortunately for English literature fizzled out—Coleridge married at Bristol Miss Fricker, and took her to a five-pound cottage at Clevedon. Here his fertile brain bred many literary schemes, but those put to the test of public opinion were disastrous financially. Then ensued restless wanderings about the country, succeeded by a visit to Germany. At length, in June 1800, with his wife and 'Little Hartley,' he went to stay with the Wordsworths at Dove Cottage, in the Lake District. Presently Dove Cottage was exchanged for another house on Windy Brow, Keswick.

At the time Coleridge went to Windy Brow, Jackson was settled in Greta Hall, and was on the lookout for some one to share the 'twofold house' with him. By chance he heard from Mr Calvert,

a cultured man, steward to the Duke of Norfolk, that a young poet had lately come to the neighbourhood, intending to settle and work in the quiet valley of Keswick. Jackson interviewed the young poet, who was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and as a result the latter, with his wife and child, removed to Greta Hall.

When Coleridge's first rent-day came round a quaint incident occurred. Jackson knew well enough that writing poetry was not, as a rule, a 'paying occupation.' He knew, too, that in the case of the young poet who shared Greta Hall with him it did not pay. Add to this the fact that the worthy man had a rare and tender sympathy for the whole race of poets, and for Coleridge in particular, and one has no difficulty in believing that on the first settling-day he refused to take a penny of rent. 'Nay, nay, Mr Coleridge,' he exclaimed, waving back the proffered rent, 'I like you and your family and your company. The rooms are not plastered yet. I won't take any rent this time.' The reader will have noted with what good taste and delicate sensibility the 'wagoner' put the matter. Coleridge's company was more than value for rent; which in a sense no doubt it was. Besides, if that were not reason enough, there was the further unanswerable argument—the rooms were not yet plastered. How could anybody, least of all a poet who was such splendid company, be expected to pay for rooms that were not plastered? How happy the modern race of poets would be if the world were full of landlords like Jackson and of houses like Greta Hall, with unplastered walls!

In addition to the advantage given to it by the library possessed by its owner, Greta Hall had an even stronger recommendation in being situated amid scenery of surpassing beauty. The prospect from Greta Hall was one that could not fail to ravish the eye of a poet. Coleridge, soon after beginning his residence there, described the situation in the following words: 'Our house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden—nine-tenths of which is a nursery-garden. Behind the house is an orchard and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening lights in the front of the house. In front we have a giant's camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains—which by an inverted arch gives another view of the vale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped Lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left Derwentwater and Lodore in full view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings.'

This description was given in a letter pressing Southey to come and live at Greta Hall. While accurate as far as it goes, it falls short of conveying adequately the impressive grandeur of the scene. But the most happily chosen words must fail to do full justice to it. One looks with awe upon a panorama of towering mountains, the slopes of some thickly wooded, the jagged rocks and pinnacles of others standing out sharply, peak jostling peak, and giving the impression of a huge encampment of mammoth tents, the tops of those in the distance wrapped in cloud. At first the eye is held by the striking panorama of mountains and clouds; but by-and-by one turns to more lowly objects, and a beauty of another kind reveals itself. Immediately before you stretch out pleasant green fields, broken by clumps of trees and tree-encircled residences; while, farther away, wooded slopes form a charming background to lovely Derwentwater. Now let the eye turn to the right, and Bassenthwaite Water is seen washing the feet of Skiddaw, round its margin thick woods, behind which rise mountain peaks—a bit of Switzerland dumped down in this delectable corner of England. To repeat Coleridge, 'a fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings.'

When he came later to look upon this enchanting scene, Southey was hardly less enthusiastic. Writing at the end of a month's residence in the district, he said: 'What a country is this land of the lakes for a man who loves mountains as though he were a true-born Swiss! I would try to give you the situation of this house if I could find words enough for the combination of the beautiful in the panorama which it commands.'

Then there is the beauty of the river Greta itself. Among the happiest memories of boyhood are hours spent looking over the bridge near Greta Hall, watching grayling sport in the clear stream. In times of drought I have seen the Greta with scarcely any water in it, a trickling stream meandering among huge boulders; I have seen it again after a heavy rainfall—an impetuous, foaming river, tumbling over rocks and boulders with a deafening roar, bringing down trees and broken fences, and even sheep—irresistible in its sweep, a sight which must have stirred the imaginations of Coleridge and Southey, who, sitting in Greta Hall close by, listened to its ceaseless roar. Southey has described the Greta as a lovely stream, a word which fits it well enough in the summer season; but in the rainy period it is grand rather than lovely, for then it is turbulent and imperious. While speaking of the river, I recall that near the Hall there were stepping-stones across the Greta, and that on one occasion Sarah Coleridge, the little daughter of the poet, nearly lost her life from falling into the water there.

Amid surroundings such as have been described the literary worker ought, one imagines, to produce much of the best quality with the minimum of effort. All the aids to inspiration are at hand. The distractions of city life are not here to interrupt work; there are no society busybodies to intrude and stop the free flow of the pen; everything calculated to assist literary production is present. Southey found the conditions helpful, and wrote

with a regularity, and at a speed, and with a result that must astonish the writers even of this day of rapid and continuous production. Southey's literary output at Greta Hall was, in fact, prodigious. Coleridge, on the other hand, did not write nearly so much amid these inspiring surroundings as one wishes he had done. While at Keswick he dawdled away his time, indulging in day-dreams or reading in desultory fashion, and sometimes wandering (note-book in hand) over the mountains or up the charming valleys. Occasionally, however, the impulse to write came upon him, and in these inspired moments he composed the second part of *Christabel*. In extenuation of his comparative idleness it can be urged that his health was broken during his stay at Greta Hall. He began his residence there prostrated by a cold, and became so weak and bad that writing was hateful to him. Later he was tormented by a complication of rheumatic and gouty ailments, and it was in the hope of finding relief for his physical sufferings that he first turned to opium, the drug which was the cause of the tragic elements in his later life. The climate of the Lake District has been blamed for Coleridge's rheumatic troubles, but the charge does not rest upon a solid foundation. It is quite as likely his ailments were largely the result of his own carelessness and indiscretions. Thinking by that means to rid himself of his physical afflictions, he made a long journey in the Highlands of Scotland, but his condition at the end of the time was even worse than at the beginning.

Southey's life at Greta Hall stands out in striking contrast to that of his friend Coleridge. While the latter idled and dreamed, Southey worked with the regularity of a City clerk, carefully portioning each day out, allotting to each task a certain amount of time, and adhering punctiliously and heroically to the prearranged programme. The method, or rather the absence of method, of Coleridge is more in keeping with the traditions of poets and their productions; but the regularity of Southey is more admirable. That Southey's method resembles that of a business man is not to its discredit, and to stick to it as Southey did called for great self-control and heroism. It enabled Southey to maintain Coleridge's family as well as his own at Greta Hall for a considerable time.

Owing to Coleridge's continued absence, Southey in 1807 had to make up his mind to renew the lease or remove to another house. He chose the former alternative, enclosed the garden, planted currant-trees, procured the luxury of a carpet for his great study upstairs, put up white curtains, and installed his four thousand books, which grew to fourteen thousand before his death. He became master of the whole of Greta Hall upon Jackson's death in 1809, and continued there during the years of life that remained to him. But his existence in this quiet, beautiful retreat was not unruffled. In his commonplace-book he mentions such worries as the bursting of the oven, a night-attack on the windows, the blowing open of the door in the night, putting up the roof, invasion of the pig, invasion of the cow, invasion of the asses, misfortunes among the maids, mice in the cupboard, and other happenings of a more or less disturbing character. Southey, however, lived long, and continued to work hard, notwithstanding these trifling misfortunes; and, finally, on 21st March 1843, he passed away in the house in which his great life-work had been accomplished, being buried not far from the scene of his strenuous labours, in Crosthwaite churchyard, an ideal resting-place for the bones of a poet, situated near the centre of 'a great camp of single mountains each in shape resembling a giant's tent;' 'wedge-shaped Bassenthwaite Water' on the one hand, and on the other Derwentwater, 'with its islands and white sails, and glory-lights of evening.'

As I think of Greta Hall and its associations, the reflection comes that our literature would rise to a higher standard than it reaches to-day if it were possible for more writers to follow the example of Coleridge and Southey, and slip away from the excitements and distractions of modern city and society life, and settle down in some quiet, picturesquely situated old house such as Greta Hall, where they might work regularly and with vital effect. Many could do this were they able honestly to re-echo the noble words of Coleridge: 'I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings, and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

'PEACE WEARS A GREEN GOWN.'*

I know that Peace her green gown keeps,
And she has trimmed it white and red;
I've seen the pillow where she sleeps,
With mossy hangings to her bed.

The golden gorse before her door
Hums with the sun-drench'd song of bees;
She walks upon a silent floor
Under the wise and ancient trees.

White hawthorns hide her woodland way,
The giant beeches guard her place;
Yet she has welcome, night and day,
And love for those who seek her face.

I know; for once you led me where
Peace in the green gown takes her rest:
And when I crept to gaze at her
She caught me to her lovely breast.

MAYNE LINDSAY.

* Mary Findlater.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HUMPBACK.

By J. J. BELL.

PART I.

ABOUT ten o'clock on the evening of the 11th of August 1899, the little black whaler *Haakon* left the hval-station in Sigluefjord, one of the small inlets at the mouth of Eyja-fjord, that long, narrow loch leading to Akureyri, the chief 'town' on the northern coast of Iceland.

It was near the hour of sunset, and the crisp, sweet air was still. The bare, rugged mountain ranges were bathed in strong, warm purple light; here and there a snow-patch flushed pink. The sky was clear, save to the westward, where a violet mist overhung the placid sea. Off the mouth of the fjord a fishing-boat lay motionless, her sad-coloured twin-lugsails glorified in the beams pouring from just above the northern horizon. Towards the fjord steamed the French cruiser *Le Lavoisier*, on fishery service, her far-projecting ram cutting cleanly through the water, her white funnels gleaming, and their smoke stretching in brown, unbroken trails for miles behind in the windless atmosphere. No other craft was visible on the vast expanse of ocean.

About the shores, which the *Haakon* was leaving at ten knots an hour, were dotted dwellings, some with narrow, peaked gables built of wood and painted in gay colours—gaudy greens, crude reds, and bright blues predominating. Many of these decorations had a fresh look, for in the last winter many of the homes had been wrecked by a blizzard from the Arctic, and now the upper floors were practically new. On the rough ground beside the houses men and women were busy haymaking. The Icelanders have a brief summer, and they must make the most of it. Few summer hours are too dark for haymaking, and the lengthy twilights and dawns as well as the long days of July and August find the dwarf scythe and rake at work.

For the Icelanders it had been a summer of plenty, so far as 'plenty' is understood in Iceland; but for the Norwegians who owned the whaling station in Sigluefjord, and for the owners of the stations in other northern fjords, the season had been lean indeed. Never had the great *blaahval* and his lesser cousin, the *finhval*, been so scarce; never had disgusted gunners taken so many slender *sejhvals*, in desperate endeavours to keep the blubber-tanks boiling and the factory hands employed. For the gunner, who is skipper, and all the crew of a whaler earn a certain bounty on each whale captured, and a *blaahval* means many kroner, but a *sejhval* few.

'I do not understand it at all,' Kaptein Schrœder remarked to the mate who was steering the *Haakon*. 'I do not understand it at all, Thorstein. In twelve years I have seen nothing like it.'

The mate, a huge Icelander, with shaggy, grizzled hair and beard and melancholy blue eyes, offered no response; and the captain, who was used to his fits of silence, continued: 'The manager has told me to-day that the hunting must close next week unless we get more whales. And last year we were getting good luck till the first week of September. I do not understand it at all. I remember when I came first to Island I killed many a *blaa* and many a *finhval* a few miles from the station. I killed a *blaa* that gave one hundred and sixty barrels not three miles from the mouth of the fjord. Since then the whales have been going farther and farther away, but we have always found them somewhere. Yet last week we went four hundred miles along the Greenland ice, and saw never a *blaa* and but one *fin*. And we have sought everywhere for them. I tell you, I do not understand it at all. It has been a bad season for us, and the company will pay no dividend.'

Styrmand Thorstein, steadying the wheel with his knees, produced a small snuff-flask of horn mounted with silver, and applied it to his nostrils. '*Ja*,' he said presently, 'it has been a bad season; but I knew it would be a bad season, kaptein. I

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

told you so in May. Be thankful it has not been worse.'

'Worse!' Kaptein Schrœder laughed shortly. 'It could not have been worse.'

The mate shrugged his shoulders and gave the wheel a half-turn.

'I say it could not have been worse,' the other repeated.

Thorstein stared gloomily ahead. 'Death is worse than life,' he said slowly. 'There have been no dead men on the *Haakon*,' he added under his breath; and aloud, 'Be thankful.'

'Ach, you dreamer!' said the captain good-humouredly. 'You have been dreaming again! Why do you never have good dreams?'

'A bad dream is a good dream if one takes warning from it, kaptein. To-day I had a dream which was a warning.'

'You were sleeping on shore to-day,' Schrœder remarked with a smile. 'I have noticed that your bad dreams come to you when you sleep on shore, Thorstein. Your wife gives you too good meals.'

The mate ignored this little pleasantry.

'It was a bad dream,' he said reflectively. 'We go to the ice to-night, kaptein?' he asked after a pause.

'*Ja*. North to the ice, and then west.'

'That is well. In my dream we went east, and not to the ice.'

'Dreams go by contraries,' said Schrœder, lighting his pipe.

Thorstein paid no attention to the observation.

'In my dream I saw Kap Langanaes, a great *knölhval*, and the *Haakon*. And I heard the sound of hearts weeping—the sound that one hears only in dreams. I say it is well that we go west, Kaptein Schrœder.'

'That shows what nonsense your dream was, my good Thorstein. But I should be glad to strike a great *knölhval* now. It is strange that all the season we have not struck one, not even a small one.'

'That is also well,' said the other solemnly. 'It is bad to kill the *knölhval* that is man's good friend. My great-grandfather'——

The skipper rose from the seat in the corner of the steering-box, and took the wheel from the *styrmand's* hands. He had heard about Thorstein's great-grandfather before. 'You had better turn in now, Thorstein. Go and dream a good, merry dream for a change.'

The Icelander stepped aside from the wheel, but did not leave the steering-box. 'When my great-grandfather, with his brother, was fishing sharks off Gjögr one day in the year 1784, his boat was surrounded by the little, fierce, toothed whales; and they were going to attack the boat and devour my great-grandfather and his brother'——

'Yes,' said the Norwegian impatiently. 'And then a *knölhval* came and beat and frightened the little, fierce whales, and kept them off till your great-grandfather was safe ashore. It is a very good story, my friend, a very good story! But I have heard other stories—of *knölhvals* being eaten up by little, fierce whales.'

'Such stories may also be true,' said the mate quietly. 'But my story is as my grandfather told it to me, and it is the truth. And there are others in Island who will tell you that the *knöl* is the good friend of man. Yes; and once, when I was at Isafjord, I met a traveller—a learned doctor—and he told me that himself had read of the very thing I tell you in a book written by a Franskmand a hundred years ago. So I say it is bad to kill the *knöl*, kaptein.'

Schrœder laughed and patted the man's shoulder soothingly. 'Yet you have helped to kill many a *knöl* in your time, Thorstein.'

'I have obeyed orders. But it makes me feel sick to see a *knöl* harpooned. Often he is so tame and friendly, and he comes so close to the steamer that is waiting to give him his death. And when the *knöl* is a mother, playing with her young one, it is—— Ah, I will turn in.' He left the steering-box abruptly.

'*Sov vel!*' the captain called after him. 'Dream of a *blaahval* this time—a great fat bull *blaahval*—and where it is to be found.'

But Thorstein shook his head and went slowly aft.

The sun had gone, and now the bare hills looked brown and cold, and shadows deepened upon them. But the twilight would linger to meet the dawn.

The French cruiser, entering the fjord at half-speed—for the channel requires cautious navigation—would pass the *Haakon* at close quarters. Kaptein Schrœder steered his little steamer to bring her within easy hailing distance of the big one. *Le Lavoisier* had come from the eastern coast, and perhaps she might have news of the whaling there. Schrœder, who had more than once taken the chief officer on a short hunting-cruise, now descried him waving his hand on the high bridge. Schrœder spoke into the tube on his right, and presently the engines stopped, and the *Haakon* glided onward, slower and slower, till she came to rest almost in the course of the cruiser. As the very prominent ram drew level with the whaler the Frenchman, leaning over the bridge, shouted in broken Norsk, 'Off Langanaes—at noon to-day—whales—*Nordkapers*.'

Kaptein Schrœder jumped. '*Nordkapers!*' he yelled. '*Er De vis paa det?*'

The Frenchman was positive. He had made some study of whales, and knew a *Nordkaper*, the cousin of the 'right whale,' when he saw one. '*Jeg er vis paa det!*' he called; adding, '*Bon voyage!*' as the cruiser slid onward.

Schrœder waved his fur cap and bawled his thanks. '*Tusinde tak! Farvel!*' The next instant his mouth was at the speaking-tube giving the order, 'Full speed ahead!' and other instructions.

As the little *Haakon* got into her twelve-knot

stride her bow swung round to the nor'-east and remained pointing in that direction.

'Kaptein!'

Styrmand Thorstein came up the steps to the steering-box.

Schrœder turned and smote him a hearty slap on the shoulder, and burst out laughing.

'Kaptein!' said Thorstein again.

'What now, dreamer? Ah! you heard what the Franskmand said. It was good, eh—very good? In the morning we strike a *Nordkaper!* Think of it! A *Nordkaper* after all those weeks of nothing but little *sejhvals!* Perhaps we take two—and a *Nordkaper* has not been brought to the station for years.' Once more he smote the mate's shoulder and laughed loudly.

Thorstein shook his head. 'I have heard tell of *Nordkapers* at Langanaes,' he said slowly, 'but I do not believe that the Franksmand saw *Nordkapers* to-day. He saw *knölhvals.* Will you not go to the ice, kaptein, and maybe we shall get a *blaahval?*'

Schrœder emitted an impatient clicking sound and looked up at the compass.

'Even if the Franksmand saw *Nordkapers* to-day, they will be away now. It is a hundred and thirty miles to Langanaes. We cannot sight it for ten hours. Kaptein,' the Icelander continued solemnly, 'in my dream I heard the sound of hearts weeping. Off Langanaes there is bad luck for us. I pray you'——

'*Hold op!*' Kaptein Schrœder was angry. 'Have done with this nonsense! It is my wish that we go to Langanaes, and if I find no *Nordkapers* and only one *knöl*, I kill him all the same. I tell you, Thorstein, I will kill him! I have my company to think of, also myself and my men. Do you want the men to laugh at you? Then tell them the foolishness you have told me. You Icelanders, you have too much time for dreaming in the winter. You should leave it in the summer. And what is a dream?' His voice became less harsh. 'Many a dream have *I* dreamed, and never aught has happened. A dream is but a warm breath on a cold glass—a nothing. Think no more of your silly dream, Thorstein.'

The *styrmand* hung his head and plucked softly at his grizzled beard. 'When it is well with you, kaptein, it is well with me,' he said at last very quietly. Then, as if rousing himself, 'I will sleep now.'

Kaptein Schrœder nodded kindly. 'After all,' he remarked, 'it is very likely that we shall get nothing but *sejhvals.* Send Sigurd to the wheel. At midnight you will take charge.'

Thorstein seemed to be about to speak, but turned away without doing so. When the seaman Sigurd had taken the wheel, the captain once more seated himself in the corner of the steering-box, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, and glancing about him for weather-signs.

It promised to be a fine night. There was scarcely a ripple on the water; the evening breeze was of the faintest. Astern the mountains rose clear and cold in the twilight that was still too strong to allow the stars to be visible. Overhead, the sky was pale blue and cloudless; but above the northern horizon hung island-like masses of brilliant, burning orange. There was no sound save the regular thud of the engines and the rhythmic wash of the bow-waves.

Kaptein Schrœder exhaled a long stream of smoke and drew a big breath of the keen air in a manner betokening satisfaction. He was a comparatively young man and of sanguine temperament, but until to-night the poorness of the whaling had been depressing him. Now the bare possibility of securing a *Nordkaper*, whose baleen was of considerable value as well as its blubber, acted on him like a stimulant. He ignored the fact that at the fag-end of the hunting-season it would require an unprecedented run of luck in the shape of blue-whales and *Nordkapers* to make up for the leanness of the last three months. In the meantime it was pleasant to indulge in anticipations of killing a *Nordkaper* on the morrow, and as he thought of it he softly hummed a Norsk folk-song.

He bore Thorstein no ill-will. Many a time he had resented the *styrmand's* gloomy forebodings, but his resentment had never been of long duration. Thorstein was a good mate and trustworthy, though his moody nature had cost him his post on half a score of whalers ere he shipped on the *Haakon* under good-natured Kaptein Schrœder. He had been mate of the *Haakon* for seven seasons; whereas a single season had exhausted the patience of each of his previous skippers. Perhaps the length of his service on the *Haakon* surprised no one more than himself, he had been so used to changes in the past. For an Icelander he was well off. Few of his neighbours in Sigluefjord touched money once in the year; they bartered their stockfish for other necessities. But Thorstein and his wife possessed a little box of beaten brass, an ancient thing, a treasure of his ancestors for more generations than he could tell; and in it were many Danish and Norwegian five-kroner notes, a little gold, and some silver. They possessed, also, a son who was a poet—and a cripple. They believed he was a great poet, both in the Icelandic tongue and the Danish. The cripple's chief desire was to see the capitals of his own country and Denmark. And at the close of each whaling-season Thorstein and his wife counted up the money in the brass box, and smiled and sighed, and sighed and smiled.

'Reykjavik,' she would murmur.

'Kjöbenhavn,' he would answer.

And then they would bid the young man be of good hope.

For six springs Kaptein Schrœder had brought from Christiania a parcel of books for Thorstein's son, who frankly loved him. Thorstein himself said little on these occasions, and frowned when his spouse let loose a torrent of thanks.

'Sigridur,' he would say to her impatiently, 'we will now drink *kaffe*.' Nevertheless, the mate hoped his turn would come some day.

At midnight Thorstein came on deck, and another sailor relieved the man at the wheel. The night was now at its darkest, but not so dark that a ship required to carry lights. For many miles the eye could see whether aught moved on the ocean; but neither sail nor smoke was in sight. The orange hues in the north still glowed gorgeously, and from the higher heavens silver stars, encouraged at last by the dusk, peeped shyly forth. The breeze was still light, yet keen—a mere breath from the distant ice-fields.

'It will be fine, clear weather at the ice now,' the mate observed. 'We have had nothing but fog there this season. But now'——

'If we get no luck at Langanaes,' said Kaptein Schrœder, yawning, 'we must try the ice again. Did you dream about that *blaavhal?*' he inquired chaffingly as he stepped down from the steering-box.

'*Nei*, kaptein,' Thorstein soberly replied. 'I dreamed once more the dream I told you.'

Schrœder looked amused. 'That was not very clever of you, Thorstein,' he said.

The other put out his hand in a gesture of appeal. 'It is a warning! I tell you, kaptein, it is a warning! Again I have heard the sound of'——

'Well, well, we shall see what we shall see,' said the skipper with another yawn, and departed below for a four hours' spell.

When he came on deck again the *Haakon* had crossed the wide mouth of Axarfjord and was passing Rifstangi, one of the most northerly points of Iceland, about seven miles within the Arctic Circle. In the sunrise the distant inland hills, from which rose and melted weird, fantastic masses of vapour, assumed varying shades of purple and pink, and the green low land made a vivid contrast with the rock-bound shore and barren heights. At the end of a long, sneaking point stood an ancient beacon; at the end of another, scarce a mile away, lay the skeleton of a French fishing-schooner, one of the hundreds that have met destruction on Iceland's coasts. The sheer cliffs and the sea beneath them swarmed with birds, and in a little bay a school of small whales gambolled lustily, smashing the glassy surface into foam and sending up showers of glittering spray. And once, not five fathoms from the *Haakon*, a glistening, grayish, triangular fin appeared and went cutting keenly through the water till far astern.

'Shark,' remarked the captain to Thorstein, who was looking moodier than ever.

'*Ja.*'

The captain altered the course a little. 'We shall sight Langanaes in four hours,' he said cheerfully. 'I will get Karl to lookout until you have slept.'

'I will lookout,' said the mate. 'I do not wish to sleep. I am afraid of sleep.'

At this moment the cook appeared with two steaming mugs of coffee. The captain took one, and signed to Thorstein to follow him to the deck. They proceeded to the stern, and there the captain seated himself on a coil of one of the huge twelve-inch cables used for towing dead whales. After a sip or two of coffee he looked steadily at the mate, saying, 'Thorstein, you must stop this foolishness. If the others heard of it they would laugh—at first. Afterwards they would not laugh; they would begin to think it was not lucky to have you on board the whaler. And then there would be trouble. You understand?'

'*Ja. Jeg forstaar det.*' Thorstein's eyes looked seaward.

Kaptein Schrœder took a mouthful of coffee. 'Did you ever hear of harm coming from striking a *knöl?*' he asked.

'*Nei*, kaptein.'

'And you have seen many killed.'

'It is so.'

'Then why does the dream make you afraid? Have you ever dreamed a dream that came true?'

For a long minute Thorstein continued to stare at the water. '*Ja*,' he said at last, turning his sad blue eyes on the other. 'But I cannot speak of it.' His hand shook so that he spilled some of his coffee. 'I will go now and lookout,' he added abruptly, and went hastily forward.

A little later the captain saw him mounting the rigging to the crow's-nest on the foremast. 'What am I to do with him?' he asked himself.

At seven o'clock they breakfasted—the captain, mate, and engineer—on a stew of pork and onions, black bread, margarine, and more coffee. They had just finished eating when a call from above sent them swiftly on deck.

'Only *sejhvals*,' said Schrœder disappointedly after an inspection through his glasses.

'But you will hunt, kaptein?' said Thorstein eagerly. 'They are in our course.'

'Perhaps,' said the skipper doubtfully.

But he went forward to the gun, which he had loaded before breakfast, and examined its fittings carefully.

The whales—there were eight of them—were not far ahead, and their high dorsal fins showed plainly as they rose to blow.

Kaptein Schrœder was in a dilemma. The whole herd was not worth a single *Nordkaper;* on the other hand, one *sejhval* was better than nothing at all. In a good season he would have felt justified in taking his chance off Langanaes, but in present circumstances he could not afford the risk of returning to Sigluefjord without a catch. With a grunt of dissatisfaction he began to unscrew the bomb-point from the harpoon-head projecting from the stumpy red cannon. The mate, who had returned to the mast-head, witnessed the action with relief.

'You will hunt, kaptein?' he cried.

'*Ja*,' shortly replied Schrœder, carrying away the grenade to a safe place below. Upon the comparatively slim frame of a *sejhval* the explosion of a bomb is too shattering—from a business point of view. If the bomb does not pass through the unfortunate creature and explode on his far side, it is more than likely to rend him open from within. In bulkier whales the interiors alone are wrecked, and, happily, death is not infrequently instantaneous.

As the *Haakon* drew nearer the unsuspecting animals Thorstein from his porch selected a victim, and gave the steersman orders according to its movements.

The chase proved brief. The whale, when not at the surface blowing, swam at a leisurely pace not far beneath, and in the clear water Thorstein's eye followed him easily. Soon the *Haakon* drew so near to the bluish-black back that the oblong lighter blotches upon it were plainly visible, as were also the strangely small flippers.

At this point Schrœder took charge, instructing the steersman by quick signs with his left hand. Two men stood at attention by the double steam-winch, just behind the foremast.

Cautiously the *Haakon* crept upon the whale—nearer—still nearer—and yet nearer.

Kaptein Schrœder slewed the gun to starboard, depressing its muzzle a trifle. Suddenly his left hand went high above his head. 'Stop!'

With a hoarse sigh from his spiracles, the whale's head broke the surface, his back rose clear of the water, and the gun crashed out its dreadful bolt, nearly five feet in length and weighing over a hundred pounds. And even as the harpoon shaft plunged through the gaping wound in the blubber, his tail shot high into the air, and, with a gleam of white belly and a flourish of flukes over the boiling sea, the whale sounded. The fifty fathoms of 'forerunner'—that portion of the 'line' which is carefully coiled on the ledge projecting over the bow, just below the muzzle of the gun—ran out like a streak, and the remaining hundred and twenty fathoms of three-inch yellow hemp began to jerk after it. But ere half of this had gone overboard the rush stopped. Whereupon the *Haakon* was backed till another fifty fathoms ran out. Then the winch was braked; but the *Haakon* was kept backing—backing slowly, obstinately.

Somewhere in the green depths ahead of the whaler the *sejhval* was struggling for the surface. He had not been prepared for a long spell below, he was sorely wounded, and he had nearly a thousand feet of cable and a steamer with powerful engines to struggle against. And so they hastened his end by drowning him in his native element. After that they hauled up the carcass, pumped air into it, and lashed it alongside. It was little over forty feet in length, and its blubber was thin—a poor catch.

The other whales could still be discerned from the mast-head. Thorstein pointed in their direction.

'Langanaes,' said Kaptein Schrœder briefly.

(To be continued.)

LORD STRATHCONA AND LOUIS RIEL.

By Norman Murray, Montreal.

Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the state.

THE year 1837 was a year to be remembered by all loyal Britons both in Canada and Great Britain, for that was the year in which the late lamented and beloved Queen Victoria ascended the throne and the so-called Canadian Rebellion took place. It is a very rare thing in Canada now to come across any one who remembers that little turmoil or has seen any one who took part in it. I introduce this incident here merely to illustrate the long years that our Grand Old Man, Lord Strathcona, has been in the public service; for he came to Canada in 1838, the year after the ascension of Queen Victoria and the Canadian Rebellion already referred to, being then eighteen years of age. My prime object in connecting these two well-known names, Strathcona and Louis Riel, is to illustrate two types of character. A very good definition of a civilised man and a barbarian is that the one has his passions under the control of reason, while the latter has strong passions and a weak reason, and even a good education will not civilise the savage mind. I very much doubt if Donald A. Smith could have gained as many marks in an examination in the classics when he left school at Elgin, in the Highlands of Scotland, as Louis Riel could have got when he left the Montreal Grand Seminary of St Sulpice. To Louis Riel, however, a classical education meant the pride that comes before a fall, while the education of Donald A. Smith helped to develop a keen intellect.

The nearest parallel I can find to the manner in which Donald A. Smith handled the turbulent Riel on his first effort at rebellion in the winter of 1869 is the manner in which another Scotsman of immortal fame, David Livingstone, often succeeded in handling the savages of South Africa without shedding a drop of blood. When the Hudson's Bay Territory was transferred from the company to the Dominion of Canada in 1869, there was more or less disappointment among the subordinate officials of the company, and this helped to lead the misguided Louis Riel to the rash conclusion that there was now an opportunity for him to become a second Napoleon. Donald A. Smith had

been thirty-one years in the service of the company in Canada, and had risen from the position of clerk on a wild Labrador station to be the head officer of the company in Canada. Being always a man of broad ideas, he surveyed the situation from all points of view—the interest of the company, its servants, the misguided half-breeds, the Dominion of Canada, and the Mother-Country. The misguided Riel could only look upon the situation from one point of view—his own dream of becoming president of a republic composed mostly of half-breeds in the North-West.

The whole population of this vast region, nearly as large as European Russia, was only about twelve thousand souls at the time we are writing about, a little more than half of which were French half-breeds, or Metis, as they were called, who were the only class at all likely to accept Louis Riel as their leader. Mr Macdougall, who had been Minister of Public Works of the Canadian Government when the transfer of the North-West from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian Government was made, was sent out as its first governor. The half-breeds, with Riel at their head, blocked the road and made a hostile demonstration; and under the circumstances the unfortunate Macdougall had no alternative but to turn back. Riel's policy had been to prevent any communications between the Canadian Government and the people. He did not wish them to hear anything but what he chose to tell them, and this is where our Grand Old Man's skill in tactics, determination, and diplomacy came into play. In the meantime Riel with about one hundred men took possession of the old Hudson's Bay post Fort Garry, in spite of the protests of Mr Cowan, the officer in charge. Riel was bent on proclaiming himself dictator of the newly formed province of Rupert's Land, and accordingly issued a proclamation to the people. Sixty of those who were not favourable to Riel's ambitions were arrested by his orders. A new flag was made with a representation of the Shamrock and Fleur-de-lis (the old French Royalist flag). The Union-jack was conspicuous by its absence from this new flag. And we know now what happened to that flag.

In the meantime Donald A. Smith surveyed the whole situation from Montreal, two thousand miles away. It was now the middle of a Canadian winter, with no means of communication for the longest part of the distance but dog-sleds. Another clear-headed Highlander, John A. Macdonald, was now Premier of Canada, and between them it was arranged that Mr Smith should undertake the difficult mission of explaining the intentions of the Canadian Government to the people. He was appointed a special commissioner to inquire into and report upon the causes and extent of the disaffection of Red River, to act as mediator amongst the inhabitants, and also to report on the best mode of dealing with the Indian tribes in the country—surely a large contract. This was, indeed, a wide-sweeping commission, and the responsibilities under it were truly immense. Mr Donald A. Smith, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr Hardisty, proceeded on his difficult mission from Ottawa on the 13th of December, and reached Pembina, a few miles outside of the settlement, on Christmas Day. There he left his most important documents in safe keeping until he could investigate matters at closer range. To the astonishment of the settlers who met him, as well as of the sentinels appointed by Riel, he drove in his dog-sleigh right up to the old fort, the gates of which were open, and requested to be shown into Governor Mactavish's house. Governor Mactavish, who was the Hudson's Bay Company's representative, was now a prisoner of Louis Riel. '*Comment appelle-tu?*' inquired a surly sentinel in French, garnishing his inquiry with an oath. '*Je me nomme* Donald A. Smith, *et je viens de Montreal.*' This was possibly not the first time that the grim Metis heard the name. The sentinel responded that he would inform 'President Riel.' The title president surprised the new-comer. After a few moments Louis Riel appeared. He said he had heard of Mr Smith's arrival at Pembina, and was about to send off a party to effect his capture. 'I then,' relates Mr Smith, 'accompanied him to a room occupied by about a dozen men whom he introduced to me as members of the "Provisional Government." I was then asked to take an oath not to attempt to leave the fort that night nor to upset their Government legally established. This request I peremptorily refused to comply with.' As a consequence Mr Smith found himself a prisoner for the next two months. On the 13th of January, as Mr Smith relates, he was awakened at three o'clock in the morning. Springing up in bed, he saw Riel, surrounded by a guard, at his bedside. The dictator demanded of his prisoner a written order for the delivery of his commission and official papers, which had been sent for. But Mr Smith was not to be terrified by vague threats, and emphatically refused to give any such order. The well-affected French party, becoming aware of what had happened, and beginning to have doubts concerning Riel's good faith, resolved to prevent the papers from falling into his hands. Bloodshed at one time seemed certain; but things calmed down, and finally, after a good deal of recrimination, it was arranged that a meeting of the inhabitants from all parts of the settlement should be called for the 19th, at which the papers bearing on the subject should be read, a guard of forty men remaining in the house to ensure the safe keeping of the documents.

Probably never before in history has a regularly ordained meeting been held in British territory under such conditions. This was the meeting that Donald Alexander Smith had come two thousand miles to hold with the people of Rupert's Land. 'The part I had to act was that of a mediator. Not only would one rash or unguarded word have

increased the difficulty, but even the pointing of a finger might have on more than one occasion been sufficient to put the whole country into a flame.' Thus he wrote afterwards in referring to this extraordinary affair. In the open air, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, in the teeth of a biting blast, this meeting was conducted with a respect for decorum and ancient parliamentary methods worthy of Westminster itself. Louis Riel, the so-called president of the Provisional Government, took a prominent part; and in due time Mr Smith rose, holding a packet of papers in his right hand. He began by reading the Secretary of State's official letter to him. We can only give short extracts from the address delivered by Mr Smith on this remarkable occasion. 'Although,' he said, 'I am personally a stranger to you, I am as much interested in the development of this country as others I could name. On both sides I have a number of relations in this land—(cheers)—not merely Scotch cousins but blood-relations. Besides that, my wife is a native of Rupert's Land. (Cheers.) Hence, though I myself am a Scotsman, you will not be surprised that I should feel a deep interest in this great country and its people. (Cheers.) I am here to-day in the interests of Canada, but only as far as they are in accordance with the interests of this country. As to the Hudson's Bay Company, my connection with that body is, I suppose, generally known; but I will say that if it could do any possible good to this country I would at this moment resign my position in that company. I sincerely hope that my humble efforts may in some measure contribute to bring about peaceably union and entire concord among all classes of the people of this land.' Mr Smith then read the documents, the contents of which Riel had so strenuously tried to keep from the people. In one of the documents reference was made to the fact that all complaints that any one had to make should be made to Her Majesty's representatives, and that the Imperial Government had no intention of acting otherwise or permitting others to act otherwise than in perfect good faith towards the inhabitants of the Red River District of the North-West. A great sensation was made when Mr Smith asked that additional letters sent by the Canadian Government through other parties be produced and read to the meeting. These documents had previously been seized by Riel and destroyed, but fortunately Mr Smith had copies of them, the reading of which made a profound sensation. The dictator was being undermined most effectively.

Next summer a military expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley was organised; but when the redcoats reached Fort Garry the bird had flown in the night. Mr Smith had countered the would-be dictator, and he could not rally sympathisers enough to make even a show of resistance.

How this same Riel started another rebellion fifteen years afterwards, and how other methods were adopted, resulting in considerable bloodshed; how he was finally hanged, and how the hanging was made afterwards a political issue, are now matters of history; but, as Kipling would say, 'that is another story.' Sir Donald Alexander Smith is now Lord Strathcona. He belongs to no particular party, but to the whole State. His first appointment as Canadian High Commissioner in London was made by a Conservative Government, and he was urged by the Liberal Government which succeeded, with the greatest French Canadian, Sir Wilfred Laurier, at its head, to continue in office, and there was no dissenting voice. Among his monuments here in Canada we may mention the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Royal Victoria College (in connection with which the name of Lord Mountstephen must not be omitted). A great deal more might be said; but as the space at my disposal is limited, I can only refer the reader for further particulars to Wilson's *Life of Strathcona*.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXX.—REVEALS SOMETHING TO HAMILTON.

EDGAR HAMILTON sat with his eyes fixed upon the dingy, inartistic, smoke-begrimed windows of the chambers opposite. The man before him was acquainted with Gabrielle Heyburn! For over a year he had not been in London. He recollected the last occasion—recollected it, alas! only too well. His thin countenance wore a puzzled, anxious expression, the expression of a man face to face with a great difficulty.

'Tell me, Walter,' he said at last, 'what kind of place is Glencardine Castle? What kind of man is Sir Henry Heyburn?'

'Glencardine is one of the most beautiful estates in the whole of Scotland. It lies between Perth and Stirling. The ruins of the ancient castle, where the great Marquis of Glencardine, who was such a figure in Scottish history, was born, stands high above a deep, delightful glen; and some little distance away stands the modern house, built in great part from the ruins of the ancient stronghold.'

'And there are noises heard there the same as at Hetzendorf, you say?'

'Well, the country-folk believe that on certain nights there can be heard in the Castle courtyard distinct whispering—the counsel of the devil him-

self to certain conspirators who took the life of the notorious Cardinal Seatoun.'

'Has any one actually heard them?'

'They say so—or, at any rate, several persons after declaring that they had heard them have died quite suddenly.'

Hamilton pursed his lips. 'Well,' he exclaimed, 'that's really most remarkable! Practically, the same legend is current in South Hungary regarding Hetzendorf. Strange—very strange!'

'Very,' remarked the heir to the estate of Connachan. 'But, after all, cannot one very often trace the same legend through the folklore of various countries? I remember I once attended a lecture upon that very interesting subject.'

'Oh, of course. Many ancient legends have sprung from the same germ, so that often we have practically the same fairy-story all over Europe. But this, it seems to me, is no fairy story.'

'Well,' laughed Murie, 'the history of Glencardine Castle and the historic family is so full of stirring episodes that I really don't wonder that the ruins are believed to be the abode of something supernatural. My father possesses some of the family papers, while Sir Henry, when he bought Glencardine, also acquired a quantity. Only a year ago he told me that he had had an application from a well-known historical writer for access to them, as he was about to write a book upon the family.'

'Then you know Sir Henry well?'

'Very well indeed. I'm often his guest, and frequently shoot over the place.'

'I've heard that Lady Heyburn is a very pretty woman,' remarked the other, glancing at his friend with a peculiar look.

'Some declare her to be beautiful; but to myself, I confess, she's not very attractive.'

'There are stories about her, eh?' Hamilton said.

'As there are about every good-looking woman. Beauty cannot escape unjust criticism or the scars of lying tongues.'

'People pity Sir Henry, I've heard.'

'They of course sympathise with him, poor old gentleman, because he's blind. It is, indeed, a terrible affliction. Only fancy the change from a brilliant parliamentary career to idleness, darkness, and knitting.'

'I suppose he's very wealthy.'

'He must be. The price he paid for Glencardine was a very heavy one; and, besides that, he has two other places, as well as a house in Park Street and a villa at San Remo.'

'Cotton, or steel, or soap, or some other domestic necessity, I suppose?'

Murie shrugged his shoulders. 'Nobody knows,' he answered. 'The source of Sir Henry's vast wealth is a profound mystery.'

His friend smiled, but said nothing. Walter Murie had risen to obtain matches; therefore he did not notice the curious expression upon his friend's face, a look which betrayed that he knew more than he intended to tell.

'Those noises heard in the Castle puzzle me,' he remarked after a few moments.

'At Glencardine they are known as the Whispers,' Murie remarked.

'By Jove! I'd like to hear them.'

'I don't think there would be much chance of that, old chap,' laughed the other. 'They're only heard by those doomed to an early death.'

'I may be. Who knows?' he said gloomily.

'Well, if I were you I wouldn't anticipate catastrophe.'

'No,' said his friend in a more serious tone; 'I've already heard those at Hetzendorf, and—well, I confess they've aroused in my mind some very uncanny apprehensions.'

'But did you really hear them? Are you sure they were not imagination? In the night sounds always become magnified and distorted.'

'Yes, I'm certain of what I heard. I was careful to convince myself that it was not imagination but actual reality.'

Walter Murie smiled dubiously. 'Sir Henry scouts the idea of the Whispers being heard at Glencardine,' he said.

'And, strangely enough, so does the Baron. He's a most matter-of-fact man.'

'How curious that the cases are almost parallel, and yet so far apart! The Baron has a daughter, and so has Sir Henry.'

'Gabrielle is at Glencardine, I suppose?' asked Hamilton.

'No; she's living with a maiden aunt at an out-of-the-world village in Northamptonshire called Woodnewton.'

'Oh, I thought she always lived at Glencardine, and acted as her blind father's right hand.'

'She did until a few months ago, when'—— and Murie paused. 'Well,' he went on, 'I don't know exactly what occurred, except that she left suddenly, and has not since returned.'

'Her mother perhaps. No girl of spirit gets on well with her stepmother.'

'Possibly that,' Walter said. He knew the truth, but had no desire to tell even his old friend of the allegation against the girl whom he loved.

Hamilton noted the name of the village, and sat wondering at what the young barrister had just told him. It had aroused suspicions within him—strange suspicions.

They sat together for another half-hour, and before they parted arranged to lunch together at the Savoy in two days' time.

Turning out of the Temple, Edgar Hamilton walked along the Strand to the Métropole, in Northumberland Avenue, where he was staying. His mind was full of what his friend had said—full of that curious legend of Glencardine which coincided so strangely with that of far-off Hetzendorf. The jostling crowd in the busy London thoroughfare he did not see. He was away again on the hill outside the old-fashioned Hungarian town, with the broad Danube shining in the white moonbeams.

He saw the grim walls that had for centuries withstood the brunt of battle with the Turks, and from them came the whispering voice—the voice said to be that of the Evil One. The Tziganes—that brown-faced race of gipsy wanderers, the women with their bright-coloured skirts and head-dresses, and the men with the wonderful old silver filigree buttons upon their coats—had related to him many weird stories regarding Hetzendorf and the meaning of those whispers. Yet none of their stories were so curious as that which Murie had just told him. Similar sounds were actually heard in the old castle up in the Highlands! His thoughts were wholly absorbed in that one extraordinary fact.

He went to the smoking-room of the hotel, and, obtaining a railway-guide, searched it in vain. Then, ordering from a waiter a map of England, he eagerly searched Northamptonshire and discovered the whereabouts of Woodnewton. That night he left London for Oundle, and put up at the old-fashioned 'Talbot.'

At ten o'clock on the following morning, after making a detour, he alighted from a dogcart before the little inn called the 'Westmorland Arms' at Apethorpe, just outside the lodge-gates of Apethorpe Hall, and, making excuse to the groom that he was going for a walk, he set off at a brisk pace over the little bridge and up the hill to Woodnewton.

The morning was dark and gloomy, with threatening rain, and the distance was somewhat greater than he had calculated from the map. At last, however, he came to the entrance to the long village street, with its church and its rows of low, thatched cottages.

A tiny inn, called the 'White Lion,' stood before him. This he entered, and calling for some ale, commenced to chat with the old lady who kept the place.

After the usual conventionalities about the weather, he said, 'I suppose you don't have very many strangers in Woodnewton, eh?'

'Not many, sir,' was her reply. 'We see a few people from Oundle and Northampton in the summer—holiday folk. But that 's all.'

Then, by dint of skilful questioning, he elucidated the fact that old Miss Heyburn lived in the tiled house farther up the village, and that her niece, who lived with her, had passed along with her dog about a quarter of an hour before, and taken the footpath towards Southwick.

Ascertaining this, he was all anxiety to follow her; but, knowing how sharp are village eyes upon a stranger, he was compelled to conceal his eagerness, light another cigarette, and continue his chat.

At last, however, he wished the woman good-day, and, strolling half-way up the village, turned into a narrow lane which led across a farmyard to a foot-path which ran across the fields, following a brook. Eager to overtake the girl, he sped along as quickly as possible.

'Gabrielle Heyburn!' he ejaculated, speaking to himself. Her name was all that escaped his lips. A dozen times that morning he had repeated it, in a tone almost of wonder—almost of awe.

Across several ploughed fields he went. Leaving the brook, and skirting a high hedge to the side of a small wood, he followed the well-trodden path for nearly half-an-hour, when, of a sudden, he emerged from a narrow lane between two hedgerows into a large pasture.

Before him he saw standing together, on the brink of the river Nene, two figures—a man and a woman.

The girl was dressed in blue serge and wore a white tam o' shanter, while the man had on a dark-gray overcoat with a brown felt hat, and near-by, with his eye upon the sheep grazing some distance away, stood a big collie.

Hamilton started and drew back.

The pair were standing together in earnest conversation, the man facing him, the girl with her back turned.

'What does this mean?' gasped Hamilton aloud. 'What can this secret meeting mean? Why—yes, I 'm certainly not mistaken—it 's Krail—Felix Krail, by all that 's amazing!'

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT MARBLES USED IN MODERN TIMES.

By Mary Wineaels Porter, Author of *What Rome was Built with.*

IT is a curious fact that many of the marbles employed by the Romans, Greeks, and even Egyptians are those most highly valued by the architects and builders of the present time. Marbles and other decorative stones from the identical localities which were sought out by the ancients with so much care and patience, and used to such perfection in their sculpture and architecture, are now to be seen in most fine modern buildings in London and other cities. These ancient quarries, after having been lost to human knowledge for so many hundred years, have one by one been rediscovered within the last century and a half. In some cases these discoveries have been made accidentally by explorers or by engineers surveying for railways; but for the most part the quarries have been searched for and brought to light solely with an eye to their commercial value, and for the express purpose of putting again upon the market the materials so highly prized and extensively employed in former ages.

Marble was used in Egypt in predynastic periods, and the early Cretans had advanced so far in

civilisation as to make imitations and paint their cement dados to look like the genuine material so early as twelve hundred years before the Christian era. Sculptured slabs of marble have been found in Nineveh; but it is to the Greeks that the real introduction of decorative marble is due. When

> Greece, conquered Greece, her conqueror subdued,
> And clownish Latium with her arts imbued,

the Romans learned the use of marble, employing it far more lavishly than ever it had been used in Greece, and, alas! vying with the dishonest Cretans in their painted imitations, which survive to this day in Pompeii.

It is said that Quintus Metellus Macedonicus was the first to corrupt republican simplicity, introducing costly building materials into Rome about the year 144 B.C. When Cæsar reached Rome after crossing the Rubicon he found the treasury empty, and one of his most successful ways of replenishing it was to levy a tax on every column of imported marble. The great Cæsar himself was not free from the prevailing love of art and antiquities, and is said to have paid sixteen thousand pounds for two pictures!

It was not until the reign of Augustus, however, that the passion for marbles exceeded all bounds, and it was the boast of this emperor that he found Rome of 'unbaked brick but left it of marble.' The passionate desire to obtain marble for the ornamentation and decoration of temples, baths, forums, and private houses in the luxurious days of the Empire can hardly be exaggerated. The Roman baths were particularly ornate; and Seneca, in speaking of certain of them, says: 'What noble statues! What vast pillars supporting nothing, but placed there for mere ornament and the vain ostentation of expense! What large and far-sounding cascades! What! we are arrived to such a pitch of delicacy and extravagance that we cannot tread but upon precious stones.' Parts of the above quotation might well refer to certain hotels, clubs, and other buildings of the present day. The emperors themselves, moved by an inordinate desire of obtaining marble through confiscation or purchase, took possession of all the most celebrated and valuable quarries. Suetonius relates how Tiberius stole quarries both from private individuals and cities. No wonder that the prices of private mansions reached fabulous sums. For example, the house of Claudius had cost one hundred and thirty-three thousand pounds, and that of Scaurus was valued at eight hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds; and these were prices during republican times!

At the present day nine thousand whole columns of marble have been enumerated by Professor Lanciani in Rome, and he estimates the number of columns landed at Ostia in ancient times to have been four hundred and fifty thousand at least, and says there is no fear of exaggeration in this estimate, considering the amount of destruction, of breaking up, of burning into lime, that has been accomplished in Rome since the fall of the Empire, and columns represented but a small item in the marble trade of that city!

However, to return to the use of ancient marbles in England. It is a striking fact that in many gorgeously decorated hotels and clubs one sees in all directions, in the form of slabs and columns, marble of every colour and hue, of which not a small part had its origin in the quarries worked by the Greeks and Romans in some cases as early as 500 B.C., as, for instance, those of the famous *marmor Pentelicum*. This marble, exceedingly fine-grained and smooth, is even of a purer white than that of Carrara, and Pausanias alludes to its use many times. In one instance he states that its quarries were nearly exhausted in the construction of Herod's stadium. However, this is rather misleading, as even at the present time work in them is kept in full swing night and day, and about a thousand workmen are stated to be employed. Of greater interest is the fact that a few years ago half a million cubic feet of marble were supplied for the restoration of this same stadium, all from that wonderful Mount Pentelikon, where millions of tons yet wait to be quarried, and whence quantities are being shipped to England and to America. This marble has just been employed for an entire building in London, that of Mappin & Webb. Blocks weighing as much as twenty tons have been taken down to the port of Piræus and loaded on shipboard for export.

An interesting insight into the love and passion of the Romans for treasures of art and antiquity, relating to the above-named marble, may be found in the following quotation taken from one of Cicero's letters to Atticus: 'As to your Hermæ of Pentelic marble with bronze heads, about which you wrote to me, I have fallen in love with them on the spot. So pray send both them and the statues, and anything else that may appear to you to suit the place you wot of, my passion, and your taste—as large a supply and as early as possible. Above all, anything you think appropriate to a gymnasium and terrace. I have such a passion for things of this sort that, while I expect assistance from you, I must expect something like rebuke from others. If Lentulus has no vessel there, put them on board any one you please.' Pentelic marble was not used to any great extent in Rome, but was valued by the greatest of Greek sculptors. For, instance, Scopas and Praxiteles used it, and the Parthenon may be given as the most famous example of its employment.

Another marble greatly admired by the ancients and in vogue at the present day in England is the *marmor Scyrium*, or variegated marble from the island of Scyros. 'There are quarries of variegated marble called Scyrian; in appearance it resembles that marble which is described as variegated Lydian, a variegated stone,' writes Eustatius to Dionisius Periegetes. Statius also mentions this marble, and Strabo said that columns and large slabs of it were to be seen in Rome, 'with which the city is

embellished, both at the public charge and the expense of individuals.' This marble, which is known to the Italian stonecutter as *setis basi* (because it was first found in the ruins of the villa of Septimus Bassus), and also another variety which is called *semesanto*, were used to the greatest extent during the reign of Nero. The island of Scyros is honeycombed with the ancient Roman quarries, which are being reworked, and the marble is in great demand. The finest variety and the most valued in ancient times has a white ground stained profusely with a rich red, purple and yellow often appearing, the effect being most attractive.

A marble of great celebrity and quarried to an extent almost inconceivable by the ancients is the *marmor Carystium*, better known in modern times as *cipollino* (from *cipolla*, the Italian for onion, referring to its laminated structure, which resembles that of an onion), and used in considerable quantities in England. This marble, mentioned by Pliny, is supposed to have been the first coloured marble brought to Rome, and came from Carystus, in the island of Eubœa, and according to Pliny it was employed in building the house of Mamurra, the date of which is said to have been 48 B.C. Many inscriptions have been found proving the early use of this marble, and from one of them of Hadrian's reign we learn that a new quarry had just been opened. The numbers on rough blocks found in Rome, beginning with two, mount up to two thousand four hundred, and Corsi in 1845 enumerated five hundred and eleven whole columns still preserved in Rome. This most ancient and unique marble has a white ground banded and zoned with a sage-green of almost every shade. Sometimes the bands are almost parallel, and again they are wavy and distorted and often dislocated. It is said that, because the marking of this marble resembles the waves of the sea, Agrippa in dedicating the temple to Neptune ornamented it with Carystian marble. The quarries, perhaps the largest of antiquity, were worked by the Greeks and later by the Romans, when they were, of course, imperial property, and have been rediscovered by Mr Brindley after having been lost for nearly two thousand years. They are now being worked vigorously; and during the last few years, says Mr Brindley, over one hundred monoliths of large size have been sent to England, America, and Germany, shafts for columns being obtainable of practically any size. Great quantities of *cipollino* were used in the decoration of St Mark's at Venice, and *cipollino* of inferior quality is also found in Switzerland and Italy. Examples of both varieties are to be seen in Westminster Abbey.

A marble of beauty and note is the so-called Numidian marble, or *giallo antico* (antique yellow) of the Roman stonecutter of to-day, used so extensively of late years in England, but at the present moment not so much in fashion as some of the more recently imported marbles, which on this account are in vogue as presenting 'something new,' the beauty of the marble being merely a secondary consideration. This desire for the novel was likewise evident during the later days of the Republic and the early part of the Empire. It would seem that in many cases, then as now, the rarity and novelty of the object rather than its beauty was the attraction to the buyer. Pliny alludes to Numidia, the home of this justly famed marble, in northern Attica, as follows: 'This country produces nothing remarkable except its marble and wild beasts.' *Giallo antico*, so much beloved by the Romans, stands alone even to-day as the most beautiful of yellow marbles, so rich and deep are its colours, and so exquisite its compact texture, thus assuring a fine polish. Papinius Statius was indeed justified in saying 'the yellow stones of Numidia are resplendent.' This marble varies in colour from the faintest straw-tint to deep shades of rich yellow, usually broken by a few thin veins of purple, brown, or yellow slightly darker than the ground mass. Besides these are the flesh-coloured, called *giallo carnagione* (the flesh-tint is produced artificially by heat), and brecciated varieties. The last-named are of many shades of yellow, brecciated with golden brown, yellow, and white, and known as *giallo brecciato* (brecciated yellow). The most striking of the Numidian marbles is the *breccia sanguigna* (blood-coloured breccia), also known as *rouge Etrusque*, a startling combination of reds and yellows of deep shades, brecciated and confused, producing a handsome but somewhat gaudy effect. Numidia marbles are to be seen in Westminster Abbey, also in the wall-panellings of the National Gallery in London, and in decorations in Brompton Oratory. The name Numidian is incorrect, as the localities where the Romans obtained the stone were in the ancient provinces of Mauritania and Africa, and not in Numidia, although near it. Most of the material employed in Rome came from Simittu Colonia, the modern Chemtou, in Tunis, where the quarries are once more being worked; and Hadrian, on his first visit to Africa (about A.D. 128-29), constructed a road from them to Tebarca, where the stone was shipped to Rome. These stones were also found near Kleber, in the province of Oran, Algeria. Signor Boni tells me that he is led to believe, from pieces of *giallo antico* found in the sacrificial or expiatory stratification under the *niger lapis*, that this marble was brought to Rome as early as 200 B.C. Pliny, who (although he severely censured the use of marble) left us much valuable information concerning it, said: 'M. Lepidus, who was consul with Q. Catullus, was the first to have the lintels of his house of Numidian marble, a thing for which he was greatly censured. He was consul in the year of Rome 676 [about 78 B.C.]. This is the earliest instance I can find of the introduction of Numidian marble; not in the form of pillars . . . but in blocks, and that, too, for the comparatively ignoble purpose of making the thresholds of doors.' Hadrian ornamented his villas at Tivoli and Antium with Numidian, and gave twenty columns of it to the Gymnasium of Smyrna, the quarries of course being

imperial property. Under Marcus Aurelius new quarries of these stones were opened, described by Paul the Silentiary as 'those that the Libyan sun, pouring down his golden rays, tinges with hues of saffron and of gold.'

The most unique and distinctive in appearance of all the ancient marbles used at the present time in America is the *lapis Atracius* of the Romans or *verde antico* (antique green) of to-day. Paul the Silentiary completes his description of this marble, which he studied in the mosque of St Sophia, Constantinople, in the following words: 'It exhibits, in short, a combination of beauties,' which indeed is the case. This rock, outside of its historical interest, is particularly worthy of note from a geological point of view, and appears to be a breccia of white calcite, green talc, and serpentine. The ground mass is of every shade of green, and the fragments, which are mostly angular, are greenish black; and white calcite is conspicuous throughout the whole. The quarries are near Larissa, or ancient Atrax, in Thessaly; they were rediscovered some years ago by Mr Brindley, who describes a square block he saw there containing over four thousand cubic feet, and are worked again for the first time since the reign of the Emperor Justinian (A.D. 483–565). This stone, employed alike by the Greeks and Romans, is used frequently in England, in spite of the fact that it is difficult to work and expensive. Magnificent columns of it are to be seen in Westminister Abbey, also examples in Brompton Oratory.

The most important of all the marbles of ancient times and of to-day is that of Carrara—the *marmor Lunense* of the Romans, quarried at the ancient city of Luni, sixteen miles from the modern Carrara. The quarries of Carrara, the most extensive and celebrated in the world, were described by Strabo, and have been worked from the beginning of the Christian era, if not earlier, and at the present time supply Europe and America—the greater portion going to the last-named country—with thousands of tons of material annually. It is needless to describe the fame and beauty of the well-known Carrara marbles, seen at every turn, the supply of which appears to be inexhaustible. From the quarries, called by Statius 'quarries of snow,' came the marble so closely associated with the names of the great Augustus, of Michelangelo, of John of Bologna, Vasari, and Canova. Among other ancient marbles used in England are the *marmor Celticum*, or black-and-white marble of France (St Anne's), quarried by the Romans, and rediscovered in 1844 near the river Lez, in southern France; the *marmor alabastrum*, or Algerian onyx marble; the *marmor Tænarium*, or *rosso antico*, from the province of Mani in Greece, to be seen in Brompton Oratory and Westminster Abbey; and, finally, the green serpentine of Tinos.

It seems interesting that we deem it necessary, as did the Romans, to go beyond the seas in search of materials with which to enrich our homes and public buildings, 'in order that as much as possible may be lost whenever a conflagration happens,' says Pliny, who railed against the excessive use of marble in his day.

THE GERMAN NAVY.

THE extraordinary activity shown in the continued increase of the German navy has proved a cause of constant unrest to Europe. There are those who are convinced that this activity portends war; and that this idea is generally shared among the nations is clearly shown by the eagerness with which people watch the development, becoming now and then almost panic-stricken when extraordinary reports or rumours reach them. Whether or not the predictions of the pessimists may ever come to anything, we still have the fact before us that German naval activity has already had a very decided influence on European politics. As a direct consequence of it, England has entirely reorganised her fleets for home defence; France has been unwillingly forced to the admission that Germany has already usurped the place she once held; and Denmark has long since realised that an entirely new state of affairs has come into existence since she smashed Germany's commerce no farther back than 1848. There are some who tell us that this suspicion of Germany has actually crossed the Atlantic, and that the enthusiasm for building warships in America is really a counter-blast to the action of Germany. Though this sounds somewhat far-fetched, there are reasons for suspecting that there may be a grain of truth in it. Be that as it may, all this points to the fact that the German navy has come to be recognised as a power to be reckoned with.

A navy is one of those things which never evolves out of the process of development. The German navy is only just at the beginning of that interesting process; it is merely in its infancy, yet it is full of the greatest promise, and that is what causes the uneasiness and suspicion. Surely it was no empty compliment when an English sailor, whose judgment in these matters is respected, declared the German naval chief to be the greatest tactician in Europe. Similar compliments have been paid to the organisation, which has all the advantages of German thoroughness.

One of the things about the German navy which puzzles the English sailor is how it manages to train crews so well and to get so much out of them in the course of three years' training. It is no uncommon thing to hear British naval officers compare German

seamanship and discipline in the most favourable terms with the standard of other nations. Their marksmanship has so improved of late as to leave very little more to be wished for; it is questionable if it is not quite as good as British marksmanship. In fact, there is every evidence that the Germans are likely to prove themselves as good sailors as they have proved themselves soldiers. The only question is whether or not they will be able to adapt themselves to actual warfare at sea, and if their fine theories are likely to stand a practical test. One often hears the verdict passed that German sailors are lacking in grit; but such a judgment only proves ignorance. In any case, it is safest to assume that they are likely to show themselves ugly foemen, and to guard against underestimating this new power which has arisen.

Exactly how large the German navy is likely to be in the near future depends altogether upon how much money can be raised in the country. The financial outlook is certainly not favourable, and the burden of taxation is already weighing heavily upon the people; but every effort is being made to raise the necessary money by every possible means, and that in spite of the bitter grumblings of the people. Certain it is that if the Kaiser can have his way his navy will be the largest, if not the greatest, in Europe. He never makes any secret of the fact that this is the one ruling ambition and aim of his life. He is the central figure of all the schemes and plans which are on foot in the Fatherland for getting money for the navy and for making it popular. He has said to his people, 'Our future lies on the water;' adding that they must go forward into that future 'full speed ahead,' and he himself is leading the way.

These words are considered by the mass of the people to be very beautiful, though they do not altogether believe in them. Millions of those to whom the words are addressed have never seen 'the water,' and are not moved by the attempts to rouse their enthusiasm. So they refuse to grant naval budgets when some more than ordinarily large demands are made upon them. They go back upon their experience with the army, and they are somewhat afraid of the navy. They feel that they are embarking on a costly enterprise, and argue that they are already paying as heavy taxes as they can possibly bear.

But in Germany it is not altogether the will of the people that counts in the end. They are merely asked to vote sums of money for the navy out of politeness, for once the official mind is made up to raise the money, it is forthcoming whether the people consent or not. The latter have been well schooled during their military days into obeying the will of their superiors. If any man wishes to win favour at Court—and that is the secret of all political success—his surest passport is to say or to do something likely to prove helpful in furthering the naval movement. Consequently all the statesmen whom the Kaiser has gathered around him are enthusiasts for the navy. These men, much more than the people, are moulding the nation's destinies and helping the Kaiser in the attainment of his ambition. First they told the people they wanted ships to protect their coasts and to prevent the enemy from coming to their door, and the people grudgingly gave the necessary money. Then they said they wanted ships to protect their commerce, or else the people might starve, and more money was unwillingly granted. Then they said that Germany must be in a position and have sufficient ships to attack a foreign Power on the high seas, and part of the money was still more grudgingly voted. Now they say that Germany must have ships in order to find her 'future on the water,' to secure colonies, and the people will have to find the money.

A brief glance at the history of the German navy may better enable one to understand the situation, and to form his own conclusions. As far back as the Middle Ages most of the ships trading from the Hansa (or free) Ports were requisitioned by the authorities in time of war. It was not until the reign of the great Kurfürst that any attempt was made to raise a navy in Germany; but his schemes fell through at his death, and nothing more was heard of a navy until the middle of last century, in the year 1848. It was in that year, as already mentioned, that Denmark successfully blockaded German ports and damaged her shipping. Germany took the lesson seriously to heart, and decided to prevent similar disasters in future. A National Assembly at once elected a commission, which was presided over by a royal prince, and they succeeded in getting a few vessels, most of which were given by private persons. Unfortunately the promoters of this movement had failed to carry the people with them; and as no money was forthcoming for the maintenance of these vessels, the enterprise was given up suddenly at the end of 1852, and the fleet was sold.

Most of the ships were bought by Prince Adalbert, the president of the commission that had been formed, and the moving spirit in the affair. Less than a year later there was an agitation to found what was to be a purely Prussian navy with those ships still in the possession of the Prince. Bismarck, who at that time was ready to support anything that promised to make Prussia imposing in the eyes of the other German States, and thereby influence their union with Prussia, helped this new scheme in a half-hearted manner. At the time he had no conception of the ultimate magnitude of the scheme, and possibly it never would have assumed anything like its present greatness had he been able to prevent it, since he was avowedly more of a home than a foreign politician. However, under his patronage the new navy prospered so well that in 1869 a special harbour was built for it, and in the same year a sum of money was included in the Budget for the upkeep of the seventy-one ships of all kinds comprising the Prussian navy.

In the year 1871, at the union of the German States, the Prussian navy became the German navy, and in the course of the following year a Bill was brought into the Reichstag making allowance for the increase of the navy considered necessary 'to protect the increasing mercantile marine of the Empire.' But by that time interest in the navy had again died out. Bismarck thought no more of it, for it had served his purpose and helped him to realise his ambition of a United Empire. It had helped to make Prussia politically and economically the strongest State, and thereby in a very large measure the dictator. Many of the orders which had been placed according to the provision of the Budget were cancelled, the Government decided not to build any more armoured cruisers, and there were indications that the navy might again cease to exist. One reason for this neglect was that the authorities anticipated a great future for torpedo craft, concluding that they would decide the sea-fights of the future. This would seem only to have been an excuse for inactivity, for they did not build many torpedoes, and it was only after 1887 that a few coast cruisers were built. The Reichstag refused to listen when it was lectured that the possession of large ships of war was a necessity of a first-class Power which had its commerce as well as its coasts to defend, and as no pressure was brought to bear upon the Imperial Diet no money was granted.

It was not until the present Kaiser came into power that interest was again shown in the German navy. He took it seriously and thoroughly in hand, applying to it that enthusiasm which characterises everything that he does, with the result that the navy sprang into new life. He realised its usefulness, and, as he said, its necessity. What is more, he realised that in making the navy great he would also make himself great, for it appealed to his imagination as the only direction in which he might strike out and establish for himself a lasting fame by giving to the Empire a new service which he considered would add to its solidity and usefulness. The navy took in his affections the place of the army. This latter had been the work of his illustrious ancestors and was already an accomplished fact, whereas the navy was to be his creation. It became at once his idol and his toy; his interest in it is unceasing, and the amount of work he does for it with the object of increasing its efficiency could only be accomplished by a man of his temperament and energy. He executes with his own hand comparative drawings of the size of his navy alongside the fleets of England. These drawings are signed by him and exhibited in museums and other public places as object-lessons to the people. He sends models of ships to the various States, makes speeches on the navy, and in a number of different ways does all in his power to popularise it and to realise his ambition to see it the largest navy in Europe.

In spite of all his propaganda the nation does not share the Kaiser's enthusiasm. He has had to wrest each ship separately from the Reichstag; consequently he has never been able to introduce the systematic building of the navy on which his heart is set. Now, however, he seems to have fought down many of the difficulties, and money is more easily forthcoming. His determination to attain his object may be the better understood if we briefly survey what he has accomplished. His first step was to introduce a division of new ships of the line known as the Brandenburg Class. Then in 1894 came the Kaiser Class, and in the following year a number of new cruisers were begun. In 1898 a Naval Bill was passed sanctioning the increase of the strength of the navy to nineteen battleships, eight armoured cruisers, and twelve large and thirty small cruisers. A comparison of this modest fleet with the extraordinary increase granted by the second Naval Bill passed only two years later proves what a wonderful change had taken place in the views of the members of the Reichstag. Besides providing some cruisers for foreign service, the second Bill contained the following conditions: The German navy is to be composed of—(1) The fighting fleet, comprising two fleet flagships and four squadrons, each having eight battleships, eight large cruisers, and twenty-four small cruisers. (2) The foreign fleet, consisting of three large cruisers and eighteen small cruisers. (3) The material reserve, consisting of four battleships, three large cruisers, and four small cruisers. During 1905 provision was made for increasing the number of torpedo-boats from ninety-six to one hundred and forty-four, thus making twenty-four divisions. A sum was also granted for experimenting in submarines, and in the same year a Bill was introduced to double the number of cruisers on foreign service. As a result of the lessons learned after the Russo-Japanese war, it has been decided to increase the tonnage of the ships all round. In order to do this a new Naval Bill was passed in 1906, and confirmed by the Budget of 1907, by which the German navy is to double itself between now and the year 1920 in ships and in men, and in some instances in the tonnage of individual ships. But it is more than likely that this enormous increase will prove only the thin edge of the wedge, and that within the next few years another Bill will be introduced demanding still more ships. It must, however, be kept in mind that while the Reichstag has been compelled to give its consent to the various Bills, it has neither found nor granted all the money necessary for carrying them out; consequently the naval increase is really much greater on paper than it is in reality.

ORGANISATION OF THE GERMAN MARINE.

The Kaiser is the supreme Chief of the Marine, and can take over the command in person in war or in peace. Assisting the Kaiser are the Marine Cabinet, the Imperial Marine Office, and the Admiral Staff of the Marine. All these offices are

in Berlin, and are represented at Kiel (the Baltic Station) and at Wilhelmshaven (the North Sea Station). The men are drawn from what is officially known as the 'half-sea' population—that is, 'men who have been for at least twelve weeks on a sea-going vessel.' As a rule, the sailors are mostly men who have worked as fishermen or on the sea and river steamers. Engineers, bakers, and such like are often taken from inland districts. All are selected from the men called up to do military service, though they are as far as possible left to choose which branch of the service they will enter. The term of service is for three years active, four years in the naval reserve, five years in the second reserve, the men remaining in the third reserve until the age of thirty-nine has been passed.

BLAZING BEACH.

PON the coast of Maine, in the United States, is a little strip of sand and gravel about a hundred feet long. The people who live in the vicinity call it the 'Blazing Beach.' In appearance it does not differ from many other places on the shore of the ocean where the waves break upon a floor of sand, and the visitor is at a loss to understand why such a curious title is given it until he learns that the beach actually has been ablaze. More than this, the water near it has, so to speak, been on fire, flames leaping from its surface to a height of nearly a foot in the air. Twice this curious phenomenon has happened. On one occasion the guests at the hotel which is situated near the beach were startled by hearing a crackling sound. Those who happened to be gazing seaward saw the beach apparently on fire, while the water for a distance of nearly two hundred feet out from the shore-line was also in flames. The fire lasted nearly an hour, then died away as suddenly as it had appeared. On the second occasion only a portion of the beach and the water was ablaze, although at this time the tongues of flame apparently shot up higher than before, but disappeared as quickly.

The news that the beach had been on fire, of course, spread throughout the country, and attracted the attention of scientific men, many of whom visited Kittery Point, as the place is called. Some of them would not believe that a fire had occurred until they saw bits of charred wood lying here and there, and heard the stories of reliable witnesses of the scene. Most of those who endeavoured to learn the reason for this curious occurrence could find no clue whatever. At first it was thought that some one had accidentally dropped a lighted match in a pile of dried seaweed; but no one was upon the beach at the time the fire occurred, so it was proved that it was not caused by human hands.

The guests who were at the hotel when the fire occurred all stated that while the beach and the surface of the sea near it were ablaze a very strong odour filled the air—an odour very similar to that given out by what the chemist calls sulphurous acid gas. This fact gave some of the investigators a slight clue, and they began to examine the formation of the beach. It is an interesting fact that all of the New England coast is gradually sinking. It is estimated that the water of the sea is rising upon it at a rate of about two feet in every hundred years. Small as is this invasion of the ocean upon the land, it has an important connection with the fire, as has been learned, for it has aided in making a natural reservoir in which gas has been accumulating for centuries.

When the beach was dug up, the upper layer was found to be of sand about half a foot in thickness. As there is a difference of several feet between high and low tide on this part of the Atlantic coast, the beach at high-tide is almost entirely submerged, and the sand beneath the surface is continually wet, so that it is very compact. Below the sand was found a layer of four or five inches of what are called beach-pebbles—small stones ranging from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness. The pebbles were also massed very closely together, and rested upon a sort of flooring consisting of hard clay which was about a foot in thickness. When the investigators dug through the clay they were surprised to find that below it was a mass of decayed vegetation, such as grass, moss, and other fibre. This deposit was mixed with roots, twigs, and quite large branches of trees. In short, beneath the beach was a portion of what had once been the vegetation which is so often found in American forests. After the beach above low-tide had been examined, the scientists turned their attention to the bottom of the sea near it, and several feet below the sand and gravel which underlay the water they discovered more of this decayed vegetation. Here and there in the clay were found small openings which afforded another clue to the cause of the mysterious fire, for they had evidently been caused by some movement below the surface, and were not the work of animals or insects.

None of the stuff found under the beach or under the sea had been burned in any way; but where a small quantity of it was exposed to the air one detected the same odour that was so noticeable to the guests of the hotel when the fires occurred. Apparently the vegetation has been a natural gas-generator through gradual decomposition, the gas created being familiarly known as marsh-gas. How long this curious natural laboratory has been in operation the scientists cannot determine; but the

accumulation of gas must have been in progress for a long period, for at last so much of it was generated that it filled all the available space beneath the covering of sand, gravel, and clay, finally forcing its way upward through the little openings to which we have referred.

After they had decided that neither the water nor the sand actually took fire, but that the flames came from the gas forcing its way to the top, the next question which the men of science tried to answer was how the gas burst into flame without being ignited by a match or some other inflammable material. Samples of the gas were secured in air-tight receptacles, and by a simple experiment the problem was solved, for as soon as the gas was allowed to escape and mix with the air the contents of the receptacles burned brightly until entirely consumed, showing that this form of gas can be set on fire by what is generally called spontaneous combustion.

So far as is known, no other section of the sea-beach has ever been the scene of such a phenomenon; but geologists familiar with the formation of the Atlantic coast say that there are many other localities where gas may be formed in enormous quantities, as, for instance, along the shore of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico in the Southern States, for in many spots dense forests reach almost to the water's edge, and there are a number of places where, at high-tide, sea-marshes, as they are called, and swamps are submerged daily. It is known that beneath the sea in these localities are enormous beds of vegetable matter, as deposits have been found many feet in thickness. Undoubtedly some of these have formed natural reservoirs of gas, but no one has ever seen them on fire.

The reason why Blazing Beach is so termed possibly serves to explain the origin of what the Japanese call the 'ghost-fire,' 'fox-flame,' and the 'badger-blaze,' all of which are considered by the peasants of Nippon to be supernatural. Among the Japanese legends is one to the effect that a lake in the province of Omi gives birth to movable balls of fire. The peasant says they spring out of the water at first but a few inches in diameter, but gradually move towards the hills in the vicinity, expanding as they go until they are as high as an ordinary man, but much thicker. Then, according to the legend, one can see two human beings closely embraced within the fire-ball—the figures of two men who apparently are wrestling. The natives do not dare to go near one of these balls, as they say that if a person tries to stop it he will be thrown down, because it moves so rapidly, and will probably lose his life. These wonderful balls always roll into a valley between two of the hills near the lake, where they disappear. This valley is, of course, supposed to be the abode of evil spirits, and no human being, so the story goes, has ever dared to enter it. The mysterious lights known as the corpse-candle, the jack-a-lantern, and the *ignis-fatuus*, so well known in connection with English folklore, probably have their origin in the spontaneous combustion of marsh-gas in small quantities.

That such fires as occurred in Maine have also occurred in the past ages is shown by discoveries which have been made near the city of St John in New Brunswick. Here is a very extensive bog. When a portion of the surface of the bog was excavated recently, it was found that the decayed vegetation, such as moss and grass, and even large pieces of wood, were charred and blackened. As there was no trace of any fire upon the surface, and no way by which the deposits could have ignited except from below, the naturalists who examined the material decided that it must have been caused by a subterranean fire originating by the contact of the marsh-gas with air which had probably reached the deposit through some hole in the surface made by a reptile or an animal.

PANTOUM OF THE MORNING WATCH.

The blue-black arching dome of sky,
The countless stars, our ceiling make;
The coast shows dimly to the eye,
Our ship is in the squadron's wake.

The countless stars our ceiling make,
The soft sea bears us on its breast,
Our ship is in the squadron's wake—
A black shape, phosphorescence-dressed.

The soft sea bears us on its breast
O'er billows shot with silver sheen—
A black shape, phosphorescence-dressed,
Astern of others, dimly seen.

O'er billows shot with silver sheen—
The setting moon's reflected beams—
Astern of others, dimly seen,
We chase their stern-lights' heaving gleams.

The setting moon's reflected beams
Touching the wavelets on the deep,
We chase their stern-lights' heaving gleams;
The day stirs from its shaken sleep.

Touching the wavelets on the deep,
The twilight, faintly seen, is here;
The day stirs from its shaken sleep,
O'er the sea's edge pale rays appear.

The twilight, faintly seen, is here,
The watchful sentry strikes the hour;
O'er the sea's edge pale rays appear,
The dawn shows up the lighthouse tower.

The watchful sentry strikes the hour—
Three bells!—the stars fade just the least;
The dawn shows up the lighthouse tower,
And streaks of gold break in the east.

Three bells! The stars fade just the least,
The coast shows sharper to the eye,
And streaks of gold break, in the east,
The blue-black arching dome of sky.

JULIAN TENISON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

PERHAPS it was Pindar, the old poet of Thebes, who was the first to remark that water was the noblest of all the elements. Such an expression of sentiment would be trite enough in these present days, although too seldom do we pause for consideration upon any of the wonderful circumstances of our employment of these elements. When a man or party of men go out to live at a place that has previously been uninhabited, their first care is, and must always be, as to the supply of water. The human being may live for days without food, and he may suffer little when the first pangs of hunger have passed away; but without water he is soon driven towards madness. Then it must surely be an attractive subject for thought as to how such a vast city as London, with its millions of people, is well and thoroughly watered when a full supply of this element is such an absolute necessity to each individual. One's attention was drawn particularly to this subject lately, when a new reservoir for the storage of London water was opened in one of the suburbs, having been in process of construction for some years. This reservoir, which is in South London, holds nearly sixty millions of gallons of water, which is equal to a day's supply for nearly two million people; and in order to make such a receptacle a hundred thousand yards of earth had to be dug out of the site. This reservoir is only part of a great scheme, the object of which is to guarantee the Londoner completely against any lack of water during times of drought; and one may gain some faint idea of what has to be done in order to effect such a guarantee when it is mentioned that, on an average, every person in London uses each day of his life over thirty gallons of water, weighing three hundredweight. When the storage-works for which parliamentary sanction has been obtained are finished, the Metropolitan Water Board will have reservoirs with a capacity of fifteen thousand million gallons. Vast as are the water-supplies of London, and extensive as are the resources of those whose business it is to attend to them, it is realised that the present sources can only be relied upon for eight more years. It happens, therefore, that the Board, which has six hundred square miles to provide for, is now giving its mind to the question of finding water for the next generation for a London which, with its environs, will probably have by 1960 a population of not less than sixteen millions. We were told a little while since that the Board had a scheme for doing this which involved the tapping of a tributary of the Thames, whose water, instead of flowing into the river, would be collected by means of a basin nine miles in area. Somehow, there has frequently been a prejudice by high authorities against water coming from the Thames. Its purity has been doubted; but reports from independent experts who have made continuous examinations show that Thames water in these days is becoming increasingly pure, and that the sources above Teddington have greatly improved. In this water there is almost an entire absence of bacteria that could be harmful to the community.

* * *

Of course it is well understood that London is dependent upon the outside for its water. Nature, when the earth was established, does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of such a mass of people concentrating at one spot; or we may put it that she knew that when people were thus concentrated their intelligence and knowledge would have advanced to a point that they could overcome all difficulties of this kind. If London had but a population such as would be an average for the surface of an inhabited country, or even if it were much more thickly peopled than this, it would have within its own boundaries, and independent of the Thames, which flows through it, a sufficient supply of water for all purposes. For deep down below the surface there are many wells, and some of these have from time to time been tapped, and

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

have been used for general purposes. It has sometimes been very difficult to get at them. The story is told that about fifty years ago the people of Hampstead, guided by expert geologists and engineers, went on for two years with the work of sinking a bore-hole, until a depth of over thirteen hundred feet had been reached, and still there was no water! Then they gave up their enterprise. Some time later the inhabitants of Richmond conceived the idea of being their own water-purveyors, and they too bored to a depth of over thirteen hundred feet, and spent sixty thousand pounds in doing it. At the finish their well supplied them with not quite six gallons of water a minute. On the other hand, modern engineering improvements have got over many difficulties that existed in the past, and we have heard that there are two bore-holes in Kentish Town which yield the local council for bath purposes some thirty thousand gallons an hour. Excavators are constantly coming across lakes, the existence of which had not been suspected, far beneath the surface of London. In ancient days there were many rivers running through the place. These have all been turned into the sewers; but it was impossible to treat all the little springs and rivulets that joined the brook in its course in the same way, and this water is still running far beneath the streets and houses. When an electric supply company was making a new power-station on the riverside at Millbank less than two years ago, the excavators struck a number of springs, only thirty feet down, which gave forth an immense volume of water. It was really an underground lake that had been tapped, and millions of gallons had to be removed before the contractors could go on with their work. In the same way, when the new Admiralty buildings were being put up, a pool of water ten feet deep and only fourteen feet below the surface was found under the Horse Guards parade, and this caused a delay in the building operations of several months. These silent pools, discovered again after having been hidden away in the dark for hundreds of years, have been aptly described as the ghosts of the rivers that once beautified the environs of London.

* * *

This is not a very bright and busy season in London. There is not the stir about town that there was last summer or the summer before. There are fewer foreigners spending their money in England, and, for certain reasons, the natives are all in a more or less gloomy mood, and not much inclined to festivities. It is the old tale: we are short of money. Trade is still bad, and despite the proclamations of some optimists, most people in the City think that it must remain bad for a long time to come. On the top of all our troubles comes this new and terrible taxation. Perhaps it could not be avoided, or it could be. We must have more *Dreadnoughts*, and they become expensive when their numbers have to be multiplied year by year. Perhaps old-age pensions and other items which have a Socialistic look about them were not quite so necessary. These are debatable points anyhow; but it is clear to the most unthinking person that we cannot go on much longer as we do now. There is a weakness in that old saying, so much respected during many years, that to be prepared for war is the best guarantee of peace—a weakness which has not been fully understood until lately. There is such a thing, says one, as having to make too many preparations for war without having the war, and people with a dread of battles and a full realisation of the horrors that would attend upon an armed conflict between two civilised Powers of the first magnitude have got into the way of saying to each other most significantly that a war, after all, would be cheaper and more humane than all these preparations for it, and that a war would obviate the necessity for continuing preparations. And they add, to themselves, that if there must be a war, as most people say there must, then it would be well if we had it quickly. Amidst all our troubles and taxation, it becomes clearer almost every day that in a little while we shall be taxed for airships as well as for ships of the sea. Heaven help the middle classes of Great Britain when they have to maintain their collection of war aeroplanes at a three-power standard!

* * *

There are things which people who have once cultivated certain habits will not deny themselves, however scarce money may be, even though such things are in a considerable sense unnecessary. Perhaps there was never more luxurious dining than there is in London at the present time, and almost certainly more money was never spent on curios, nor have there ever been so many curio-hunters as now. Almost every man you meet is a collector of something or other, and his collection is nothing if it is not an expensive one. Little wonder is it, then, that a class of persons have arisen who make vast sums of money out of these collectors, and not always by the most righteous means. There have never been so many frauds in curios and paintings as now, and never have such fancy prices been demanded and paid. Moreover, some of the frauds are so excellent as copies that it is extremely difficult even for experts to detect them. A little while since, an American consul in this country thought well to issue a warning in this matter to visitors from the United States. He told them that among the clever forgeries that were put on the market in wholesale lots were pieces of rare old-period furniture which were given the gloss and appearance of age by rubbing them with bone and pumice-stone; old hand-rolled copper plate, which has not been made since 1840, a thousand pieces of these having lately been examined without half-a-dozen genuine specimens being found; Spanish ivories skilfully 'aged' brown by acids; Queen Anne silver, superstructures of the pieces of which are

built upon the handles of old spoons bearing genuine marks; and so forth. This consul said that the British Isles had been searched up and down from door to door by experienced collectors for upwards of fifty years, and the thoroughness of the search indicates the great unlikelihood of anything good being picked up for little money at this late day. But in the meantime the most extraordinary prices are being paid for genuine curios. We remember that four or five years ago, at a memorable sale, the sum of six hundred and ninety pounds was given for a single silver spoon dated 1488; and a little while later four thousand nine hundred pounds was paid for a set of thirteen Henry VIII. silver apostle spoons. Again, not many years since, there was a duel in Christie's auction-rooms, as the result of which a pair of old mahogany chairs were sold for one thousand guineas; and two years back an inferior pair realised three hundred and seventy guineas. Already this season, despite all the taxation and all the fears and all the statements by great and titled landowners that they must give up some of their possessions, there are manifestations that this craze for curios is at least as strong as ever, and huge sums are being paid in the auction-rooms for bits of things more because they are old and rare than of the artistic and technical value they may possess. And all this time the modern artists complain that nobody will buy their work, however good, and that their best efforts will not yield them a bare living.

* * *

Recently there was published in London a book which was nothing else than one long tirade against America, Americans, and their character. The writer could see nothing good in this people. Some of the most careful reviewers of the book wisely and properly expressed their disapproval of it. Such a publication in itself could do little harm, and it is an easy matter to ignore it; but this book is only one of several of its kind that have been published in recent years, and, again, it is only one of many instances that are fast increasing of something in the nature of a strong racial feeling that is growing up between the two countries, and separating them farther than is desirable in the present state of the world's affairs. At the present time we hear day by day of the German menace, and yet it is a fact that Germans in this country find it easier to trade with us than Americans do. We use vast supplies of necessities from America, but generally speaking we seem to confine ourselves to necessities. It is disappointing that the efforts of statesmen, constant and sincere as they have been, to remove that mutual dislike between the nations as it exists have not had better results. It would be a good thing, perhaps, if something in the nature of a royal commission were set to work to inquire as to what are the causes for this somewhat unnatural state of things; because one may feel sure that the Americans' egotism and manners, although they may be such as do not commend themselves to people in this country, are not in themselves a sufficient reason for the tendencies which have been indicated. That definite reasons do exist is certain; and as royal commissions in these days are engaged upon almost every conceivable kind of investigation, one might very usefully be employed on such a one as that suggested. We are led to this idea by finding out, as has lately been done, that these definite reasons exist in America, where, so it has been positively stated, practically all the American text-books on history used in the elementary schools show hostility towards England; they are full of historical inaccuracies, the object of which is said to be the development of the patriotic instinct!

* * *

One of the most delightful books of reminiscences which have been published so far this season is that which bears the name of the Hon. Lionel Tollemache. It is a long series of rambling recollections by one who has been a close observer, has experienced many and most interesting phases of life, and is the possessor of a most excellent memory. The father of the writer was the first Lord Tollemache, and in the book there is a most charming description of this fine old Tory peer, who is said to have been 'three parts Sir Roger de Coverley and one part Cardinal Richelieu.' He had a horror of afternoon tea, and he refused to plant trees in the avenue at Helmingham because 'the young trees by the side of the very old ones would be an eyesore for many years, and very likely before they had time to grow up property would be made hay of.' When this rare old gentleman was eighty years of age he climbed on the box of his four-in-hand to show his 'young fool of a coachman' how to drive, and he used to say that if all Englishmen were like Lord Cholmondeley they would be religious and delightful, but the French would soon come and take London! It is good to read about this excellent Tory of the recent past. The author has tales of all kinds to tell. One is that an intelligent Englishman met Miss Swanwick on the Continent, and after the very slight acquaintance which suffices to draw such ex-Anglians into a rudimentary friendship, he begged leave to present her with the outcome of the labours of his life. She was at her wits'-end to guess what was coming. The gift proved to be quite portable, and in no way beyond acceptance from a comparative stranger. It was neither more nor less than a map of the world, a map in which the light and shade were distributed so as to mark the abundance, rarity, or total absence, not of Christianity, nor yet of coalfields, but of snails! The author quotes the story told by Mr Lecky in illustration of the very advanced religious life of Holland. It is that a Dutch peasant was in sore straits about the impossibility of making his hens observe Sunday. He came to his pastor with a present of eggs. He regretted, he said, that he could not prevent his hens from laying those eggs

on the Sabbath, but he made what amends he could by giving them to God's minister, that they might be handed over to the poor and infirm. There is in the book mention of one of the cleverest puns ever made. Canon Ainger took up a copy of Tischendorf's New Testament. In this book the 'various readings' are placed at the bottom of the page, being separated from the text by a horizontal line. 'I see,' said the Canon, 'the notes are partitioned off' (*par* Tischendorf).

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXXI.—DESCRIBES A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

TO Hamilton it was evident that the man Krail, now smartly dressed in country tweeds, was telling the girl something which surprised her. He was speaking quickly, making involuntary gestures which betrayed his foreign birth, while she stood pale, surprised, and yet defiant. The Baron's secretary was not near enough to overhear their words. Indeed, he remained there in concealment, in order to watch their proceedings.

Why had Gabrielle met Felix Krail—of all men? She was beautiful. Yes, there could be no two opinions upon that point, Edgar decided. And yet how strange it all was, how very remarkable, how romantic!

The man was evidently endeavouring to impress upon the girl some plain truths to which, at first, she refused to listen. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently and swung her walking-stick before her in an attempt to remain unconcerned. But from where Hamilton was standing he could plainly detect her agitation. Whatever Krail had told her had caused her much nervous anxiety. What could it be?

Across the meadows, beyond the river, could be seen the lantern-tower of old Fotheringhay church, with the mound behind where once stood the castle where ill-fated Queen Mary met her doom.

As the Baron's secretary watched, he saw that the foreigner's attitude was gradually changing from persuasive to threatening. He was speaking quickly, probably in French, making wild gestures with his hands, while she had drawn back with an expression of alarm. She was now, it seemed, frightened at the man, and to Edgar Hamilton this increased the interest tenfold.

Through his mind there flashed the recollection of a previous occasion when he had seen the man now before him. He was in different garb and acting a very different part. But his face was still the same—a countenance which it was impossible to forget. Hamilton was watching the changing expression upon the girl's face. Would that he could read the secret hidden behind those wonderful eyes! He had, quite unexpectedly, discovered a mysterious circumstance. Why should Krail meet her by accident at that lonely spot?

The pair moved very slowly together along the path which, having left the way to Southwick, ran along the very edge of the winding river towards Fotheringhay. Until they had crossed the wide pasture-land and followed the bend of the stream Hamilton dared not emerge from his place of concealment. They might glance back and discover him. If so, then to further watch Krail's movements would be futile.

He saw that, by the exercise of caution, he might perhaps learn something of deeper interest than he imagined. So he watched until they disappeared, and then sped along the path they had taken until he came to a clump of bushes which afforded further cover. From where he stood, however, he could see nothing. He could hear voices—a man's voice raised in distinct threats, and a woman's quick, defiant response.

He walked round the bushes quickly, trying to get sight of the pair, but the river bent sharply at that point in such a manner that he could not get a glimpse of them.

Again he heard Krail speaking rapidly in French, and still again the girl's response. Then there was a shrill scream and a loud splash.

The next moment he had darted from his hiding-place, to find the girl struggling in the water, while at the same time he caught sight of Krail disappearing quickly round the path. Had he glanced back he could not have seen the girl in the stream.

At that point the bank was steep, and the stillness of the river and absence of rushes told that it was deep.

The girl was throwing up her hand, shrieking for help; therefore, without a second's hesitation, Hamilton, who was a good swimmer, threw off his coat, and, diving in, was soon at her side.

By this time Krail had hurried on, and could obtain no glimpse of what was in progress owing to the sharp bend of the river.

After considerable splashing—Hamilton urging her to remain calm—he succeeded in bringing her to land, where they both struggled up the bank dripping wet and more or less exhausted. Some moments elapsed before either spoke; until, indeed, Hamilton, looking straight into the girl's face and bursting out laughing, exclaimed, 'Well, I think I have the pleasure of being acquainted with you, but I must say that we both look like drowned rats.'

'I look horrid,' she declared, staring at him half-dazed, and putting her hands to her dripping hair. 'I know I must. But I have to thank

you for pulling me out. Only fancy, Mr Hamilton —you!'

'Oh, no thanks are required. What we must do now is to reach some place where we can get our clothes dried,' he said. 'Do you know this neighbourhood?'

'Oh yes. Straight over there, about a quarter of a mile away, is Wyatt's farm. Mrs Wyatt will look after us, I'm sure.' And as she rose to her feet, regarding her companion shyly, her skirts clung around her and the water squelched from her shoes.

'Very well,' he answered cheerily. 'Let's go and see what can be done towards getting some dry kit. I'm glad you're not too frightened. A good many girls would have fainted, and all that kind of thing.'

'I certainly should have gone under if you hadn't so fortunately come along,' she exclaimed. 'I really don't know how to thank you sufficiently. You've actually saved my life, you know. If it were not for you I'd have been dead by this time, for I can't swim a stroke.'

'By Jove,' he laughed, treating the whole affair as a huge joke, 'how romantic it sounds! Fancy meeting you again after all this time, and saving your life! I suppose the papers will be full of it if they get to know—gallant rescue, and all that kind of twaddle.'

'Well, personally, I hope the papers won't get hold of this piece of intelligence,' she said seriously as they walked together, rather pitiable objects, across the wide grass-fields.

He glanced at her pale face, her hair hanging dank and wet about it, and saw that, even under these disadvantageous conditions, she had grown more beautiful than before. Of late he had heard of her—heard a good deal of her—but had never dreamed that they would meet again in that manner.

'How did it happen?' he asked in pretended ignorance of her companion's presence.

She raised her fine eyes to his for a moment, and wavered beneath his inquiring gaze.

'I—I—well, I really don't know,' was her rather lame answer. 'The bank was very slippery, and—well, I suppose I walked too near.'

Her reply struck him as curious. Why did she attempt to shield the man who, by his sudden flight, was self-convicted of an attempt upon her life?

Felix Krail was not a complete stranger to her. Why had their meeting been a secret one? This and a thousand similar queries ran through his mind as they walked across the fields in the direction of a long, low, thatched farmhouse which stood in the distance.

'I'm a complete stranger in these parts,' Hamilton informed her. 'I live nowadays mostly abroad, away above the Danube, and am only home for a holiday.'

'And I'm afraid you've completely spoilt your clothes,' she laughed, looking at his wet, muddy trousers and boots.

'Well, if I have, yours also are no further good.'

'Oh, my blouse will wash, and I shall send my skirt to the cleaners, and it will come back like new,' she answered. 'Women's outdoor clothing never suffers by a wetting. We'll get Mrs Wyatt to dry them, and then I'll get home again to my aunt in Woodnewton. Do you know the place?'

'I fancy I passed through it this morning. One of those long, lean villages, with a church at the end.'

'That's it—the dullest little place in all England, I believe.'

He was struck by her charm of manner. Though bedraggled and dishevelled, she was nevertheless delightful, and treated her sudden immersion with careless unconcern.

Why had Krail attempted to get rid of her in that manner? What motive had he?

They reached the farmhouse, where Mrs Wyatt, a stout, ruddy-faced woman, detecting their approach, met them upon the threshold. 'Lawks, Miss Heyburn! why, what's happened?' she asked in alarm.

'I fell into the river, and this gentleman fished me out. That's all,' laughed the girl. 'We want to dry our things, if we may.'

In a few minutes, in bedrooms upstairs, they had exchanged their wet clothes for dry ones. Then Edgar in the farmer's Sunday suit of black, and Gabrielle in one of Mrs Wyatt's stuff dresses, in the big folds of which her slim little figure was lost, met again in the spacious farmhouse kitchen below.

They laughed heartily at the ridiculous figure which each presented, and drank the glasses of hot milk which the farmer's wife pressed upon them.

Old Miss Heyburn had been Mrs Wyatt's mistress years ago, when she was in service; therefore she was most solicitous after the girl's welfare, and, truth to tell, looked askance at the stranger who had accompanied her.

Gabrielle, too, was puzzled to know why Mr Hamilton should be there. That he now lived abroad 'beside the Danube' was all the information he had vouchsafed regarding himself, yet from certain remarks he had dropped she was suspicious. She recollected only too vividly the occasion when they had met last, and what had occurred.

They sat together on the bench outside the house, enjoying the full sunshine, while the farmer's wife chattered on. A big fire had been made in the kitchen, and their clothes were rapidly drying.

Hamilton, by careful questions, endeavoured to obtain from the girl some information concerning her dealings with the man Krail. But she was too wary. It was evident that she had some distinct object in concealing the fact that he had deliberately flung her into the water after that heated altercation.

Felix Krail! The very name caused him to clench his hands. Fortunately he knew the truth; therefore that dastardly attempt upon the girl's life should not go unpunished. As he sat there chatting with her, and admiring her refinement and innate daintiness, he made a vow within himself to seek out that cowardly fugitive and meet him face to face.

Felix Krail! What could be his object in ridding the world of the daughter of Sir Henry Heyburn? What would the man gain thereby? He knew Krail too well to imagine that he ever did anything without a motive of gain. So well did he play his cards always that the police could never lay hands upon him. Yet his 'friends,' as he termed them, were among the most dangerous men in all Europe—men who were unscrupulous, and would hesitate at nothing in order to accomplish the *coup* which they had devised.

What was the *coup* in this particular instance? Ay, that was the question.

(To be continued.)

SOME GALLOWAY LOCHS.

By the Rev. C. H. Dick.

NEAR St John's Town of Dalry—a small place with a long name—is a tarn called Mossroddick, to which one ascends about a quarter of a mile from the village. 'Mossroddick' is probably 'Roderick's Moss,' and, Sir Herbert Maxwell thinks, may be 'commemorative of Rydderch Hael, the Christian king who defeated the pagans A.D. 573 at Ardderyd (Arthuret), near Carlisle, and whose name survives in several places.' Mr Lang has described this sheet of water under a thin veil of anonymity in his book of *Angling Sketches*. Nobody, he says, had 'ever dreamed of fishing here; but one day a rustic, "glowering" idly over the wall of the adjacent road, saw fish rising. He mentioned his discovery to an angler, who is said to have caught some large trout; but tradition varies about everything except that the fish are very "dour." One evening in August, a warm, still evening, I happened to visit the tarn. As soon as the sun fell below the hills it was literally alive with large trout rising. . . . The fish were rising actually at our feet; but they seemed to move about very much, never or seldom rising twice exactly at the same place. The hypothesis was started that there were but few of them, and that they ran round and round, like a stage army, to give an appearance of multitude. But this appears improbable. What is certain was our utter inability ever to get a rise from the provoking creatures.'

Mossroddick is a fascinating place. It lies on the top of the ridge which divides the valley of the Ken from the Garple Glen. Looking westwards from it, one beholds the superb panorama of the Kells Hills, some of which on a still day will be mirrored in the water at one's feet. The eye rests upon first one glen and then another that winds down from these hills towards the Ken. On a clear, sunny day a white speck on the side of Millyea, above the Garroch Glen, indicates the shepherd's whitewashed cottage of the Clenrie. The wooded hills on the other side of the Ken fill the nearer view, and close under this standpoint, but hidden by the slope of the ridge, is the clachan. No sounds, however, rise from it to this moorland water. The grouse cries, the whaup wails, and

> Sometimes doth a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer.

But for these, there is silence, unless it be the wind rustling the reeds and grasses. On hot, still summer days, when it is useless to fish, it is good to sit there with a book and look often at the glorious landscape. Then the loch, which includes the inverted images of the distant hills and of the clouds overhead, reminds one of St John's picture in the Apocalypse of the 'sea of glass mingled with fire.'

To the angling history of this water I am able to make a modest contribution, having fished it several times. Mr Lang's account of the ways of the fish tallies exactly with what I have observed. The hypothesis that they ran round and round the loch like a stage army in order presumably to tantalise fishers with a delusive appearance of numbers is an entertaining suggestion. Many moral and mental characteristics have been attributed to fish as well as to fishers; but Mr Lang must be the first to credit them even for a moment with the tricks of the stage. No doubt he is right in discarding the theory. The loch is really full of large fish, but they are very rarely caught.

I had visited the place several times and brought nothing away, or at best a solitary quarter-pounder. On these occasions my hopes had been raised often to a high pitch in consequence of an actual delusion which is characteristic of this loch. What can be more disgusting when one is fishing where there are large trout than to get an unquestionable rise, and pull ashore an infant perch? Those very young fish, measuring two or three inches, seem to be numerous here, and take the fly greedily, and boys from the village may be seen fishing for older examples of the species.

It was not until a brilliant afternoon in June that I had any better sport. One would have said that the day was too bright; but there was a good ripple on the water, and I fished on with the dogged perseverance which such a water demands.

I had covered all the water within easy reach of the shore without rising a fish. Later I began to cast a very long line towards the island which lies near the north side, when a fish rose to the tail-fly, which was a grouse-wing with red-and-tinsel body, and missed it. I cast again for the same spot, and the fish rose and missed again. I cast a third time, and immediately the fish's mouth had closed over the hook, and after two breathless minutes I had a magnificent trout of over a pound whacking the grass on the bank. Five minutes later I had another about the same size safely landed. These fish were of a startlingly brilliant colouring, and the flesh a rich pink. Late one evening, when it was dark and a drizzle of rain was falling, I hooked a heavy fish with a heather-moth, but after I had run him for a minute or two the grip gave way. On a fine August evening, exactly like that which Mr Lang describes, when the fish were rising at my feet in the same way, I cast among them an enormous hackle-fly designed for use on Loch Dee in very stormy weather. I threw it again and again where they could not fail to see it. I saw them rising within an inch or two of my lure, but they would not have anything to do with it. The strange thing is that they were not scared by it. When a trout sees something which is rather like, but not sufficiently like, what he is looking for, he usually retires from its neighbourhood. It might have been thought that the huge hackle was too unlike anything in that evening's menu to arouse uneasiness in this way but that eventually a great fish took hold of it in dead earnest, and my experiment was justified. The steep, grassy bank with its fringe of reeds is very awkward for landing fish, and I had not brought my net. As I was hesitating whether to pull the fish straight against the bank or lead him along to some more convenient point, the grip in this case also gave way, and my line lay loose on the water. That was one of those incidents which cast a gloom over one's whole future.

A much larger loch with a famous name, Lochinvar, lies three miles across the moor to the north-east. A few trees stand behind the gamekeeper's cottage on the west shore, but all the rest of the neighbourhood is bare, swelling moorland, in a great hollow of which is the loch. The country was at one time covered by a great forest, and the loch would look more beautiful then. Now it has the charm which belongs to all open moorland waters, and in legendary associations it is richer than most.

On a small island near the middle there once stood a castle belonging to the Gordons of Lochinvar, of which only a few stones remain. Causeways connected the island with the shore, and in a dry summer, when the loch has shrunk, one's boat sometimes grates on the submerged cobbles.

In the reign of Alexander III. a wild boar terrorised the neighbourhood, destroying both men and cattle. Its notoriety spread far and wide, and the king offered knighthood and an estate to the man who should bring him its head. The laird of Lochinvar waylaid and slew the beast. Tired out with the combat, he lay down to rest, after cutting out and pocketing the boar's tongue, and fell asleep beside its carcass. A man named Maxwell happened to ride past the place, and, seeing what had occurred, resolved to make the most of the situation. Having quietly cut off the boar's head, he galloped off towards the capital.

When Lochinvar awoke he was astonished to find the animal lying headless. Suspecting a trick to forestall him, he started from Lochinvar on his swiftest horse and hastened to Edinburgh. Maxwell was in the royal presence, and was presenting the boar's head.

'Wait, sire,' cried Lochinvar; 'the reward must be mine!'

'How so?' asked the confident Maxwell.

'Because I killed the boar.'

'How comes it that you have not the head?' asked the king.

'Because while I lay asleep after killing the boar this fellow came and cut off its head.'

'But how am I to decide the truth of the matter?'

'Let this decide!' cried Lochinvar, throwing down the boar's tongue.

'Open the tusks,' said the king to an attendant.

When the boar's mouth was opened it was found to be tongueless.

'If that tongue,' said Lochinvar, 'does not fit the head I claim no meed.'

When the tongue was found to fit the root the king admitted Lochinvar's claim, and asked how he had managed to overcome the boar.

'I thrust my stout sword into his mouth,' said Lochinvar, 'and *gored* him *down*.'

'And have you any surname?'

'None. I am Adam of Lochinvar.'

'Kneel down,' said Alexander; then, striking his sword on Lochinvar's shoulder, 'Rise, Sir Adam Gordown of Lochinvar! Be thy surname for the future Gordown.'

That is the story of the origin of the name Gordon and of the winning of the lands to the east of Lochinvar which the king transferred from Maxwell to the slayer of the boar. Lochinvar continued in the possession of the Gordon family until 1787, and no doubt they appreciated the merits of their loch. There is excellent fishing all round the island on which the castle stood, and it must have been possible to drop a baited hook from a window into the water with good hope of success—an agreeable diversion for an idle, rainy day. It is possible that 'the lost bride of Netherby' beguiled some of her leisure in this fashion.

Baited hooks, of course, are not allowed nowadays; no lure but the fly is permitted. Three young men from Northamptonshire who visited the loch recently ignored this regulation, and, having attached a quill to their line, proceeded to angle with a large worm. The gamekeeper detected them in the act

of doing battle with a trout which they had hooked. The tackle broke, and the gamekeeper stopped their fishing. The break had occurred above the quill, which was now careering along the surface of the loch. The gamekeeper took a boat and followed it. When he had secured it he netted a trout of five pounds.

The next year the three young men from Northamptonshire wrote to him offering a substantial bribe if he would allow them to pursue their favourite tactics. I am glad to say that they received a reply to the effect that he would not do so for five times the amount. Such young men should remain among their native streams and not desecrate the lochs of Galloway with their unholy wiles.

It is said that the former glory of Lochinvar has departed somewhat, and this is attributed to the raising of the loch, which was effected a few years ago to supply Dalry with water.

If large fish are not taken so often as formerly it is not because there are not any there. I recall a day on the loch in the month of April. I had elected to fish from the shore, while the two other members of the party took one of the boats. I observed that the only fly visible among the heather was a small one with blae wings and a black body. It happened that none of us had such a fly on his cast; and when, later, I joined the others in the boat, I told them what I had observed. We had had no sport so far, and one of my companions attached to his cast a fly answering exactly to the description I had given. As the boat came close to the shore at the end of the drift he found that his line was engaged with something. There had been no splash or apparent indication of a rise. He tried in vain to free his line, and concluded that one of the hooks had caught fast in a submerged log or a stone. The boat was now aground, and my friend was about to step ashore in order to wade in and save his cast, when suddenly there was a splash and a wild rush through the water, and the line was snapped, all in the twinkling of an eye.

The trout here are of splendid quality and remarkable gameness. A half-pounder will make as much fight as a pound fish in most lochs; and when, after a prolonged contest, a fish has been netted one is often surprised by his comparative smallness.

It is delightful to spend a long summer day drifting over this loch listening to the water lapping against the boat and the cries of moorfowl or the astonishing imitations of these cries which the gamekeeper's children make as they play about the house. Every time that one comes to the end of a northerly drift one catches a glimpse of the distant Kells range through a depression in the moor.

If the fish in the loch are not moving, some entertainment may be found in casting over the little stream which enters at the north end. As it gets near the loch it becomes a deep, very narrow, winding 'lane,' a term applied in some parts of the country to those parts of a stream where the water runs slow, smooth, and deep. Rushes and many weeds grow in it, and the broad leaves of the water-lily, both yellow and white, float on a great part of the surface. Here may be found brown burn-trout and occasionally a silvery vagrant from the loch. Casting is very delicate work, and if a fish is hooked it must be landed by methods that are rapid and crude. If it be given the opportunity to dart among the weeds the case is hopeless. The frequency of the rises, however, and the attendant risks may provide one with a very exhilarating hour.

Some miles from Lochinvar is what the initiated know to be the best of all Galloway lochs. It lies in the depths of a great stretch of undulating moor, and is fortunately difficult of access. A hill rises above it on one side, and along that side is a thin plantation of spruce-trees. These trees make a screen through which one gets one's first sight of the loch as one comes towards it. They are disappearing gradually under the assaults of winter storms, and I am afraid that some have been cut down recently for the making of a fence. Perhaps it was with some thought of such uses that they were planted; but when all have been laid low it will mean the loss of a very pleasing feature in the scene. A consolatory reflection is that it will be much easier to fish from that shore, and that there will be no danger, as there is at present, of having one's hooks 'skied.'

In a suitable wind a good part of the east side of the loch may be fished from the shore, but the wind is rarely suitable. If it is blowing in the direction in which one would naturally wish to cast—that is, at right angles to the shore—the steep bank protects the nearer water, so that all within reach may be quite calm, while a tantalising ripple begins just beyond. If a fish rises at the natural fly in the calm water, one may, of course, hook it by casting over it promptly; but the sport is likely to be better if one uses the boat. When I first visited the loch, nearly ten years ago, I found that the boat was much the largest that I had ever seen on such a water. It was very heavy to row and very unseaworthy. It was really an old sea-fishing boat which must have been bought second-hand. It seemed then that if it were not broken up it must fall to pieces very soon of itself. But year after year, when I have returned, I have found it still on the water, and used it with a feeling of distrust that deepens every season. One never thinks of the place without counting the character of the boat among the sporting features of the loch.

The fish are as much finer than the ordinary Lochleven trout as Lochleven trout excel those of the burn. Some sportsmen of wide experience with whom I have talked on the subject agree in this opinion. The fish are exquisitely tinted, and the flesh has an unusually delicate flavour. I believe this is due to a light-green weed of which the loch

is full. In some parts the weeds reach quite to the surface, and there are very few places where the tops are more than a foot or eighteen inches below. This means that when a trout is hooked there is great danger that he will wind the casting-line around the weeds and get free. The behaviour of the fish sometimes suggests that this is done as the result of a deliberate calculation. If the danger is to be avoided one must hurry him into the landing-net with what must seem to him rather indecent haste.

The perils and consequent excitement are greatly increased on a dark night, when the great fish are rising quietly all around, and one has to judge everything almost entirely by the sense of touch. I remember a warm night in the month of July when there was a gentle ripple on the loch. A splash was heard occasionally, a prolonged, heavy splash, which brought before the mind's eye the picture of a monster. But for the most part the evidences of the rise were those dimples on the surface which one could just detect or suspect, and which indicated that a large trout had just sucked his prey under. My companion was using Mr Pennell's loch-flies, and I had on my cast a single white moth. Our sport made that night unforgetable. For an hour or two, as we drifted slowly through the darkness before the light breeze, we caught fish continually. While one man was busy with a pounder, the other was crying out for the landing-net, and sometimes had to wait in a state bordering on frenzy until the net could be handed to him. Not only were the size, strength, and gameness of the fish to be reckoned with, but the weeds were always below to aid their escape. Our tackle, of course, was very strong. Otherwise, misadventures would have been much more numerous than they were. Then, when the boat reached the end of the loch, there was a feverish seizing of the oars that we might row back and begin another drift before the rise should end. A few of the fish we took were an ounce or two under the pound, but all the rest were larger. Happy is the angler who visits Loch G—— on such a night!

Sport, of course, is not always fast and furious here any more than elsewhere. There are days when the fish rise short; there are days when they do not rise at all. There are brilliant days when the loch lies in a dead calm. The fish may be rising, but one tries in vain to deceive them. But disappointing days do not discourage one from returning in the hope of repeating such experiences as I have just described.

This loch is unique, but there are others on the moor between Dalry and Moniaive where excellent sport may be had by those who have received permission to fish. These are approached in the first instance by a second-rate road which climbs eastwards from Dalry. The use of a bicycle is to be recommended strongly over all other means of transit. It can be left anywhere, stowed in the shed of some cottage or concealed among the heather. It does not, indeed, greatly expedite the uphill journey in the morning, but it is of very great use on the return. It has, moreover, the supreme advantage that, when you have reached your loch after a long tramp across the moor, you can fish with an easy mind, knowing that you do not risk having to tear yourself away just when the best sport of the day may be beginning, and that you can remain till midnight, or early morning, or the next day if you like.

THE HUMPBACK.

PART II.

IT was near noon when they sighted the cape that, from a distance, looks like a gigantic breakwater built by man, with its level top and perpendicular sides, seven miles in length and never a tenth of that in breadth. Several leagues north of the cave-riddled point the *Haakon* began to cruise in search of the hoped-for *Nordkaper*. Here and there, their white hulls gleaming in the sunshine, lay French schooners taking toll from the fishing-banks. These were the laggards, the less lucky, for the majority of the Dunkirk and other fleets had already sailed for home with full holds of salted cod, the reward of six months' toil and peril.

Kaptein Schrœder brought the *Haakon* within hailing distance of one of the schooners, and bawled his question.

Yes, the Franskmand skipper had seen whales that morning early. The whales had gone. He pointed to the nor'-east.

Schrœder knew that the Frenchman wanted the whaler far away from the banks, but he decided to try nor'-east, and accordingly the *Haakon's* course was shaped in that direction.

The hour of *middag* had come, and he went below to the usual repast of sweet soup, followed by salt-beef, followed by a second supply of sweet soup. The engineer joined him; the mate was still in the lookout, by his own desire, with which Schrœder had not sought to interfere.

'You think we may get a *Nordkaper*, kaptein?' remarked the engineer.

'It is only a chance. I intend to try for two days, and if nothing comes of it we shall go west again.'

'It is worth while trying,' said the engineer. 'What is the matter with Thorstein?' he asked later.

Kaptein Schrœder wiped a drop of syrup from his yellow beard. 'Matter with Thorstein?'

'*Ja.* Have you not noticed how strange he looks?'

The other shook his head. 'Thorstein is always a little queer.'

'But he looks as if he were afraid of something. I thought perhaps he had got notice to leave the *Haakon* at the end of the season. It would be a pity for him. I do not think any other whaler would have him for *styrmand* now.'

'Thorstein has not got notice,' said Schrœder. 'Maybe he is not very well; maybe he is troubled about his son. Do not ask him any questions, Keller. He does his work well, and we have no business with anything else.'

The cook came clattering down the narrow stairway and put his head into the cabin.

'*En hvalbaad kommer*, kaptein.'

Schrœder finished his meal hurriedly, and went on deck. Far ahead was a trail of smoke.

From the mast-head Thorstein was peering through a telescope. '*Ja.* It is a whaler,' he said at last, 'and with a dead whale, for it is coming slowly.'

The captain went into the steering-box and slightly altered the *Haakon's* course. In a little while he was able to distinguish the approaching whaler through his glasses. Her hull was green, and her funnel pinky-yellow with a broad black top. She was not making more than four knots.

'They have two great whales astern,' shouted the *styrmand*. 'It is one of the Vopnafjord boats. It is the *Snorri*.'

'Good!' cried Schrœder. 'I know the kaptein well, and will speak to him.'

Thorstein took another long look through his glass, and when he made his next report his voice was higher than usual. 'They have *two Nordkapers!*'

'*Saa!*' muttered Schrœder, and cursed softly. And he cursed again, though he grinned, when his friend on the *Snorri*, beaming with satisfaction, informed him that he had been hunting the two whales for more than a day, and had killed both within two hours of each other. For the *Nordkaper* usually succumbs easily to the bomb-harpoon, and, moreover, does not sink when death takes him.

'It is good luck for our last trip of the season,' bellowed the Vopnafjord man gleefully. 'I suppose I shall see you in Tönsberg soon. I leave Island next week.'

'Are you not going after more *Nordkapers* when you have got these two to the station?'

'There are no more *Nordkapers*, my good Schrœder. There were but two, and I killed them both;' and the speaker roared with laughter.

Kaptein Schrœder bawled a friendly enough farewell, waved his hand, and gave the order for full speed. He believed his friend, and the disappointment was a heavy blow. It had been a wild-goose chase.

He altered the course to west, and descended to the deck, where he walked up and down for half-an-hour, casting many a disgusted glance at the dead *sejhval* wallowing alongside. It was indeed galling. Two great *Nordkapers*—and he had been a few hours too late. And the weather was not looking so well. Away in the north-west the horizon had taken on a brownish hue. In all probability he would reach the neighbourhood of the ice, only to get fog-bound. He went forward and climbed up the rigging.

Thorstein, peering over the edge of the barrel, did not take his gaze from the sea.

'You see I am going to the ice,' said Schrœder.

'*Ja*, kaptein.'

Schrœder looked over his shoulder. He could still perceive Langanaes, or at any rate the mountains beyond it.

'Where is your *knöl?*' he asked roughly.

A strange expression came into the mate's countenance, but he did not reply.

Schrœder, hanging on to the rigging, continued to search the water around him. All at once he made a quick movement and seemed about to speak, but checked himself.

Five minutes passed, and then he made another quick movement, while a savage look disfigured his good-natured features.

'Man! are you blind?' he exclaimed, gripping Thorstein's shoulder and shaking it. 'What is that yonder?' He relaxed his grasp on the mate and pointed.

Half a mile off the starboard bow a shining black and rounded object rose above the surface. Thorstein, as if unwillingly, turned his eyes to it. It disappeared.

'Are you blind? With my own eyes I saw him rise—twice. You fool! You have not been watching.'

'I have been watching, kaptein. He was only a very small *sejhval*.' The speaker was trembling.

'You lie! It was the head of a great'—— Schrœder stopped short.

The sea appeared to burst open, and a monstrous, unwieldy-looking, dripping creature, bearing a small hump in place of a dorsal, and gigantic pectorals, shot clear above the surface, and fell back with an amazing crash amid fountains of foam.

'*Hval! hval!*' yelled Schrœder at the top of his voice, and the crew hurried to their posts. Then he turned to Thorstein. 'So,' he said wrathfully, 'you would cheat me because of a crazy dream. You would cheat me of the greatest *knölhval* I have ever seen. Go on deck, and keep out of my way. Go to your bunk, you that are afraid of a *knöl*'——

'Kaptein'——

'I have no more to do with you. Only keep out of my way. Ugh!'

And Kaptein Schrœder descended rapidly to the deck, where he immediately selected a man to take Thorstein's place. Next he gave instructions for

letting the *sjöval* go adrift with a flag stuck in it.

Thorstein on reaching the deck looked appealingly in his captain's direction, but, being utterly ignored, went dejectedly aft.

The *knölhval*—or humpback, to use a more familiar name—continued to gambol in his ungainly ways while the *Haakon* drew near him. He rolled about at the surface, exhibiting his tremendous 'wings;' he stood upright in his element, poking his warty head above water; he made unexpected rushes here and there; and once more he hurled his hundred tons of bone, flesh, and blubber into the air.

'The greatest *knöl* I have ever seen,' said Schrœder to himself as he screwed a grenade on the harpoon. 'After all, I shall please them at the station tomorrow. Forty barrels will not be so bad.'

But he did not sing as he usually did while preparing for action. The thought of the mate's deception rankled. Besides, he missed the mate's assistance. The man now in the crow's-nest would do his best, but his experience was small.

However, Kaptein Schrœder hoped to fire a good first shot which would make the struggle a brief one. And certainly the humpback did his best to make it so, for, after a little more play, he came leisurely to meet the *Haakon*. Perhaps her bluish-gray bottom deceived him into thinking her a friend.

Schrœder held up his hand for 'stop.' As the *Haakon* lay, the humpback, if he continued his course, would cross her bows.

But suddenly the propeller-like motion of his flukes ceased; it appeared as if he were gathering himself together for another rush or a downward plunge.

Believing that he was going to sound, the gunner took a quick aim and pressed the trigger.

It was a long shot, and not a very good one. It struck too far abaft the flipper; and though a muffled thump, as the mighty tail flew up, told that the grenade had duly exploded, Schrœder knew that death was still far away.

The cable ran out spasmodically till its length was almost exhausted, when the winch brakes were applied, and the *Haakon* began to forge slowly ahead. Ere long the humpback appeared at the surface, roaring and grunting, and struggling frightfully to free himself, rolling to and fro, lashing about his flukes, and broaching half out of the water—an agony shocking and sickening for any man save a whaleman to witness. Then he took to 'bolting,' making violent diagonal rushes; till, finding that also vain, he set off at a little distance beneath the surface, towing the *Haakon* at several miles an hour.

Meanwhile the gun had been reloaded, and when the pace of the humpback began to slacken the winch was set going, and cautiously the cable was reeled in until once more the *Haakon* was within shooting distance.

Yet again the luck was against the gunner. His shot was a good one, but the bomb failed to explode. And the *knöl* sounded so violently that the first cable—the winch-man having let go an instant too late—parted with a loud snap close to the bow, while the *Haakon* quivered to her sternpost.

An hour passed, during which the *knöl* repeated his frantic efforts for freedom, and then came an opportunity for a third shot. As he stood by the gun Kaptein Schrœder threw an uneasy glance around him. A change in the weather was imminent. Bluish-black clouds were swiftly gathering, and the sun was already obscured. A breeze, light but very bitter, ruffled the gray ocean, and the ice-fog had changed to white and seemed nearer. A flake of snow fell on the red gun.

The winch clanked, and the *Haakon* forged towards the whale, now lying almost motionless. But when the bolt struck him he was off again, like a runner who has got his second wind. Yet it was a deadly shot, and a smaller whale would have died speedily. With three harpoons in him and two cables behind him, however, his spurt was of short duration. Within a few minutes he was up again, spouting crimson and roaring through his blow-holes.

'He dies!' said Kaptein Schrœder with a grunt of relief.

'*Nei*, kaptein. He dies not yet.'

The skipper wheeled round. 'Get away!' he snapped.

Thorstein's pallid face flushed momentarily, and he stepped from the gun-platform, but did not go far aft.

The captain signed to the men at the winches to wind in. They had not proceeded far when the humpback seemed to revive and resumed his struggles.

'Another harpoon—quick!' cried Schrœder, sponging out the gun, and nodding to the winchmen to continue winding. He shouted for half-speed ahead.

From his pocket he took a small cotton bag containing a charge of powder, rammed it home in the gun, and followed it up with a wad. Four minutes later the slotted shaft of the harpoon filled the barrel, the bomb was affixed, the Krupp's screw for firing the charge was adjusted, and all was prepared. This time no cable was attached to the harpoon.

Crash! went the gun at close quarters, and the muffled echo followed.

'*Now* he dies!'

'*Nei*, kaptein, he dies not yet. Kaptein, I will give you every kroner I have if you will let him go. Kaptein!'

'You fool! What do you mean?'

Thorstein hung his head. Every man on deck was staring at him.

'Go aft!' commanded Schrœder.

The mate hesitated, and then walked slowly away.

'He dies!' said Schrœder to the men. 'See, it is the flurry!'

The humpback was beating the water into scarlet froth. Presently he lay still, but he was not dead. He did not turn on his side, nor did he sink. Internally he must have been an awful ruin. Yet he lived.

The captain went to the galley and drank a cup of scalding coffee. Many whales had he killed; some had died quickly, others slowly. But none save one great cachalot had received four shots—three of them good—and yet clung to the ghost like this *knölhval*.

He returned to the platform in thickly falling snow. 'Now he dies! Bring me a lance.'

The winches were started, and soon the humpback was lying under the port bow. Now and then a shudder passed over the monstrous bulk; the tail-flukes moved feebly.

'*Now* he dies!'

Steadying himself against a stay, Schrœder grasped the long lance-pole with both hands and raised it preparatory to plunging the point through blubber and flesh into the mighty heart beneath him.

But the blow did not fall. In the twinkling of an eye the humpback's tail flew up, and came down with a shivering smash against the *Haakon's* hull.

'Full speed astern!' and back went the *Haakon* with a couple of her plates—upper ones, fortunately—badly started.

The whale rolled from side to side a dozen times, and lay still.

'Lower away the *pram*,' ordered Schrœder, cursing the snow and the freshening wind—and the dead *sejhval*, which was now nowhere to be seen.

The small double-bowed boat was soon lying alongside.

Schrœder chose a couple of men to go with him, and they dropped into the *pram*. He was about to follow when Thorstein gripped his arm. The *styrmand's* face was working terribly. 'Let me go. Let me lance him, kaptein,' he gasped.

'*Nei, nei!*' came the impatient answer.

'Kaptein, let me go. I have been a fool—I am sorry—I ask pardon. Let me go. I want revenge on the *knöl* that made me foolish.'

Schrœder pushed him aside, but again his arm was gripped.

'Kaptein, I will never ask another favour. I will leave your sight when you ask me. But let me go to lance this *knöl*. If—if you do not, I shall be a shamed man—a coward—all my days. My son will mock me.'

The captain was touched. 'You are not fit to lance a whale, Thorstein,' he said. 'I cannot'——

'I have lanced many whales. I have never made a mistake. What can I say, kaptein? You are a brave man. You must understand. Shall I go down on my knees to you? Let me go to lance this *knöl*. Then—then shall I dream no more foolish dreams; no more shall I deceive my good kaptein. Let me go.'

Schrœder wavered. 'Are you sure you can do it?'

'You will see!—you will see! Behold my hands! They are steady now! The madness has left me. And afterwards you, my kaptein, will tell my son that I did well. Let me go.'

Schrœder gave in.

With a ghastly smile Thorstein went over the side. As the boat was rowed towards the whale, which now lay quiet, seemingly exhausted, he waved his hand.

The captain would fain have called him back. He told two men to be ready with the second small boat in case of emergencies.

The rowers, with their oars poised for dipping, waited breathlessly for the final assault.

Thorstein stood erect, grasping the lance, as brave a figure of a man as ever faced death, knowing it to be death.

The whale scarcely moved.

Thorstein marked the vital spot with his eye, drew a deep breath, and drove in the lance. The *knöl* rolled over, away from the boat, the huge, fringed, pectoral fin, with its reach of some fourteen feet, waving stiffly aloft.

'Pull!'

An oar snapped. Back rolled the *knöl*, and down came the huge pectoral, a ton of bone and muscle. Men and boat disappeared.

The *Haakon* went back to Sigluefjord with her captures, but with her flag half-mast. She carried three dead men—dead men, cruelly broken and bruised. The living were ready to testify that the tragedy had been nobody's fault—an accident that might have happened to any whalemen.

It was some time before Kaptein Schrœder could talk about it, and it was not until the following year that he fully realised what had happened. He had gone one day to visit the widow and her son, for whom he had done many kindnesses since the disaster.

'It is strange,' said the widow just before he left—'it is strange that Thorstein did not dream of what was going to happen. I have been thinking of it all the winter. For he dreamed of it before our little daughter died; and he dreamed of it before our son fell from the cliff. Perhaps he could dream only of the evil that would happen to others that he loved. He loved not so many people. But myself and his children he loved; and you also, kaptein—you also.'

And Kaptein Schrœder, as he stood that night in the steering-box, waiting for a strange mate to relieve him, recalled certain words of his old *styrmand*: 'When it is well with you, kaptein, it is well with me.' And, perhaps, also—though he was no dreamer—he heard the sound of a heart weeping.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SIMPLE TEST TO DETERMINE ADULTERATED BUTTER.

ALTHOUGH paternal legislation, in order to protect the housewife from fraudulent practices, insists that butter which is not made wholly from milk must not be sold under this designation, the commodity is yet considerably adulterated. This result is to a considerable extent attributable to the fact that the greater proportion of our supplies of this article are of foreign origin. The favourite method of adulteration is the combination of other fats with the genuine substance, and so clever are the processes of the faker that it is extremely difficult for the imposition to be discovered. Yet there is a very simple method readily available, by means of which the base constituents can be easily detected. Take a tablespoon and place a small sample of the butter therein, afterwards holding the spoon over a hot flame such as that of a lamp or gas-jet, so that the butter can be boiled briskly. After boiling has commenced, stir the melted contents with a small piece of wood. If the article is genuine butter a mass of foam is produced, and the boiling is unattended with much noise; but if the article be adulterated it will sputter violently and very little foam will be observed. It is a simple and infallible test—one in which the absence of considerable froth should result in the article being regarded as spurious. The good housewife probably has very little idea of the extent to which she is defrauded, the despicable practice being more in vogue at those periods when fresh butter rises in price. Then the native dairyman is guilty of 'manufacture,' since, finding the genuine article so expensive, he sets to work to reap a little enhanced profit by purchasing the cheaper grades of butter and 'working it up' in general appearance so as to mislead his customers. While the fats used in the faked substance are practically identical chemically with those in genuine butter, there is a vast difference in their nitrogenous qualities, and this is where the real danger lies, for the pure edible possesses high nutritive qualities.

NEW SYSTEM OF PACKING PORTMANTEAUS.

Who has not experienced the exasperating difficulties attending the packing of a portmanteau, and how many are there sufficiently expert to compress the maximum of desired clothing in the minimum of space? Also, who has not suffered from the troubles incidental to the hasty search of some particular unit of clothing in a packed trunk? By means of an ingenious system recently introduced, however, all these worries are now overcome. The trunk, whether it be the small 'grip' packed for a week-end visit or the cumbersome article carrying the requirements for a long holiday, is divided into a series of trays. Each of these is destined to accommodate certain articles, which are held firmly therein by means of straps. The articles are thus merely packed methodically, the trays placed in the trunk one above the other, and the whole strapped up. When one desires a certain article, instead of rummaging throughout the whole portmanteau, one simply removes the trays with their contents until that containing the object of the quest is found. There is no disturbance of the other contents, the trays being simply replaced intact, so that the trunk is always kept in a tidy condition. The trays are very thin but strongly built, and will safely defy the efforts of even the relentless trunk-smashers of America. Even my lady's hats, which under present circumstances occasion considerable anxiety as to their condition, need suffer no derangement. There is a special cage for their accommodation, the headgear being secured to the sides of the cage by means of hat-pins, which hold them more firmly in position in the trunk than when secured to madame's coiffure.

AERONAUTICAL EXHIBITION IN GERMANY.

Now that the problem of human flight is so much in the air, great interest is being centred in the international aeronautical exhibition at Frankfurt-on-Main, beginning in July. A huge hall some four hundred and twenty-six feet in length by two hundred and thirteen feet in diameter has been erected at a cost of three hundred thousand pounds to harbour the monstrous creations of various inventors in the full panoply of inflation. In addition, other spacious sheds are individually available for such exhibits as the Zeppelin, Parseval, and other wonderful aerostats. A level stretch of ground has been obtained for trial flights, and a large supply of hydrogen prepared by a new process is laid on for inflation. There are pavilions for carrying out experiments in air-resistance and other problems incidental to aviation, as well as one devoted to the question of the most suitable attire for women. Those interested in the subject will have the opportunity of seeing the original Wright machine flying side by side with the latest production of those enterprising experimenters, and the irrepressible 'side-show' comprises a spirited battle between naval and aerial men-of-war decided in a special recreation-park. Other nations have held their own aerial exhibitions, but that in Germany is the most ambitious project of this nature which has yet been attempted.

A SIMPLE ICE-MAKING MACHINE.

At this period of the year there is a widespread demand for small quantities of ice for various purposes, such as icing drinks, the production of ice-creams, and the cooling or preservation of other

delicacies. One of the simplest of the devices for this class of work is that known as the Raplin, which has recently been perfected. This machine is constructed on the principle that water will freeze when rapidly evaporated by means of a vacuum pump and a powerful absorbent such as sulphuric acid. It is simple in design, contains few integral parts, so that liability to derangement is rendered very remote, and can be operated by any one of average intelligence. A carafe of water will freeze in three minutes or a solid pound-block of ice be made in about twenty minutes. Vacuumising is effected by means of a hand-wheel, or the machine can be worked by power if desired. The advantage of this handy little machine is that ice can be made anywhere and at any time, irrespective of the prevailing temperature, so that there is no loss arising from melting. Owing to its small dimensions, it can be conveniently stowed in a very small space; while the fact that no expensive chemicals for producing the freezing effects are required is a distinct characteristic. The cost of manufacture is merely dependent upon the expense of the absorbent, and sulphuric acid is always readily obtainable and at a low figure. One charge of acid (two quarts) is sufficient for from fifty to one hundred freezing operations, and approximately three pounds of solid ice can be made with each pound of acid. No danger need be entertained in regard to the safety of the machine, and so long as the simple instructions are followed failure is impossible. These machines have been subjected to severe tests in tropical countries, and their complete success in such climes testifies to the soundness and practicability of the principle adopted in their design.

AN INGENIOUS TYPE OF TIN.

For some time past considerable enterprise has been exercised by those engaged in industries where the product of their labour has to be packed in tins in superseding the old-fashioned hermetically sealed vessel. These are extremely dangerous to open, as a slip of the cutter will often produce an ugly and dangerous wound by the flesh coming into contact with the jagged edge of the cut metal. The lever-lid tin overcame this serious disadvantage, but it was far from perfect. Recently, however, a distinct improvement has been effected which overcomes the foregoing defects in a marked degree. The top edge of the tin, instead of being left raw, is properly finished by false wiring, so that it presents a smooth, clean surface, which may be handled without any fear of a wound being inflicted. The result of the development is that not only is a much stronger tin produced without any increase in the weight of the metal, but the mouth, being the full circumference and having no inside ledge, can be more easily filled and the contents more completely extracted. This ensures that there will be no waste. Again, a spring clip-on handle is provided, gripping the top and bottom edges of the opened tin, so that it is converted into a mug. In cases where the vessel is filled with such substances as paint and so forth, and there is no need to discharge the contents, it can be handled and carried about with as much facility as the ordinary pot, being sealed whenever desired merely by slipping in the lid, which forms an air and liquid tight joint. Or if the tin has been filled with something which can be cleanly emptied out, such as fruit, it will when empty prove a serviceable article, with its handy clip-handle, and be available for a large variety of purposes.

NEW DEVELOPMENT IN PLATE CAMERAS.

Though the great majority of amateur photographers have fallen victims to the handy and convenient roll-film camera, there are still a large number who yet adhere to their first love—the glass plate equipment. But the glass plates are bulky, heavy, and require to be handled with extreme care owing to their inherently fragile nature. Such enthusiasts will thus welcome the latest development, since it ensures their being placed on a level footing with the roll-film fiend, inasmuch as the glass plates are dispensed with. Instead, the camera is fitted with a special and simple adapter, into which can be slipped a pack of twelve flat films contained in a cardboard case. The principle of their use is the same as under the older system. The pack is slipped into the adapter. From one of its ends project a number of tabs, each of which corresponds to one of the twelve films within. When all is ready for exposure, the outer tab, which is that of the safety cover to the pack, is pulled out to the limit of its travel and torn off, leaving the surface of the first film free. Then the slide of the adapter is withdrawn similarly to the extent of its movement, as in the case of the old dark slide. The film is ready for exposure. After this operation, and when the slide of the adapter has been reclosed, the tab marked '1' is pulled out until a red line appears. The paper is torn off along this line, and then all is ready for the next exposure, since while the paper is being pulled out the exposed film is drawn simultaneously from its front position to the back of the pack. There is one of these shields between each successive film, so that the latter is protected from the light while that immediately in front of it is undergoing exposure. When the whole of the exposures have been made, a fresh pack of twelve films may be inserted in open daylight, the adapter working on the well-known book-principle of the old glass slide. The advantages of the idea are obvious. It dispenses with a bulky parcel of slides, and the packs of films can be stowed in the pocket without inconvenience. An idea of the saving in space and weight effected by this invention is obtained from the fact that twelve quarter-plate glass plates weigh four times as much as one twelve-film pack, and occupy three times as much space, irrespective of the dark slides, of which six would have to be carried to secure twelve exposures. The invention is one of

the most ingenious that has been introduced into photographic circles since the advent of the roll-film, and removes the greatest disability under which the glass plate advocate has laboured in comparison with his more fortunate *confrère*.

NOVEL ATTACHMENT TO THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone is undoubtedly one of the greatest time-savers in connection with commercial transactions, but its utility is often negatived by the absence of facilities to take down a message when requisite. Then there is a wild scramble for any handy piece of paper, which often is subsequently mislaid. To overcome this a handy little desk has been devised. It carries a continuous roll of paper, the end of which, coming under a guide-bar, presents a smooth, flat writing surface upon the deck of the attachment. The whole is so small that it comfortably fits upon the telephone-desk, and one can write down a message as it is received without the slightest inconvenience. When the message has been committed to paper it is only necessary to tear the paper off at the guide-bar at the bottom of the desk, and a new, clean, flat area of paper is presented ready for the next call. This little desk is one of those simple devices which serve to systematise business, since it is always at hand and is applicable to either a wall or pedestal instrument with equal facility.

INGENIOUS DRY CISTERN.

Though the authorities entrusted with the hygienic welfare of the community are naturally chary of considering new ideas in view of the well-tried efficiency of the existing facilities, favourable consideration has been bestowed by such officials upon the new dry cistern that has recently been devised. As its name implies, the cistern is normally empty, only being filled with water when the flush is pulled. In general appearance it does not differ materially from the orthodox equipment, there being the counterweight, float-ball, valve to inlet, siphon to outlet, and lever action. In pulling the flush the lever is caused to descend, lifting the counterweight. In so doing, a pawl is lowered to a point below a projecting tooth on the valve action. When the pull is released and the lever returns upwards it causes this pawl to engage with the tooth on the valve action, so that the inlet is opened and the water rushes into the cistern from the main. The float-ball now comes into action in keeping this valve open, and the water continues to flow into the cistern until the siphon commences to permit its escape. The escape being in excess of the inflow, the float-ball must descend, the pawl disengaging from the water inlet valve just as siphoning commences, and returning to its original position. Consequently the inlet is cut off and the cistern empties, remaining dry until flushing is again required. The advantages of the system are obvious. The cistern being empty, the troubles of cistern-freezing are obviated, the flush is certain under all and varying conditions (as the pawl must work as the operating lever is lowered under the pull), corrosion is entirely eliminated, and flushing is unaccompanied by the loud noise so disconcerting in existing appliances. The engineers of the London Water Board submitted the invention to exacting tests, and were so impressed with its advantages that they extended their approval to the idea, and now its introduction is being advocated in all directions. Another important point which should not be overlooked is that the float-ball cannot possibly become waterlogged. There is an entire absence of that sudden movement or shock which tends to disorganise the action of the mechanism. It is ingenuity such as this, carried out on sound mechanical lines, that contributes so materially to the efficiency of our sanitary systems, and relieves the householder of exasperating and often serious difficulties.

A NEW GLASS-POLISHER.

One of the little worries incidental to domestic and commercial life is the polishing of glass. While the old water and chamois-leather cleaning system holds extensive sway owing to its efficiency, still it is laborious and slow. Recently an excellent glass-cleaning medium has been evolved which should earn the approval of all to whom a bright, silvery polish on glass appeals. It is a liquid applied to the surface by means of a dry rag. It is extremely volatile, drying on the glass almost as rapidly as it is applied. The only other operation is light polishing with a dry rag, not laborious, heavy friction, as is essential to leather-polishing. Under the influence of the secret medium, all dirt and grease on the glass vanish as if by magic, and a brilliant gloss similar to that produced by continued application of powdered French chalk is obtained. One great advantage is that no smears are left, and when it is applied to mirrors the resultant gloss is similar to a bright metallic lustre. The cleanser is cheap and economical in use, and its constituents are such that no damage is inflicted upon surrounding surfaces.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SPANISH ESTATE.

A recent visitor has described the Duke of Wellington's estate of La Torre del Molino del Rey, situated a few miles from Granada, near the small railway station of Illora. It was presented to the grandfather of the present owner by the Spanish nation as a token of gratitude after the close of the Peninsular war. The estate comprises nearly twenty thousand acres, a large proportion of which consists of rich *vega* lands, leased out to small farmers. The poorer lands on the hillsides are worked under the direct management of Mr M. J. Mostyn, olive-culture being the most important branch on land which cannot be irrigated. There are thirty-six thousand olive-trees, mostly of the *tempranillo* variety, on the estate. Eighty trees are planted to a Spanish acre. The olive is considered the most profitable crop for the poorer lands of the estate. Where irrigation is not possible, provision

is made for the retention of as much of the rainfall as possible by working the ground into a sort of semi-lunar dam on the lower side of the tree. This small mound is demolished and levelled at the second cultivation. A well-equipped olive-mill, fitted recently with the most modern machinery, deals with the produce of the *olivar*. The vineyard, about fifty or sixty acres in extent, is well planted and thoroughly cultivated. Before being planted, the vineyard was subsoiled three feet deep by hand-labour at a cost of nearly forty pounds per acre. It is situated on the low hills near the sides of the *vega*. The soil is marly and somewhat gravelly; in places it is very limy, some portions proving on analysis to contain as much as 60 per cent. of carbonate of lime. The vines are hand-cultivated, and vineyard labourers are here only paid one shilling and threepence per day, and provide their own food. The variety grown is exclusively the Pedro Ximenes, which here produces a very fair white wine, selling locally when a few months old at about eightpence a gallon. The wine, so far as crushing and pressing are concerned, is made in much the same way as the dry white wines of Australia.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

The science of applying electricity to plants upon a large scale to stimulate their growth has received a decided impetus from the recent experiments of Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., at the Bitton nurseries of Mr J. E. Newman. It may be remembered that the late Mr Thwaite carried out some investigations in this direction at the glass-houses of the Royal Botanical Society in London. The Gloucester investigations, however, were carried out upon a far more comprehensive basis. Fields of corn, strawberries, and other produce were treated. A network of electric wires was distributed over the fields, strung on posts disposed one to about every acre, and just high enough to afford sufficient clearance to wagons loaded with produce beneath. Current was furnished from a small oil-engine and dynamo, and transformed up to a pressure of about one hundred thousand volts. The negative wire is taken direct to earth, and the positive to the overhead wire network. A tremendous leakage results, which produces a stimulating effect upon the growth of the crops beneath. The current is supplied in accordance with a determined plan. In the 1906 season current was furnished for 621·75 hours spread over ninety days. The effect of electrification was an increase of 30 and 40 per cent. respectively in the yield from the plots so treated in comparison with another field where, although precisely the same conditions prevailed, electrification was not resorted to. In 1907 current was supplied for one thousand and fourteen hours on one hundred and fifteen days, the increase in yield again being 29 per cent. as compared with the unelectrified field, the crop representing 41·4 and 32 bushels per acre respectively. The electrified wheat was found to be brighter, and, moreover, realised prices some 7½ per cent. higher than the ordinary corn, several millers in baking-tests finding that it produced a better flour. The beneficial effects secured in regard to other products were equally striking, the augmentation in the case of mangolds being estimated at 25 per cent., with a corresponding increase in the sugar. Raspberries, tomatoes, and strawberries showed equal improvement under the influence of the current. The experiments are to be continued, and from the results so far obtained it is obvious that the utilisation of electrical propagation upon an extensive scale offers a ready means to the farmer for the increase of the yield from his land. It opens up new possibilities in farming, and once the fact is sufficiently appreciated we may look for the design and supply of inexpensive and substantially built electrical plants suitable for this industry.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A SUMMER EVENING.

A RUSTIC bench against the setting sun,
My favourite retreat as day is done,
When saffron tints illume the golden west,
And Nature's world is sinking to its rest.

The swifts are busy feeding up on high;
Below, the swallows batten as they fly;
And overhead, to brooding mate, apart,
A loving thrush is singing out its heart.

Under the eaves the martins' callow brood
Is peeping out all eager for its food;
A timorous rabbit ventures out to play,
Espies me—hesitates, then scuds away.

To sylvan cote the cushats turn their flight,
The rooks are chattering their last good-night
Up in the elms, beneath whose leafy sway
A babbling brook goes murmuring on its way.

Now falls the dew, faded the western glow,
A bat steals forth and flitters to and fro;
An amorous glowworm lights her signal-lamp,
And all around is growing chill and damp;
Save that the owls their dusky vigil keep,
All notes are hushed. The feathered world's asleep.

J. T. JOHNSTON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE SECRET OF THE SEBHAH.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Dyserth Diamond*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'LOT one hundred and fifty-six,' called out the auctioneer.—'Hold it up, John, and let the people see it.—Now, ladies and gentlemen, what shall I say for this? Come! give me a bid. The article is quite unique, and would suitably adorn a fashionable drawing-room.'

'A museum more likely,' remarked one of the company.

'Well, a museum,' consented the auctioneer. 'Will any generous person purchase it and present it to a museum? It must be sold. Shall I say thirty shillings for it?' and he glanced inquisitively round the audience.

'What is it?' asked a voice at the back of the room, and not without reason, for the article was certainly peculiar.

'A rosary, I think,' said the auctioneer, taking it from the hands of his assistant and scanning it through the glass. 'The beads are of wood, hard and smooth and neatly polished, divided by three larger beads of jet, or what looks like jet, and strung together upon a chain of white metal—silver doubtless. Yes, it must be silver, tarnished by age;' and he displayed the curiosity to the audience.

It had the appearance of a rosary. It was mounted upon a piece of thin board, to which the silver links were skilfully pinned by tiny staples. It lay within a square, sunken frame, apparently of old oak, the necessary depth having been obtained by the insertion under the inner edge of the frame of a heavy gilt beading. A sheet of glass covered it. There were rings at the back of the frame for hanging it like a picture. Indeed, it was a picture, with the triple round of beads in place of a painting, and in the centre, surrounded by the beads, on a slip of faded paper pasted to the board, certain dim characters in Arabic which neither the auctioneer nor any of the company was competent to decipher.

A young man, clean shaven, slim, alert, with a quickness of intelligence in striking contrast with the heavy, bucolic countenances about him, glanced at the auctioneer and nodded slightly. He was standing apart in the shadow of an angle between the window and a recess. He had already purchased freely, and yet his voice was seldom heard. The bids came in almost imperceptible signs, as if he were wishful to avoid observation. There was evidently an understanding between the salesman and himself.

'Thank you! One pound is bid for it,' for the slight nod meant a simple sovereign, and not the thirty shillings previously mentioned. 'One pound for the antique! One pound for the reliquary! One pound for the beads! Any advance upon one pound?' and he swept the audience for a second bid, but they stared at him with a sheep-like silence, and as unconcerned in the curious article as if they had been a flock of sheep and not a company of thinking men and women. 'Going for one pound! Going! Gone!' The little hammer clicked on the mahogany, and he passed on to the next lot.

It was the tag-end of the sale. The more substantial articles had been disposed of, and only the odds and ends remained. The interest of the audience was slackening. Many had left, and others were preparing to leave. But the young man who had bought the rosary, if rosary it were, stayed on.

The people overflowed in the hall and corridors, and explored with inquisitive eyes the almost denuded rooms. Outside, the lovely lawn was trampled by the heedless crowd. Bushes were broken. The wheels of numerous vehicles had worn ruts in the sand-covered drive. There was the rattle of harness, the click and pad of horses' feet, and men shouting farewells. Flanking it all was the façade of the old-fashioned manor-house, a long, low building with a partially trellised front, up which the scented roses, white and yellow and

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

crimson, were climbing, and with French windows opening on the lawn; and over it all was the peaceful evening sunshine, flecking it with shadows and sifting its rays in golden glories through the foliage of the tall elms, as if there were no tragedy in that sordid sale, and the morrow would creep on to find it but a dream.

The tragedy was hidden away in one of the secluded bedrooms. The door was closed, and outside it, with a grim face, marred by traces of bitter tears, but with a certain haughtiness nevertheless, an old servant stood guard like a female dragon, and warned off all who had the temerity to trespass in that direction. Inside, dimly aware of the babel, and smarting beneath it as if the sounds were lashes, two women bent, the elder in a chair, leaning over the younger, whose head was in the former's lap, while her body was crouched upon the floor. The picture was pathetic. The elder, still in middle life, was softly weeping; the younger, in the slimness of her budding womanhood, rested with closed eyes and a proud but calm face, tearless, and resigned to the inevitable.

'It is nearly over now,' remarked the mother.

'Like a nightmare,' said her daughter, with her eyes still closed; 'but the results will remain. I shall be glad when the time comes to leave it all behind us—glad, and yet sorry. We must make a new home, mother, in another place.'

'Oh dear!' exclaimed the mother under her breath. The idea of making a new home did not appeal to her. She had come to the manor-house a bride, and her happy wedded life had been spent there. As the wife of Cyril Denholme she had enjoyed the easy social consideration of the neighbourhood. As his widow she had unexpectedly passed into an appalling eclipse. To the surprise of all, and more than all to the surprise of his widow, he had died a bankrupt. Money was due everywhere, and when everything was sold there would not be enough to pay. From a specious competence she and her daughter were plunged into actual need. The severance from the manor-house and all its associations would not be so keen for her daughter; or perhaps Christine's young, fresh life, with its outlook on the future, would better enable her to bear it. Her own eyes were in the past. Yes, it would be easier for her daughter to make a new home. So the mother thought but did not say; she only repeated, 'Oh dear!' and continued querulously, 'Why did he die without telling me? He ought to have provided for us, Christine, and not left us in a difficulty like this.'

'Hush, mother!' Christine opened her eyes and spoke in a whisper. 'He was taken suddenly, and he did his best. We must not grieve him by refusing to do ours. He will expect it.'

This singular manner of speech, which since her father's death Christine had naturally adopted—a manner which implied the continuance and nearness of his personality—never failed to impress and subdue Mrs Denholme. It had the same effect now.

'It seemed a little unkind, dear—don't you think so?' said the mother, passing on to another topic—'not to accept Mr Lea's offer of hospitality. We should have been out of the turmoil then. One's ears would not have been assailed by these distressing sounds.'

'Not unkind, I hope,' returned Christine. 'We should have had to return, mother, to a nearly empty house. The litter of the sale would have met us, and that would have been quite as distressing as the noises.'

'Perhaps it would,' she assented, 'unless the hospitality had been extended to several days. Then the litter would have been cleared away. It was very good of him to ask us, and if we had gone we might have stayed.'

'Mother!' exclaimed Christine reproachfully, and reddening. 'We couldn't have stayed! How could we?'

'My pride has received a shock, dear. I am older than you, and more dependent; and I think I should have welcomed his house as a temporary refuge—at least, until our affairs are settled and we know what we are going to do.'

'We are going to stay here, mother, until our affairs are settled,' said Christine firmly. 'Then we must go to some seaside place, or into the suburbs of a large town, where lodgers may be had, or paying guests, as they call them now, and where I can find employment. I can teach, mother—painting and music and languages. Don't fear, we shall succeed somehow. Mary declines to be dismissed, so she will have to see to the lodgers, and you, mother, will entertain.' The firmness gradually slipped out of her tones, and she concluded in semi-cheerfulness and with a wan smile.

Mrs Denholme shook her head in mournful denial. The prospect was not alluring. She secretly hoped that a change so complete as this outline foreshadowed would be postponed indefinitely. The roots of her life were in The Shaws—Denholme Shaws, as the manor-house was called, and abbreviated to The Shaws. Transplantation for her might mean decay.

It had been decided that The Shaws should not be sold if a suitable tenant could be found. A forced sale would have involved a considerable sacrifice, and it would pay them better to retain and let it. The difficulty, however, was to secure a tenant who would be willing to take it at anything like a reasonable rental. Unsold it would still be their home, and they could remain in it until Christine's plans were more fully developed and a tenant appeared who would relieve them of its occupancy.

The noises slowly subsided, and silence reigned in the deserted rooms. The two sad women remained in exactly the same position. Through the window the golden sunlight fell upon them, irradiating their drooping forms and throwing their shadows athwart the fireplace. So peaceful was it that it seemed as if the turmoil of the last few

hours were unreal; and that, in response to the gong, they would presently descend to their evening meal, and find everything undisturbed and proceeding with the customary quiet orderliness which characterised their domestic life.

There was a tap at the door, and Mary came in.

'Please, ma'am, Mr Lea would like to see you. Can you receive him?'

'Here, Mary?'

'Yes, or elsewhere; but the other rooms are all upset.'

'I think we may;' and she glanced inquiringly at Christine, who had risen, and was now standing before her.

She was tall and willowy. Her head was well poised, and crowned by a wealth of dark-brown hair, glossy and waving. Her large hazel eyes were very bright and expressive, much brighter than her mother's. She had a healthy complexion, slightly tanned like that of a girl accustomed to outdoor pursuits and not afraid of the wind and sun. The compression of her ruddy lips enhanced the firmness indicated by her pose and manner, and showed that she had a will of her own, and was not easily turned from her purpose.

'I will retire,' said she.

'Why need you, Christine?' returned her mother with a touch of appeal. 'He wants to see you as well.'

'He said both,' put in Mary.

'There!' exclaimed Mrs Denholme in a tone of relief. 'It would be churlish, Christine, to refuse to see him.'

'Show him in,' said Christine, turning to Mary. She glanced at her skirt and shook out its folds, raised her hands to her hair and smoothed its wayward tresses, fingered the dainty bow at her throat, all half-consciously as the thought flashed through her mind that she might not be quite presentable—a natural thought, if unnecessary. These misplaced trifles would have appealed to Ferdinand Lea as the simple accessories to beauty—that is, if he had noticed them at all; but he would never have noticed them—they would have been lost in the satisfaction of beholding her face.

'I ventured to ask if I might see you,' said he, bowing to the mother, then to the daughter, 'on a matter of business. Your solicitor informs me that The Shaws is to let. I should like to rent it from you, if I may.'

'But, Mr Lea, you have a house already!' returned Mrs Denholme, not disguising her surprise; while Christine straightened herself suddenly, and glanced at him with an expression of mingled inquiry and doubt.

'From which I intend to remove,' he replied with a pleasing smile. 'It doesn't quite suit me. The lease, fortunately, is a short one, and will run out soon. I hope you will favour me. I can arrange with the solicitor about the terms.'

'When would you want to come in?' asked Mrs Denholme timidly.

'Not for a month or two—any time, in fact, that would be suitable to you,' said he. 'I am in no hurry.'

'What do you say, Christine?' and she appealed, with a warm flush upon her face, to her daughter.

'We must think about it, mother, and let Mr Pierce know. Or we can tell Mr Lea, say, to-morrow or Thursday, if he will kindly call again.—Have you spoken to Mr Pierce about it?' and Christine turned sharply to receive his reply.

'Not definitely.'

'But you will?'

'Certainly, if you wish it; only, Miss Christine, should you be willing to accept me as a tenant it would be practically settled. Mr Pierce would agree. The details, of course, could be arranged through him.'

'Our affairs are in Mr Pierce's hands.'

The flush had departed from Mrs Denholme's face. She was disappointed. Her inclination was to close with the offer at once. They would never get a more considerate tenant. The airy indefiniteness with which he had referred to the time of his removal had exactly suited Mrs Denholme's mood. She felt, also, that her daughter had been a little ungracious in the introduction of the solicitor's name, and the insistence, implied if not openly spoken, that the entire transaction should be conducted through him. Mr Lea was not a stranger. He was a neighbour and a friend, and they had known him intimately for many years. Christine herself had been quite free with him. It was only since her father's death and the change in their circumstances consequent thereon that her attitude towards him had altered—an alteration, however, not only toward him, but toward all. She had grown prouder and colder, as if in that calamity there had been an ice-like grip. But Ferdinand Lea had stood by them loyally, and was standing by them now. It was a chilly reception of a generous offer.

'Thank you,' said he quietly. 'I will call on Thursday.' But he secretly resolved to forestall any other tenant by seeing the solicitor that very night. And he bade them adieu.

Before leaving The Shaws he and Mary had a confidential chat in the dining-room. The old servant trusted him implicitly. She held him in high honour, too, and would have been delighted if Christine had received his advances more favourably and they had made a match of it. Not of this, however, did they speak, but of matters connected with the sale. Mary was wise as well as faithful, and kept a still tongue on some things, thinking the more maybe; and to no living person except Christine herself would Ferdinand have shown his inmost heart.

Of all his purchases he carried away but one—the chaplet of beads enclosed in its sunken oak frame.

(To be continued.)

SIMPLE-LIFE SLAVERY.

By Eustace Miles.

THERE is an old proverb, *Experto crede* ('Believe the man who has tried'). I doubt if it is so trustworthy a piece of advice as 'Believe the man who *is trying*.' At any rate, before you decide in favour of or against a course, take the opinion both of the man who has tried it and of the man who is trying it.

With regard to 'simple life' in the country for a person who is used to city life, I would like first to submit to the reader the opinion of one who found the 'simple life' in the country unsatisfactory when he had been trying it for some time, and also while he was beginning to try it. I could not quite gather from him at which stage he detested the life more. At the start, he said, there was more time needed, more labour, more thought; afterwards there was rather less time needed, rather less labour, rather less thought; but the monotony of performing the same tasks day after day, and the absence of educated companions, made the life perhaps even less tolerable than at the outset.

I think it would be best if I quoted his opinion in full. He says: 'Country life, to the relatively poor man, means that he is cut off altogether from town life, which (if he has been city trained) is his true intellectual centre. It means, further, that the struggle to live leaves him no leisure, but drives him remorselessly into a dull round of menial work that gets horribly distasteful and monotonous. You will see people at work as long as it is daylight out of doors, and then again by lamplight for hours after dark indoors, in these small holdings. It is work, work, and nothing else. And it is even worse for the wife. *The town simplicity gives more leisure and freedom.*'

Now, the 'Simple Lifers' who go about the country with a few clothes and many words, and live in caravans or in tents or huts, will be most indignant when they read this. They will probably say, 'Why, of course the man has found it a failure. He did not understand the dignity, the educative value, the spiritual significance of manual toil and contact with Nature.' Perhaps so. But out of our poor millions who live in cities how many individuals *do* realise this?

The mistake of these 'Simple Lifers' is that they appeal too much to the class which has not been trained in childhood (and that is the training-time) to realise the dignity of manual labour and so forth. The mind and habit of the sedentary brain-worker they do not comprehend. They point, perhaps, to the joy of children released from the slums into the open air at the seaside or in rural districts. Yes; but children are still in the educable stage; they are not yet fixed and set. They are, moreover, lovers of manual labour, lovers of forms of work like those of their elders. They are not sedentary book-workers with the city-spirit in their blood. When the reformers of the Gracchan and subsequent periods of Roman history tried to repopulate the country with the city poor and to encourage the growing of corn in Italy, why did the schemes fail? What were the factors? Partly the difficulty of competing in price with slave-worked Egypt and other lands which produced far cheaper corn, but chiefly the distaste of the townsman for the quiet rural existence.

In my brief journalistic life I have written much that I would now recall. I thank the Press for being ephemeral. (I wish that some of my books had a shorter life.) But one thing I am glad to say I have not stated. It is that if every one suddenly left the cities and went to live in the country there would be no more evils. I have faults enough to find with a city life. No one can pass through the streets of London without noticing, for example, the utter unattractiveness of almost every single place which is not connected with eating or drinking or 'amusement,' the closing of churches at night (when, Heaven knows! they are needed more urgently than ever), the pitilessness, the loneliness, the grime, the thieving (especially in business), and so on. But I have never pretended that a sudden and abrupt break of old ties and habits and surroundings, and a plunge into country life, where a person has to do everything—including his entertainment—for himself, was a panacea. Indeed, I have always thought and said that the man who was healthy and happy in a city, and who yet enjoyed the country when he had the chance to be there, was master of the situation, whereas the man who depended for his health and happiness upon a country life was still a slave.

City life is not ideal, except as a training-ground for the character and intelligence. And for this purpose I suppose every set of conditions is ideal. City life is full of obvious disadvantages for the person who likes to regard them as such. But, anyhow, it is a phase in the normal development of civilised man, and it pulls, attracts the individual. Few who have felt its glamour can shake themselves quite free again. Those who think they can generally find out their mistake when it is too late.

A cottage, a garden, open air—all this is a big step towards the simple life. Young enthusiasts believe that it means liberty. Yet how often it means abject slavery! Consider the not uncommon case of the man who risks his little all in the venture. Probably he has ridden on the crest of an emotional wave—Socialistic, Vegetarian, Humanitarian, or anti-something—towards this goal. Behind him, egging him on, is a whole fiery and active propagandist movement in which he has shared. He has been living in a whirl of excitement, an

atmosphere of ideals, as if the way of the slum-dweller were an unmitigated curse, to be swept off the face of the land at once as by fire, and as if the way of the village were a perfect blessing, to be universalised at once. He is town-bred. The city-spirit is in his very blood and lymph, in his tissues and cells. He does not realise this. He gives up the city. He is stranded in the dullness of an unsympathetic, muddy, alien country life, with the social side of which he has little in common. What point of contact has he with the petty scandals of the villagers, their narrow yet incessant routine of 'shop'?

Hence the inevitable reaction—the pull, the yearning, the cry, the reaching backward to the city and to all the stir, movement, and intellectual stimulus which the city means. It is perhaps almost as if the fiery Salvationist, with all the exciting whirl of the city life in his blood, the soul-stirring contact all day and all night with the living masses of humanity, should plunge himself into the ascetic life of the early Christian desert-hermit.

But when the new-comer to the country has sunk his little capital, having given up his former billet, there is small chance for him again in the city. His sole chance seems to be to 'hang on' and 'muddle through.' The common tasks which were a pleasure at first—partly because they were a change—become dull and monotonous, even as the so-called 'pleasures' themselves do in the city or elsewhere. The man drifts into being a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, for only thus can he make ends meet. If he reaches out for sympathy, for social life, he almost must—unless he be an unusual person or unusually educated—play the hypocrite. He must go to the same church or chapel as the village folk; he must pretend to think as they do on nearly every matter, political, social, &c., or else there is no society for him—he is shunned as a 'queer character.' And he cannot really think as they think. He is the product of newspaper-reading, of streets, of offices, of restaurants, and of a quite different intellectual environment. His wife, if he is married, is probably in a similar plight. The countless petty economies of the small proprietor acquire more and more an air of horrible meanness. The life, the bustle is gone; no summer seaside holidays break the round of toil, no little occasional extravagances. It is back to the land and down to the land with a vengeance! The two are rooted there, maybe to grow physically as healthy as the beasts, but almost certainly (unless they are exceptional people) to lose the joy of living.

This simple life, when one has money enough to enable one to reach out from it occasionally to the city and its intellectual stimulus, its atmosphere of humanity, is well enough; but without money it is most monotonous slavery. Yet foolish men preach it indiscriminately; they preach it loudly and confidently as the one panacea, quite forgetting that there is a simple life without slavery quite possible and feasible for their audience. It is the simple life, I mean, that does not break with the past—that makes city life livable by attention to little things which count much—to food, baths, exercise, fresh air, sensible recreation, timely rest, thoughts of kindness, and so on. It is the simple life that returns to as much simplicity as is possible under the conditions of present-day city life. This simplicity one can get without wrenching one's self painfully away from old associations and friends, or closing the covers of one's books for good, and dropping out of the whirl of intellectual activity which gives forward-looking thoughts. It is quite easy to imagine, in the glow of new enthusiasm, that one cares for none of these things. It is horribly fashionable, among a certain class, to despise the people who find city life livable. But when an ordinary man has had his bit of land long enough to realise what the change has meant to himself and his wife in hard and ceaseless work, petty economies, few if any holidays, loss of sympathetic social life, and so forth, he sees how foolish was the enthusiasm and how hollow the sneer of the crank who turned his back upon the simple life and liberty and opportunity of the city for the simple life and slavery, and—except for the well-trained and sensibly educated—the stagnation of the country.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XXXII.—OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

LATE on the following afternoon Gabrielle was seated at the old-fashioned piano in her aunt's tiny drawing-room, her fingers running idly over the keys, her thoughts wandering back to the exciting adventure of that morning. Her aunt was out visiting some old people in connection with the village clothing club; therefore she sat gloomily amusing herself at the piano, and thinking—ever thinking.

She had been playing almost mechanically Berger's 'Amoureuse' valse and some dreamy music from *The Merry Widow*, when she suddenly stopped and sat back with her eyes fixed out of the window upon the cottages opposite.

Why was Mr Hamilton in that neighbourhood? He had given her no further information concerning himself. He seemed to be disinclined to talk about

* Copyright in the United States of America by the Authors' and Newspapers' Association, New York, 1908.

his recent movements. He had sprung from nowhere just at the critical moment when she was in such deadly peril. Then, after their clothes had been dried, they had walked together as far as the little bridge at the entrance to Fotheringhay.

There he had stopped, bent gallantly over her hand, congratulated her upon her escape, and as their ways lay in opposite directions—she back to Woodnewton and he on to Oundle—they had parted. 'I hope, Miss Heyburn, that we may meet again one day,' he had laughed cheerily as he raised his hat. 'Good-bye.' Then he had turned away, and had been lost to view round the bend of the road.

She was safe. That man whom she had known long ago under such strange circumstances, whom she would probably never see again, had been her rescuer. Of this curious and romantic fact she was now thinking.

But where was Walter? Why had he not replied to her letter? Ah! that was the one thought which oppressed her always, sleeping and waking, day and night. Why had he not written? Would he never write again?

She had at first consoled herself with the thought that he was probably on the Continent, and that her letter had not been forwarded. But as the days went on and no reply came, the truth became more and more apparent that her lover—the man whom she adored and worshipped—had put her aside, had accepted her at her own estimate as worthless.

A thousand times she had regretted the step she had taken in writing that cruel letter before she left Glencardine. But it was all too late. She had tried to retract; but, alas! it was now impossible.

Tears welled in her eyes at thought of the man whom she had loved so well. The world had, indeed, been cruel to her. Her enemies had profited by her inexperience, and she had fallen an unhappy victim to an unscrupulous blackguard. Yes, it was only too true. She did not try to conceal the ugly truth from herself. Yet she had been compelled to keep Walter in ignorance of the truth, for she loved him.

A hardness showed at the corners of her sweet lips, and the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. Then, bestirring herself with an effort, her white fingers ran over the keys again, and in a low musical voice she sang 'L'Heure d'Aimer,' that pretty *valse chanson* so popular in Paris:

Voici l'heure d'aimer, l'heure des tendresses;
Dis-moi les mots très doux qui vont me griser,
Ah! prends-moi dans tes bras, fais-moi des caresses;
Je veux mourir pour revivre sous ton baiser.
Emporte-moi dans un rêve amoureux,
Bien loin sur la terre inconnue,
Pour que longtemps, même en rouvrant les yeux,
Ce rêve continue.
Croyons, aimons, vivons un jour;
C'est si bon, mais si court!
Bonheur de vivre ici-bas diminue
Dans un moment d'amour.

The Hour of Love! How full of burning love and sentiment! She stopped, reflecting on the meaning of those words.

She was not like the average miss who, parrot-like, knows only a few French or Italian songs. Italian she loved even better than French, and could read Dante and Petrarch in the original, while she possessed an intimate knowledge of the poetry of Italy from the medieval writers down to Carducci and D'Annunzio.

With a sigh, she glanced around the small room, with its old-fashioned furniture, its antimacassars of the early Victorian era, its wax flowers under their glass dome, and its gipsy-table covered with a hand-embroidered cloth. It was all so very dispiriting. The primness of the whatnot decorated with pieces of treasured china, the big gilt-framed overmantel, and the old punch-bowl filled with pot-pourri, all spoke mutely of the thin-nosed old spinster to whom the veriest speck of dust was an abomination.

Sighing still again, the girl turned once more to the old-fashioned instrument, with its faded crimson silk behind the walnut fretwork, and, playing the plaintive melody, sang an ancient serenade:

Di questo cor tu m'hai ferito il core
A cento colpi, più non val mentire.
Pensa che non sopporto più il dolore,
E se segu così, vado a morire.
Ti tengo nella mente a tutte l'ore,
Se lavoro, se velio, o sto a dormire . . .
E mentre dormo ancora un sonno grato,
Mi trovo tutto lacrime bagnato!

While she sang there was a rap at the front-door, and, just as she concluded, the prim maid entered with a letter upon a salver.

In an instant her heart gave a bound. She recognised the handwriting. It was Walter's.

The moment the girl had left the room she tore open the envelope, and, holding her breath, read what was written within.

The words were:

'DEAREST HEART,—Your letter came to me after several wanderings. It has caused me to think and to wonder if, after all, I may be mistaken—if, after all, I have misjudged you, darling. I gave you my heart, it is true. But you spurned it—under compulsion, you say! Why under compulsion? Who compels you to act against your will and against your better nature? I know that you love me as well and as truly as I love yourself. I long to see you with just as great a longing. You are mine—mine, my own—and being mine, you must tell me the truth.

'I forgive you, forgive you everything. But I cannot understand what Flockart means by saying that I have spoken of you. I have not seen the man, nor do I wish to see him. Gabrielle, do not trust him. He is your enemy, as he is mine. He has lied to you. As grim circumstance has forced you to treat me cruelly, let us hope that smiling fortune will be ours at last. The world is very small. I have just met my old friend Edgar Hamilton, who was at college with me, and who, I find, is secretary to some wealthy foreigner, a

certain Baron de Hetzendorf. I have not seen him for years, and yet he turns up here, merry and prosperous, after struggling for a long time with adverse circumstances.

'But, Gabrielle, your letter has puzzled and alarmed me. The more I think of it, the more mystifying it all becomes. I must see you, and you must tell me the truth—the whole truth. We love each other, dear heart, and no one shall force you to mislead me again as you did in that letter you wrote from Glencardine. You wish to see me, darling. You shall—and you shall tell me the truth. My dear love, *au revoir*—until we meet, which I hope may be almost as soon as you receive this letter.—Always your own

'WALTER.'

She sat staring at the letter. He demanded an explanation. He intended to come there and obtain it! And the explanation was one which she dared not give. Rather that she took her own life than tell him the ghastly circumstances.

He had met an old chum named Hamilton. Was this the Mr Hamilton who had snatched her from that deadly peril? The name Hetzendorf sounded Austrian or German. How strange if Mr Hamilton, her rescuer, were the same man who had been years ago her lover's college friend!

She passed her hand across her brow, trying to collect her senses.

She had longed—ah, with such an intense longing!—for a response to that letter of hers, and here at last it had come. But what a response! He intended her to make confession. He demanded to know the actual truth. What could she do? How should she act?

Holding the letter in her hand, she glanced around the little room in utter despair.

He loved her. His words of reassurance brought her great comfort. But he wished to know the truth. He suspected something. By her own action in writing those letters she had aroused suspicion against herself. She regretted; yet what was the use of regret? Her own passionate words had revealed to him something which he had not suspected. And he was coming down there, to Woodnewton, to insist on the truth! He might even then be on his way!

If he asked her point-blank, what could she reply? She dared not tell him the truth. There were now but two roads open—either death by her own hand, or to lie to him.

Could she tell him an untruth? No. She loved him; therefore she could not resort to false declarations and deceit. Better—far better—would it be that she took her own life. Better, she thought, if Mr Hamilton had not plunged into the river after her that morning. If her life had ended, Walter Murie would at least have been spared the bitter knowledge of a disgraceful truth. Her face grew pale and her mouth hardened at the thought.

She loved him with all the fierce passion of her young heart. He was her hero, her idol. Before her tear-dimmed eyes his dear, serious face rose, a sweet memory of what had been. Tender remembrances of his fond kisses still lingered with her. She recollected how around her waist his strong arm would steal, and how slowly and yet irresistibly he would draw her in his arms in silent ecstasy.

Alas! that was all past and over. They loved each other, but she was now face to face with what she had so long dreaded—face to face with the inevitable. She must either confess the truth, and by so doing turn his love to hatred, or else remain silent and face the end.

She reread the letter; then she lifted her pale face again to the window, gazing out blankly upon the village street, so dull, so silent, so uninteresting. The thought of Mr Hamilton—the man who held a secret of hers, and who only a few hours before had saved her life—again recurred to her. Was it not remarkable that he, Walter's old friend, should come down into that neighbourhood? There was some motive in his visit! What could it be? He had spoken of Hungary, a country which had always possessed for her a strange fascination. Was it not quite likely that, being Walter's friend, Hamilton, on his return to London, would relate the exciting incident of the river? Had he seen Krail? And, if so, did he know him?

Those two points caused her the greatest apprehension. Suppose he had recognised Krail! Suppose he had overheard that man's demands, and her defiant refusal, he would surely tell Walter!

She bit her lip and her white fingers clenched themselves in desperation.

Why should all this misfortune fall upon her, to wreck her young life? Other girls were gay, careless, and happy. They visited and motored and flirted and danced, and went to theatres in town and to suppers afterwards at the Carlton or Savoy, and had what they termed 'a ripping good time.' But to her poor little self all pleasure was debarred. Only the grim shadows of life were hers.

Her mind had become filled with despair. Why had this great calamity befallen her? Why had she, by her own action in writing to her lover, placed herself in that terrible position from which there was no escape—save by death?

The recollection of the Whispers—those fatal Whispers of Glencardine—flashed through her distressed mind. Was it actually true, as the country-folk declared, that death overtook all those who overheard the counsels of the Evil One? It really seemed as though there actually was more in the weird belief than she had acknowledged. Her father had scouted the idea; yet old Stewart, who had personally known instances, had declared that evil and disaster fell inevitably upon any one who chanced to hear those voices of the night.

The recollection of that moonlight hour among the ruins, and the distinct voices whispering, caused

a shudder to run through her. She had heard them with her own ears, and ever since that moment nothing but catastrophe upon catastrophe had fallen upon her.

Yes, she had heard the Whispers, and she could not escape their evil influence any more than those other unfortunate persons to whom death had come so unexpectedly and swiftly.

A shadow passed the window, causing her to start. The figure was that of a man. She rose from the piano with a cry, and stood erect, motionless, statuesque.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IS ABOUT THE MAISON LÉNARD.

THE big, rather severely but well-furnished room overlooked the busy Boulevard des Capucines in Paris. In front lay the great white façade of the Grand Hotel; below was all the bustle, life, and movement of Paris on a bright, sunny afternoon. Within the room, at a large mahogany table, sat four grave-faced men, while a fifth stood at one of the long windows, his back turned to his companions.

The short, broad-shouldered man looking forth into the street, in expectancy, was Monsieur Goslin. He had been speaking, and his words had evidently caused some surprise, even alarm, among his companions, for they now exchanged glances in silence.

Three of the men were well dressed and prosperous-looking; while the fourth, a shrivelled old fellow, in faded clothes which seemed several sizes too large for him, looked needy and ill-fed as he nervously chafed his thin, bony hands.

Next moment they all began speaking in French, though from their countenances it was plain that they were of various nationalities—one being German, the other Italian, and the third (a sallow-faced man) had the appearance of a Levantine.

Goslin alone remained silent and watchful. From where he stood he could see the people entering and leaving the Grand Hotel. He glanced impatiently at his watch, and then paced the room, his hand thoughtfully stroking his gray beard. Only half-an-hour before he had alighted at the Gare du Nord, coming direct from far-off Glencardine, and had driven there in an auto-cab to keep an appointment made by telegram. As he paced the big room, with its dark-green walls, its Turkey carpet, and sombre furniture, his companions regarded him in wonder. They instinctively felt that he had some news of importance to impart. There was one absentee. Until his arrival Goslin refused to say anything.

The youngest of the four assembled at the table was the Italian, a rather thin, keen-faced, dark-moustached man of refined appearance. '*Madonna mia!*' he cried, raising his face to the Frenchman, 'why, what has happened? This is unusual. Besides, why should we wait? I've only just arrived from Turin, and haven't had time to go to the hotel. Let us get on. *Avanti!*'

'Not until he is present,' answered Goslin, speaking earnestly in French. 'I have a statement to make from Sir Henry. But I am not permitted to make it until all are here.' Then, glancing at his watch, he added, 'His train was due at Est Station at 4.58. He ought to be here at any moment.'

The shabby old man, by birth a Pole, still sat chafing his chilly fingers. None who saw Antoine Volkonski, as he shuffled along the street, ever dreamed that he was head of the great financial house of Volkonski Frères of Petersburg, whose huge loans to the Russian Government during the war with Japan created a sensation throughout Europe, and surely no casual observer looking at that little assembly would ever entertain suspicion that, between them, they could practically dictate to the money-market of Europe.

The Italian seated next to him was the Commendatore Rudolpho Cusani, head of the wealthy banking firm of Montemartini of Rome, which ranked next to the Bank of Italy. Of the remaining two, one was a Greek from Smyrna, and the other (a rather well-dressed man with longish gray hair) Josef Frohnmeyer of Hamburg, a name also to conjure with in the financial world.

The impatient Italian was urging Goslin to explain why the meeting had been so hastily summoned, when, without warning, the door opened and a tall, distinguished-looking man, with carefully trained gray moustache, and wearing a heavy travelling-ulster, entered.

'Ah, my dear Baron!' cried the Italian, jumping from his chair and taking the new-comer's hand, 'we were waiting for you.' And he drew a chair next to his.

The man addressed tossed his soft felt travelling-hat aside, saying, 'The wire reached me at a country house outside Vienna, where I was visiting. But I came instantly.' And he seated himself, while the chair at the head of the table was taken by the stout Frenchman.

'Messieurs,' Goslin commenced, and—speaking in French—began apologising at being compelled to call them together so soon after their last meeting. 'The matter, however, is of such urgency,' he went on, 'that this conference is absolutely necessary. I am here with a statement from Sir Henry—an alarming statement. Our enemies have unfortunately triumphed.'

'What do you mean?' cried the Italian, starting to his feet.

'Simply this. Poor Sir Henry has been the victim of treachery. Those papers which you, my dear Volkonski, brought to me in secret at Glencardine a month ago have been stolen!'

'Stolen!' gasped the shabby old man, his gray eyes starting from his head—'stolen! *Dieu!* Think what that means to us—to me—to my house! They will be sold to the Ministry of Finance in Petersburg, and I shall be ruined—ruined!'

'Not only you will be ruined,' remarked the man from Hamburg, 'but our control of the market will be at an end.'

'And together we lose over three million roubles,' said Goslin in as quiet a voice as he could assume.

The six men—those men who dealt in millions, men whose names every one of them were as household words on the various Bourses of Europe and in banking circles, men who lent money to reigning sovereigns and to States, whose interests were world-wide and whose influences were greater than those of kings or Ministers—looked at each other in blank despair.

'We have to face this fact, as Sir Henry points out to you, that at Petersburg the Department of Finance has no love for us. We put on the screw a little too heavily when we sold them secretly those three Argentine cruisers. We made a mistake in not being content with smaller profit.'

'Yes, if it had been a genuinely honest deal on their side,' remarked the Italian. 'But it was not. In Russia the crowd made quite as great a profit as we did.'

'And all three ships were sent to the bottom of the sea four months afterwards,' added Frohnmeyer with a grim laugh.

'That isn't the question,' Goslin said. 'What we have now to face is the peril of exposure. No one can, of course, allege that we have ever resorted to any sharper practices than those of other financial groups; but the fact of our alliance and our impregnable strength will, when it is known, arouse the fiercest antagonism in certain circles.'

'No one suspects the secret of our alliance,' the Italian ejaculated. 'It must be kept—kept at all hazards.'

Each man seated there knew that exposure of the tactics by which they were ruling the Bourse would mean the sudden end of their great prosperity.

'But this is not the first occasion that documents have been stolen from Sir Henry at Glencardine,' remarked the Baron Conrad de Hetzendorf. 'I remember the last time I went there to see him he explained how he had discovered his daughter with the safe open, and some of the papers actually in her hands.'

'Unfortunately that is so,' Goslin answered. 'There is every evidence that we owe our present peril to her initiative. She and her father are on bad terms, and it seems more than probable that, though she is no longer at Glencardine, she has somehow contrived to get hold of the documents in question—at the instigation of her lover, we believe.'

'How do you know that the documents are stolen?' the Baron asked.

'Because three days ago Sir Henry received an anonymous letter bearing the postmark of "London, E.C.," enclosing correct copies of the papers which our friend Volkonski brought from Petersburg, and asking what sum he was prepared to pay to obtain repossession of the originals. On receipt of the letter,' continued Goslin, 'I rushed to the safe, to find the papers gone. The door had been unlocked and relocked by an unknown hand.'

'And how does suspicion attach to the girl's lover?' asked the man from Hamburg.

'Well, he was alone in the library for half-an-hour about five days before. He called to see Sir Henry while he and I were out walking together in the park. It is believed that the girl has a key to the safe, which she handed to her lover in order that he might secure the papers and sell them in Russia.'

'But young Murie is the son of a wealthy man, I've heard,' observed the Baron.

'Certainly. But at present his allowance is small,' was Goslin's reply.

'Well, what's to be done?' inquired the Italian.

'Done?' echoed Goslin. 'Nothing can be done.'

'Why?' they all asked almost in one breath.

'Because Sir Henry has replied, refusing to treat for the return of the papers.'

'Was that not injudicious? Why did he not allow us to discuss the affair first?' argued the Levantine.

'Because an immediate answer by telegraph to a post-office in Hampshire was demanded,' Goslin replied. 'Remember that to Sir Henry's remarkable foresight all our prosperity has been due. Surely we may trust in his judicious treatment of the thief?'

'That's all very well,' protested Volkonski; 'but my fortune is at stake. If the Ministry obtains those letters they will crush and ruin me.'

'Sir Henry is no novice,' remarked the Baron. 'He fights an enemy with his own weapons. Remember that Greek deal of which the girl gained knowledge. He actually prepared bogus contracts and correspondence for the thief to steal. They were stolen, and, passing through a dozen hands, were at last offered in Athens. The Ministry there laughed at the thieves for their pains. Let us hope the same result will be now obtained.'

'I fear not,' Goslin said quietly. 'The documents stolen on the former occasion were worthless. The ones now in the hands of our enemies are genuine.'

'But,' said the Baron, 'you, Goslin, went to live at Glencardine on purpose to protect our poor blind friend from his enemies.'

'I know,' said the man addressed. 'I did my best—and failed. The footman Hill, knowing young Murie as a frequent guest at Glencardine, the other day showed him into the library and left him there alone. It was then, no doubt, that he opened the safe with a false key and secured the documents.'

'Then why not apply for a warrant for his arrest?' suggested the Commendatore Cusani. 'Surely your English laws do not allow thieves to go unpunished? In Italy we would quickly lay hands on them.'

'But we have no evidence.'

'You have no suspicion that any other man may have committed the theft—that fellow Flockart,

for instance? I don't like him,' added the Baron. 'He is altogether too friendly with everybody at Glencardine.'

'I have already made full inquiries. Flockart was in Rome. He only returned to London the day before yesterday. No. Everything points to the girl taking revenge upon her father, who, I am compelled to admit, has treated her with rather undue harshness. Personally, I consider mademoiselle very charming and intelligent.'

They all admitted that her correspondence and replies to reports were marvels of clear, concise instruction. Every man among them knew well her neat, round handwriting, yet only Goslin had ever seen her.

The Frenchman was asked to describe both the girl and her lover. This he did, declaring that Gabrielle and Walter were a very handsome pair.

'Whatever may be said,' remarked old Volkonski, 'the girl was a most excellent assistant to Sir Henry. But it is, of course, the old story—a young girl's head turned by a handsome lover. Yet surely the youth is not so poor that he became a thief of necessity. To me it seems rather as though he stole the documents at her instigation.'

'That is exactly Sir Henry's belief,' Goslin remarked with a sigh. 'The poor old fellow is beside himself with grief and fear.'

'No wonder,' remarked the Italian. 'None of us would care to be betrayed by our own daughters.'

'But cannot a trap be laid to secure the thief before he approaches the people in Russia?' suggested the crafty Levantine.

'Yes, yes!' cried Volkonski, his hands still clenched. 'The Ministry would give a hundred thousand roubles for the documents, because by their aid they could crush me—crush you all. Remember, there are names there—names of some of the most prominent officials in the Empire. Think of the power of the Ministry if they held that list in their hands!'

'No,' said the Baron in a clear, distinct voice, his gray eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the wall opposite. 'Rather think of our positions, of the exultation of our enemies, if this great combine of ours were exposed and broken! Myself, I consider it folly that we have met here openly to-day. This is the first time we have all met save in secret, and how do we know but some spy may be on the boulevard outside noting who has entered here?'

'*Mille diavoli!*' gasped Cusani, striking the table with his fist and sinking back into his chair. 'I recollect I passed outside here a man I know—a man who knows me. He was standing on the kerb. He saw me. His name is Krail—Felix Krail!'

'Is he still there?' cried the men, as with one accord they left their chairs and dashed eagerly across to the window.

'Krail!' cried the Russian in alarm. 'Where is he?'

'See!' the Italian pointed out—'see the man in black yonder, standing there near the *kiosque*, smoking a cigarette. He is still watching. He has seen us meet here!'

'Ah!' said the Baron in a hoarse voice, 'I said so. To meet openly like this was far too great a risk. Nobody knew anything of Lénard et Morellet of the Boulevard des Capucines except that they were unimportant financiers. To-morrow the world will know who they really are. Messieurs, we are the victims of a very clever ruse. We have been so tricked that we have been actually summoned here and our identity disclosed!'

The five monarchs of finance stood staring at each other in absolute silence.

(To be continued.)

BEYOND THE GREAT SOUTH-WEST.

By Grenville Holms.

THE tidal wave of humanity which has swept for six decades to the very confines of California give signs of breaking ere its goal is reached. California presents the aspect of a land where the honey is all carefully potted in fruit-jars and the milk flows only from well-conducted dairies. In fact, the army of industry has occupied the promised land, and the outsiders may spy its fertility but may not possess it.

The voice of the North, programmed by many-coloured and alluring railroad folders, has piped a few hundred thousand farmers into Canada, where they will sow wheat, wheat, and more wheat, with a reasonable certainty of heavy crops and profit, and an equally reasonable possibility of nip of frost or blight of blizzard. To-day the human wave is making for the Great North-West, partially because the twentieth-century pioneer prefers the narrow comfort of the four-foot-six-inch gauge to the boundless discomfort of the limitless prairie. He is a home-seeker, but he requires that the household gods to make his home shall be transported with him. It is not that the race is less hardy, but that it is better educated. You can ask a milkmaid to come forth from Arcady to chase vicarious fortune, but you cannot importune the sweet girl-graduate to renounce her sophisticated ways.

Roughly speaking, and perhaps speaking rather roughly, the Great North-West expects every man to do his duty, meaning his own share of manual labour. She is too short of hands for 'hired help' to fall within the province of a man's purse. Her climate, like most, requires to be classified according to the seasons. Her mines are few. Her staple crop depends on weather mainly, but its price is on

the knees of the Chicago wheat-pit. After all is said and done, the North-West is a great country and deservedly attracts her hundreds of thousands of men and capital.

The turn of the Great South-West is coming fast; but looming at the back of beyond there is a vast expanse of rich and fertile territory which seems destined to play a very glorious part in the annals of the Pacific slope. Striking down from Nogales, Arizona, a great trunk-line is being constructed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to the city of Guadalajara, eleven hundred and fourteen miles distant, and it will be completed within the next four years at a total cost of twenty-five million dollars. Independent of the late financial crisis, the Southern Pacific steadily continued its mighty work, employing over six thousand men on different sections of the route, and thus emphasising the steadfastness of its policy to hasten forward the hour of completion at any cost. With what interest the Mexican Government regards the line may be judged from the fact that it is granting the railroad company a subsidy of twelve thousand five hundred dollars Mexican currency for every kilometer of track completed. Costs, however, rise at points to as high as one hundred thousand dollars United States currency per kilometer, owing to the amount of bridge-work and tunnelling required. Directly, the railway will touch two seaports of the first importance, Guaymas and Mazatlan, while it will probably be connected with others by branches.

By September of the current year the city of Guadalajara, having a population of over one hundred thousand, will be connected with the Pacific port of Manzanillo. This apparently obvious route presented so many difficulties that the task of completing it had been spread over a lengthy term of years by the Mexican Central Railroad Company, the control of which was lately vested in the Mexican Government. These difficulties may be better appreciated when it is stated that a climb of five thousand feet is made in less than ninety miles, while numberless tunnels and bridges have had to be constructed in order to negotiate apparently impassable mountains or gorges. The approximate length of the line from the city to the coast is about two hundred and twenty miles.

The Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railroad crosses the Rio Grande at Presidio, entering the State of Chihuahua, and will eventually terminate at the Pacific port of Topolobampo, in the State of Sinaloa. The entire length of the line, from Kansas to the Pacific, is one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine miles. As is well enough known, this railroad opens up new sections in Oklahoma and Texas; while in its transit through Chihuahua it will serve many of the most important mining-camps in that richly mineralised state. The Hamburg-American Steamship Company has entered into a contract to establish a line of trans-Pacific steamers from the western terminus to the Far East as soon as the route is completed.

Sonora, the most northerly of the states affected by these railroads, has enjoyed the benefits of American investment for many years, and she has mines, such as the Cananea, which are known better in New York than in Mexico City. Trouble with the Yaqui Indians, magnified by distance and a yellow Press, has acted as a deterrent to enterprise, yet over four thousand mining titles, covering over one hundred and fifty thousand acres, are in force. The population is estimated at between two hundred and twenty thousand and two hundred and thirty thousand.

Sinaloa extends for four hundred miles along the eastern shore of the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean, with an average breadth of one hundred miles, covering an area of thirty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty-one square miles. Sinaloa has mines enough, and indications of mineral are so frequent as to attract the attention of even conservative miners. About a thousand mining titles, with an area of some twenty thousand acres, are registered; but it is its productiveness as an agricultural, fruit-growing, and cattle country that makes Sinaloa well worthy of investigation by capitalist and farmer. The whole country is intersected by rivers and streamlets, and reservoir sites can be seen on every hand. At present this wealth of water means simply irrigation crudely carried out; but it portends in the future canals and dams designed to fructify the land with well-planned care. Moreover, there will be power to turn the shafts of factories and to carry their produce on electrically driven tramway-lines.

The soil of Sinaloa is even richer than the soil of California, and fertilisers are as yet unknown there. Sugar matures in about a year, and yields from twenty to thirty tons per acre. Wheat is sown between November and January, and harvested in May, the crop averaging twenty bushels. Alfalfa is cut five or six times each year, giving ten tons, more or less, per acre. Barley, sown from November to December and harvested in May, yields fifty to sixty bushels. Oats are sown in February and harvested in June, and yield fifty to seventy bushels per acre. Corn, planted in February and reaped in June, and planted again in July and reaped in December, gives twenty to forty bushels at each crop.

Down in Tepic very similar conditions prevail; but that territory is only about one-third the size of Sinaloa, while the population (one hundred and fifty thousand and ninety-eight) is only about one-half as large.

Jalisco, of which the city of Guadalajara is the capital, is the most populous state, and one of the richest, in the whole Republic, boasting fully one million one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Everything here has taken on a more modern aspect; real estate companies are in operation; men talk business; new deals readjust old conditions. For the man with the hoe Jalisco still offers land, but the rate will not be a sacrifice on the part of the owner.

Such agricultural development as there has been in the past is the work of a simple people, who had but to scratch the soil to seed the certainty of a harvest. What they have done is just enough to show what modern methods might do. To work with only daily needs in view is not the way to produce the surplus which will found a mighty commerce. Yet the agricultural produce of the State of Jalisco alone is valued at nearly forty million dollars Mexican currency, while it produces cattle to the value of thirteen million dollars Mexican money annually.

Guadalajara, a great and ancient city, old ere San Francisco or Chicago showed one stone upon another, dominates the coast and the railroad system. As far removed as possible from a 'boom' city, Guadalajara makes precisely the kind of picture one is apt to associate with long-established and unchanging ways. Its peace and calm is reminiscent of the quietude of an English cathedral town. The second city in the Republic of Mexico is known throughout the land as the 'Pearl of the Occident;' and the charm of its perfect climate, the beauty of its stately buildings, ancient palaces, and churches, and the glamour of its garden spots give truth to the title. One may stroll on the shady side of a cobbled street, lined with weather-beaten fronts of stone—mostly one-storied and pierced with windows closely barred—where vendors squat at every corner, lazily fanning the flies from their sticky wares. White-clad *peons*, topped with enormous palm-leaf hats, amble at their half-running dog-trot down the middle of the way. *Señoritas* step the scene almost as though they formed the demure chorus of some religious pageant. Horsemen in skintight trousers and jingling spurs clatter along with all the pride of Spain and satin horseflesh. *Padres* pass with downcast eyes, their great cloaks flapping behind them like sombre wings, and their shaven lips move constantly in silent prayer; and as they go by, the sidewalks are vacated for their passage by all good Catholics. A transverse street brings you face to face with the beginnings of modernity. From cruel cobbles you step to weltering, soft asphalt. An electric car hums its rising note, which never seems to reach its appropriate crescendo. Automobiles groan their song of speed. A thick telephone cable is spanned above. A lurid poster, done in yellow and red, proclaims the virtues of a beer. A five-story building rising on skeleton frame of steel affords, in this city of squat dwellings, a suggestion of the overtowering sky-scraper. Handsome windows of plate-glass display goods for the *peon* and the millionaire side by side.

Here is a city as interesting as any on the continent of North America to-day. It has grown to what it is merely by force of local trade. It is about to be juxtaposed upon the commerce-bearing tide of the Pacific. Heretofore the bulk of its freight has reached it through Tampico or El Paso, entailing a journey of seven hundred and twenty miles in the former case and of one thousand one hundred and sixty-five miles in the latter, over lines already heavily congested with main-trunk traffic. That freight has come from Middle Western, Gulf, and Atlantic states, and from the continent of Europe. By September freight will be coming into Guadalajara from the west instead of from the east. There will be a complete change of trade-route. California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia will supply the city with many necessities which it obtained before from other quarters. Europe may ship its goods across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and up the coast to Manzanillo, or it may send them even round the Horn. The possibilities of direct trade with Australia and the Far East bring almost imperial ideas to view. This rail connection of a Mexican Pacific port with the hinterland, opening a commerce with two million people, may well stir interest even in markets at the remotest ends of the earth.

Manzanillo and Mazatlan must always be the feeders to the country lying behind them, and especially to Guadalajara. Climatic conditions prohibit their growth. It is noticeable on the east coast of the Republic that, while the city of Mexico has experienced a phenomenal increase in wealth and population, the ports of Vera Cruz and Tampico have not correspondingly augmented. They have been improved, so far as modern sanitation can improve them, but they remain torrid towns, where business must be indeed prosperous to enforce prolonged residence.

This, then, is what lies beyond the Great South-West. Comparing the country with the Great North-West, one finds:

GREAT NORTH-WEST.	BEYOND THE GREAT SOUTH-WEST.
Labour dear and extremely hard to get.	Labour cheap (18c. to 37c. gold per day) and plentiful.
Labour unions and strikes.	No labour unions. No strikes.
Seasons of short daylight.	Daylight hours about equal all the year.
Seasons of blighting cold. Great losses in crops.	Temperature varies from 59° to 78° Fahrenheit. No frosts in agricultural sections.
Depends on a few staple crops, and can reckon on only one crop a year.	Grows every possible variety of temperate, semi-tropic, and tropical produce. Often produces two crops or more each year.
Price of crop is largely controlled by speculators.	Little or no speculation in price of crops.
Nearer to manufacturing centres, and manufactured goods are cheap.	Far from manufacturing centres, but actual necessities of life are cheaper.
Mineral riches exist only in small section.	Mineral riches great and widespread.
Laws good and just.	Laws as good and as just.
Protection to alien excellent.	Protection to alien as excellent.

The comparison is not unjust. Will the stream which is splashing over into Canada begin to divert itself south to Mexico? Who will develop this imperial country? The Mexicans themselves are far too few in numbers. Will the Chinese do it, the Japanese, or the Americans? Can one have a doubt?

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

THE estate was a large one, and the laird to whom it belonged, and who was a studious recluse, had never seen it; he was content to leave its oversight in the hands of another. If the rents came to him regularly, and if he was not overmuch troubled by requests for repairs, he was perfectly satisfied. As a natural result, there had been talk of improvements under the régime of the elderly factor; but any real reformation in the way of better steadings or more adequate accommodation for man and beast had never been seriously considered. When a new tenant entered on a lease, he had great expectations with regard to what was to be done for his farm, but he soon found cause to understand that his hopes had been built on very uncertain foundations. He had the conviction that promises with regard to many improvements had been made to him; but yet, when he pressed for them, and when there were no signs of them being set in operation, and when, with a view to force the pace somewhat, as he thought, he began to study the terms of the lease, he was compelled to admit that there was nothing in black and white to which, as he might put it, he could 'pin doon the auld chiel.'

As a general rule, the method adopted by the factor was a well-arranged system of delay. When a new door was needed on a stable or byre, the old one was made to serve if it could stand the strain of being patched. If the stable itself or the byre had become very dilapidated, the factor was always willing, on request, to make a most thorough examination of it. He appeared to be fully impressed by the necessity for radical measures, and from the remarks which the old gentleman made, the tenant was fairly well convinced in his own mind that he would soon be in possession of a better shelter for his horses or cows, as the case might be; but when the tradesmen came they would spend an hour or two tinkering here and there, and when it looked as if they had only been making preparations for a good start, they were gone, leaving the tenant too bewildered to question them as to the orders which they had received. If he appeared in his wrath at the estate-office to vent his grievance, he was given a most attentive reception; but all that he carried away with him was the vague idea that somehow he must have misapprehended the drift of the previous conversation. Sometimes, it is true, remarks were made which imputed to the factor a certain element of duplicity, although it was only by the gentlest hint that it was insinuated. For, was it not the wife of one of the most clamorous tenants who spoke of his apparent tardiness with a subtle mixture of shrewdness and charity? 'The auld man's failin',' she said; 'his memory's clean dune.' To which she added somewhat hastily, 'At least, as far as repairs are concerned.'

There was, naturally, a good deal of grumbling among the farmers themselves; but the factor was known to have his own ways, and it was common knowledge that the laird did not allow him much of a margin for estate repairs. Whatever the tenants and their wives thought of the absentee landlord, the man on the spot was well liked for his genial manner and pawky humour. In his drives round the estate he had always the gift of making each tenant feel that his farm was the factor's special care, and that it was his intention to set it in order at no distant date. Perhaps that particular tenant would not have been so cheerful over his prospects if he had heard the story which the old gentleman told to the next tenant at the neighbouring farm. It was to all intents and purposes the same; but as each was anxious to be served first, both kept their own counsel with reference to the expectations which the factor's visit had excited. And so it came to pass that, with such plausible talk, judiciously given, the factor was able to promise much and yet do little.

There were times, however, when the strain threatened to become too much for the patience of the tenants. At one of these seasons it was felt that some pressure must be brought to bear on the factor. The rent-day was approaching, and it was deemed a suitable time for such a purpose. The difficulty was as to who would 'bell the cat.' While the older men were inclined to favour what they called a 'deeputashon,' the problem was solved by a young farmer who had only recently come to the estate. He offered to take it upon himself to represent the general grievance to the factor. His neighbours knew him to be a man with 'a fair gift o' the gab,' and to the majority he seemed to be a fit and proper person to state the tenants' case with impressive fluency. Some of the more sagacious spirits may have had their suspicions with regard to his discretion. If they had, they held their peace and allowed the young and gallant defender of the rights of the tenants to be chosen to voice the general discontent. For some time before the rent-court he talked loudly at kirk and market of how he would 'make the auld man sit up.' By such a statement, and by others of a similar character, he desired to convey to the minds of his hearers that he would secure for himself and all others concessions far beyond anything which had ever been previously granted. He even went the length of asserting that if, by any possibility, he should be refused his demands, he would not pay his rent. The older men did not lay much stress on that part of his discourse. They had tried something perilously akin to that method in their own earlier days; but they had always left the rent-court, with their payments in the factor's bag, poorer and perhaps wiser men. They said nothing, but waited with a grim, and even—if the whole truth

were told—with a secretly pleasurable sense of expectation.

The day of the rent-court arrived in due course, and the young farmer was ushered in his turn into the factor's presence. He remained in the private room for a considerable time, and when he emerged there was a somewhat chastened appearance about his demeanour. When questioned, he was forced to make the best of a bad business. He had to admit, under cross-examination and no small degree of pressure, that he had not been so successful as he had expected. He could not conceal for long that he had paid his rent; and when the nett result of his efforts after reform, both public and private, was reduced to hard fact, it was found to consist in the promise of a new midden-wall for his own steading. It was a poor outcome of all the fine speeches in which he had indulged. The would-be reformer was the butt of the wits of the country-side for many a day. So far as the factor was concerned, a patriarch among the tenants confided to one of his cronies what he thought of the old gentleman's share in the whole affair. 'It's nae use,' he said in a tone of bitter contempt, 'for that callant tae gang tae the factor, for the auld man's that cunnin' that he wad wile a bird aff the bough o' a tree.'

So affairs had gone on. The laird in London knew little, and evidently cared less, about the needs of the tenants, and the old factor had long ago come to the conclusion that what the estate really needed would require more than he could ever expect to extract from the coffers of his superior, and that the battle to secure even a gradual system of reformation would involve a stiffer 'tussle' than he was prepared to undertake at his age. He knew in the depths of his heart that the condition of the estate was very far from what it ought to be; but he was beginning to feel that the end of his term was drawing near, and that his son who had come to his assistance would erelong step into his shoes. He was willing to leave to his successor the brunt of the battle which needed to be borne. He was well aware that his son would be, as he himself had been, between two fires. Although he was not a selfish man, he had always been ready to take the line of least resistance, and what was bred in the bone and had become a rooted source of action dictated his policy to the end. He discerned that his son was a man of a stronger type of character than himself; and sometimes, when he thought of the demands which could not be longer put aside, he said to himself, half in self-accusation, half in hopefulness for what he believed his successor would be able to accomplish, that 'the young one could work it.' It was the silent compliment of an easy-going man to a man of energy. It was also the prophecy of the reformation which the younger was erelong to work on the estate. For when the old man slipped away, and the reins of government were assumed by his son, the struggle which was destined to give rise to far-reaching changes began to cast its shadow before it.

The young factor was not so well known to the tenants as his father had been. The man who had gone had been one of themselves, and his 'couthy' Scotch manner had often made them feel, even when they grumbled most, that he was not without his share in the burden which lay on the shoulders of all. But his son had been educated at an English public school. He had taken his degree at Cambridge, and he had 'learned the law' in the office of a prominent but hard-driving firm of Edinburgh solicitors. These features of his training did not help to commend him to the untutored northern farmers and their wives. An English education did not conduce, in their eyes, to a practical knowledge of crops or of the best means by which they could be raised; while a legal training appeared to them as only an additional weapon in the hand of oppressive landlordism. 'If the lad kent something about neeps and the use o' slag it wad be mair tae the purpose than a heap o' book-learnin',' was the sage remark of one rural wiseacre, and his words were a fairly accurate expression of the esteem in which the young factor was held by the tenants. They had also the idea that he was 'a bit distant in his manner,' and they were under the impression that he was a man with whom it would not be difficult to quarrel. They felt, moreover, that he was one with whom they would not unwillingly 'have words,' and that without any particular regret on their part.

Elements such as these readily helped to bring to the surface the long-continued and steadily fermenting spirit of discontent, and the new factor had not been long in office before he found himself confronted on every hand with many demands. He listened quietly, courteously, and with the lines of his keen, cleanly shaven face drawn tightly to attention. At intervals he would ask a question or make some tentative remark to elicit further information, and in the end each tenant was sent away with a definite promise that his grievance would be duly considered. 'The lad may ha'e mair in him than we thoucht' was the furthest that these cautious farmers would commit themselves after the first interview. Yet his manifest courtesy as well as the air of decision which marked his attitude was not without effect. Men who had come with the firm conviction that they would not leave his presence without a quarrel found themselves going out of the office without a harsh word having been spoken on either side. Others who had laid their grievances before him with something akin to hopelessness went away with a strange and inexplicable feeling of hopefulness stirring within them. Some, too, who had approached him with requests which were by no means extravagant were more than astonished at the alert manner in which he at once seized the salient elements of the redress which they were seeking to secure. The way in which they had all been received might mean much or it might mean little, and the promise given to each that he would make a personal inspection of

the whole of the steadings on the estate might be nothing more than a pledge which, even if it were fulfilled, would not be productive of any real result. But they had waited so long that a little longer did not signify, and the general outlook at the beginning of their dealings with the new factor had been so different from what they had expected that they were content meanwhile to accept the pledge which had been given to them. In the magnanimity of their hearts, they solaced themselves with the reflection that 'the lad 's but young yet at the best, and maun ha'e his chance tae learn like the lave o' us;' although it was very evident to any one who listened to their talk that unless things went according to their liking his school of experience might be a somewhat bitter one.

The promised visit was soon made, and the factor heard within a few weeks a full and detailed account of the various needs of the different tenants. He was quick to grasp the respective situations which were set before him. At each farm he made jottings in a note-book. These seemed to the tenants to put in a very small space a large amount of talk on their part, and if they were at all tempted to measure their prospects of repairs by the minuteness of the notes, their hearts must at times have been at the sinking-point. Withal, they had the impression that they were getting nearer to the factor than they had ever dreamed was possible. It was noticed, too, that when some of the children at this or that farm had the courage to approach, he gave them a cheery word or two. 'A young man that cares for weans is no' a hard-hearted man,' an old grannie at one steading remarked, and the father and mother who had had hard thoughts of the new factor, and who had spoken bitterly of the treatment which they were likely to receive at his hands, had the uneasy feeling that their words had been said without knowledge. Less than justice had clearly been done to him; for, whatever else might be said of him, it was at least evident that he was not so stiff and starched as popular imagination had painted him.

It was only to be expected that the tour of inspection should create a certain measure of hopeful anticipation with regard to the future. Some months passed, however, and nothing was done. Had it not leaked out that the factor had been in London, the tenants might have been ready to suppose that the hopes which they had been beginning to cherish were not to be fulfilled. Little did they know the struggle which their intercessor had to wage with the laird. At the first onset, the laird would listen to no proposals involving a larger amount of expenditure than had been usual under the old factor's rule. It was useless for the man who was pleading the tenants' case to unfold the long tale of what was really required. The laird appeared to be immovable, and it was only after long and wearied argument that he consented to the most pressing needs receiving attention. The factor detected in this concession a certain amount of 'yield' on the part of his superior, and he was determined to press it to its utmost extent. He returned to the estate-office, but he gave no orders for the work which had been sanctioned. He set himself to make a full and elaborate statement as to how the needs which were most urgent could be met at once, and how, by a gradual scale of expenditure extending over a space of years, all would receive a due measure of attention. Armed with this new means of attack on the laird, and well aware that something would soon require to be done, he took a second journey south. The reception which was accorded to him threatened, in its earlier stages, to be somewhat similar to that which had been given him at his first visit. The laird was irritable, and came at times very near hinting that the new factor was promising to follow very badly in his father's footsteps; yet he could not fail to be impressed by the quiet dignity and calm persistence of the man who was pleading with him. Moreover, the care which he had evidently taken with the whole affair, the business-like fashion with which he set out details, the vivid picture which he painted of the marvellous change which the adoption of his method would work on the estate in a few years, all began to have weight with the laird. In the end, he felt that he could stand out no longer; and, somewhat to the factor's astonishment, he promised to travel back with him and see for himself how the land lay.

The factor readily accepted the offer, and a few days later the two were touring round the different farms on the estate, and the laird was learning for himself that much was needed to make the estate more in line with modern requirements. The outlay which had been allowed in the past might have been sufficient for fifty years ago, but time and weather had worked their own ravages. The advance of the science of agriculture and the birth of County Councils had touched the farmer's life at many points. The increase of foreign competition also was making it more and more incumbent that the best means of meeting it should lie ready to hand. 'A' that we ha'e tae buy is the very dearest, and what we ha'e tae sell gangs for the cheapest,' was a frequently recurring refrain in the farmers' talk with the laird. It was impossible to ignore all these considerations; and as the laird and factor sat long into the early hours of the morning for well-nigh a week, carefully discussing all the different items of reform which were essential, the factor's heart was cheered at the manner in which the laird gradually showed his readiness to accede to the requests which he had put before him. The progressive scheme for which he had been so anxious was finally allowed; and when the two men parted at the wayside station, after their days of conference, the one to his life of leisured retirement and the other to the execution of his ardently desired reforms, the warm grip of the hand which each gave to the other at parting caused both of them to feel better men. The laird had the comfortable in-

ward assurance, seldom experienced before, that he had been in touch with the actual facts and stern realities of a life different from his own and yet dependent on him for no small degree of consideration and sympathy. He had learned to sacrifice himself for others, and he carried with him the warm glow at the heart which all sacrifice invariably brings with it. The factor had the knowledge that the battle of personal conviction which he had fought had brought strength to his own soul. As month followed month and year succeeded year, and as steadings and outhouses throughout the estate took on new forms and features, he had it borne in upon him that the fires of conflict through which he had passed had firmed his powers of life and had made him stronger for daily duty. He was a man who cared little for popularity. For he was of too stern a stuff to be moved either by the praise or the blame of men. Yet he was conscious that the atmosphere of suspicion which had surrounded him when he entered on his duties had disappeared. The tenants came to him frequently for advice on matters which were often remote from his proper sphere. They had learned to know his worth, his alert mind, his quick sympathy, his dogged tenacity of purpose; and with such a man in their midst they were well satisfied to live the life of cheerful, contented industry, and to aid, as far as lay in their power, all his efforts to make the estate under his charge the pride of the county.

THE PHYSICAL ENERGY OF THE BLUE-BOTTLE.

THE kinematograph has recently been turned to highly valuable educational purposes in the projection upon the screen, with all the vigour of life and absence of restraint, of various phases of existence in the animal kingdom. Some of the most interesting films of this character deal with the life-history and habits of the much-maligned but little understood blue-bottle. By the average person this insect is regarded as nothing more nor less than an unmitigated nuisance, but yet, in common with many other members of its species, it possesses marvellous individuality and is gifted with prodigious strength. An excellent representation of these marvels of creation has recently been secured upon the kinematograph film by Mr Frank P. Smith, the well-known entomologist, who has devoted considerable time to the study of this diminutive specimen of Nature's handiwork. Instead of obtaining a purely technical pictorial representation, however, the investigator hit upon some novel means of illustrating a scientific fact which appeals to the popular taste. The fly is a highly developed organism, and owing to an extensive series of tracheal tubes ramifying throughout its body for respiration, oxygenation of the blood-fluid takes place very quickly, and consequently there is an enormous development of energy. In one instance a blue-bottle is seen lying on its back balancing and rotating a small cork sphere about as large as a pea with its feet, assisted by its wonderful trunk, in the approved juggler manner, while a second fly is maintaining its equilibrium upon the upper face of the ball. In another instance the ball is supplanted by a small revolving wheel, which the insect spins rapidly by the movement of its feet. Possibly, however, the most remarkable of this series of pictures is that where a fly, without any restraint whatever, is shown walking up the edge of a wheel and causing it to revolve in so doing. To induce the fly to accomplish this feat the entomologist had to exercise commendable patience and resort to artifice. A special apparatus, comprising a dark box with a small aperture at one end glazed with glass, was built. This glass door was attached to an escapement similar to that of a pendulum clock. The maddened fly, in its efforts to escape through the glass, received a slight tap on the head every time it struck the glass, and in course of time, under the repetition of these blows, abandoned the idea of flying, and instead attempted to walk up the wheel. When it became thoroughly tractable it was removed from the box and placed on the wheel in the open, and by dint of much patience the necessary pictorial record was made. It must be understood, however, that such success does not imply that the fly can be trained, since very often the insect, after incarceration in its prison for some twelve days, immediately flew away on being released, only a very few commencing to walk or turn the wheel when placed upon it. The feat was accomplished by the deception of the fly, which evidently thought it was walking over a fixed surface when turning the wheel, rather than by the development of any intelligence on its part; so that to maintain that such insects are capable of being trained, or to attribute any such term to this work of the entomologist, as is the general tendency, is absurd.

THIS WAS A ROSE.

THIS was a rose—this handful of dust!—
And I only weep because I must;
For it seemeth to me but yesteryear
That I made me a shrine and hid it here.

It had lain on her breast for a little while,
In the light of her eye, her lips' warm smile;
So I laid it away in this sacred place,
In the folds of her dainty kerchief's lace.

'Twas vivid then, like her own red mouth,
With the passion and glow of the sun-kissed south.
This was a *rose*—this handful of dust!—
And I weep—I weep—because I must.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE LEADING ARTICLE.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

CARLYLE rails characteristically against the ready writer of the newspapers. Hear him growling in one of his splenetic moods: 'Consider his leading articles, what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat, ephemeral sound of a sound, such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane; how a man with merely human faculty buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it, and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years—this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.'

So far as I know, Carlyle is the only master-mind that is scornful of the leading article; and there are few institutions in this world that he has not condemned and anathematised. Newman, in one of his charming and most suggestive essays upon literature, refers in the highest terms of praise to the great ability and skill of the modern daily press. Indeed, this great master of style goes so far as to say that much of the newspaper writing of his time is finer in point of style alone than a preface of Dryden or the pamphlets of Swift, or even the essays in the *Spectator* by Addison. It is the tribe of literary dilettanti who have always been most prone to affect disdain of the leader-writer. Only the other day I read an address by a minor poet in which there was one of the customary disparaging references to the press. He said that literature had been degraded by 'the mark of the inky thumb of the journalist.' There was the sneer of intellectual superciliousness, also, at 'the English of the leading article.' The poet, perhaps, was unaware of the adverse or uncongenial conditions under which the leading article is generally produced. To fashion and polish a sonnet the poet may devote a month's incubation and the cleanest and most delicate of hands, amid surroundings serenely calculated to inspire exquisite thoughts. Night after night for many years the journalist, running a race with the clock, dashes off his leading article in a couple of hours, with, perhaps, more than his thumb inky, and the bustle and rush of a newspaper office beating around his table, while messengers carry off his reflections, slip by slip, unrevised, to feed the compositors upstairs.

Yet it is a creditable piece of work as a rule, a sensible and sometimes weighty discourse on some topic of the day, making up by its freshness and virility of utterance for its inevitable lack of literary finish. Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable in the marvellous achievements of journalism than the ability, public spirit, and conscience that are expended worthily in the writing of leading articles.

Dr Johnson was once asked how he had acquired his extraordinary power of expressing ideas on any subject in conversation unhesitatingly and with force and felicity of diction. 'I always try to have something to say,' he replied, 'and to say it as well as I can.' That, it seems to me, is the golden rule of leader-writers. Have something to say on many topics, and be able to say it clearly, earnestly, and promptly. An 'all-round leader-writer'—that is, a man who is expected to write well or passably on a variety of subjects, and to write often against time—finds the work, if he aims at doing it conscientiously, very trying and very arduous, unless he is possessed of a well-informed and cultivated mind and has at command a skilful and ready pen. He must be widely read, especially in literature, history, and politics, and must carry in his memory a mass of varied, accurate, and well-assorted knowledge on these subjects, ready for use at a moment's call. He must be a careful observer of the drift of public opinion. He must be a man of sound sense and shrewd judgment, without crotchets, without conceit, of a liberal and thoughtful mind, capable of looking at a question from different standpoints. He must have that

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

ready command of language and facility for happy and forcible phrasing which are essential not only to clear and forcible presentation of ideas but to rapidity of composition.

A leader-writer must be, above all things, a ready writer. Charm and beauty of form, the qualities of literature, are not required in a leading article. Lord Morley, a brilliant leader-writer as well as a great littérateur, lays down what he calls a highly important maxim for those who pursue literature, which applies, I think, with even greater force to the writing of leading articles. 'It is a great mistake,' he says, 'to expend more time and labour on a piece of composition than is enough to make it serve the purpose in hand.' The purpose of a leading article is to express an opinion upon one of the public topics of the hour, political, religious, or social. As a rule it has but the briefest of existences. Published to-day, to-morrow forgotten. Frequently it has to be composed with the utmost haste. News of an unexpected occurrence, sensational in its relation to the political or social world, is often received in the newspaper office within an hour of going to press. The arrangements for the leading articles had, of course, been long ago completed. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary that the morning paper should have an editorial comment on this grave event, which happened without the slightest forewarning. A more common experience is that the leader-writer is compelled to wait until very late at night for the report of an important pronouncement by a leading statesman in Parliament or in the country, upon which he is to produce an article. It is obvious that in these circumstances bewildering speed must often necessarily attend the labours of the writer of the 'leader.' He must, therefore, have the gift of rapid composition. There must be no indecision as to what to say. There must be no fastidious choosing of words. He cannot afford to lose a minute for any consideration whatever. He must set to work quickly and decisively; and while he has, of course, to compose with inward care, he cannot afford to attempt to put a greater polish on the article than its intrinsic character and its purpose demand.

I know a very able university man who was engaged as a leader-writer on a London newspaper. He did varied and capable work on politics, social questions, historic anniversaries, topics of antiquarian interest so long as he received his subject in the afternoon, and had four or five hours in which leisurely to compose the article. But one night he happened to be the only man available in the office when news arrived of one of those startling occurrences which occasionally take the newspapers by surprise, and nevertheless demand treatment in a 'leader.' He sat down, in obedience to the hurried summons of the editor, to supply the essential comment. But he could not make up his mind swiftly, and he had not the faculty of ready writing. In that sudden emergency he found himself incapable of saying anything with point on the subject. The latest minute at which the printers could take copy, and send the paper to the machines at the fixed hour, inexorably struck, and found him with only a few cold sentences on a single slip of paper. His slow-moving though powerful mind was unable to cope with the ruthless conditions of daily journalism.

Be it said that the hesitation of the philosopher, fearful of pronouncing a rash judgment, the leisure of the scholar, anxious to verify his facts, and the fastidiousness of the stylist, pondering over and weighing every word, are unsuited to the circumstances under which the 'leader' is normally produced. The leader-writer must have go and dash. It is his fate not to be studied, but simply to be read. A piece of composition which is perfunctorily discussed at the breakfast-table, or quickly scanned in train or tram, is perhaps best written rapidly. William Arnold, for many years a leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, used to say very aptly that if those who ran might read, then it was best to write running. Therefore, in leader-writing rapid composition is the most valuable of all qualities. Without it no amount of those excellent gifts, knowledge and capacity and experience, will make leader-writing anything but drudging and exhausting hack-work. At any rate, without it, it is impossible to put knowledge and capacity and experience to account in leader-writing. Capable leader-writers are men who, first and foremost, can write fast. William Arnold, as we are told by his colleague, Mr C. E. Montague, composed a leading article as fast as the pen could move. Sir Wemyss Reid was one of the most successful of journalists. He climbed from the lowest to the highest positions in the newspaper world. His good fortune was to be ascribed mainly to his readiness as a writer. I have heard him boast that he could dictate a leading article of fifteen hundred words at the phenomenal speed of twenty minutes, and write one in three-quarters of an hour. What is more remarkable is that he could write his 'leader' with people talking around him, and felt no difficulty in joining in the conversation. The articles of this untiring and versatile journalist were capable and honest journalism. At least, they fully served the purpose for which they were intended, and that is their sufficient justification. Another swift leader-writer was Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, who in the sixties and seventies wrote 'leaders' for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was his custom after an early breakfast to dash off the article and leave it at the newspaper office on his way to the Law Courts. His brother, Leslie Stephen, says: 'Articles came from him as easily as ordinary talk. The fountain seemed to be always full, and had only to be turned on to the desired end.' This readiness in conception and rapidity in execution is often the result of a habit of mind which may gradually be acquired. With practice, the brain can be made to work rapidly almost as well as it can work

slowly. Indeed, I have heard a very ready journalist declare that the work he rapidly dictates to a shorthand writer is far superior in dash and finish to work which he writes himself and on the composition of which he spends a great deal more time and thought.

Another faculty indispensable to the leader-writer is the power of detachment and complete concentration in the midst of distractions. At a Press Club dinner in London a few years ago Lord Morley made a most interesting autobiographical confession. 'It was whilst I was writing a leading article for a certain periodical that I received a letter from an illustrious statesman, offering me a post in his Cabinet,' said he. 'Gentlemen, so strong in me was the journalistic instinct that, after accepting the illustrious statesman's offer, I went back and finished that leading article! And I can assure you,' he added when the cheers which greeted this statement had died away, 'that neither the grammar nor the style of the latter half of the article fell short of my usual standard.' Surely the concluding passages of that 'leader,' written under the exultation of a great personal triumph, must have immensely exceeded its opening in weight and animation and eloquence. But, unhappily, it is not to radiant and inspiring interruptions of such a nature that leader-writers are usually subjected. They have not only to work against time in the jaded hours of the night, when the physical and mental capacities are at their lowest vitality; but to work within earshot of noisy machinery, amid the banging of doors, the rush of many feet along the passages, the shoutings of sub-editors and printers, and the periodical visits of the messengers of the composing-room on the search for 'copy.' Some leader-writers, indeed, find in the atmosphere of the newspaper office the frame of mind or the train of thought best suited for the production of a 'leader.' The very distractions of that busy hive inspire them. The smell of printers' ink mounts, like wine, exhilaratingly to their brain.

Dr Johnson had a deeply rooted prejudice against those who in his day were called 'news-writers,' the predecessors of the leader-writers of our time. In one of his *Idler* papers the Doctor says: 'I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.' How ridiculous it seems to associate in any way the blameless citizens who now preach to us from the editorial columns of the newspapers with a licentious soldiery unloosed upon the community! Many a man who calls himself 'we' in a morning newspaper lives the most retired and obscurest of existences in a flat or a small house in the suburbs. Probably the worst that his neighbours can say against him is that he looks at things, no matter how apparently trivial, through his glasses with eager inquisitiveness. But that is simply a manifestation of the fear of the journalist, for whom there is 'copy' in all things, that an idea or fact worth having should pass by him unnoticed. He dresses ordinarily. Nor is he above discussing the weather with a neighbour. It may be that the neighbour has not the faintest suspicion that this man, who asks him over his garden-paling whether he thinks it will rain, is the main spokesman of that great daily paper the *Leader*, the writer of those earnest and weighty reflections and admonitions on public affairs in the editorial columns. The identity of the leader-writer is merged absolutely in the individuality of the journal for which he writes. The controlling minds of the daily newspapers are, even in this age of publicity, unknown so far as the general public are concerned. In a few instances the editor may be a personality, but the writers of the articles which help so powerfully to form public opinion are almost without exception written by men whose names even have never been heard of by their readers. George Charles Brodrick, who wrote about sixteen hundred leading articles in the *Times*, 'fantastic in their variety,' as he says, complains, in his *Memories and Impressions*, of the sense of isolation induced by the maintenance of a strict anonymity. Occasionally this self-obliteration greatly depressed him. He pined for recognition. But if his services brought no public acknowledgment, he found consolation in the thought that he was 'doing the work of an unrecognised statesman, and exercising a greater influence on public opinion than any politician except a very few in the foremost rank.'

But it is not only that the leader-writer is denied the pleasure of public distinction. His work is quickly overtaken by oblivion. Harriet Martineau wrote for the *Daily News* as many as sixteen hundred leading articles, at the rate, for months in succession, of six in a week. These productions were thought so valuable that it was once proposed to republish twelve volumes of them. But the writer did not favour the proposal. 'Three volumes would be enough, as so many of the articles are merely temporary,' she modestly said. However, none of the articles were reprinted. With the countless productions of thousands of other untiring journalists, they lie buried and unknown in many a dust-laden newspaper file. But Frederick Knight Hunt, editor of the *Daily News*, was most enthusiastically appreciative of Harriet Martineau's leading articles. He told her brother that they moulded public opinion through Parliament. 'They are read in the clubs,' he said. 'They precede the debates, and mollify the *Times*. The *Daily News* leads.' On another occasion he declared, 'These are not newspaper articles, but poems.' Yet in a letter to Harriet Martineau herself he indulges in some interesting reflections on leading articles and their writers which show that his standard of excellence was high. 'Our contributors,' he says, 'never write more than four articles a week at most. It is all the best of them

could fairly do. And political writers commonly deteriorate. The first article is excellent, and we think we have found a treasure. The second is less striking. But we are not surprised that so high a standard cannot in every instance be maintained. At the third we say, "Have we not read something like this very lately?" The next is so manifest a falling off that we desire no more.'

The life of every day is now so full, so busy, and so interesting that few readers are able, without an effort, to recall at its close what was said in the morning paper. At any rate, as the leader-writer goes to his work he finds the public engrossed in the evening papers. What he writes to-night is obliterated from the minds of his readers at the longest the day after to-morrow. But, after all, a short memory in his readers, and its consequent quick forgetfulness of his articles, has its compensations for the leader-writer. He is compelled to deal often with the same topic. He must, therefore, necessarily repeat himself; but, thanks to the merciful oblivion to which his work quickly passes, for its readers it always possesses freshness and originality. The shortness of the public memory is in many things a curse. To the leader-writer it is a blessing in disguise.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SURPRISES MR FLOCKART.

'WELL, you and your friend Felix have placed me in a very pleasant position, haven't you?' asked Lady Heyburn of Flockart, who had just entered the green-and-white morning-room at Park Street. 'I hope now that you're satisfied with your blunder.'

The man addressed, in a well-cut suit of gray, a fancy vest, and patent-leather boots, and still carrying his hat and stick in his hand, turned to her in surprise.

'What do you mean?' he asked. 'I arrived from Paris at five this morning, and I've brought you good news.'

'Nonsense!' cried the woman, starting from her chair in anger. 'You can't deceive me any longer.'

'Krail has discovered the whole game. The syndicate held a meeting at the office in Paris. He and I watched the arrivals. We now know who they are and exactly what they are doing. By Jove! we never dreamed that your husband, blind though he is, is head of such a smart and influential group. Why, they're the first in Europe!'

'What does that matter? Krail wants money; so do we; but even with all your wonderful schemes we get none.'

'Wait, my dear Winnie; remain patient, and we shall obtain plenty.'

It was indeed strange for a woman within that smart town-house, and with her electric brougham at the door, to complain of poverty. The house had been a centre of political activity in the days before Sir Henry met with his terrible affliction. The room in which the pair stood had been the scene of many a private and momentous conference, and in the big drawing-room upstairs many a Cabinet Minister had bent over the hand of the fair Lady Heyburn.

Into the newly decorated room, with its original Adams ceiling, its dead-white panelling and antique overmantel, shone the morning sun, weak and yellow as it always is in London in the springtime.

Lady Heyburn, dressed in a smart walking-gown of gray, pushed her fluffy fair hair from her brow, while upon her face was an expression which told of combined fear and anger.

Her visitor was surprised. After that watchful afternoon in the Boulevard des Capucines, he had sat in a corner of the Café Terminus listening to Krail, who rubbed his hands with delight and declared that he now held the most powerful group in Europe in the hollow of his hand.

For the past six years or so gigantic *coups* had been secured by that unassuming and apparently third-rate financial house of Lénard et Morellet. From a struggling firm they had, within a year, grown into one whose wealth seemed inexhaustible, and whose balances at the Credit Lyonnais, the Société Générale, and the Comptoir d'Escompte were possibly the largest of any of the customers of these great corporations. The financial world of Europe had wondered. It was a mystery who was behind Lénard et Morellet, the pair of steady-going, highly respectable business men who lived in unostentatious comfort, the former at Enghien, just outside Paris, and the latter out in the country at Melum. The mystery was so well and so carefully preserved that not even the bankers themselves could obtain knowledge of the truth.

Krail had, however, after nearly two years of clever watching and ingenious subterfuge, succeeded, by placing the group in a 'hole' in calling them together in Paris. That they met, and often, was undoubted. But where they met, and how, was still a complete mystery.

As Flockart had sat the previous evening listening to Krail's unscrupulous and self-confident proposals, he had remained in silent wonder at the man's audacious attitude. Nothing deterred him; nothing daunted him.

Flockart had returned that night from Paris, gone to his chambers in Half-Moon Street, breakfasted, dressed, and had now called upon her ladyship in order to impart to her the good news.

Yet, instead of welcoming him, she only treated him with resentment and scorn. He knew the quick flash of those eyes; he had seen it before on other occasions. This was not the first time they had quarrelled; yet he, keen-witted and cunning, had always held her powerless to elude him, had always compelled her to give him the sums he so constantly demanded. This morning, however, she was distinctly resentful, distinctly defiant.

For an instant he turned from her, biting his lip in annoyance. When facing her again, he smiled, asking, 'Tell me, Winnie, what does all this mean?'

'Mean!' echoed the Baronet's wife. 'Mean! How can you ask me that question? Look at me—a ruined woman! And you'——

'Speak out!' he cried. 'What has happened?'

'You surely know what has happened. You have treated me like the cur you are—and that is speaking plainly. You've sacrificed me in order to save yourself.'

'From what?'

'From exposure. To me, ruin is not a matter of days but of hours.'

'You're speaking in enigmas. I don't understand you,' he cried impatiently. 'Krail and I have at last been successful. We know now the true source of your husband's huge income, and in order to prevent exposure he must pay—and pay us well, too.'

'Yes,' she laughed hysterically. 'You tell me all this after you've blundered.'

'Blundered! How?' he asked, surprised at her demeanour.

'What's the use of beating about the bush?' asked her ladyship. 'The girl is back at Glencardine. She knows everything, thanks to your foolish self-confidence.'

'Back at Glencardine!' gasped Flockart. 'But she dare not speak. By heaven! if she does—then—then'——

'And what, pray, can you do?' inquired the woman harshly. 'It is I who have to suffer, I who am crushed, humiliated, ruined, while you and your precious friend shield yourselves behind your cloaks of honesty! You are Sir Henry's friend. He believes you to be such—*you!*' And she laughed the hollow laugh of a woman who was staring death in the face. She was haggard and drawn, and her hands trembled with nervousness which she strove in vain to repress. Lady Heyburn was desperate.

'He still believes in me, eh?' asked the man, thinking deeply, for his clever brain was already active to devise some means of escape from what appeared to be a distinctly awkward dilemma. He had never calculated the chances of Gabrielle's return to her father's side. He had believed that impossible.

'I understand that my husband will hear no word against you,' replied the tall, fair-haired woman. 'But when I speak he will listen, depend upon it.'

'You dare!' he cried, turning upon her in threatening attitude. 'You dare utter a single word against me, and, by heaven! I'll tell what I know. The country shall ring with a scandal—the shame of your attitude towards the girl, and a crime for which you will be arraigned, with me, before an assize-court. Remember!'

The woman shrank from him. Her face had blanched. She saw that he was equally as determined as she was desperate. James Flockart always kept his threats. He was by no means a man to trifle with.

For a moment she was thoughtful, then she laughed defiantly in his face. 'Speak! Say what you will. But if you do, you suffer with me.'

'You say that exposure is imminent,' he remarked. 'How did the girl manage to return to Glencardine?'

'With Walter's aid. He went down to Woodnewton. What passed between them I have no idea. I only returned the day before yesterday from the South. All I know is that the girl is back with her father, and that he knows much more than he ought to know.'

'Murie could not have assisted her,' Flockart declared decisively. 'The old man suspects him of taking those Russian papers from the safe.'

'How do you know he hasn't cleared himself of the suspicion? He may have done so. The old man dotes upon the girl.'

'I know all that.'

'And she may have turned upon you, and told the truth about the safe incident. That's more than likely.'

'She dare not utter a word.'

'You're far too self-confident. It is your failing.'

'And when, pray, has it failed? Tell me.'

'Never, until the present moment. Your bluff is perfect; yet there are moments when it cannot aid you, depend upon it. She told me one night long ago, in my own room, when she had disobeyed, defied, and annoyed me, that she would never rest until Sir Henry knew the truth, and that she would place before him proofs of the other affair. She has long intended to do this; and now, thanks to your attitude of passive inertness, she has accomplished her intentions.'

'What!' he gasped in distinct alarm; 'has she told her father the truth?'

'A telegram I received from Sir Henry late last night makes it only too plain that he knows something,' responded the unhappy woman, staring straight before her. 'It is your fault—your fault!' she went on, turning suddenly upon her companion again. 'I warned you of the danger long ago.'

Flockart stood motionless. The announcement which the woman had made staggered him.

Felix Krail had come to him in Paris, and after

some hesitation, and with some reluctance, had described how he had followed the girl along the Nene bank and thrown her into the deepest part of the river, knowing that she would be hampered by her skirts and that she could not swim. 'She will not trouble us further. Never fear!' he had said. 'It will be thought a case of suicide. Her mental depression is the common talk of the neighbourhood.'

And yet the girl was safe, and now home again at Glencardine! He reflected upon the ugly facts of 'the other affair' to which her ladyship sometimes referred, and his face went ashen pale.

Just at the moment when success had seemed certain after all their ingenuity and all their endeavours—just at a moment when they could demand and obtain what terms they liked from Sir Henry to preserve the secret of the financial combine—came this catastrophe.

'Felix was a fool to leave his work only half-done,' he remarked aloud, as though speaking to himself.

'What work?' asked the hollow-eyed woman eagerly. But he did not satisfy her. To explain would only increase her alarm and render her even more desperate than she was.

'Did I not tell you often that from her we had all to fear?' cried the woman frantically. 'But you would not listen. And now I am—I'm face to face with the inevitable. Disaster is before me. No power can avert it. The girl will have a bitter and terrible revenge.'

'No,' he cried quickly, with fierce determination. 'No; I'll save you, Winnie. The girl shall not speak. I'll go up to Glencardine to-night and face it out. You will come with me.'

'I!' gasped the shrinking woman. 'Ah, no. I—I couldn't. I dare not face him. You know too well I dare not!'

CHAPTER XXXV.—DISCLOSES A SECRET.

THE gray mists were still hanging upon the hills of Glencardine, although it was already midday, for it had rained all night, and everywhere was damp and chilly.

Gabrielle, in her short tweed skirt, golf-cape, and motor-cap, had strolled, with Walter Murie at her side, from the house along the winding path to the old castle. From the contented expression upon her pale, refined countenance, it was plain that happiness, to a great extent, had been restored to her.

When he had gone to Woodnewton it was to fetch her back to Glencardine. He had asked for an explanation, it was true; but when she had refused one he had not pressed her. That he was puzzled, sorely puzzled, was apparent.

At first Sir Henry had point-blank refused to receive his daughter. But on hearing her appealing voice he had to some extent relented; and though strained relations still existed between them, yet happiness had come to her in the knowledge that Walter's affection was still as strong as ever.

Young Murie had, of course, heard from his mother the story told by Lady Heyburn concerning the offence of her step-daughter. But he would not believe a single word against her.

They had been strolling slowly, and she had been expressing her heartfelt thanks for his action in taking her from that life of awful monotony at Woodnewton. Then he, on his part, had pressed her soft hand and repeated his promise of lifelong love.

They had entered the old, grass-grown courtyard of the castle, when suddenly she exclaimed, 'How I wish, Walter, that we might elucidate the secret of the Whispers!'

'It certainly would be intensely interesting if we could,' he said. 'The most curious thing is that my old friend Edgar Hamilton, who is secretary to the well-known Baron Conrad de Hetzendorf, tells me that a similar legend is current in connection with the old château in Hungary. He had heard the Whispers himself.'

'Most remarkable!' she exclaimed, gazing blankly around at the ponderous walls about her.

'My idea always has been that beneath where we are standing there must be a chamber, for most medieval castles had a subterranean dungeon beneath the courtyard.'

'Ah, if we could only find entrance to it!' cried the girl enthusiastically. 'Shall we try?'

'Have you not often tried, and failed?' he asked laughingly.

'Yes; but let us search again,' she urged. 'My strong belief is that entrance is not to be obtained from this side, but from the glen down below the old castle.'

'Yes; no doubt in the ages long ago the hill was much steeper than it now is, and there were no trees or undergrowth. On that side it was impregnable. The river, however, in receding, silted up much earth and boulders at the bend, and has made the ascent possible.'

Together they went to a breach in the ponderous walls and peered down into the ancient river-bed, now but a rippling burn.

'Come,' said Murie, 'let us descend and explore.'

So they retraced their steps, and when about half-way to the house they left the path and went down to the bottom of the beautiful glen until they were immediately beneath the walls of the old castle.

The spot was remote and seldom visited. Few ever came there, for it was approached by no path on that side of the burn, so that the keepers always passed along the opposite bank. They had no

necessity to penetrate there. Besides, it was too near the house.

Through the bracken and undergrowth, passing by big trees that in the ages had sprung up from seeds dropped by the birds or sown by the winds, they slowly ascended to the frowning walls far above—the walls that had withstood so many sieges and the ravages of so many centuries.

Half-a-dozen times the girl's skirt became entangled in the briars, and once she tore her cape upon some thorns; but, enjoying the adventure, she went on, Walter going first and clearing a way for her as best he could.

'Nobody has ever been up here before, I'm quite certain,' Gabrielle cried, halting, breathless, for a moment. 'Old Stewart, who says he knows every inch of the estate, has never climbed here, I'm sure.'

'I don't expect he has,' declared her lover.

At last they found themselves beneath the foundations of one of the flanking-towers of the castle walls, whereupon he suggested that if they followed the wall right along and examined it closely they might discover some entrance.

'I somehow fear there will not be any door on the exposed side,' he added.

The base of the walls was all along hidden by thick undergrowth; therefore the examination proved extremely difficult. Nevertheless, keenly interested in their exploration, the pair kept on struggling and climbing until the perspiration rolled off both their faces.

Suddenly Walter uttered a cry of surprise. 'Why, look here! This seems like a track. People *have* been up here after all!'

And his companion saw that from the burn below, up through the bushes, there ran a narrow, winding path, which showed little sign of being used.

Walter went on before her, quickly following the path until it turned at right-angles and ended before a low door of rough wood which filled a small breach in the wall—a breach made, in all probability, at the last siege in the early seventeenth century.

'This must lead somewhere!' cried Walter excitedly; and, lifting the roughly constructed wooden latch, he pushed the door open, disclosing a cavernous darkness.

A dank, earthy smell greeted their nostrils. It was certainly an uncanny place.

'By Jove!' cried Walter, 'I wonder where this leads to;' and, taking out his vestas, he struck one, and, holding it before him, went forward, passing through the breach in the broken wall into a stone passage which led to the left for a few yards and gave entrance to exactly what Gabrielle had expected—a small, windowless stone chamber probably used in olden days as a dungeon.

Here they found, to their surprise, several old chairs, a rough table formed of two deal planks upon trestles, and a couple of half-burned candles in candlesticks which Gabrielle recognised as belonging to the house. These were lit, and by their aid the place was thoroughly examined.

Upon the floor was a heap of black tinder where some papers had been burnt weeks or perhaps months ago. There were cigar-ends lying about, showing that whoever had been there had taken his ease.

In a niche was a small tin box containing matches and fresh candles, while in a corner lay an old newspaper, limp and damp, bearing a date six months before. On the floor, too, were a number of pieces of paper—a letter torn to fragments.

They tried to piece it together, laying it upon the table carefully, but were unsuccessful in discovering its import, save that it was in Russian, from somebody in Odessa, and addressed to Sir Henry Heyburn.

Carrying the candles in their hands, they went into the narrow passage to explore the subterranean regions of the old place. But neither way could they proceed far, for the passage had fallen in at both ends and was blocked by rubbish. The only exit or entrance was by that narrow breach in the wall so cunningly concealed by the undergrowth and closed by the rudely made door of planks nailed together. Above, in the stone roof of the chamber, there was a wide crack running obliquely, through which any sound could be heard in the courtyard above.

They remained in the narrow, low-roofed little cell for a full half-hour, making careful examination of everything, and discussing the probability of the Whispers heard in the courtyard above emanating from that hidden chamber.

For what purpose was the place used, and by whom? In all probability it was the very chamber in which Cardinal Setoun had been treacherously done to death.

Though they made a most minute investigation they discovered nothing further. Up to a certain point their explorations had been crowned by success, yet the discovery rather tended to increase the mystery than diminish it.

That the Whispers were supernatural Gabrielle had all along refused to believe. The question was, to what use was that secret chamber put?

At last, more puzzled than ever, the pair, having extinguished the candles, emerged again into the light of day, closing and latching the little door after them.

Then, following the narrow secret path, they found that it wound through the bushes, and emerged by a circuitous way some distance along the glen, its entrance being carefully concealed by a big, lichen-covered boulder which hid it from any one straying there by accident. So near was it to the house, and so well concealed, that no keeper had ever discovered it.

'Well,' declared Gabrielle, 'we've certainly made a most interesting discovery this morning. But I

wonder if it really does solve the mystery of the Whispers?'

'Scarcely,' Walter admitted. 'We have yet to discover to whom the secret of the existence of that chamber is known. No doubt the Whispers are heard above through the crack in the roof. Therefore, at present, we had better keep our knowledge strictly to ourselves.'

And to this the girl, of course, agreed.

They found Sir Henry seated alone in the sunshine in one of the big bay-windows of the drawing-room, a pathetic figure, with his blank, bespectacled countenance turned towards the light, and his fingers busily knitting to employ the time which, alas! hung so heavily upon his hands.

Truth to tell, with Flockart's influence upon him, he was not quite convinced of the sincerity of either Gabrielle or Walter Murie; therefore, when they entered, and his daughter spoke to him, his greeting was not altogether cordial.

'Why, dear dad, how is it you're sitting here all alone? I would have gone for a walk with you had I known.'

'I'm expecting Goslin,' was the old man's snappy reply. 'He left Paris yesterday, and should certainly have been here by this time. I can't make out why he hasn't sent me a wire explaining the delay.'

'He may have lost his connection in London,' Murie suggested.

'Perhaps so,' remarked the Baronet with a sigh, his fingers moving mechanically.

Murie could see that Sir Henry was unnerved and unlike himself. He, of course, was unaware of the great interests depending upon the theft of those papers from the safe. Sir Henry was anxious to hear from Goslin what had occurred at the urgent meeting of the secret syndicate in Paris.

Gabrielle was chatting gaily with her father in an endeavour to cheer him up, when suddenly the door opened, and Flockart, still in his travelling-ulster, entered, exclaiming, 'Good-morning, Sir Henry!'

'Why, my dear Flockart, this is really quite unexpected. I—I thought you were abroad,' cried the Baronet, his face brightening as he stretched out his hand for his visitor to grasp.

'So I have been. I only got back to town yesterday morning, and left Euston last night.'

'Well,' said Sir Henry, 'I'm very glad you are here again. I've missed you very much—very much indeed. I hope you'll make another long stay with us at Glencardine.'

The man addressed raised his eyes to Gabrielle's. She looked him straight in the face, defiant and unflinching. The day of her self-sacrifice to protect her helpless father's honour and welfare had come. She had suffered much in silence—suffered as no other girl would suffer; but she had tried to conceal the bitter truth. Her spirit had been broken. She was obsessed by one fear, one idea.

For a moment the girl held her breath. Walter saw the sudden change in her countenance, and wondered.

Then, with a calmness that was surprising, she turned to her father, and in a clear, distinct voice said, 'Dad, now that Mr Flockart has returned, I wish to tell you the truth concerning him—to warn you that he is not your friend, but your very worst enemy!'

'What is that you say?' cried the man accused, glaring at her. 'Repeat those words, and I will tell the whole truth about yourself—here, before your lover!'

The blind man frowned. He hated scenes. 'Come, come,' he urged, 'please do not quarrel.—Gabrielle, I think, dear, your words are scarcely fair to our friend.'

'Father,' she said firmly, her face pale as death, 'I repeat them. That man standing there is as much your enemy as he is mine!'

Flockart laughed satirically. 'Then I will tell my story, and let your father judge whether you are a worthy daughter,' he said.

(To be continued.)

POSTAL DERELICTS.

AS is generally known, there is periodically a sale by public auction of all articles which, having passed through the delivery departments of the various post-offices, fail to reach their destination, and find their way back to what is known as the 'Dead' or 'Returned' Letter Office of the London General Post-Office. At first sight one is amazed at the vast number of articles thus returned in the course of a single year.

For instance, no less than 31,278,000 such articles, which include letters, post-cards, newspapers, and parcels, were sent back to the Returned Letter Office, as being undeliverable, during the year ending 31st March 1908. But when we discover that during the same period the number of similar articles actually dealt with by the staff was 4,972,070,000 one's amazement takes another direction.

In view of the immense number of postal packets passing through the department every year, and allowing for the inevitable, the postal authorities deserve the highest praise, and we can readily sympathise with them in their complaint as to the carelessness shown by the general public in addressing their correspondence. It would be well if the lesson contained in the following figures was taken to heart:

The number of letters dealt with and undelivered were in 1906–07, 11,120,695 and 980,960; in 1907–08, 11,745,992 and 1,145,551. The number of parcels dealt with and undelivered were in 1907–08, 244,406 and 14,722.

'The undeliverable registered letters and letters containing articles of value numbered 393,298. . . . These letters contained £19,378, 16s. 6d. in cash and bank-notes, and £636,680, 17s. in bills, cheques, money-orders, postal-orders, and postage-stamps.'

All this is bad enough; but something far worse follows. We can all understand the young (or old) man in a hurry who in his haste fails to put a sufficiently explicit address upon his letter; but what is to be said of him who drops his missive into the ubiquitous pillar-box without having put *any* address upon it at all? Yet there are such persons, as is evidenced by the fact that 379,426 such unaddressed communications were posted in the ordinary way during 1904, and, as a result, were 'run in' to the Returned Letter Office. The odd thing about these letters is that 4190 contained valuable property, including £345 in cash and bank-notes and £9685 in various forms of remittances, while one unaddressed letter contained a cheque for £1500! It is pleasant to read, in connection with these unaddressed letters, that 'it was found possible to restore the greater number of them to the senders,' by sending a form to banks, and by tracking the name and address of senders.

The owners of the loose money appear to have been more fortunate in this respect than the owners of the large quantity of loose goods which was found in the post during the year, and which subsequently came under the auctioneers' hammer in Covent Garden.

The difficulty in connection with returned letters and their enclosures is, however, slight in comparison with that experienced with goods, &c., as in the former case there is generally some clue to the sender, while in the case of goods there is seldom anything to indicate from whom the articles come; and thus it is that a very large amount of property—some of it perishable—has to be disposed of by the authorities, who cannot be expected to warehouse it at the public expense for any length of time.

So it comes about that there is an annual general clearance sale, all such goods being sent to some well-known auctioneer—generally Messrs Debenham & Storr—and advertised for sale on a given date, when they are sold for what they will fetch.

In consequence of information received, the writer attended one of these sales lately, and, from what he saw of the class of goods transmitted through the post now and again, it is doubtful whether any other establishment in England (not excluding pawnbrokers) had such a motley collection of wares to dispose of as was then scattered about the ground-floor at King Street, Covent Garden.

As there seems to be a wonderful similarity in the nature of the articles sent for sale annually—the manager assured the writer that the lots seldom vary in quality—it will be as well to quote from the printed catalogue of that sale, which was represented as having a strong family likeness to all its predecessors.

In this formidable document, with its sixteen closely printed pages, this notice appears in a conspicuous position: 'The following one hundred and thirty lots are from the Returned Letter Office, to be sold by order of H.M. Postmaster-General.' Then follows the official description of each lot, some of which are here given as they were scheduled by the auctioneer:

1. The Dragon of Pekin, Out in the Forty-five, Everyday Battles, Folly and Fresh Air, Sanford and Merton, and 15 others.
2. Infelice, Richard Dred, Ashes of the Empire, Donald and Dorothy, South Africa and Transvaal War (3), and 12 others.
3. British Empire, Sir Hector, Poor Jack, The Fair Imperialist, My Ladies Three, and 15 others.
4. Britons at Bay, The Briton's First Duty, Adam Bede, Flames, Children of Hermes, Across the World for a Wife, and 13 others.
5. The Valiant Runaways, Nellie Arundel, Harold the King, Cynic's Conscience, Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot, Barbara Leybourne, and 14 others.
6. History of the English Turf, Little Women and Little Wives, Babe in Bohemia, and 28 others (various).

Turning over to the next page of the catalogue, quite a different kind of ware presents itself, and we find that some 'two hundred and forty pieces of operatic, vocal, and instrumental music' having been made to do duty as a headline, the following prosaic list is thrust upon our attention, and it certainly is in the highest degree symptomatic of much not calling for annotation here:

60. About 85 children's picture-books (various), 70 blotters, pocket-books, views, &c.
61. 9 pairs of pants and 10 undervests.
62. 24 white and coloured shirts (various).
63. Pair of flannel trousers and vest, 4 jackets, 7 vests, 4 pairs of trousers, and mackintosh.
67. Brown Raglan overcoat, trousers, and vest, &c.

Ladies' attire, as might be expected, forms the major portion of these errant garments, and such announcements as the following constantly appear among the various lots: 'Blue dress, 2 silk skirts, 8 others, 12 blouses and bodices, in sheet;' '80 articles [unspecified] of women's underclothing, &c., in sheet;' '20 remnants (various);' '3 costumes, 9 skirts, 7 petticoats, and 2 print dresses;' '25 bodices and blouses and skirt;' '50 articles of women's underclothing in wrapper,' &c.

Many of the articles intended for some fair shoulders, but thus flung loose upon the world, must be of considerable value; for we find such items as 'Blue silk opera-cloaks,' 'Large quantities of lace,' 'Irish lace collarettes,' and no end of eider-down quilts, furs, astrakhans, and other valuable goods.

Some of the announcements are very vague and indefinite, such as lot 298, which appears to be composed of a 'large quantity of sundries, in sheet,' while there are three 'odds and ends' and one marked 'similar lot.' As for corsets, antimacassars, hats, handkerchiefs, and mufflers, their name is legion. Then again we have 'about 160 bottles of scents, drugs, and soaps,' and 'boxes of chocolate enclosed in pale-blue satin and hand-painted outer case, with other fancy cases enclosing sweets.'

Whilst gold, silver, and precious stones are conspicuous by their absence, the supply of gaudy plated goods is enormous, and one gets wearied of the constant iteration of 'imitation jewellery, chains, studs, &c., in box;' one lot tells us of '4 silver-mounted match-stands, flower-vase, plated goblet, kettle, 12 pairs of tongs, vegetable-dish, 12 other plated articles, and quantity of imitation jewellery.' But it *is* 'imitation' and not the genuine article.

Other lots included '5 bottles of whisky and 4 bottles of port wine;' and, almost check-by-jowl with this, '48 Bibles and Testaments, 20 hymn and prayer books, with sundry umbrellas.'

Another lot is composed of '33 tins and 12 packets of tea and coffee, weight about 66 lb.' The smoker is strongly represented here, and one can almost catch the aroma of '100 pipes and cigarette tubes, 800 cigars (in 17 boxes) and 656 cigarettes (in 10 boxes, some deficient)' all blazing away at the same moment under Messrs Debenham's baton. In this category, too, we must include a lot wherein there are 'a rare quantity of cigars, 6 tins of loose tobacco, box of ditto, 50 packets of ditto, 5 tins of cigarettes, 100 packets of ditto, quantity of loose ditto, and quantity of plug tobacco.'

There seems to have been a strange fascination in lot 322 for some person or persons, as the catalogue is crossed here as in no other part. Mayhap the miscellaneous character of the bundle operated on some minds, and certainly it is a regular Joseph's coat in its way. Here it is in full: 'Waterproof, 24 white handkerchiefs, 5 hand-bags, 2 remnants of flannel, pair of boots, 2 pairs of slippers, piece of linen, 10 pinafores, hand camera, two pairs of hose, 6 spoons, and pair of sheets.' It is not easy to see how such an infinite variety of material could be scraped together and wrapped up in one 'bundle.' But the Post-Office people, or, as is more likely, the auctioneers' people, have a wonderful faculty for assimilating incongruities. For instance, lot 358 was made to consist of '4 night-dresses, 6 silk scarves, 30 handkerchiefs, 2 door-mats, quantity of braces, belts, and sundries in bag, and a bundle of wall-paper, engravings, &c.' After such an amalgam as that we are prepared for anything, and shall close this inventory of Post-Office curiosities by noting the pithy, sententious description of lot 422—namely, 'Bundle of sundries.'

On inquiry at the superintendent's office of derelict letters and parcels in Edinburgh, we found a similar state of matters on a small scale. The month of December, before and after Christmas, leaves a great legacy of undelivered parcels, owing to missing addresses. Poultry had to be quickly dealt with, and were sold for a nominal sum with little delay. The list of derelicts is of the most miscellaneous character, including curling-tongs, cognac, oxo, oatcakes, buns, tea, coffee, golf-balls, and the other thousand and one articles of daily use and consumption.

THE SECRET OF THE SEBHAH.

CHAPTER II.

ON Thursday afternoon, when Lea turned in at the gates of The Shaws, he saw Christine in the garden; and, instead of entering the house, he ventured across the lawn to speak to her. The smooth, velvety surface was spoiled by the indentations of ruthless feet; the bushes had not recovered; and Christine at the moment was examining and bemoaning the flower-borders, which had not been spared, but trampled upon like the rest.

'Your grounds have suffered severely, Miss Christine, from the vandalism of the crowd,' said he. 'But a little careful attention, with the ready assistance of nature, will soon repair the damage.'

'I hope so, Mr Lea, for your sake,' she replied, turning to greet him. He was close upon her before she knew. The turf had deadened his footsteps, and she had been intent upon the inspection of the flowers.

'For your sake too,' said he.

'While we remain;' and she began, rather disconsolately, to pluck the petals from a bruised pansy and let them fall upon the path.

'It is settled, then?' he asked.

'That you are to be the tenant, of course. It was as good as settled on Tuesday, and would have

been quite but for my rudeness. I must apologise, Mr Lea. My heart was bruised, like the pansy'—and she dropped the denuded calyx—'by the noises at that horrid sale; and so, I am sorry to say, I was horrid to you.'

'Don't distress yourself about that.' He nearly said 'dear,' and would have liked to say it, but added 'Miss Christine' instead. 'A pansy cannot be horrid, however bruised it may be. And I wouldn't treat your heart as you have treated the flower.'

'Poor flower!' said she, looking at the ruin she had made. 'That was horrid too, to pluck it to pieces. I might have given it a chance to revive. But we are growing sentimental, Mr Lea. Will you not come in and see mother? She is expecting you.'

'Presently, Miss Christine. But I want to ask you something. I bought an article at the sale'——

'You bought a good many articles,' she interrupted. 'When are you going to take them away?'

'There is no need to remove them. They can remain until I come. It will be better so, if they are not in your way, and you and your mother can use them. I am selfish, you see. They might be damaged by a double removal—would be, to a certainty; but if they remain here Mary will keep them in order.'

Christine viewed the selfishness from another standpoint. It would be an immense convenience to them for the furniture to remain. The Shaws would continue home-like. He must have known that. It was a feigned selfishness that the favour might seem to be conferred by them, when in reality he was the benefactor. She did not dispute his method of putting it; but, both grateful and abashed, she waited for him to continue.

'There was an article I did remove—a rosary, or something of the kind, protected by a glazed frame. Can you tell me anything about it, Miss Christine? If you value it, I will bring it back again.'

'No; it is yours. You have bought it. Ever since I can remember it has been hung in the library. It was brought by my great-grandfather from the East, and he set great store by it, I believe, as a memento of an event which happened while he was out there.'

'Then it is an heirloom, Miss Christine. You must certainly have it back.'

'No, no!' said she, with a blush, and vigorously disclaiming any right to what he had fairly purchased. 'You must keep it. It is no more an heirloom than the other things—the ornaments and pictures and books—which have gone we know not where. They all had their associations, for they were all *lares* and *penates*, like the beads you have bought; but we could not keep them on that account. No; the rosary is yours.'

'Is it a rosary, Miss Christine?'

'Of a kind, but not the usual kind. It was given to my great-grandfather by an Arab sheikh, a Mohammedan.'

'Indeed! That explains the faded writing in the centre. It is Arabic. I thought in my ignorance, not knowing how old the picture was, that it was some form of shorthand. Has the writing ever been interpreted?'

'Yes; but I cannot remember the interpretation. Father told me once, and grandfather told him. It is nothing important, only three veiled maxims such as all Oriental people are fond of. My great-grandfather served under various admirals in the Napoleonic wars.'

'And what was the event of which the rosary is a memento?'

'When Napoleon was approaching St Jean d'Acre my great-grandfather was sent with a company of marines into the Lebanon to interview the Druse leaders, and to persuade them, if possible, to stand aloof. Because of their complicated quarrels with the rapacious and cruel governor, no assistance could be expected from them in the defence of the fortress; but it was important that they should be detached from any alliance with the enemy, and remain perfectly neutral. Napoleon had already tampered with them; but, on religious grounds, and in opposition to the Maronites, their local foes, who favoured the French invasion, their response to his overtures had not been cordial. They had refused to declare themselves, and the purpose of Sir Sidney in promoting the interview was to prolong the vacillation.

'The mission succeeded beyond his highest hopes. My great-grandfather saw the Druse leaders at Ebtedeen. They would not pledge themselves to an open alliance with the English, but they did pledge themselves to harass the convoys of the French. Supplies from the Lebanon or from the fertile plains beyond should not reach the French if they could cut them off. All through the siege they were in sympathy with the English; and so impressed was Sir Sidney with the value of their services, and with the justness of their complaints, that afterwards he intervened on their behalf with the Sublime Porte.

'But that does not concern the rosary. Foraging parties had been sent out in the direction of the Lebanon; and on his way back my great-grandfather and his men fell in with one of them. They were defiling into the open from one of the narrow mountain passes, when they heard tumultuous shouts, and beheld, a short half-mile away, a struggle going on between a company of Arabs and some of these French foragers. The Arabs were manfully defending themselves, but manifestly weakening under the French attack. Muskets were deadlier than spears. The camels had stampeded, and were scattering over the plain. The brown tents were tumbling together, riddled with shot, and their owners were collecting in a circle, back to back, for a last desperate stand.

'The marines cheered, and ran to their assistance. Soon they were in the mêlée, and speedy work they made of it. The French were driven off; some were slain, others were captured, but they had wrought serious havoc among the Arabs. The French captain, at the very close of the contest, rushed in a rage at a young Arab who had strenuously opposed him, and attempted to cut the young man down. My great-grandfather instantly intercepted the stroke, and barely saved the Arab's life. Glancing from his upraised weapon, the sabre—its force fortunately broken—took my great-grandfather across the cheek and forehead, and inflicted an ugly wound. He carried the mark of it to his dying day. But the young man was saved; and the captain, ere he could strike again, was seized by one of the marines, forcibly disarmed, and taken prisoner.

'Buried beneath the tents was an old man, the sheikh, the father of the Arab whose life had been snatched from the slash of the sabre. He was not in hiding; he had simply been caught in the collapse of the canvas. When the people had drawn him out, and he saw how matters stood, he was very grateful, and doubly grateful when it was explained to him that the leader of the rescue-party had sustained the sabre-cut in the quick and effectual defence of his favourite son.

'"What shall I give him?" said he, as my great-grandfather was presented to him, with the fearful gash across his face, and nearly fainting from loss of blood. "Alas! we have nothing with which to recompense so worthy a deed."

'"Give him the sebhah," returned his son, picking up the beads from the litter of the tents which was scattered over the ground.

'"If he will deign to accept it," said the old man, taking it from his son and handing it to him. "And I will write out for him the scrip that should accompany it. Maybe it will serve him in an hour of need."

'They remained until the following day. The camels were caught and the tents folded. The Arabs turned eastward with grateful farewells, and the marines resumed their journey to the coast. My great-grandfather brought away with him his wound and the sebhah, with the scrip traced in Arabic characters, as permanent souvenirs of the rescue.'

Ferdinand listened to the recital without a word of interruption. He became quite absorbed in it. But for Christine's decided negative, and the knowledge that it would hurt her, he would have urged again the return of the rosary. It was an heirloom after all, associated with the heroic conduct of one of her ancestors, and he secretly resolved to send it back, and in such a way that she must accept it, if only to save from extinction this interesting touch of adventure in the records of her family.

First, however, he intended to satisfy his own curiosity in regard to it. Surely the gift was valuable, else the sheikh would not have concurred so readily in his son's proposal, nor would they both have thought it adequate in some degree as an expression of their gratitude. The clouded maxims, too, carefully written out, but in ink which had faded to a saffron hue, must have some important relation to the sebhah itself. He swiftly decided, even while he was listening, to submit the beads to the inspection of an expert, and to secure the decipherment of the Arabic characters. There might be more, very much more, under a gift apparently so simple, than Miss Christine imagined or had ever been thought of by her forebears. The sheikh had said, and not without reason, 'Maybe it will serve him in an hour of need.'

'It is a stirring story, Miss Christine. Thank you for telling it. Your great-grandfather was a brave man, and you have every reason to be proud of him. No wonder that he preserved the sebhah so carefully, and passed it on in its glass case to his children. It is a pity that any one should have bought it. You ought to have kept it in your own hands.'

They were now walking toward the house. She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly, and made a little grimace. What could they do? she seemed to imply. Their position compelled them to part with it, and with many another treasure besides. That she could make the grimace and shrug her shoulders was some comfort to him. He took it as a proof that the trouble was sitting more lightly upon her, and that in time the sunshine would break through the cloud.

Mrs Denholme welcomed him almost effusively. It was a satisfaction to her that the tenancy of The Shaws had been settled so amicably, and she was quite willing, knowing Ferdinand's generous nature, to leave the arrangement of all the details between him and Mr Pierce.

When he departed, he crossed the lawn again, and, stooping, picked from the path the plucked petals of the pansy, and placed them in his pocket-book. 'Heart's-ease!' he whispered to himself; 'I need it.' It was a return to the sentiment which Christine had dismissed.

'Yes,' said the dealer in antiques when Ferdinand submitted the rosary for inspection two days later, 'it is a sebhah used by devout Moslems at their extra prayers. You will notice that there are ninety-nine beads, divided into three thirty-threes, and each thirty-three is separated from the rest by a special bead which in this specimen is of some black substance rather like jet; but it cannot be jet;' and he fingered the three black beads curiously.

'What are the others made of?'

'Cedar, very neatly made, too,' returned the dealer. 'The twisted chain by which the beads are held together is evidently silver, very much tarnished, but silver nevertheless. The links would rub up easily and form a pleasing contrast to those black beads;' and again he fingered them, then

smelt at them, and finally touched them with the tip of his tongue. But the tests were futile.

'Is it worth much?'

'N-o-o!' replied the dealer with hesitation. 'It is just the usual form of sebhah, with the exception of these black beads. They mark it off from the ordinary. I could offer you five shillings for it.'

'Only?' and Ferdinand smiled. 'The silver must be worth that. I am not anxious to part with it. And you really cannot tell me what the black beads are?'

'No; they puzzle me. I have not seen any like them. A mineralogist might tell you, but I cannot.'

So, thanking him, and bidding him farewell, Ferdinand sought out a mineralogist.

'Do you mind my chipping off a bit from one of the beads?' said he after examining them.

'If you can do it without breaking the bead or causing any serious damage to the rosary.'

'You may rely upon that;' and, with a sharp instrument, he nipped away the point of one of the angles. 'Now I can soon ascertain what the material is.' He placed it beneath a powerful lens, and carefully scrutinised the fractured edges. 'Ah, I thought so! See, Mr Lea!' and he took a florin out of his pocket and put it upon the table. In the centre of the coin he placed the tiny black nodule. Striking a match, he touched the nodule with the flame, and immediately it blazed up, burnt fiercely for a moment, subsided into liquid pitch, and then vanished. The coin was discoloured, that was all.

'It is very inflammable,' said Ferdinand.

'Very,' returned the mineralogist. 'It is bitumen, a strange substance, certainly, to fashion into beads. May I ask, Mr Lea, if the rosary came from Syria?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, then this bitumen is from the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. Curios are worked from it, I know, because the material can be easily carved; but this is the first time I have met with it in the beads of a rosary.'

Ferdinand had detached the beads from the back of the frame, and left that, with the pasted paper upon it, safely locked away in his private desk at home. He declined to run any risk with the paper. He was anxious to keep it undamaged and intact. The next step was to secure its decipherment. Those mystic Arabic characters were connected somehow with the larger dividing beads of black bitumen. The singularity and distinction of the rosary depended entirely upon them, and if he could only trace the relation between them and the writing he hoped to be able to solve the secret of the sebhah.

(To be continued.)

DEATH VALLEY.

SPOT which the traveller in both the Old and the New World has called the 'most desolate place' on the earth's surface is a valley in the south-western part of the United States. It is a part of the great American desert, but really is a desert in the centre of deserts, where so little moisture is in the air that not a living thing in the way of grass or shrubs springs from the soil. There is absolutely nothing which will afford nourishment to man or beast. Only in a little corner of this valley does any water exist; but it is a mockery to call the salt, alkaline liquid water, for it is poison to man or beast or bird, and unfit for any use.

Well do the people of the south-west call the place Death Valley, for most of those who have dared to venture into it have never returned to its borders. Thus far only a few persons have gone its entire length and escaped to tell of the suffering they endured in this hole in the world, hemmed in by mountains which prevent the smallest raincloud from ever passing over it; and the mountains are also suitably named, for one range is termed the Funeral Mountains. As we have stated, Death Valley is a desert within deserts. It is surrounded by Ralston Desert on the north, Panamint Desert on the west, Mojave Desert on the south, and the Amargosa Desert on the east; and its depression being lower than any of the others, need we wonder that it should be a centre of misery when the hot rays of summer pour down upon it and the refracted heat strikes it from the Panamint and Funeral Mountain ranges? During the three summer months and first month of autumn the heat in Death Valley rises to one hundred and thirty-seven and one hundred and thirty-nine degrees, higher probably than anywhere else in the world. Not only does this heat exist there during the day, but also during the night, for the mountains on either side and the hard surface of the middle valley, during the day heated like the walls of a furnace, do not have time to cool perceptibly until the sun again rises in a copper sky, and thus for weeks and months, unfavoured by moisture, this great central isolated region literally burns, a land of silence and desolation.

Few who have dared to make the journey into this literal inferno on earth have cared to make another attempt, for unless an ample supply of water for man and brute is carried one must perish of thirst if not starvation. Yet over half a century ago gold-seekers and home-seekers tried to cross the valley, and recently several scientists have taken

their lives in their hands and gone into this desert of deserts. Here is the tale of one of them, as related by himself:

'I had crossed Panamint Valley, and after spending some days in a mining-camp of Panamint, I, in company with two others, reached the summit of the Panamint Range, and from there looked down on Death Valley. The summit of Panamint Range rises seven thousand feet above sea-level, and the view from the high altitude in a rarefied atmosphere is one never to be forgotten, although the region looked down upon is as desolate and forbidding as would be an equal area of the moon. On the west lies the Panamint Valley, to the eastward Death Valley, to the north the mountains around Darwin and Wild Rose Cañon, and to the south and east the deserts of the Mojave and Amargosa, and, rising up in beauty though desolate, the Calico Range of hills, that shows a richer colouring than did Joseph's coat of old.

'Death Valley, as seen from the summit of the Panamint Range, presents in the month of November a long, gray waste of desert, in which there are narrow bands of white made by thin deposits of borax; and to the south end of the desert one can see a thin line like a blade of steel, which is the faint outline of the Amargosa River, as it dies away upon entering Death Valley sink. This stream flows in from the south, then turns east and west, and flows around to the north. It is a sluggish, dead stream, that takes its rise in the State of Nevada. On its course it furnishes water for a few ranches and farms in the Amargosa Valley, and flows onward through a bitter, alkaline country until, when it reaches the point where nature seems to have intended that it should supply a vast reservoir, it has no water to give.

'It was as the sun was rising that we began our descent from Panamint Range to take our way across Death Valley. The mountain surface is in rolls and drifts until it reaches the edge of the valley, where we arrive at the forbidding gray flat, level as a billiard-table, save where here and there an encrustation of soda in some form permitted the foot of man or beast to break through its thin crust. Upon reaching Death Valley, what to us was most striking on that occasion was the tremendous height which the Panamint Range, which we had just descended, seemed to present. I distinctly remember that as I looked back upon them, and then upon the bleak, gray desert valley before us, with the Funeral Range of mountains in the distance to the eastward, I recalled at once to mind that celebrated Valley of Diamonds into which Sindbad the Sailor descended for crystallised wealth, as described in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

'Our route lay directly across the sterile desert, and before us ran wagon-tracks that were made by miners and adventurers who came to the silver-mines of Panamint. Old Tex, our guide, said that one could see on that desert waste the tracks of the wagons owned by the early emigrants, of whom a number perished for want of water in the years 1849–50. When about seven miles out on the desert we came across the bones of three oxen, cracked, worn, and weather-beaten, and three spokes near them. A little farther away lay the tire of this wheel, but little rusted although it had lain there almost fifty years. Yet a little farther on we picked up near the trail the sole of an old boot; it was curled and distorted into a queer shape, and the heel was sloping to the sole, and the wooden pegs had so shrunken in the leather of the soles that when we took up the old relic they fell out. Then we found a broken china tobacco-pipe, a few porcelain buttons, and four flat, old-fashioned brass coat-buttons. As we found these relics of former travel over the dreary and forbidding waste, old Tex said that they were part of the remains of the party who in the year 1849 or 1850 started to cross this desert without a guide. They had separated from a larger party, who had taken a course south from what is known as the State of Nevada. The unfortunate few believed that they could take a more direct route across the desert and over the Panamint Mountains. In taking this new route, the emigrants found it easy for a time, but soon their troubles began. Their descent from the Funeral Range into Death Valley was difficult, compelling them to abandon much of their property; and when upon the unknown desert they were without water, night was upon them, and the days that followed saw the destruction of most of their number; for, in taking their way across the desert, the party became crazed with thirst and wandered in various directions; becoming delirious, some of them stripped themselves of all clothing, and, like wild beasts, began to burrow in the hard desert sands with their bare heads. Two men named Towne and Waite, and nine other persons, escaped by reaching the Panamint Mountains and finding a spring. The remaining eighteen persons, men, women, and children, who composed the party left their bones in the desert. One of the survivors named Bennett gave it the name of Death Valley.

'Our own journey across this desert seemed slow. Though it was the month of November, the atmosphere was sultry, the air dry, and by noon the heat was oppressive. A smothering sensation would at times make itself felt. We were now midway in the desert; and our saddle and pack animals showing signs of extreme thirst, we gave each of them a gallon of water, which we had brought with us in kegs on the pack-animals before starting across this barren waste. We had taken for each man two one-gallon canteens from Panamint, and three gallons for each horse; but we soon consumed the entire measure, and our horses were mad with thirst when we reached the camp-ground that evening. The desert is perfectly level, but not everywhere smooth, as in places there are weary areas where sal, soda, and borax crystals extend over

the surface to the depth of several inches; but the wealth of this desert is wholly mineral in its nature. Nothing pertaining to the vegetable kingdom is found on its central area, and the approaches to it on either side show but a straggling of trees and shrubs of cactus, greasewood, and arrow-weed.'

Yet at some time in the past ages this spot, where even a drop of water is precious, was the bed of a great inland sea probably hundreds of feet deep; for, strange as it may seem, the rock walls which rise so abruptly on either side of the valley bear on their surface impressions which the geologist says were made in them by the action of the waves. There are also distinctly visible traces of beach on which the waters rose and fell; but all this was probably thousands of years ago, and little by little the awful heat of the sun dried up the sea until now not a particle of its water remains. This fact alone shows how Nature has made a great furnace of Death Valley. For fully two-thirds of the year it is unsafe to enter it no matter how much water and food may be carried, because the temperature is so high even at midnight as well as noon, for from sunset to dawn the sand and rock are continually radiating the heat with which the sun has permeated the formation during the day. Those who have ventured into this wilderness, in truth, have done so during what is called winter, when the tops of the higher mountains surrounding the depression are covered with snow; but even in January the sun's rays are almost unbearable, and years may pass without a cloud even the size of a man's hand appearing in the sky. At all times there is danger of sand-storms, which, created by the hot winds, come up as suddenly as those of the Sahara, and such masses of sand are whirled about that one may be buried in it if he remains in the same spot.

And yet the Death Valley is but a small section of the American desert. Situated in southern California, it is only about fifty miles long and thirty-five miles across. A person with good eyesight can look from one of the mountain ranges that hem it in and distinguish the faint, dark line which marks the mountains on the other side. The distance across it being so short is one reason why the desert has claimed many human victims. They do not realise the power of the sun and the fearful dryness of the air, for there is scarcely a trace of moisture in it night or day. Often have they realised the danger when too far from either side to return, and dropped down upon the glaring white surface never to recover.

As already stated, no human being can stay in Death Valley itself and remain alive; but the mountains and deserts which border it are also almost uninhabited. As to society of the human type, it is confined to a few miners in the Funeral, Calico, and Panamint Mountains, who mine for gold, silver, lead, and copper; a few who mine borax; and a few roving bands of Piute Indians who hunt the jack-rabbit and gather the pine-nut in the high parts of the surrounding ranges. There are a few 'squaw-men' leading a sort of isolated life on mountain ranges, owning cattle and horses, and in a small way interested in mining. At Ash Meadows, to the eastward of Death Valley, is a man (who has a cattle-ranch) with his wife and one or two hired men, and he rules the destinies of about three hundred square miles of country.

'UNFORTUNATE.'

AN EPISODE IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

By A. C. Campbell Swinton.

THE incident of which the following is a description is of itself so dramatic, so strange, and so connected with interesting portions of history that, being hardly known, it is worth preservation.

There was an Alderman of the City of London who amassed a large fortune and was created a baronet by George the Third, by name Charles Asgill. This gentleman married a daughter of Daniel Pratviel, who was then secretary to the Embassy at Madrid, and had a son Charles and two daughters. The son entered the army and went to America as a captain in 1781, under the Marquis Cornwallis. It was the period of the American War of Independence. He went through the whole of the campaigns, and was taken prisoner at the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia, with five thousand of the British army.

Some time previously a rebel captain—or what we would now call an American—named Huddy, had captured, whilst patrolling at night, Captain Lippincott, an officer in command of a British patrol, and for no other cause but that the latter was a loyalist, hanged him without trial. Lippincott's brother shortly after the occurrence took Huddy prisoner, and in retaliation for his brother's murder he executed Huddy. Consequent on this General Washington ordered that thirteen British officers (prisoners) should draw lots, and the one on whom the lot fell should be selected to suffer death in retaliation for Huddy's death. The officers assembled at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the names of the thirteen were placed in one hat, and in another twelve blank pieces of paper and a thirteenth

piece of paper on which was written the word 'Unfortunate.' That piece fell to Captain Asgill of the Guards. What a fate, condemned to an ignominious death, suddenly and for no cause that he had the remotest connection with! He was conveyed, strongly guarded, to a prison in the Jerseys, and there suffered many hardships for six months, daily expecting his execution.

One of the fortunate twelve who did not draw the fatal lot was Sir Charles Gould, afterwards Sir Charles Morgan. He returned to England, his family having procured an exchange of prisoners, thus effecting his release, and he was the bearer of the news concerning Captain Asgill to his family. Strange to say, he wrote no letter to prepare them nor even to make himself known, but was ushered into the drawing-room of Lady Asgill's house, and found her and another lady sitting there; and on hearing the fatal intelligence they both swooned and fell senseless on the floor. Captain Gould, filled with dismay, summoned the servant, who instantly thought the captain had killed his mistress. When poor Lady Asgill realised the position of her son she did not remain helpless and inactive. She resolved to write to Count Vergennes, who was in a post of high authority at the court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The letter was long, so I only give some portions of it. She was unknown to him:

'My son, an only son, as dear as he is brave, amiable as he is deserving to be so, only nineteen, a prisoner under articles of capitulation of York-town, is now confined in America an object of retaliation. Shall an innocent suffer for the guilty? Represent to yourself, sir, the situation of a family under these circumstances, surrounded as I am by objects of distress, distracted with fear and grief. No words can express my feelings or paint the scene—my husband given over by his physician a few hours before the news arrived, and not in a state to be informed of the misfortune; my daughter, seized with a fever, raving in delirium about her brother. Let your feelings, sir, plead for my inexpressible misery. . . . Say but a word to General Washington, and my son will be released. His honour carried him to America. He was born to affluence, independence, and the fairest prospects.'

Count Vergennes was so moved by this letter that he showed it to the King and Queen; they, to whom so soon after no pity was shown, but brutal contempt of their sufferings, were deeply moved.

'The goodness of their Majesties' hearts induce them to desire,' writes Vergennes to Washington, 'that the inquietudes of an unfortunate mother may be calmed and her tenderness reassured.' He wrote at length and very forcibly, urging on Washington that if it were possible to avoid extreme rigour and pardon Mr Asgill it would be very agreeable to their Majesties. 'The danger of young Asgill, the tears, the despair of his mother, affect them sensibly, and they would see with pleasure the hope of consolation for the unfortunate family.'

The ill-fated Queen at that time was still all-powerful. Washington, in league with France, was glad to save Asgill, thus pleasing the Queen and answering the dictates of his own heart, ever inclining to clemency and humanity. He moved his release in Congress, and sent a notification of the same with a very kind letter to Captain Asgill, in which he said that reprisals were distasteful to him, and that he had all along felt for his painful situation, but had delayed writing till he was sure of his release, not wishing to raise false hopes. The letter, after telling him of his freedom, concludes thus: 'It is no greater relief to you than it is to, sir, your most obedient humble servant, G. Washington.'

Not a moment did Asgill lose, when the joyful news reached him, in journeying with all speed to comfort and cheer his 'distracted family.' He hurried to New York only to find that the ship had sailed; but, undaunted, he set sail to chase her in a small boat. Sometimes she is in sight, sometimes lost to view. On he ploughs the waves in his little craft, his home and all he loves, which for six weary months he never expected to see again, to be soon reached if only he can overtake the good ship *Swallow*. Fortune favours him, and four leagues out to sea he scrambles up her side without baggage or servant, a free and joyous man.

What a home-coming that must have been! And after a happy time spent with his family he set out for France, and there tendered his grateful thanks to the beautiful and benevolent Queen; and again a picture rises before us of the Court of Versailles, then in all its grandeur and beauty. A young and gallant Guardsman is ushered in, and bending before Marie Antoinette, thanks her for his honour and his life.

SUMMER.

I laugh, from where I lie 'mid grass and dew,
To see the apple ripe against the blue;
Fair, fair, fair,
Red wine and caress of the air.
With a ripple of leaf, and the strength of the bough,
And the haunting, the murmuring laughter and sough
Of the wind—
The merry, mad wind—
That steals from the south to find
What thing a beautiful world can show
When Summer—the Summer 's ablow!

The curving apple hangeth sweet and high,
Rose-red it leans 'gainst deep cerulean sky:
Green, green, green,
Spreads verdure in delicate sheen;
And the harvest is golden, it sings in the grain;
While the carol of lark falls in exquisite rain;
And the sun—
The glorious sun—
Springs from his kingdom to run
Where a maiden hath hid from his gaze,
And Summer—the Summer 's ablaze!

L. Fleming Struthers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

HEALTH AND COMMON-SENSE.

AN old clergyman was once asked by a young and inexperienced brother for some advice on certain points. 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'if you lack common-sense, then you won't take my advice; and if you have it there is no need of your receiving any advice from me.' A friend once asked Thackeray, who had alluded to one of those illnesses which were the bane of his life, if he had ever received the best medical advice. Certainly he had, was the reply; 'but what is the use of advice if you don't follow it?' he continued. 'They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired *not* to do, and, therefore, what am I to expect?' That a man is either a fool or a physician at forty is probably as untrue as most proverbs. Only, one wonders why all the ills that flesh is heir to are not banished for ever by the amount of medical advice crystallised in books and ever increasing in volume, by fees paid to medical men and for consultations, by accumulating experience of the ages, and by health-foods, not to speak of advertised remedies, quack and otherwise. It is not so much advice that is lacking as the acting up to the best we know.

Here we have a Yorkshire-American, Dr Woods Hutchinson, on good terms with himself and in boisterous good humour, adding to our stock of good advice in *Health and Common-sense* (Cassell & Co.), in which he makes slashing attacks on food-faddists of every kind and degree. He offers a strong plea for the following of the healthy instincts of the average man in regard to food and drink. If we wish to keep on the high-road of robust health, we must, according to Dr Hutchinson, cultivate life in the sunshine and fresh air, have little to do with patent foods or quack medicines, lean towards time-tested foods, cultivate a healthy omnivorousness, and avoid monotony. The American title of the book, *Instinct and Health*, supplies a key to the writer's point of view. Cherished diet-delusions are brushed aside like cobwebs, while he throws the dry searchlight of his knowledge and experience on all matters of health.

A hotel proprietor once termed cookery the leading science in the world, which is equivalent to saying that hunger is the great driving-power of all our activities. The cookery-teacher joins hands with the medical man; there should in the future be less waste and extravagance in lower and middle-class as well as in upper-class homes when we have a well-balanced dietary for building up and keeping the body in working trim. An overweening attention and curiosity in regard to diet may be evidence of ailing health. Still, we are all less or more interested in food and feeding; and, as Dr Johnson says, if a man is not interested in his dinner he will not be interested in anything else.

Dr Hutchinson, in effect, tells us that instinct in the matter of food is often superior to reason; that the man on the street who follows his God-given instincts, and plods peacefully along with special favour for rich meat, fats, and sugars, is on quite good lines; for he contends that the basal problems of diet were long ago settled in the farm-house kitchen and laboratory, and says 'there is little more room for difference of opinion upon them than there is about the coaling of engines.' In regard to prejudice against pork and the comparative longevity and low mortality of the Jews who abstain from its use, he says: 'Deprived of pork, our Jewish brethren have made up for it by eating every other kind of digestible fat that they can secure—butter, suet, fat fish, oil, the fat of geese, &c., so that their dietary is probably richer in fat than that of any class of the Gentile population surrounding them. Any physician of experience will confirm the statement that the diet of his Jewish patients is one of the richest in fats and sugars, most abundant in quantity, and most attractively cooked of any of his families, in proportion to their income.'

Even though it takes pork a long time to digest, it is 'one of the surest foods that we have to give off all its energy to the body.' Dr Hutchinson says he has seen more cases of dyspepsia cured by the use of breakfast-bacon than by any kind of drug or

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

restricted diet. He says pork, including ham and bacon, is easily our second most valuable meat-food, and has laid the foundation of Western civilisation. It is possible Dr Josiah Oldfield may get on his track and challenge some of these statements. This gentleman prefers to be called a Fruitarian rather than a Vegetarian, and lives happily and healthily on what some people would think was a restricted diet. Dr Oldfield does not think so, and states his side of the question temperately in a paper, 'The Diet of the Future,' in *Chambers's Journal* for 1907. As fruitarian dietary includes milk, butter, eggs, cheese, and honey, along with fruits, nuts, and vegetables, healthy existence is quite possible for Dr Oldfield and his followers.

In following his healthy instincts in regard to food, it is pointed out that the white man of to-day has a lower death-rate, a higher average length of life, is taller, heavier, and stronger, than any of his predecessors or any known race of savages. Dr Hutchinson has his joke, and tells us if we wish to be healthy and strong we must begin with our ancestors. All past generations have helped us to gather resisting-power, and have made us what we are. The human body is now, we are told, 'the toughest, most resisting, most marvellously adaptable, and most ferocious organism that the sun shines on.' It is indeed the best fighting animal in the world, and can live on anything that is digestible by any other animal.

Put plenty of good coal under the boiler in the shape of good food is Dr Hutchinson's advice. Live vigorously and joyously in the open air, sleep in a draught, and you will be warm in any kind of clothing, provided there is not too much of it. For 'every particle of the energy which sparkles in our eyes, which moves in our muscles, which warms our imaginations, is sunlight cunningly woven into our food by the living cell, whether vegetable or animal. Every movement, every word, every thought, every aspiration, represents the expenditure of precisely so much energy derived from food. 'Cut off our supply of second-hand sunlight, and our human lamps go out like an arc-light when the current is broken. We are literally what we have eaten.' Sunlight, air, and food, therefore, are the secrets of life. Food, he thinks, rather produces energy first, and heat incidentally as a waste product. Plants can do more wonderful things than we can in constructive work without giving off a particle of appreciable heat.

And so Dr Hutchinson goes on to tell us that it is a superstition that particular things are good or bad for particular things or effects—that fish-diet is good for the brain, and such-like. The best way to nourish the brain is by exercise through the muscles. Mustard and spices are valuable intestinal antiseptics, checking and preventing putrefaction and fermentation of food in the alimentary canal. Meats and fats, contrary to what some people say, are not too heating for the blood in the tropics. As regards the question of Fruitarianism or Vegetarianism, the best results in building up the body, he thinks, are attained by mixed diet. He has a word to say on oatmeal, which he dethrones from its proud position. The most convincing proof, he thinks, the Scotch have given of their greatness has been their ability to live on oatmeal at all. The secret of their wonderful success, both mental and physical, lies in the fact that any nation trained to survive a diet of oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism could survive anything and flourish anywhere. Oatmeal has some value as a food, which is largely minimised by its capacity as a stirrer-up of acid fermentations and intestinal disturbance. The constant struggle of rising humanity has been towards the securing of meat, and also of white bread, and as much of both as possible. Concentrated foods are styled failures, and cannot support life alone. Disturbances in digestion are more likely to have been caused by the rush and hurry in which food has been eaten than by the nature of the food. 'The widest variety of old-fashioned foods is still the best; we can safely leave the newer foods and patent improvements alone.

Long, grinding, treadmill hours of labour are degrading and benumbing to all that is best in human nature. In spite of all that is said in praise of the country, under proper conditions the finest adult development, physical and intellectual, is secured in the city. Civilised man is a far superior animal to any savage, lives longer, and is healthier and happier. As regards sleep, the majority of vigorous adults require nine hours, and getting muscularly well-tired is the best means to sleep well. Insomnia is most frequently the curse of a sedentary life. No air that ever blew out of doors is so dangerous or poisonous as that inside a bedroom with closed doors, and thus open windows are recommended. Few ever get too much sleep or fresh air. Cold water without soap used daily will keep the skin cleaner and healthier, and in a more comfortable condition, than hot water and soap once a week. 'Cold in general, and cold water in particular, where there is reaction, is a superb tonic, worth all the bitters and drug tonics in existence.

A man of middle-age is advised to keep up his interests; nothing does more to keep a man in health than a hobby. Hutchinson says: 'Don't begin to cut down on things until they cut down on you. Keep on full steam ahead until you feel a bump, or at least a distinct grating. You'll go farther and happier and far more usefully than by anxious straining on the lookout for rocks and shoals which often don't exist, though they may be down on the charts. There are plenty such. First and most vital, keep up your exercise and recreations, *especially* the latter. Don't drop any of your out-door interests unless you can acquire new ones in their places. Change your sports in quality if you must (but not till then), but never in quantity except to increase. Drop tennis when you find it

exhausts you, or hurries your heart afterwards, or disturbs your sleep; but take an hour a day more golf in its place. . . . As long as you like to take active exercise and sport, and feel exhilarated and refreshed, even if a little stiffened by them, keep them up; they are doing you good. When you feel that they are getting a little too much for you, when you don't feel fresher for them next day, cut down on them a little in intensity.' By virtue of reserve-power, momentum, and trained expertness the body machine may do more work, in proportion to its fuel, from forty-five to fifty-five or even sixty than in any previous period.

For other matters of hygiene there treated we refer readers to the book.

If the lower animals live five times the length of the period that they take to come to maturity, why, asks another doctor, does the higher animal man not do the same? The reply rests with every reader of the book and of this notice.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—IN WHICH GABRIELLE TELLS A STRANGE STORY.

GABRIELLE fell back in fear. Her countenance was blanched to the lips. This man Flockart intended to speak—to tell the terrible truth—and before her lover, too! She clenched her hands and summoned all her courage.

Flockart laughed—laughed in triumph. 'I think, Gabrielle,' he said, 'that you should put an end to this deceit towards your poor blind father.'

'What do you mean?' cried Walter in a fury, advancing towards Flockart. 'What has this question—whatever it is—to do with you? Is it your place to stand between father and daughter?'

'Yes,' answered the other in cool defiance, 'it is. I am Sir Henry's friend.'

'His friend! His enemy!'

'You are not my father's friend, Mr Flockart,' declared the girl, noticing the look of pain upon the old gentleman's face. 'You have conspired against him for years, and you are actually conspiring with Lady Heyburn at this moment.'

'You lie!' he cried. 'You say this in order to shield yourself. You know that your mother and I are aware of your crime, and have always shielded you.'

'Crime!' gasped Walter Murie, utterly amazed. 'What is this man saying, dearest?'

But the girl stood, blanched and rigid, her jaw set, unable to utter a word.

'Let me tell you briefly,' Flockart went on. 'Lady Heyburn and myself have been this girl's best friends; but now I must speak openly, in defence of the allegation she is making against me.'

'Yes, speak!' urged Sir Henry. 'Speak and tell me the truth.'

'It is a painful truth, Sir Henry. Would that I were not compelled to make such a charge! Your daughter deliberately killed a young girl named Edna Bryant. She poisoned her on account of jealousy.'

'Impossible!' cried Sir Henry, starting up. 'I—I can't believe it, Flockart. What are you saying? My daughter a murderess?'

'Yes; I repeat my words. And not only that, but Lady Heyburn and myself have kept her secret until—until now it is imperative that the truth should be told to you.'

'Let me speak, dad—let me tell you'——

'No,' cried the old man; 'I will hear Flockart;' and, turning to his wife's friend, he said hoarsely, 'Go on. Tell me the truth.'

'The tragedy took place at a picnic, just before Gabrielle left her school at Amiens. She placed poison in the girl's wine. Ah, it was a terrible revenge!'

'I am innocent!' cried the girl in despair.

'Remember the letter which you wrote to your mother concerning the deed. You told Lady Heyburn that you hated her. Do you deny writing that letter? Because, if you do, it is still in existence.'

'I deny nothing which I have done,' she answered. 'You have told my father this in order to shield yourself. You have endeavoured, as the coward you are, to prejudice me in his eyes, just as you compelled me to lie to him when you opened his safe and copied certain of his papers.'

'You opened the safe,' he protested. 'Why, I found you there myself!'

'Enough!' she exclaimed quite coolly. 'I know the dread charge against me. I know too well the impossibility of clearing myself, especially in the face of that letter I wrote to Lady Heyburn; but it was she and you who entrapped me, and who kept me in fear because of my inexperience.'

'Tell us the truth, the whole truth, darling,' urged Murie, standing at her side and taking her hand confidently in his.

'The truth!' she said in a strange voice, as though speaking to herself. 'Yes, let me tell you! I know that it will sound extraordinary, yet I swear to you, by the love you bear for me, Walter, that the words I am about to utter are the actual truth.'

'I believe you,' declared her lover reassuringly.

'Which is more than any one else will,' interposed Flockart with a sneer, but perfectly confident. It was the hour of his triumph. She had defied him, and he therefore intended to ruin her once and for all.

The girl was standing pale and erect, one hand grasping the back of a chair, the other held in her lover's clasp; while her father had risen, his expressionless face turned towards them, his hand groping until it touched a small table upon which stood an old punch-bowl full of sweet-smelling pot-pourri.

'Listen, dad,' she said, heedless of Flockart's remark. 'Hear me, before you condemn me. I know that the charge made against me by this man is a terrible one. God alone knows what I have suffered these last two years, how I have prayed for deliverance from the hands of this man and his friends. It happened a few months before I left Amiens. Lady Heyburn, you'll recollect, rented a pretty flat in the Rue Léonce-Reynaud in Paris. She obtained permission for me to leave school and visit her for a few weeks.'

'I recollect perfectly,' remarked her father in a low voice.

'Well, there came many times to visit us an American girl named Bryant, who was studying art, and who lived somewhere off the Boulevard Michel, as well as a Frenchman named Felix Krail and an Englishman called Hamilton.'

'Hamilton!' echoed Murie. 'Was his name Edgar Hamilton—my friend?'

'Yes, the same,' was her quiet reply. Then she turned to Murie, and said, 'We all went about a great deal together, for it was summer-time, and we made many pleasant excursions in the district. Edna Bryant was a merry, cheerful girl, and I soon grew to be very friendly with her, until one day Lady Heyburn, when alone with me, repeated in strict confidence that the girl was secretly devoted to you, Walter.'

'To me!' he cried. 'True, I knew a Miss Bryant long ago, but for the past three years or so I have entirely lost sight of her.'

'Lady Heyburn told me that you were very fond of the girl, and this, I confess, aroused my intense jealousy. I believed that the girl I had trusted so implicitly was unprincipled and fickle, and that she was trying to secure the man whom I had loved ever since a child. I had to return to school, and from there I wrote to Lady Heyburn, who had gone to Dieppe, a letter saying hard things of the girl, and declaring that I would take secret revenge—that I would kill her rather than allow Walter to be taken from me. A month afterwards I again returned to Paris. That man standing there'—she indicated Flockart—'was living at the Hôtel Continental, and was a frequent visitor. He told me that it was well known in London that Walter admired Miss Bryant, a declaration which, I admit, drove me half-mad with jealousy.'

'It was untrue!' declared Walter. 'I never made love to the girl. I admired her, that's all.'

'Well,' laughed Flockart, 'go on. Tell us your version of the affair.'

'I am telling the truth,' she cried, boldly facing him. 'One day Lady Heyburn, having arranged a cycling picnic, invited Mr Hamilton, Mr Krail, Mr Flockart, Miss Bryant, and myself, and we had a beautiful run to Chantilly, a distance of about forty kilometres, where we first made a tour of the old château, and afterwards entered the cool, shady Fôret de Pontarmé. While the others went away to explore the paths in the splendid wood I was left to spread the luncheon, setting before each place a half-bottle of red wine which I found in the baskets. Then, when all was ready, I called to them, but there was no response. They were all out of hearing. I left the spot, and searched for a full twenty minutes or so before I discovered them. First I found Mr Krail and Mr Flockart strolling together smoking, while the others were on ahead. They had lost their way among the trees. I led them back to the spot where luncheon was prepared; and, all of us being hungry, we quickly sat down, chatting and laughing. Of a sudden Miss Bryant stared straight before her, dropped her glass, and threw up her arms. "Heavens! Why—ah, my throat!" she shrieked. "I'm poisoned!"

'In an instant all was confusion. The poor girl could not breathe. She tore at her throat, while her face became convulsed. We obtained water for her, but it was useless, for within five minutes she was stretched rigid upon the grass, unconscious, and a few moments later she was still—quite dead! I shall never forget the scene! The effect produced upon us was appalling. All was so sudden, so tragic, so horrible!

'Lady Heyburn was the first to speak. "Gabrielle," she said, "what have you done? You have carried out the revenge which in your letter you threatened!" I saw myself trapped. Those people had some motive in killing the girl and placing this crime upon myself! I could not speak, for I was too utterly dumfounded.'

'The fiends!' ejaculated Walter fiercely.

'Then followed a hurried consultation, in which Krail showed himself most solicitous on my behalf,' Gabrielle went on. 'Aided by Flockart, I think, he scraped away a hole in a pit full of dead leaves, and there the body must have been concealed just as it was. To me they all took a solemn vow to keep what they declared to be my secret. The bottle containing the wine from which the poor girl had drunk was broken and hidden, the plates and food swiftly packed up, and we at once fled from the scene of the tragedy. With Krail wheeling the girl's empty cycle, we reached the high-road, where we all mounted and rode back in silence to Paris. Ah, shall I ever rid myself of the memory of that fatal afternoon?' she cried as she paused for breath.

'Fearing that he might be noticed taking along the empty cycle, Krail threw it into the river near Valmondois,' she went on. 'Arrived back at the Rue Léonce-Reynaud, I protested that nothing had been introduced into the wine. But they declared that, owing to my youth and the terrible scandal

it would cause if I were arrested, they would never allow the matter to pass their lips; Mr Hamilton, indeed, making the extraordinary declaration that such a crime had extenuating circumstances when love was at stake. I then saw that I had fallen the victim of some clever conspiracy; but so utterly overcome was I by the awful scene that I could make but faint protest.

'Ah! think of my horrible position—accused of a crime of which I was entirely innocent! The days slipped on, and I was sent back to Amiens, and in due course came home here to dear old Glencardine. From that day I have lived in constant fear, until on the night of the ball at Connachan—you remember the evening, dad?—on that night Mr Flockart returned in secret, beckoned me out upon the lawn, and showed me something which held me petrified with fear. It was a cutting from an Edinburgh paper that evening reporting that two of the forest-guards at Pontarmé had discovered the body of the missing Miss Bryant, and that the French police were making active inquiries.'

'He threatened you?' asked Walter.

'He told me to remain quiet, and that he and Lady Heyburn would do their best to shield me. For that reason, dad,' she went on, turning to the blind man—'for that reason I feared to speak when I discovered him with your safe open; for that reason I was compelled to take all the blame and all your anger upon myself.'

The old man's brow knit. 'Where is my wife?' he asked. 'I must speak to her before we go further. This is a very serious matter.'

'Lady Heyburn is still at Park Street,' Flockart replied.

'I will hear no more,' declared the blind Baronet, holding up his hand, 'not another word, until my wife is present.'

(To be continued.)

TRANSFORMING PEAT INTO COAL.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

ONE of the most fascinating and ambitious projects of the scientist to-day is to devise some process whereby raw peat, which abounds in such quantities in all parts of the world—in Ireland alone there are over one million acres of peat-bogs—may be transformed into a new, cheap, and efficient fuel for both industrial and domestic purposes. Needless to say, the realisation of such a dream would have far-reaching effects upon commerce as a whole. But there are innumerable difficulties to be surmounted. The substance is so heavily impregnated with water that unless the greater proportion of this combination of hydrogen and oxygen is eliminated the substance is impossible of combustion with any degree of efficiency. The proportion of dry substance to water is approximately 12½ to 87½ per cent. At first sight it would seem an easy matter to eliminate the excess of liquid by heavy compression; but although the bulk of water can thus be reduced, owing to the highly absorbent nature of the material sufficient is not extracted to render the resultant product a satisfactory fuel. On the Finnish railways, where peat is almost exclusively employed, the proportion of water allowed is 25 per cent.; and though a fair measure of success is thereby obtained, it cannot be considered in comparison with coal.

There are several processes extant for the conversion of peat into a fuel; but they comprise exposure to sun and air, so that the greater part of the water with which the material is impregnated may be driven off by evaporation, and obviously such a course has its limitations. In this temperate zone such outdoor drying can only be maintained during the hottest months of the year, which period is on the average about three months, so that for the greater part of the year work is brought to a standstill. Consequently any system for the conversion of the peat into fuel, to be of any real commercial value, must be one which can be carried out at any time of the year independently of wind and weather. Hitherto but little success has been accomplished in this direction; but now a well-known Swedish scientist, Dr Martin Ekenberg, after many years' research and ceaseless experiments, has apparently solved the problem, and has produced at the manufactory erected upon his own peat-bogs in Sweden a peat-fuel which in appearance, combustibility, and heat-raising properties compares very favourably with coal.

What is peat? Briefly, it is coal in the partially developed condition. The accumulation of decaying vegetable matter in swampy or boggy areas has settled down into more or less compact masses. But Nature has only partly completed her work. She has failed to impart that enormous pressure arising from the deposit of soil and rock upon the decayed vegetable substance which is necessary to compress it into a hard material; nor has it been carbonised and the water eliminated by the interior heat of the earth. A natural upheaval whereby the peat-bogs were buried under immense accumulations of rock and soil would achieve this end. If, therefore, one could, as it were, reproduce the cycle of operations carried out by Nature—compress the peat and drive off the water by a steady heat—coal would result from the operation. This is the secret of Dr Ekenberg's process. By minute study of the natural evolution he has succeeded in perfecting an artificial process, the fundamental characteristics of which are the elimina-

tion of the water by heat and the application of pressure by mechanical agency.

The process is simple and inexpensive, the heaviest initial outlay incidental to the erection of the plant being the most serious factor; but even this expense can be quickly recouped. There is a series or nest of horizontal pipes or retorts, intercommunicating at one end, ranged over the furnaces, together with a pumping-plant to ensure the steady and continuous supply of crude material to this oven. The peat is taken from the bog by any of the means generally adopted, and dumped into a specially constructed disintegrator, the knives of which tear, cut, and knead the peat-lumps into shreds, so that finally it becomes a homogeneous pulp. No effort is made to eliminate the water, the presence of which, in fact, is necessary to the subsequent operations. From this pulping-machine it passes to the centrifugal pump, which forces the mass in a steady semi-liquid condition into the oven. Here, under the influence of a moderate heat and pressure, the water becomes separated from the stable substance though not converted into steam, the peat is charred without any loss of the volatile combustible constituents, and by the time it has reached the end of its journey through the pipes is practically dry. Moreover, its nature is completely transformed. Whereas at the entry to the oven it was an absorbent, spongy substance, it is now of hard texture, and quite different from the raw material. Its absorbent qualities are completely destroyed, so that when it issues into the open air, no matter how long it is exposed or immersed in water, it fails to soak up any moisture. What little loose water may be present is easily and quickly removed by pressure, and the product is a solid, rock-like, homogeneous, coal-black material.

The carbonising process—for such the treatment in the oven is called—is designed upon a recuperative principle; that is to say, during the passage of the peat through the retort, as the moisture is eliminated the charred peat itself becomes hot; consequently, when approaching the end of its journey through the oven the peat in turn radiates a large portion of its heat, which is thus caused to assist in the carbonising process. While the peat is in the retort a pressure ranging from two to three hundred pounds per square inch is maintained, the temperature ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred degrees centigrade. At the inventor's experimental factory the heat is generated by the combustion of air-dried peat, which is excellent for the purpose, as it forms the uppermost or surface layer of the bog. It must be remembered that in this process the loose, mossy surface material or peat-litter is not used, but only the black or brown peat underneath, since the former is of no use for the purpose. In the production of a ton of peat-coal approximately 14 per cent. of its weight is used for the purpose of supplying the heat necessary for the carbonisation; but such a proportion is very low in comparison with other methods, since raw peat—containing, as it does, only 12½ per cent. of solid matter—cannot be artificially dried in order to supplement natural drying, for the simple reason that the amount of fuel required to dry a prescribed quantity of peat would exceed the percentage of solids in the latter.

The secret of this new process lies in the absence of any preliminary treatment of the bog or peat. The bog need not be drained, and no matter how swampy it may be in character, the raw material on removal from its bed is thrown at once into the disintegrator. Manual labour is, moreover, reduced to the minimum, since the smallest number of attendants requisite for the running of the machinery will suffice. So far as production-capacity is concerned, this is purely dependent upon the plant, but that in Sweden is capable of carbonising four hundred tons of raw peat every twenty-four hours. Further, the original quality of the peat is of no importance, except in point of yield, so that the age or ripeness of the bog is immaterial.

One important point, however, that exercises far-reaching influence upon the peat-coal produced by this means is the temperature at which carbonisation is carried out. For instance, if the carbonisation-oven temperature registers one hundred and fifty-five degrees centigrade, the heating value of the briquettes is five thousand one hundred and thirty-six calories. By raising the carbonisation heat, however, to two hundred degrees centigrade, the heat-value is increased to over six thousand calories. The briquettes thus produced are of ebonite colour, so very hard that little breakage ensues during transport, clean to handle, and bulk for bulk compare favourably with coal.

The question as to the combustibility and efficiency of such peat-coal is of vital importance, and upon this point some highly valuable testimony has been secured by eminent chemists and engineers, since the commercial practicability of any such fuel depends entirely upon the possibility of its application to both industrial and domestic purposes with the smallest modification of existing conditions. The moisture proportion is very low, being from 4½ to 14 per cent., according to the completeness of the carbonisation in regard to pressure and heat. The proportion of volatile matter, on the other hand, is very high, while the resultant ash and clinker does not aggregate more than 10 per cent. The fuel burns with a bright flame, with no smoke or fumes, and the heating value is about ten thousand British thermal units. The proportion of sulphur is insignificant, approximating no more than ½ per cent., while the coke does not cement together as in the case of coal. It will burn as readily in the open drawing-room grate or kitchen-range as in the boiler-furnace under forced draught.

The fuel should have great possibilities in those industries in which the absence of sulphur in the fuel is greatly to be desired, while it offers an excellent solution of the smoke-problem. It can

readily be applied to the stoking of railway engines, as tests have demonstrated. In this connection an interesting trial was undertaken. A locomotive hauling a train of trucks was supplied with twenty-five hundredweight of the briquettes. In order to warm up the engine at the start and raise the steam-pressure to between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty pounds of pressure, four hundredweight were consumed; the same quantity of coal was required for the self-same purpose upon this particular engine. During the run seventeen and a half hundredweight of briquettes were used, evaporating twelve hundred gallons of water to the required steam-pressure. The total quantity of ash residue remaining after the consumption of nearly twenty-two hundredweight of fuel was one hundred and two pounds, with ten pounds of clinker, the small quantity of which is particularly noticeable. These figures, therefore, show a steam-raising capacity under pressure of six and one-fifth pounds per pound of peat-coal, which is only about half a pound less than is obtainable with ordinary cheap coal. A special feature is that, owing to the small percentage of clinker and the facility of combustion, no change is requisite in the construction of the fire-boxes or grate-bars. It is merely a question of price as to whether the fuel can compete with coal in this particular application.

And the cost of production is the governing factor in the commercial utilisation of the process. In this respect, however, it should offer serious competition to coal. The average price, inclusive of all expenses, including wages, maintenance, and administration charges, averages about six shillings per ton per hundred tons output, which productive cost naturally fluctuates higher or lower according to the capacity of the carbonisation plant. When it is remembered that the ordinary air-dried peat briquettes cost between eight and nine shillings per ton, the effect of the lower cost incidental to this new process may be appreciated. Of course its great advantage in comparison with the air-drying process is that the fuel can be manufactured the whole year round irrespective of weather and climatic conditions. It must not be overlooked, moreover, that in briquetting no paraffinous or other foreign substances are required to bind the carbonised peat together, so that a pure peat-coal substance is produced. Considering the immensity of the peat-bogs in various parts of the world, and the fact that no expenses in connection with the transportation of the raw material from the bog to the factory need be incurred, manufacturing costs are confined within a small compass.

The invention also opens up great possibilities as a rival to the generation of electrical energy by water-power. In those countries deficient in natural coal-deposits a vast aggregate of water-energy in the form of waterfalls is available, such as, for instance, in Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and India. Consequently the horse-power running to waste is now being harnessed. With modern gas-engines using the carbonised peat the productive cost is reduced to twenty-seven shillings per horse-power year; and inasmuch as the valuable by-products, sulphate of ammonia and so forth, are secured, the cost of production is finally reduced to a very low figure. Power-gas can be secured from this wet carbonised peat as easily as from the fuels generally employed. In such a case briquetting is dispensed with, the peat-coal upon its exodus from the carboniser being merely pressed and then used. In such application from 4 to 5 per cent. of sulphate of ammonia, together with the valuable paraffin-tars, is recovered.

Illuminating gas can also be easily and cheaply derived from this peat-coal. The process is the same as that adopted for the manufacture of gas from coal. The carbonised peat is distilled in the dry retort, and the volatile constituents are secured, scrubbed, washed, and dried in the usual way, while the ordinary by-products are also obtained. The gas has a high illuminating intensity, comparing very favourably with coal-gas, while the coke residue is superior to that resulting from coal distillation, owing to its very low sulphur percentage. This opens up new possibilities, as owing to the insignificant proportion of sulphur contained therein, this coke is eminently adapted to metallurgical processes; and it can also be used in place of charcoal to a very considerable extent, with the additional advantage of being much cheaper.

It will thus be seen that a scientific method of reproducing the tedious and protracted evolution of nature in the transformation of peat into coal has at last been effected, and the result is as closely allied to that of nature as artificial agency can at present make it. At any rate, the perfection of the process has marked a decided advance in the utilisation of what is now practically a waste substance, and in such a way as to render it commercially applicable. In view of the constantly increasing price of coal and the demand for a cheaper and equally efficient substitute, this process must soon be generally adopted, and thus one of the greatest problems, at least of modern times, will be completely solved—the overcoming of the smoke nuisance.

THE SECRET OF THE SEBHAH.

CHAPTER III.

FEARING to tear the paper, or by damping it to obliterate the writing, Ferdinand removed entirely the back of the frame, and sent it, just as it was, by registered parcel-post, to Oxford. A letter accompanied it to one of the professors, an Orientalist with whom he was intimately acquainted, asking him if he would examine it, and favour Ferdinand with a translation.

Within a week the professor replied, saying that he had experienced a little difficulty in deciphering the scrip. The characters were rudely traced by a trembling hand with a reed, he should think, and not with a quill, and in ink hastily improvised from materials on the spot. The lapse of time, and exposure perhaps, had changed the ink to a faint yellow. Three short riddles were written out, or mottoes, or maxims—he knew not what to call them—and might be read in the order in which he gave them :

At the core of darkness—light.
In the heart of sorrow—sympathy.
Behind the blackest cloud—heaven.

For whatever purpose Ferdinand wanted the translation, he hoped it would help him, and he would be only too delighted to render any further assistance if Ferdinand would kindly let him know.

The reply came in the morning, and all day long Lea pondered over the three mysterious lines. So often did he repeat them that they were dinned into his brain ; and at last, by the very persistency of their recurrence, they seemed to hinder instead of help in the solution of the puzzle. What had they to do with the sebhah ? They marched through his mind in single file, but endlessly ; the first line beginning again where the last had ended, tramp, tramp, tramp, until he was sick of the repetition, and ready to abandon the search as foolish and useless. To the old Arab the words might be significant, and serve to illuminate some experience of his own, an experience which his prayers might recall as he ticked them off by the beads of the sebhah ; but of what possible use could they be to others, to whom the sebhah was simply a curious memento, and his experience unknown ? Light there might be at the core of darkness, and sympathy in the heart of sorrow, and heaven behind the blackest cloud. They were excellent reminders, doubtless, to those who needed them, and not without comfort ; but how were they related to the ninety-nine cedar beads and the three of black bitumen which divided the ninety-nine into equal groups ?

Night came, and he decided to sleep upon it. But when his head was on the pillow and all else shut out, the three lines renewed their march with a vigour quite relentless, and sleep was out of the question. *At the core of darkness—light.* 'I wish it were,' said he with open eyes, gazing into the blankness of the bedroom. 'The feeblest glimmer would be welcome ;' and he stared, and thought, and listened, until the tramp of the lines became uncanny. There was a lilt in the first and second lines which produced the effect of audible feet. The lilt was broken in the third line as if the feet were shuffling to recover their regular beat again, and this tortured him. It was a waking nightmare. Sleep ! How could he sleep ? He threw back the clothes, switched on the light, dressed himself, and went down to the library.

With the sebhah in his hand, he braced himself to think afresh, and to shake off the deadening repetition of the lines. The lines were three. So were the beads of black bitumen. He could afford to ignore the cedar beads. They were common, and did not count. But the bitumen beads were rare. Each one corresponded to a line of the triplet. The secret was in them. But where ? He held them up to the light. They simply reflected it from their polished surfaces. He fingered them, searching for a ridge, and wondered whether they were in two parts. He could feel no jointure, and no jointure was revealed to his scrutinising eyes when he placed them under a glass. They seemed solid enough. What did the lines say ? At the core, in the heart, behind the blackness. Perhaps they were hollow. What then ? Light, sympathy, heaven could not be concealed in three hollow black beads. Their symbols might. What were their symbols ? He did not know. To the Oriental imagination of an Arab they might be something entirely different from the conception of a matter-of-fact Englishman.

Should he break the beads ? That was the question which now faced him. They were his, and he could break them if he pleased. Solid or hollow, if once they were broken he could not mend them, and he could not replace them. The curio would be spoiled. He could not return it with the black beads broken. But if the secret were solved there might be no need to return it. Its purpose, in the help it would render, the help referred to by the Arab sheikh, might be fulfilled.

The beads must be broken.

The shape and size of the beads suggested that a suitable instrument for the deed would be a pair of nut-crackers. With these he could exert a slow and even pressure ; and if the beads were hollow, as soon as he felt the bitumen crackle he could relax his grip and save the article concealed within, should there prove to be any, from possible injury. Better so than, by striking the beads with a hammer, break whatever they might hide, and scatter the fragments of bitumen all over the room.

Ferdinand was surprised when, beneath the

increasing pressure, the brittle bitumen suddenly smashed into a hundred pieces; but more than surprised, amazed beyond measure, was he when, released from its hiding-place, a really magnificent diamond dropped upon the table. At the core of darkness—light, crystallised light! There it lay, gleaming superbly like a living eye, throwing back from every facet the electric radiance of the room, a stone so precious that he gasped as he beheld it, and did not dare for the moment to stretch out his hand and take it lest it should elude him and melt away.

When he did recover sufficiently to pick up the gem and hold it in the hollow of his hand, it sparkled there like a tiny pool of light. He gazed at it fascinated and overcome. What did this mean? Had he bought this for a simple sovereign? No, it was not his; it was Mrs Denholme's and Christine's, and it meant that their wants were relieved. They could stay on at The Shaws. In this single stone there was wealth enough to free them from their cruel position, and to provide them with a moderate competence for the years to come.

But what about the other beads? He was so taken up with the diamond that he had forgotten them. Had they similar surprises in store for him? He tried the crackers tremulously upon the next. The bitumen splintered like glass, and there, between the jaws of his instrument, was a sapphire blue as the firmament, shining like a summer sky. It was not so large as the diamond, but of great value nevertheless. He had hit upon the bead of the third line, not the second—the bead that represented the blackest cloud, with heaven behind it; for the gem which its broken folds revealed seemed to have gathered into its wonderful crystallisation the translucent azure of the deeps of heaven.

The second remained. What would it yield? He did not delay, but cracked it, and a ruby dropped out as red as blood, but blood on fire, the symbol of sympathy. The ruby, also, was not so large as the diamond. It was a stone, however, of remarkable purity, and lay in the hollow of his hand like a living flame.

With all the three jewels before him, and the beads that had covered them, black as night, broken into fragments, he marvelled that he had not sooner discovered the meaning of the screed, and he realised that the old Arab sheikh had recompensed his benefactor handsomely for saving the life of his favourite son. Such jewels were safer, perhaps, hidden as he had hidden them, and, fortunately, through the purchase of the sebhah by a trusty friend, they were destined to answer their purpose by succouring the rescuer's descendants in their hour of need.

The following morning, with the jewels in his purse, Ferdinand walked over to The Shaws.

The intervening days had been a time of reflection and heart-searching to Christine. Mr Pierce had called and explained the terms of the tenancy. So favourable were they that, novice though she was, she knew that no other tenant would have proposed them. By their acceptance she and her mother would be placed above actual want. It was a delicate method of befriending them quite in keeping with Ferdinand's character. He loved her, or had loved her; and he had tried to win her before the trouble came, when she was young and foolish, and scarcely knew her own heart; and she had refused him. Did he love her still? If he renewed the offer, would she now accept him? She knew not. The reversal of fortune had steadied her. Very little older was she in years, but in experience she had become a woman. It seemed mean to her, very mean, to take in her poverty what she had rather scornfully declined in her wealth. He might not understand that her heart had changed. Shrinkingly sensitive, she shuddered at the idea that either he or any one else should suspect that she was capable of trading upon his love.

'You are an early caller, Mr Lea,' said she, as she entered the room and shook hands with him.

'Yes, pardon me; but it was a matter that could not well wait;' and his grave face was illuminated by a momentary smile. Christine's sharp eyes detected that he was paler than usual and trembled a little. She wondered why.

'I am sorry mother is not down. But if the business is urgent'——

'I would rather discuss it with you first,' he broke in. 'I want to show you the sebhah;' and he drew the beads from his pocket and placed them in her hands.

'Why, the black ones are smashed!' she exclaimed.

'Purposely,' he answered; and she turned upon him swiftly with inquisitive eyes.

'Purposely!' she repeated. 'I do not understand you. Will you please explain?' Then, as he hesitated, her eyes dropped to the beads again, and she said, examining the fragments, 'They are only shells.'

'With very precious kernels,' he replied. 'What should you say, Miss Christine, if I told you that the kernels of those shells represented a fortune?'

'Impossible!'

'Not quite. Your story set me searching for them. I found out first that the black beads were made of bitumen. Then I sent the writing of the old Arab to a friend of mine, an Orientalist in Oxford, and asked him to furnish me with a translation. Here it is;' and he opened his pocket-book to extract it, when the petals of a pansy fluttered out and fell upon the floor.

So excited was he that he did not notice them. But Christine watched their descent. They distracted her attention. She took the letter, but her mind was on the flower. A soft blush, which she could not suppress, overspread her features, and she looked at the letter without seeing it. He observed the heightened colour, the inattentive eyes, and he

was nonplussed. What did this perturbance mean? Unaware of the escape of the petals, he could not account for it, nor did he see the petals blending so closely with the colours of the carpet as they lay strewn about his feet.

'What is this?' said Christine, in the effort to recover her equanimity. '"At the core of darkness —light"'——

'Yes, yes!' he exclaimed excitedly; 'read on.'

'It is very curious,' said she, after perusing the whole epistle.

'Very. You have no idea how those lines drummed their way through my brain;' and he told her all that had happened. Then, opening his purse, he placed upon the table, one by one, the three resplendent jewels.

'Oh!' and for a moment she forgot the petals; 'how fine they are! And how wonderful!'

'I could not delay, you see. I brought them early. You must keep them in a safe place until you can dispose of them to advantage.'

'But—but—they are not mine. They are yours.'

'Nay, Christine'—for the name slipped out without the prefix—'I bought the sebhah, not the gems. They belong to you. What would the old Arab say if they did not serve their purpose? The hour of need has come, and they are yours.'

The old Arab was dead long ago, and could say nothing; but he had met Christine upon her own ground. He spoke of him as she would have spoken—as she did speak—of her own dead father.

The prefix was happily lost, and she let it go. Stooping, she picked up the petals of the pansy, and held them before him in her extended palm.

'Ferdie'—it was the name his mother had given him, the name Christine herself had used when they were young together, before the time of her refusal—'Ferdie,' and there was a look in her eyes he had never seen before, 'these poor petals are more to me than all the jewels in the world.'

'Christine!' and he gazed at her almost in fear, but in another moment he had clasped her to his breast.

He removed to The Shaws sooner than he expected, and the terms of the tenancy were absorbed in vows which rendered them obsolete.

THE END.

ZANZIBAR.

WE have all read of a 'heaven-kissed isle,' and perhaps we have conjured up in our imaginations visions of a lovely island set amidst a tropic sea, of waving cocoa-nut palms, of perpetual sunshine, of white-crested breakers curling over a coral strand, and of a silvery strip of beach whereon could be discerned the dusky forms of the natives.

In the foreground of this picture paint in the quaint beauties of an old Oriental city whose buildings crowd down to the very water's edge, clothe the natives in the flowing robes of the East, and you may then be able to form some conception of the scene which meets the eye of the voyager as his ship casts anchor in the roadstead of Zanzibar.

Scarcely has the vessel come to a standstill when it is surrounded by a shoal of strange-looking native craft, the occupants of which are all bent on extracting pecuniary benefit in some manner from the new-comers. Some wish to row you ashore; others have their boats laden with bananas, pine-apples, limes, mangoes, besides many strange-looking fruits which one cannot classify at all, all of which they offer for sale to the passengers, stringing together in the most ludicrous fashion broken scraps of English, German, French, or Italian, according to that which they conceived to be the nationality of the individual addressed.

There are little cockle-shell 'dug-outs' in which are seated a couple of half-naked boys, one of whom is paddling the craft along, whilst the other is engaged in constantly bailing out the water which somehow finds its way in. So grotesquely tiny is the appearance of these craft that the occupants seem in momentary danger of being precipitated into the water—an occurrence, however, which would not seriously incommode them, for they are now earnestly soliciting you to throw a coin in order that they may dive for it. Steamers of various nationalities are moored in the roadstead, and amongst them may be observed the sleek, gray forms of two or three cruisers.

Looking towards the shore, the eye roams over an extensive conglomeration of flat-roofed buildings, jumbled together in closely packed though picturesque confusion. Here and there a lofty cocoa-nut palm rears its delicate crest above the house, or the cupola of a mosque stands out against the clear blue sky, whilst from various buildings float the flags of the European consulates. In the foreground is the palace of the Sultan, with its terrace abutting on to the beach, and flanked by an old battery of heavy and obsolete cannon. Beyond the confines of the town on either side stretches a low-lying shore, covered to the water's edge with luxuriant vegetation. The whole scene is full of variety and animation.

Nor is this pleasing impression dispelled when you make a closer acquaintance with the town. Selecting a guide from the clamouring crowd which importunes you as you step ashore, you proceed by way of a narrow and tortuous lane into the heart of the

town, when you find that the thoroughfare you have just traversed is in reality one of the widest and most important streets in the place. None of the streets are more than a few yards wide, whilst the houses—tall, white, and irregular—form at times an agreeable shade, and shut out all but a narrow and winding strip of the bright-blue sky overhead. Hundreds of shops may be seen here, a shop very often consisting of a few piles of goods displayed on a kind of sloping counter, which frequently encroaches on the street. On this counter, behind the goods, sits, cross-legged, a patriarchal-looking old Arab or Swahili. All day long he remains in this position. Sometimes he is reading his Koran in a dreamy, nasal monotone, rocking himself to and fro the while; or, again, he sits immovable as a bronze statue, drawing long whiffs from his narghile, and gazing meditatively at the varied stream of humanity which flows past his door. What business he does, and how he contrives to do enough to support himself and a family out of the microscopic-looking stock-in-trade displayed in front of him, is a mystery beyond the power of the visitor to solve.

So many and so diverse are the types and costumes to be met with in the streets of this quaint old town that one could almost imagine that every nation of the East had contributed towards the population. The predominating race is the negroid Swahili. These people wear a long, white garment reaching to the feet, and a small *cofin* on the head. Then there is the Arab, of piercing eye and stately mien, who generally carries a curved dagger in a jewelled sheath at his waist. There are traders from Cutch in baggy white breeches and smocks, and wearing on their heads low-crowned, embroidered fezes. There are Parsees, bespectacled and smug-looking, wearing the curious head-dresses which so strongly resemble bishops' mitres, and carrying in their hands the inevitable tightly rolled umbrellas. Dapper Goanese, veiled women of the harem, scantily clad negresses, fat and pious-looking Hindus, effeminate-looking Cingalese, and many others too numerous to mention are all rubbing shoulders in the narrow and winding thoroughfares of this old town.

Here you come to a fruit-stall, and your guide, who is very proud of his smattering of English, stops and tells you the names of the many products on view, not omitting gravely to point out tomatoes and potatoes! Next you come across quite a batch of Goanese tailors' shops. Inside and out sit rows of the little men busily plying their needles, whilst the air is merry with the rattle of sewing-machines. Then there are the warehouses of the more important merchants, who trade with the African interior. Looking inside one of these, one may see stacks of ivory and huge piles of skins and hides, great heaps of cloves, and bags of rubber. The assistants are bustling about; clerks are scribbling away, seated, not on high office-stools, but cross-legged on cushions; while the shrewd-looking Hindu merchant walks about with a superintending eye.

The fate which overtook so many of the great slave-trading centres when their nefarious commerce was stopped did not fall in full measure upon Zanzibar, for it had the resources of commerce and agriculture to fall back upon. Nevertheless, the abolition of slavery and the laying by the heels of such gentry as Tippoo Tib dealt a serious blow to her prosperity. The island produces great quantities of cloves and copra, whilst ivory, hides, and rubber are brought over from the opposite coast.

Perhaps the most remarkable commercial feature of this part of the world is the extensive and flourishing trade still carried on by the dhows. It is little short of marvellous to think that these most ancient and primitive vessels should be able to compete successfully in certain classes of trade with the modern steamship, in spite of all that is heard of rate-cutting and of profits reduced to a minimum. The fact is that the expenses of navigating a dhow are practically nil, and time to a native counts for little. To the keen old Arab sailor the stars are nautical instruments, past experience a barometer, and the free winds of heaven motive-power. These vessels ply all along the coast as far north as Aden and as far south as Madagascar; and at certain seasons of the year they go even to Bombay and up the Persian Gulf.

Of the early history of Zanzibar nothing is known. It was under the rule of a Swahili dynasty when in the tenth century the Arabs, who at that time swept the eastern seas, came down and seized it, established a colony, and built the town. Since that time its fortunes have been varied and sanguinary enough. At the end of the fifteenth century, when Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cape with his brave old buccaneers, it was not to be supposed that a wealthy place like Zanzibar should escape his attentions. The Portuguese took it without much difficulty, and held it with a good deal of difficulty for about two hundred years. Then, when they were finally dislodged and their influence on the north-eastern seaboard of Africa was broken up, it reverted to the Arabs once more. Next we find it under the dominion of the Imam of Muskat, and in 1856 it once more becomes an independent state under the son of one of those potentates. In 1890 Zanzibar drifted into the peaceful waters of British protection. The present Sultan is a quiet, well-behaved young gentleman, who was educated at Harrow. He is styled Highness, lives in a 'palace,' and draws a comfortable annuity from the British Government. All real power lies in the hands of one of those shrewd British administrators who pass under the unassuming title of 'agent.'

The name of Zanzibar is familiar to most people as the base and starting-point of many of the African explorers; and the works of Burton, Speke, Stanley, and a host of others all contain something in the shape of a description of this place. How many books of African travel there are with an opening

chapter, 'London to Zanzibar'! Then follows a description of the natives, with all the delighted interest of one who sees them for the first time: the visit to the Sultan, the hospitality of the British consul, the slaves, the ivory, Tippoo Tib, the engaging of the porters and soldiers. Then the journey in dhows to Bagamoyo, on the opposite coast. After this comes all the weary routine of African travel: the toilsome marches on foot, the exactions of the petty chiefs, the squabbles, the miscalculations, the fever, the mutiny of the porters, the despair, and at last the arrival once more in civilised parts, ragged, emaciated, but triumphant. What a number of brave fellows have started for that mysterious interior, with stout hearts and high hopes, never to return!

The sun sinks down towards the western horizon, throwing into relief the far, dim line of the African coast, and laying down across the waters a broad and golden pathway. A dhow, hitherto unnoticed, crosses this zone of radiance, and shows up for a moment all on fire, with a sail of beaten gold and immortals for a crew.

Let us imagine ourselves scudding across from the mainland a few years ago with a flotilla of just such vessels as this. The dhows are filled with chained and wretched humanity, for we are returning from a successful trip with Tippoo Tib. Far ahead can be seen the delicate outlines of Zanzibar; the leaders of the expedition are anxiously scanning the horizon for a sign of the hated man-of-war. At length we draw nigh to our destination, and the white buildings of the city seem to grow up out of the glassy sea. An expectant crowd is thronging the beach, and the Arab raiders begin to don their gayest attire. What must be the feelings of the wild-eyed wretches chained together on the decks? What a mockery must this fair scene be to them! Take, for instance, that fine-looking fellow at the end of that gang. He is trying to piece together the events of the last two months, and it all seems like some horrible dream. He remembers the day—it seems years ago—when he and all the other villagers were busily hoeing their fields, for it was the season when the young crops begin to grow up. They had just left off work for a spell, and were resting from the noonday heat under the shade of a great tree, whilst a number of maidens were approaching the spot bearing on their heads calabashes of a cooling drink made from the juice of the banana. Suddenly a great shout was heard, and, before they had had time to realise what was happening, a horde of fierce-looking men had broken through the surrounding bush and borne down upon them with such force and in such overwhelming numbers that resistance had been hopeless from the first, and they had been quickly overpowered and bound together. Of the horrors which followed—of the burning of the village; of the ruthless slaughter of all those who were deemed incapable of standing the long and rigorous march to the coast, and of that journey performed under the joint influence of the slave-yoke and the lash, with the constant spectacle of the weaker ones falling out by the wayside to die; of the embarkation on the dhows—of all these things he has but a blurred and indistinct recollection. His mind is occupied with speculation as to what will happen next.

Happily this order of things has passed away in Zanzibar, and on the site of the former slave-market stands the Anglican church built by Bishop Steere.

Our meditations are interrupted by the sunset-gun which booms from the terrace. The notes of 'retreat' float out from a neighbouring cruiser. Down comes the white ensign; the merchant-ships follow suit, and the day is over. Over is also our brief visit, for our ship, whose lights now begin to gleam across the darkening waters, sails at midnight. So, stepping into a boat, we push off and bid farewell to Zanzibar.

IN A GARDEN.

By S. BALLARD, Author of *An Open Door*, &c.

A SUNNY morning in September. Deep shade was cast by the big chestnut-trees whose branches spread over a low fence into the road. Under this shade two children were searching for the unripe, fallen chestnuts. The nurse who was sauntering up and down with a mail-cart was evidently in charge of the little pair.

So intent were the children upon their search that they had not noticed that an old gentleman had come out of the big iron gates leading to the manor house, and was coming towards them.

'Oh Nana,' called out the small girl, 'I see such a beauty just on the other side of the fence! Mayn't I poke it out with a stick?'

'What is it you are looking for?' said the old gentleman, pausing beside the children.

'Chestnuts,' said the little girl. 'Look, Ernie has got quite a lot.'

The little boy held out a small and grubby handkerchief full of treasures. I have got more than Enid to-day,' he said triumphantly.

'You surely don't eat these nasty things?' said the old gentleman anxiously.

'Eat them!' screamed Enid with peals of laughter. 'Why, no; they are our soldiers, and we should have such a lovely army if only we might pick up the ones on the other side of the fence; but you know that would be stealing. But we may take the ones that drop on the road.'

'Have you never been on the other side of the fence?' asked the old gentleman.

'Oh no!' answered the children together; and Enid explained that there was an old gentleman who lived in the house inside the gates who would be extremely angry if he saw them inside or picking up the chestnuts. 'Though I don't believe he really cares for them,' she added, 'for we never see him gathering the chestnuts. But perhaps he is waiting till they get ripe.'

The old gentleman walked up to the nurse and said a few words to her; then, returning to the children, he said, 'Come with me. I will take you inside the gates.'

'Are you allowed to?' said Enid. 'Is the old gentleman a friend of yours?'

'Oh yes,' said the old gentleman; 'I may do anything I like here.'

The trio passed through the iron gates and walked up the drive. As they approached the big, silent house, about which there was no sign of life, the children became somewhat alarmed, and they each seized a hand of the old gentleman.

It was years since Sir Walter Graham had been held by children's hot little hands, and he felt as if he were walking in a dream; time seemed to be annihilated by the clinging touch, and as he reached the door he would hardly have been surprised if the wife of his youth had come forward to meet him.

The footman in the hall gasped with astonishment when he saw the trio, who passed into the library, the children treading on tiptoe with serious faces, their usual chatter silenced by the solemnity of their surroundings.

Once in the library, Enid found courage, and broke the silence. 'It's all very grand, isn't it?' she said in a timid voice.

Sir Walter did not seem to know what to reply to this remark; but the rather awkward pause was brought to an end by a shriek from Ernie. 'Fountains! Enid, look!' and he gave one bound to the window.

'Fountains!' said Sir Walter. 'Where?'

'See!' they exclaimed; and at that moment a gardener who was watering the beautiful, velvety turf turned up the hose, which sent out a jet of glittering water.

'Oh, might we go out there?' said the children.

For answer, Sir Walter opened the French window, and the children darted forth. They had forgotten the unknown old gentleman and their shyness. Sir Walter, their benefactor, too, was forgotten; there was room for nothing in their minds but this absorbing excitement.

'Isn't it beautiful?' said Ernie.

'Perhaps the young gentleman would like to hold the hose in his own hand,' said the friendly gardener, who, having a large family of his own, was better able to anticipate the child's wish than was Sir Walter, to whom such an idea would never have occurred.

The little boy was speechless with excitement when he found himself actually with the hose in his own hand. The water poured out in a shining stream, and it seemed to the child as if he had passed into a region of magic.

It was only fair that Enid too should have her turn; and she, being a thoughtful little creature, was determined that the 'old gentleman' should have a share in those tremendous excitements. 'And mayn't he have it for a little too?' she said appealingly to the gardener, who in her eyes was the sole possessor of the hose.

The gardener blushed under his sunburnt skin. To be appealed to to allow his master to hold the garden-hose was a trying position for a well-trained servant; and when relating the tale to his deeply interested family he stated that 'any one might have knocked him down with a feather, he was so taken aback.'

'Oh, another day will do for me,' said Sir Walter. 'Don't you want to take a look at the garden?'

This was a new interest, and the children darted off. In a moment there came a piercing scream from Enid from behind the shrubs.

Sir Walter hurried forward in alarm.

'Oh Ernie, look! it's the kind that crackles when you put them in the fire.—May we have some? We would like them so much?'

Sir Walter, reassured by seeing the child all safe, looked round in rather a bewildered way. He did not see what there was to have.

'They do crackle so beautifully,' said Enid, holding up a fallen cone.

'Why, of course you may have as many as you like,' said Sir Walter when he had grasped what the longed-for treasures were.

Enid began to gather them up and to make frantic endeavours to force some into the pockets of the small boy. The pockets had not been intended to hold fir-cones, and gave unmistakable signs of bursting. The sympathetic gardener, who had followed his master, again came to the rescue with a murmur of 'A basket.'

'A basket! Of course—the very thing, Williams. Get one at once.'

The fir-cones having been satisfactorily gathered into the basket, the children were content to return to the lawn, where they found the nurse discreetly seated under a tree awaiting her charges.

'Oh Nana! we have had such a splendid time,' said Enid.

'And we have never seen the cross old gentleman at all,' added Ernie.

'Don't talk nonsense,' said the nurse severely. 'I don't know what you mean.'

'Why, Nana,' said Enid, 'you told us yourself that we were not to pick up the chestnuts because of the cross old gentleman who lived in this house.'

It was the nurse's turn now to feel that she might be knocked down with a feather.

'I am sure, sir, there was no disrespect meant,' she stammered, with a scarlet face; 'but really they do go poking about so that one says anything to keep them out of mischief.'

'Oh, no harm done,' said Sir Walter. 'Who are the children?'

'They are Captain Percival's children, sir,' said the nurse. 'The master is still in India; but Mrs Percival brought the children home, and has taken lodgings here for some months. But there is not much garden for the children to play in, so we mostly walk up and down the road.'

'Give Mrs Percival my compliments—Sir Walter Graham's compliments—and say that I hope she will allow the children to come and play in here every day. Every day, mind you,' he repeated.

When the children had gone Sir Walter dropped into his chair with the sensations of a man who has been through a variety of unexpected experiences. Was it possible, he thought, that he and those children belonged to the same order of beings? Was it conceivable that he too had once been a creature to whom a garden-hose meant breathless joy, and from whom fallen fir-cones could bring forth screams of delight?

Moved by a sudden impulse, he rose to his feet, and, crossing the beautiful old hall, entered the drawing-room. It was full of fine furniture and ornaments, but had the sad look of a room which lacks a woman's daily presence. Sir Walter walked up to a large oil-painting which hung at the end of the room. It represented a lady with a small boy leaning against her, a jolly, round-faced little fellow not so very unlike the small Ernie from whom he had just parted.

'By Jove!' said Sir Walter half-aloud, 'it really looks as if I might have enjoyed the garden-hose and fallen fir-cones as much as they did. Why does the Almighty not let us keep some of that capacity for enjoyment? Those children get more pleasure in one day out of nothing than I get in a year out of an income of a few thousands and a place.'

Sir Walter's wife had died quite young, leaving him with one son, round whom all his hopes centred. That his son should marry and come and live at home, and fill the big, old house with grandchildren, was the dream of his life; but it did not seem as if this dream were likely to be fulfilled. When young Captain Graham came to spend his leave at home the house was always filled with guests, and a variety of charming young women were invited, from among whom Sir Walter hoped that his son might choose a bride. The young ladies were always very willing to come, for both father and son were popular; but they came and went without apparently making any impression on Captain Graham.

Poor Sir Walter gathered from some words let drop by his son that 'there *had* been a girl;' and though he would have given anything to know what had happened to the girl, and why she was not now reigning at the manor house, yet he did not venture to press his son to further confidences.

'If the lad's mother had been alive,' said he to himself, 'we should have known the whole story. What useless creatures we fathers are!' His thoughts often dwelt on the unknown girl, sometimes in anger, sometimes in pity, wondering if she knew what she had lost. Had his son proposed to the girl? he wondered. But he could not believe that any girl would refuse his son. What was to be done to get hold of this girl and put things to rights; or, failing that, how was she to be obliterated from his son's memory?

He longed to have little ones, like the children who had just left him, living in the house with him. When Sir Walter took his solitary drives in the big carriage, with its pair of handsome horses, he often passed down the ugly, dull-looking streets of the neighbouring country town. As the carriage approached, groups of dusty, rosy children would scatter to the right and left, and here and there a mother would rush from a doorway to snatch up a straggling infant. The streets were of the type that people look down and sigh, and then talk of the monotonous life of the poor. But Sir Walter knew better. He knew that monotony cannot exist where all around there is restless, energetic young life grasping with interest and curiosity at the commonest things of the wonderful world on whose threshold it stands.

Those who passed the manor house often paused and sighed as they looked at the glimpses of tranquil beauty that could be seen through the great iron gates. They sighed to think how serene and lofty must be the life led amid such surroundings, how apart from that which is led by ordinary mortals. But Sir Walter knew that his life was a veritable stagnation compared to that of the busy parents of the children who played in the dull streets. He realised that we must live in the lives and interests of others, else we cease to live at all.

The following day the little Percivals appeared at the door and greeted him quite as an old friend.

'I hope it's not intruding, sir,' said the nurse apologetically; 'but they said you had told them to come, and they would give me no peace till I brought them.'

'Quite right! quite right!' said Sir Walter. 'Remember that I shall expect them every day.'

These daily visits of the children became a source of great pleasure to Sir Walter. He had occasionally asked his guests to bring a child or two with them to stay; but people were always so afraid of 'disturbing dear Sir Walter' that any child brought to the house was so terribly kept in order by its parents that the result was distinctly disappointing on both sides.

The Percival children were cheerful little mortals, who were not in the least troubled with shyness. That they should suddenly have access to this enchanted spot was a piece of luck which they were quite ready to accept and make the most of. To

watch the plants being pressed into the soft, brown earth in their pots, to sweep up the masses of golden leaves that came fluttering down in the September wind, to tie the chrysanthemums to their neat little sticks were all occupations which appealed to that love of nature which is to be found in every true child's heart.

It gave Sir Walter grim amusement to see what a subordinate place he held in the children's estimation. The under-gardener had been a person of importance from the very first, being the visible possessor of the garden-hose; but the head-gardener was looked upon as the real ruler of the place. It was in his pocket that reposed the magic key that opened the doors of those glasshouses, through which the children walked on tiptoe, sniffing up the hot, scented air. Even Sir Walter apparently could not enter those sacred regions without a message being sent to the 'gentleman with the key,' as Enid always politely called him.

The nurse's office became a sinecure; from the time she entered the gates she considered that the children were off her hands, and she resigned herself with great satisfaction to a seat under the trees and mild flirtations with passing gardeners.

October brought some wet days, during which the children were unable to go to the manor house. Their mother returned from her visits, and they had the great excitement of the arrival of Aunt Lilian. She had not been many minutes in the house before the tale of the beautiful garden was being poured into her sympathetic ears.

'And whom does it belong to, this delightful place where you find so many wonderful things?' asked Aunt Lilian.

'At first we just called him the old gentleman, but now we call him by his proper name, Sir Walter Graham,' answered Enid.

'Margaret,' exclaimed Aunt Lilian, putting down her tea-cup, 'you don't mean'——

'Oh Aunt Lilian,' broke in Enid in reproachful accents, 'you have spilt half your tea!'

'Time for you children to be going to the nursery,' hastily interposed Mrs Percival; and amid loud protests she hurried them from the room.—'Yes, dear,' she said, returning to her sister, 'it is Captain Graham's father. I had not realised when I took this house that we should be so near the manor house. Not that it makes any difference. Sir Walter knows nothing about us, I expect, and Captain Graham is always away, more's the pity, for I would give anything—yes, Lilian, I would indeed—for you two to meet again. It breaks my heart to think that your life should be spoilt by a girlish freak. I never did quite understand what happened. Did he think you were in love with some one else?'

'Oh Margaret!' moaned Lilian, 'I don't know quite well myself what did happen. You know what lots of men father always had to our house in Simla, but none of them were to be compared to Walter Graham. He was really in love with me, and I cared awfully for him; but, just for fun, one day I thought I would carry on a little flirtation with Captain Baker, and turn the cold shoulder on Walter. I wanted to see how he would take it. But he chose to take it as a sign that I dismissed him, and next morning there was just a note to say that he had returned to his regiment, and I never saw him again. How can men be so stupid? He ought to have known quite well that I was only in fun.'

'Well, you see, he would never have carried on with another girl in your presence, so he could not understand your doing it. But was there no way of sending him a friendly little note?'

'How could I?' said Lilian. 'For the first few days I never dreamt that he had gone for good, and then, just as I realised what had happened, the crash came. Father died, and I knew that I was nearly penniless. I was not going to throw myself on his mercy as a poverty-stricken damsel.'

'You are both of you so proud that you would rather suffer all your lives than take a first step towards reconciliation.'

'It's not a case of taking a step at all, for I imagine he does not care a rap about me now,' said the weeping girl. 'How I lie awake at night and go over the lovely times we used to have in India, and now I am a governess and can merely stand by and watch other people having lovely times! Oh, if father had only thought a little of the future and left me enough to keep myself! It is so hard to live in other people's houses and obey them after being mistress of a house such as we had in India.'

'But you will have good times again, dear,' said Mrs Percival soothingly. 'You know that Jack and I have always planned to have you out in India to live with us.'

'Never!' said Lilian. 'Do you think that I would come to be a burden on you and Jack? You know quite well that you must save all you can for the chicks. Don't leave Enid penniless, as father left me. No; I shall go on in this gray, colourless life to the end of the chapter.'

The next morning Lilian Maxwell plied the nurse with questions as to the visits to the manor house. She found out that the children never saw any one but Sir Walter.

'From what the gardeners tell me, miss, I understand that the old gentleman does not care for visitors unless his son is at home.'

'And when is he expected?' asked Lilian breathlessly.

'I don't know, miss,' replied the nurse; 'there wasn't any talk of his coming. I did hear it said that he was in Scotland, visiting.'

In Scotland, visiting! What delightful visions the words called up! She could imagine the houses he would go to, places where laughter and mirth and gay dresses were everyday matters, and he would be a welcome guest at each, while the utmost she could hope for in her year of

crowded work was a few weeks' holiday to visit her sister.

Lilian felt that she could not resist the temptation of going to see Captain Graham's home. There seemed no possibility of his finding her there, and Sir Walter would have no idea of who she was even if he knew anything of what had passed between his son and her.

The children were delighted to act as guide, and talked gaily as they walked up the drive, though their aunt paid them but scant attention. The big trees were brilliant with their autumn covering of gold and brown; the Virginia creeper on the house blazed red in the morning sun; a great staghound on the doorstep rose to his feet, and, stretching himself lazily, walked to meet them. The tranquil beauty of the place positively made her ache. This, then, was what she had lost by a foolish little flirtation carried on with the wrong man! She could have cried to think of her folly and her utter helplessness to remedy its consequences.

'Sir Walter's wishes are that we should just go round to the gardens and play there till he comes out,' explained the nurse.

It was fully an hour after their arrival when Sir Walter stepped out of the French window and walked round the garden in search of the children. He found a little group under an apple-tree assisting in the fascinating task of gathering apples, the nurse firmly refusing their entreaties to be allowed to climb the tree.

'Well, children,' said Sir Walter, 'and have you seen my son? He must be somewhere in the garden.'

'We didn't know till to-day that you had a son here,' said Enid.

'I dare say not,' said Sir Walter. 'You see, he only arrived last night. Where has he gone?'

'We brought my aunt Lilian to see your garden,' said Enid, 'and your son is with her somewhere over there.'

'And they're quite good friends,' said Ernie seriously, ''cos I saw him kissing her as I came here.'

'Lor'!' exclaimed the gardener, and he then discreetly dropped on his knees with the pretext of searching for a fallen apple, but really with the desire to efface himself as far as possible in this painful predicament.

'Master Ernie, you wicked little boy!' cried the nurse, seizing the child by the shoulder, 'how dare you tell such'——

At that moment the figures of Miss Maxwell and Captain Graham were seen to emerge from the shrubbery. There was an indefinable something in the way in which he bent towards her in absorbed conversation that made the nurse's hand fall to her side and stopped her flow of words.

'Oh nurse,' protested Enid, 'Ernie's not telling lies! He was kissing Aunt Lilian, for I saw him too; but he was doing it quite nicely, with his arm round her waist, just the way Tom does when he comes to see you on Sundays.'

The nurse's face was scarlet, and she vowed in her heart that there never had been such children; but her agitation was quite unobserved.

Sir Walter, on hearing the child's statement, had stood as if petrified; but when he saw the advancing pair a light appeared on his face. 'The girl!' he murmured as he moved slowly to meet them.

A SONG OF THE SCANDINAVIAN WOMEN.

We saw our men sail westward,
Dry-eyed we sent them down
The streaming wind-swept highways
To meet the storm-god's frown.
Across the flying cloud-wrack
Their quivering masthead reeled,
And shorewards swept the clamour
Of straining shield on shield.

As birds along the coastline
We gathered, like the mist;
And calm the eyes that watched them,
And firm the lips they kissed.
But Freyja knew us women
In terror of the seas,
And marked the arms that trembled
To be about their knees.

We saw the leaping foam-line
Flung backward from the oar,
We heard the wheeling sea-gull
That wailed 'No more! no more!'
Our bodies ached with longing,
Our hearts were big with pain,
While laughing leapt our loved ones
To dare the sea again.

Oh Islands of the Westward,
White cliffs and pastured ways!
Oh swinging seas of summer,
Jewel-blue in southern bays!
Give up the spells that bind them;
What charm have we to keep
Our men what time your magic
Shall call across the deep?

What power have we to fetter?
They are not ours to hold;
With wandering winds we share them,
Long days our arms are cold.
Then, storm-flung from her bosom,
The sea hurls back our gift
To lie among the sandhills
With wrack and scattered drift.

But since the Norns have spun it,
And since the web is wet
With sea and blood and sorrow,
Our tears behind we set.
And down the shrieking seaways
Dry-eyed we saw them go,
And strong our voices hailed them
Since Odin willed it so.

D. F.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

RIVETT'S WHEAT.

By A. R. ROSE-SOLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE wheat had been reaped; the ripe sheaves stood in loose shocks on the stubble. Beyond, a belt of dark trees rose in black outline against a blue-gray sky, across which stole the first peach-tint announcing sunset. A fair expanse, suggesting calm and comfort! So thought the lanky, strongly built young American who drew rein at the gate and gazed on the scene.

'Kind of upliftin',' he muttered softly, his glance roving from sheaves to horizon, thence back to horse and cart where the corn was loading. 'England seems a trifle cramped, but I allow she 's mighty soothin'.'

''Ev'in', sir; foine daay fur carryin',' observed the wagoner, watching him surlily.

'Carryin'?' queried the stranger.

'Ay, ay, we 've abin carryin' the daay. Belikes thur bean't no corn carryin' in yer furrin parts?'

'That so? I appreciate yo',' drawled the horseman. 'I 'd like to walk yo' in the shadow of our corn; then yo' might talk! But I admire yo' views.'

The man grinned. 'I doan't understand that talk mysel'. Carryin' be enuf fur me. Views is fur the loikes o' Missy thur.' He jerked his thumb backwards, and the American caught the sound of childish voices rising behind a distant shock.

'What is it—a bee?' he asked eagerly.

'Bain't no bees,' growled the wagoner. 'Be just Missy hersel' aguvin' tha children a coop o' tay in tha fields. Yer ain't got no call to goa,' he persisted; 'her doan't knaw yer.'

Cassius Crewe, U.S.A., felt a distinct call. The feminine element seemed the one thing lacking to the landscape, and his curiosity was awakened. Dismounting and leading his horse, he walked ahead, to find himself confronted by a small party of youngsters.

They had tossed some sheaves down for seats, and were luxuriating on bread-and-jam, tea and cake, besmeared mouths and pinafores. Resting against a shock was a young girl in faded print, her old straw hat thrown on the stubble, her hair gleaming like yellow silk on the mauve-brown background of the wheat. Apparently Missy. She looked up in surprise, her cheek flushing shyly.

Cassius raised his hat, and stood unexpectedly embarrassed. This was not the kind of girl he was accustomed to. 'I—I—was admirin' yo' prospect,' he said haltingly. 'Yo' country-side is beautiful.'

Missy's blue eyes glanced at him curiously, her mouth curved in a slight smile. She also was puzzled. His speech betrayed him for an American; but the soft drawl and cultured accent differed from the Yankee twang she had occasionally heard. Cassius inherited the ways of his Southern mother.

'It seems beautiful to us, who have always lived here,' she answered in low, sweet tones; 'it may strike a stranger even more forcibly.' Then she bent toward one of the children to attend to its wants.

The American stood spell-bound. He longed to continue the conversation, but could not think of a pretext. Who on earth was this village girl with the air and speech of a queen? Were all English country girls like this? As he stared uncompromisingly at the golden-crowned head, against its background of wheat, he had a sudden vision of how it would look adorned with the tiara which his father had bought only the other day for his mother.

The girl glanced up again, resentful under his steady gaze.

He had a sudden inspiration. 'I was starin' at yo' wheat,' he said mendaciously; 'it looks kind of different from corn on our side. This is almost bronze, like—well, I guess I don't know anythin' just like it. Now, our corn 's the colour of yo' hair.'

She flushed again a delicate pink. Missy was not accustomed to strangers making remarks about her hair. But she answered in the same sweet voice, 'I believe the farmers call it Rivett's Wheat; perhaps it is not so pretty as the traditional golden grain of the poets. I am afraid it destroys one of

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

your illusions.' Rising swiftly, she gave him a slight, stately bow, and busied herself gathering up the fragments of the feast.

Cassius felt himself dismissed. He walked away pensively. Surely there never was such a lovely girl as this one, with her wild-rose complexion, forget-me-not eyes, and chiselled features! If he only had the skill of his chum Harvard, the artist, he would paint a portrait of her that would take the world by storm! Had Cassius but realised it, there were many English girls as fair and stately; only, in this particular instance, a small personage armed with a bow was ensconced among the sheaves directing arrows at his susceptible heart. He overtook the wagoner starting on his homeward trip.

'Who is Missy,' he asked eagerly—'schoolmarm?'

'Noa, that she bain't; 'tis her koindness,' growled the wagoner, scowling indignantly.

'Oh, why, then, farmer's daughter?'

'Noa.'

Cassius reconsidered his English readings. That faded print could scarcely belong to the rector's daughter. 'Do you mean that she is a cottager?'

The man looked exasperated. 'Missy? Why, if our Missy had ur roights an' no danged furriners aboot—— Well, thur, she be just our Missy wi'out ur own, Lord love ur!—Whooa thur, gee-oop!'

He cracked his whip and tramped on sulkily. There was no more to be got out of him.

Cassius looked back, sorely perplexed. Missy was emerging through the gate, children frolicking round her. The peach-coloured sky, already deepening to crimson, shed a warm light on hedge and undulating meadow, on cattle gathering under oak and elm. 'Just our Missy' stood out in the rosy glow, her faded cotton and shabby hat transfigured, a picture by Greuze in the gathering glory. He rode away, one of those little arrows rankling in his heart.

The girl watched him, a quiver of pain on her proud face. 'I suppose he belongs to those people who have taken the Abbey,' she murmured wistfully. 'Well, I am sorry they are Americans.'

And Missy sighed.

They were a silent trio in the Abbey dining-hall that evening. Cassius, as he ate his meal mechanically, was pursued by the feeling that surroundings were out of harmony. It was not the liveried servants and semi-state that oppressed him. His father's 'pile' was made ere he was born, and luxury had become a habit. But something more than money was required to fit in with this 'pile' of another kind—this old baronial pile where an ancient race once held sway, where abbots caroused in days of yore, and monks slowly paced the adjoining cloisters now in ruins. What business had shoddy wealth from the New World to come and strike a jarring note? When dessert was on and the lackeys had left, he glanced up at the ancestral portraits.

'We are somewhat out of tune with that sort of thing,' he said, pointing to a knight in armour. 'How they must despise us!'

Mrs Crewe came out of her reverie. She gloried in her old Virginian blood, and resented the remark. 'They have no call to look down on you, Cassius,' she said proudly; 'some of yo' ancestors could hold their own with any of these people. Never forget your descent, especially in England.'

'Waal, I reckon he needn't blush for the dollars he gets from the other side of the house,' snapped Crewe, senior; 'they're of almighty account over here, ma'am. Strikes me, your English blue blood takes as kindly to our Murrikan dollar as though it were native; makes us fork up, too. Airs or no airs, money talks to-day.'

'Mr Crewe, sir!' protested his wife.

'Waal, I ain't saying nothing against your Ole Virginny stock; guess I'm proud of it and glad the boy has it. But you don't tell me that it would go far without the gilding. No, sir! And it's common-sense, too. They need our money badly. Look at their estates, like this, shut up for want of money. Look at their cottages; we wouldn't keep a Murrikan pig in some of them.'

'And look at their cottagers,' broke in Cassius. 'I saw a girl to-day who is, I su'mise, a cottager's daughter. I allow her clothes were wo'th two cents; but she looked a queen, and a beauty at that.'

Cyrus Crewe suddenly put down his bunch of grapes and stared at his son. 'That so?' he asked shortly. 'Waal, I reckon you'll have to quit admiring the cottage-queens. Look here, sir, I mean our glorious Murrikan name to be respected; there are to be no common village flirtations round our way. See?'

'Flirtations!' ejaculated Cassius, remembering his bow of dismissal.

'No, nor serious nonsense neither. We can't afford it. We're bound to climb, we Crewes; there must be no stooping to low'——

'This was a lady,' interrupted Cassius. He was feeling very sore.

'I shouldn't wonder. I'm used to all women being ladies if they behave straight. But there's class here, and don't you forget it. Your father's climbed for you, sonny, and now it's your turn. You marry blood, or money, or both.'

'No need for both,' put in the mother softly, as she watched her son's rising colour. She recalled some of the reckless infatuations of her race, and trembled lest this only child should be developing a mad romance. 'No need for both, Cyrus; there is enough money on our side. But he must marry blood when he gives me a daughter. As for the cottages, they are bad enough round here; but Lord Fellon has put up some perfectly elegant houses for his labourers. I'd just admire to imitate him. Can't we buy this place and improve it?'

She sank back dreamily, seeing herself as the

beneficent chatelaine of Thurnton Abbey. The broad park, with its smooth sward, spreading trees, and antlered deer, appealed to her aristocratic instincts; the low, battlemented house, with its historical heritage, stirred all the latent poetry in her nature. She wanted the place for her own, not on a short tenancy.

'Guess there 's no chance of buying,' her husband answered; 'it 's all in Chancery. Sir Bertrand can't touch a stick; lives in one of his own cottages, and is allowed five hundred dollars a year—as much as he used to give his cook, they say. And darned if he don't hold his head as high as King Edward. We were introduced to-day.'

'Yo' mean that he insulted yo'?' asked Cassius, suddenly sitting up very straight.

'Not much. Folk don't sneeze at Cyrus Crewe these days. And I allow that these old-time Britishers have a grand way of being polite; but it's a way that kind o' sorter makes you feel small potatoes. I just asked him to pot-luck here; said we could give him better cooking than he tastes nowadays. He thanked me quite civilly, and made me feel as if the iced water had gone the wrong way—down my back instead of my throat. That dose can last me a fair time.'

Cassius glanced up at the old knight and shrank a little. Mrs Crewe drew herself up coldly. Even diamond tiaras had not reconciled her to some of her husband's ways.

'There is no Lady Penmaur?' she asked.

'No lady and no child living. I hear there's a granddaughter knocking around somewhere.—See you don't cotton to her, my boy, or you'll be looking for trouble. I don't hold with folk that treat our gold like dirt.'

'A granddaughter knocking around somewhere!' Cassius pulled himself together with a start. The truth came in a flash. 'Just our Missy' was Missy of the old Abbey—Missy, whose rights he had usurped; Missy, the descendant of that grim old knight. And this same Missy was going to prove the one woman in the whole world for him! He was sure of it!

He had been looking for trouble, indeed.

But he did not find it for days, save in his own restless heart. His rambles, whether on foot or horse, bicycle or motor-car, never brought him nigh the fair queen in faded print. His sympathetic mother, silently watchful, divined that something was wrong, and kept him with her as much as possible. Those twain had many things in common, and the trouble must be serious that Cassius could not share with the graceful, languid Virginian.

One Sunday she bade him come to church with her in the adjoining village. Her son was no churchgoer, but she knew that the building would appeal to him—such a church as is only to be seen on old seigneurial soil, where the villagers still cherish a feudal sentiment. Cassius felt the influence of the place as soon as he entered. 'Tis homelike,' a cottager had said to Mrs Crewe, and homelike it was to the simple folk who lived under the wing of the old family which had sheltered their ancestors, and now cared for them. Roomy, as befitted the gathering-place of four parishes; simple and venerable, as suited their reverential spirit, its sole evidences of luxury were to be found in chancel and side-chapel. The chancel was paved in marble, a tribute to that Lady Fellon whose hands had worked the religiously preserved altar-cloth. The side-chapel, still and solemn, held the remains of generations of Fellons and Penmaurs, intermingled by marriage. Stately tombs, heavily adorned with armorial bearings, upheld the sculptured effigies of those who had lived and laboured centuries ago. Great ladies of many quarterings, with features as rigid as their coifs and ruffs, lay with folded hands in the place where they had been wont to pray and give thanks. Grim lords of the manor, who had gone forth to fight, rested in their stone armour beside the dames who held their honour. A huge marble canopy sheltered the figures of a noble pair of later date. And the sunshine, filtering through Gothic, diamond-paned windows, cast upon them its pale glory. It was like a miniature Westminster Abbey.

Cassius gazed and held his breath. Small wonder if the peasants reared in such an atmosphere believed in 'blood' with fervent awe and despised the upstart stranger. Small marvel if the noble, born to such a heritage of stately record, held the family escutcheon high and refused to sully it. How petty modern aspiration and modern wealth appeared in the presence of those calm dead who were born to rule! A great wave of self-depreciation swept over him; he listened to the village service as humbly as the simplest cottager.

An unwonted feature in the service suddenly arrested his attention. A venerable gentleman of military bearing, in civilian attire, stepped up to the lectern, and read the lesson in clear, ringing tones. Who could this be? Not Lord Fellon—the family were away. Not Sir Bertrand Penmaur—Cassius knew him by sight. As he listened and speculated the lesson abruptly ended, and the American's glance, idly following the reader back to his pew, lighted first on a comely old lady, then on a golden-haired girl, simply dressed but with birth and refinement stamped on every feature. At last! 'Just our Missy' of the corn-field!

What happened during the rest of the service he neither knew nor cared. His eyes rested so persistently on that pew that at length, as though by magnetic influence, the girl's gaze turned in his direction, and a slightly heightened colour showed that she recognised him. That was all. It was enough for young love to feed upon.

'Mater,' he asked as they entered the motor-car, 'who was that lady you bowed to just now?'

'Lady Bentley. A lovely woman; she called'——

'Yes, that so? I mean who is the girl with her?'

'Ah'—Mrs Crewe's glance followed wistfully the graceful figure disappearing through the churchyard—'it seems a real pity, now! That is her young cousin, Sir Bertrand's granddaughter.'

'And my beautiful cottager!'

The Virginian started and looked very grave. Eleonore Penmaur of many quarterings, albeit penniless, would have been a daughter-in-law after her own heart, one to be creditably presented at Court and pave the social way for the Crewes; but she foresaw complications. And Cassius was hot-headed.

The complications arose and thickened. Foremost came the fact that Eleonore, proud and reserved, gave no sign that her American lover's devotion was returned. If he called at Lady Bentley's, hoping for a glimpse of her, she was absent. If he mysteriously discovered her favourite walks, she betook herself to others. If he met her out driving with her cousin, a slight flush and distant bow were his sole comfort. On occasions when speech became unavoidable the speech was frigid. Was ever ardent wooer so damped in his wooing? Cassius fumed and despaired in alternation. 'She despises us,' he would bewail, 'and I don't blame her. A parcel of shoddy occupying her lawful heritage, I reckon that's about the size of it.' Then he would look up at the old portrait and groan aloud.

And there was Papa Crewe, whose observant eyes detected the state of affairs. He raged furiously. 'Drop that,' he said to his son, 'or I guess you'll never handle a dollar of my making—no, sir! Why, I tell you that on the hunting-field that grandfather of hers is so tall he can scarce see me. And he allows I can't ride to hounds like a gentleman. It's come round to me. Yes, sir, that's so. Curse him! A beggar who can't own a hunter of his own, and has to borrow from friends. You drop it sharp, or I'll know the reason why.'

'The girl's the reason,' retorted Cassius. 'I don't ask to marry the grandfather.'

'I say nothing against the girl; she's a proud minx, but it's born in her. And she's pretty. Only she ain't my future daughter-in-law, and don't you forget it. Reckon you think she makes the world go round. It's a way we have when we're young. But I tell you she ain't the only pebble on the beach, not by a long sight; and, anyway, she ain't your particular pebble. That's straight.'

Finally, there was Grandpapa Penmaur. He also got an inkling of the young American's views, and his proud old blood boiled. 'Don't let me hear of that rascally Yankee ever speaking to you,' he told Eleonore with his grandest air. 'We may be as poor as Job, but we are not reduced to that kind of company. If I had my way that class of person should be kept blacking our boots, instead of passing muster in society. I don't know what the world is coming to—upstarts received everywhere, washerwomen presented at Court, and all because they come from abroad and bring some money with them. Faugh! it is time I cleared out of it all.'

'The mother is a lady, grandpapa,' protested Eleonore, whose sense of justice was strong.

'So I hear. But the father is an unmitigated cad, and the son has the father's blood in his veins. Now, remember, no dealings with him whatsoever.'

'I cannot be rude, grandpapa, if we meet.'

'No lady can be rude, but she may be equally proud. It comes to the same thing. I shall look upon you as a disgrace to the family if I ever hear of your being seen together.'

Which was perhaps the best line to take for advancing Cassius's interests, had Sir Bertrand studied human nature.

Still, the young wooer had two women on his side. Mrs Crewe might not have roused herself to exertion had Eleonore's personality alone been in question; other girls, as well-born and fair, could be dazzled by American gold. But there was Cassius. Cassius, his mother's idol, had never been refused anything in his life, and was not likely to accept the innovation calmly. There had been love-tragedies in her family the very thought of which made her shiver, and she had no mind to risk a repetition. If Cassius wanted this girl he must have her, Cyrus Crewe or no Cyrus Crewe. Consequently that irate gentleman was subjected to a course of persistent cold-water droppings which produced endless domestic storms, but were calculated in time to wear away his obstinacy.

And Lady Bentley, who 'loved a lover,' had penetrated Eleonore's shy reserve; she saw that the girl's fancy, if not her heart, was caught. Pride stood in the way. Now, Lady Bentley saw no valid reason why pride should stand in the way. She wanted Eleonore, reared in poverty, to make a marriage that would give her the surroundings suited to her birth. A London season was out of the question, there was no satisfactory mate in all the country-side, and the future loomed darkly for this fair girl. Eleonore might do worse in later years. After all, the mother was a lady and the young man's personality attractive.

When two women are minded to bring an event to pass it generally occurs. In this case circumstance helped.

(To be continued.)

THE ROAD AND THE POWER-VEHICLE.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

IT was said in a former article, 'Motoring To-day,' in June *Chambers's Journal:* 'The matter of real public interest now is the road. . . . The question of power-locomotion is already finally settled.' It is purposed to emphasise these two assertions.

The development of power-traction on roads has brought the highway itself once more into prominence as a subject demanding public attention. For half a century the road was of secondary or even third-rate importance only, in the life of the community. Traffic was no longer a lively phase of country life. In the early seventies the writer made more than one horse-driving excursion through England and Scotland, finding often that for miles and miles not a vehicle was to be seen, unless it might be a farmer's cart or an itinerant butcher or grocer visiting farms and hamlets, and now and again a badly appointed mail-gig with a sorry nag doing its six miles an hour between the railway town and an outlying district. My horses were baited at many a large posting inn, where the long range of stables on the ground-level, and the long range of bedrooms above them, deserted and shuttered, spoke sadly of departed glory of the past, when every stall was full, and the travellers took lodging, or came in to a comfortable English dinner, until the horn proclaimed that they must once more mount the coach. All was desolation; a tap-room, a commercial-room, and a few bedrooms being all that remained in active use, and the chances of being able to obtain a good meal by no means great. As for the roads, in dry weather the surface was of loose stones and dust, in wet weather deep puddles and thick mud. The roadman was too often an aged rheumatic labourer with bent back and stiff limbs, put to road-making in his old age because he was no longer fit for anything else, as his presence there would relieve the local poor-rate. His time was spent in scraping the mud off the road in wet weather, and mending the road in dry weather by putting down stones in quantities, to be left to form themselves into a road surface by the horses and carriages passing over and rolling them in. The roadman did not make the road. He piled stones on it, and left them to be forced into a road-surface by the vehicular traffic, wearing out horses' legs and vehicle springs and wheels. When a part of the way began to consolidate, the so-called roadman every morning dragged wooden horses, each consisting of a log and short wooden legs, on to the made parts, so as to compel all drivers to zigzag back and forward over the places where the stones were still unbedded, until they in turn were forced together. It was a weary round, as the small amount of traffic caused the consolidation of the road to take months of time; and as the road-stones got their edges rounded by the protracted crushing they bound badly, so that when a dry spell came they were pushed out to the surface, to act as crushers to break up the surface still more, making the road uncomfortable for man and beast, horses getting a bad foothold and frequently being lamed by stones jamming into the hollow of the hoof. And thus, as the road consolidated only after a long period, it necessarily took in much water below the stones in wet weather; the drying up in summer loosened the surface and made it break up; while in winter frost did terrible havoc, causing infinite mud when the thaw came, and consequently infinite dust when the mud dried up.

For some years before the advent of the motor-vehicle the road-roller had been introduced, to the great saving of horseflesh and coachbuilder's charges. But the way in which it has been used has not been satisfactory. Being made to run over stones on which a soup of dirt has been poured, it almost never produces a flat road. The roller squeezes up a small ridge in front of it, and when the resistance of the mound increases, the roller rides over it and begins to push up another ridge. The result is that the surface is a series of waves, as may be seen when a road is drying up after rain; showing as it does a succession of dark, damp hollows with dry ridges between—a hopeless condition for a road to be in, for water lying in a road is ruin to its durability.

The advent of the power-vehicle has drawn attention to the road question once more. It has added in a very marked degree to the amount of traffic, the number of vehicles being often five times or even ten times as great as has been the case since the railway carried off the larger portion of the traffic. And as the power is applied direct to the wheels, it is inevitable that if there is a substantial quantity of detritus on the road it will rise more than will be the case where the wheels only roll upon the road and do not press against it, particularly if the speed be higher than has been usual. This is seen in the case of the bicycle, which, small as it is, throws up a long tail of dust in dry weather. Accordingly, the most grievous complaint against the power-vehicle is that it is a bad dust-raiser, and the complaint is one that is reasonable. It must be met, and it will be met. It was most satisfactory to notice at the recent road conference in London how reasonable was the general tone of the discussion, and how it is recognised on all hands that the road has once more assumed a position of paramount importance nationally, socially, and commercially. And equally gratifying was it to hear with what confident tones the representatives of the road authorities spoke of the possibilities of road improvement,

at reasonable expense, by which the dust nuisance could be mitigated—indeed, practically cured—and the road rendered less destructive to vehicles and the engines that move them, whether these engines be animal or mechanical.

But speaking of the subject of dust, it requires to be impressed upon the public that it is quite unreasonable to treat the matter as so many do, as if the discomforts of dust were something novel, created by autocar traffic and unknown in former days. In the time when the roads were in active use by the mail-coach, the post-chaise, and the wagon, the complaints regarding dust were as bitter as they are now. Who has not seen the sporting pictures of the mail-coach 'tooling' along with clouds of dust rising from the horses' feet and the wheels? Objection was seriously taken to the introduction of the macadam road-surface because of the quantity of dust that was thrown up by the traffic. Thus we read in the Glasgow *Mechanics' Magazine* of the year 1830: 'Doubt has been entertained of the expediency of Mr Macadam's new system of road-making . . . from the great annoyance felt by the quantity of dust thrown up in those places where the experiment has been tried.' So serious was it that when there were about seventy coaches running daily upon the London to Bath road it was found necessary to water the whole road from end to end every day. The pumps set at every two miles to provide the water may be seen standing to this day. This makes it plain that if a road, made as macadam roads have been made for so long, was much used by traffic, dust in serious quantity was the necessary sequel, as is testified by Bob Acres regarding this very Bath road, speaking as he does of a 'tail of dust as long as the Mall.' The writer remembers in the fifties arriving in Bâle after a day's drive from Berne in a diligence, his black coat as white all over as the paper this article is written upon, and his face like that of a corpse. Reading lately, he came across the following, which from his experience he might have penned himself. The writer quoted, speaking of a time about seventy-five years ago, moans thus: 'Woe to white gowns! Woe to black! Drab was your only wear. If we happened to meet a carriage coming along the middle of the road what a sandy whirlwind it was! What choking! What suffocation! No state could be more pitiable, except indeed that of the travellers who carry their misery about with them. I shall never forget the plight in which I met the coach one evening in last August, steeds and driver, carriage and passengers, all in dust!'

Thus the reason why the dust-problem is once more found demanding solution is not because it is something new, but because the revival of road traffic in a degree unknown for half a century has once more brought it about that a remedy is necessary, as it was found to be necessary on the Bath road eighty or a hundred years ago.

It may be safely said that the remedy has been found, and the only question is how long a time will be required before it has been applied to all our main roads. People only think about dust when they see it and feel it. When there is no dust they do not think about it. But let any one who still looks upon the motor-vehicle as a producer of dust, and not merely a raiser of dust where there is dust ready to be raised, go to the Thames Embankment at the busy hour of the forenoon. If the weather is dry the motor-traffic passing along by hundreds of vehicles in every hour would throw up dust, the road being laid on the macadam principle with small broken stones. But he will see no dust, although often he will observe six or seven power-vehicles following one another at very short intervals. The motors, if the road was such that the traffic tended to produce dust, would certainly throw it up in clouds. The fact that they do not throw up dust makes it plain that the traffic does not create dust; 'argal,' as Dogberry would say, a mode of road-making has been found which will rid the public of the dust nuisance.

It would be highly improper to besmirch the pages of *Chambers's Journal* by any allusion to politics; but there can be no harm in saying that it appears probable that very soon the great highways of the country will no longer be treated as mere matters of parochial or even county district concern, but will be looked upon as a general matter of public interest—an object for national and not merely provincial attention. The sooner that day comes the better. Dustless and—what is more important—mudless roads would be worth millions of gold, apart altogether from mere questions of comfort; every horse and every motor can accomplish more work at a cheaper rate if the road is dustless, mudless, and free from pits and ruts. The percentage to be deducted annually for wear and tear from the initial value of haulage animals or machines, and of the vehicles they drag or push along the road, would be substantially diminished if the roads were in proper condition. Accordingly, the expense of haulage would be sensibly diminished, and if the price of haulage is diminished the goods hauled can be sold at a cheaper price or greater profit. He is wealthier than he was who can buy cheaper than he did; and he is wealthier who, being able to haul more cheaply and over greater distances, can get an extended range of market, and can more easily sell his wares by lowering his prices or can make a better profit by his outlay being lessened. Thus it is not too much to say that good roads over which haulage is easy must spell proportionately increased national wealth, as it is certain that bad roads diminish earnings or eat into them, and so affect financial prosperity.

It would be most important to ascertain what is the effect upon roads of horse-traffic and motor-traffic respectively. At present there are no means available for ascertaining how each affects the road surface, the state of the roads being the result of both modes of haulage combined. On every road both are in daily use, and comparison is not pos-

sible. Every motorist will frankly admit that a road which is subjected to the hammering and picking action of draught animals, and to the pressure of narrow-tired iron wheels, will, when motor-traffic is added to horse-traffic, show signs of wear and disintegration in an aggravated form, if the road is not so constructed as to resist the deleterious action of the horse and the horse-drawn vehicle. What the motorist does dispute is the constantly asserted fallacy that motor-traffic is the cause of undue injury to the road apart from the horse-traffic. This dispute should be put an end to by experiment, and the experiment could be easily made. Let a place be selected where there is considerable traffic of both kinds, and where it is possible to make a loop road some two or three hundred yards long, running parallel with an existing road. Let the roads on both sides of the loop be laid down in exactly the same manner, and then cause all the horse-traffic to take one side of the loop and all the mechanical traffic the other side. Both roads would then be inspected from time to time, and the effect of the traffic upon the surface noted. The result is certain, and would much surprise those who condemn motor-traffic as being destructive to roads. After a few months the arrangement should be reversed, and it would then be seen how the horse-traffic had so injured the road that the motor-traffic would complete the destruction, while the horse-traffic being turned on to the side of the loop that had been used for motor-traffic would soon pick into it with the hoofs, and crush into it with the narrow iron wheels. It is sincerely to be hoped that such an experiment may be tried. The result is not doubtful, and would tend to inform the public mind and prepare the way for effective road improvement. It would also convince all whom it may concern that as the motor supersedes the horse more and more, so will the expense of upkeep of roads diminish. The comforts of a road without dusty holes in dry weather and muddy puddles in wet weather will make the road more and more a place of pleasure where often it is a place of annoyance and discomfort.

It will not be cause for surprise if many a reader should smile at such words as the above which speak of the motor 'superseding the horse more and more.' There are probably few in the community to whom such an idea will not seem absurd. People are slow to realise what is passing before their eyes day by day. There are even many who still think that the use of the power-vehicle is a thing of pastime only—a passing craze like ping-pong or diabolo, and will soon come to an end. A gentleman of intelligence and much human experience was heard only a few months ago to say with a serious face—as if stating what must be accepted implicitly—that 'in another ten years there would not be half the number of motor-cars on the road that there are now;' and in so speaking he must have voiced the belief of many thousands who either have no observation of what is passing around them, or who, seeing, do not see, because their understanding is darkened.

Not only such people, but also the great mass of the community, will be astonished at the facts now to be stated, and for the accuracy of which the writer can vouch. First, it has long been true that everywhere throughout the land, whether in town or country, the number of private power-vehicles upon the road is largely in excess of the number of private horsed-vehicles, and this in an increasing proportion month by month and year by year. It is equally true that in London the motor-cab is crushing the hansom-cab out of existence. A hansom-cab can be bought to-day for twenty shillings (!), and Lord Rosebery has been moved to promote a fund for relieving the distress and providing for the training of those hansom-cabmen who are not too old to learn how to drive the horseless vehicle. That fund was not started a moment too soon, as the latest statistics presently to be given will show.

In the former article the last words were as quoted above: 'The question of power locomotion is already finally settled.' But, as has been said already, there are some people—indeed, not a few—to whom this has not yet come home, and to whom it will only come home, to use Mrs Browning's words, 'by reiteration chiefly.' But fortunately in this case the reiteration of the statement can be made telling by the increased power of the facts, and some of these facts shall now be brought to notice.

The writer remembers well how, before 1900, being much interested in mechanical traction, he used to be elated when he could count six motor-vehicles in one day in London, and an occasional figure of five or four only was disappointing. Two or three years later he began to note the motor-carriages and the horse-carriages, and was much pleased when the former reached a figure equal to or over one-third of the latter. The following year it took one-half to content him. In two or three years more an equality sometimes gave delight. Then came majorities gradually increasing until there was not contentment with less than double, and three to one gave elation. Now three to one is, in its turn, merely what is to be expected, and four to one not uncommon. The following are the results of some comparative tests made in April of the present year on the Thames Embankment for an hour at a time:

	Private Motors.		Private Carriages.		Taxicabs.		Hansoms.	
	No.	ʃ	No.	ʃ	No.	ʃ	No.	ʃ
April 5 .	181	77·68	52	22·32	186	80·87	44	19·13
April 6 .	169	82·04	37	17·91	217	84·11	41	15·89
April 7 .	144	78·26	40	21·74	269	81·45	59	18·06
April 19 .	180	78·26	50	21·74	179	54·66	57	24·15
April 20 .	200	77·82	57	22·18	316	90·03	34	9·70
Totals .	874	78·74	236	21·26	1157	83·11	235	16·88

Thus there were 2031 motor-vehicles passing along the Embankment, as against 471 horsed-vehicles, or considerably more than four to one. The percentages of the two classes are remarkable. It adds to the

significance of these figures when the fact is noted that they were taken at the go-to-business hour—9.30 A.M. to 10.30 A.M.—and therefore they indicate how mistaken is the idea still so firmly fixed in the minds of many that the autocar is nothing but a luxury-vehicle of the idle pleasure-seeker. Practically the whole of these vehicles were conveying business men to the great centre of business of the land—the City of London.

It was thought that something instructive might be learned by testing the traffic at such a place as the junction at the bottom of the Haymarket. And this was done between twelve and one o'clock on the 19th of April. The test first made was confined to passenger-conveying carriages—private carriages, omnibuses, and cabs. The result was: motor passenger-vehicles, 763; horse passenger-vehicles, 260. Another test was made at the same place, in which all motor-vehicles, whether carrying passengers or not, were counted as against all similar horsed-vehicles moving at more than a walking pace. The numbers were: motor-vehicles, 887; horse-trotting vehicles, 639. These results were so striking that a still further test was made, the motor-vehicles being pitted against *all* horsed-vehicles, including carts and lorries moving at a walking pace. The result of the first test for an hour was: all motors, 894; all horsed-vehicles, 865. It was matter of great surprise, when the figures were made up, to find that even on such an absolute test of motor against horse there was a majority for the mechanical vehicle. It seemed astonishing that to-day, nine years from the time when the start of about seventy motor-vehicles for the thousand miles' trial was an exciting event, gathering crowds at eight clock in the morning, the public should be looking on at the London traffic without surprise, when already the number of power-vehicles has become practically equal to the whole animal-traffic at the busy hours of the day. It was, therefore, thought well to make some further and more extended tests. Accordingly, on three separate occasions the numbers were tested over long distances and at all hours of the business day, the routes including the whole length of the Thames Embankment from Charing Cross to Blackfriars Bridge and by Haymarket and Piccadilly to the top of Sloane Street. The figures when they were added up brought out conclusively that the first test had been accurately conducted, and that it is the fact that the motor-vehicle has been steadily and rapidly displacing the horsed-vehicle, until *to-day there are at least as many power-vehicles passing any given point in busy London as there are horsed-vehicles of every class, including those which move at only three miles an hour.*

The following are the figures:

	Motor-Vehicles.	Horsed-Vehicles.
First Test	1345	1334
Second Test . . .	1095	1096
Third Test . . .	2563	2558
	5003	4988

Thus, putting the whole together, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-one were seen, and so near were the numbers each time that on the first occasion the motors were in a majority of eleven, on the second occasion the horsed-vehicles were in a majority of one, and on the third occasion the motors were in a majority of five; the majority of the motors on the three occasions taken together being fifteen on a total number of nearly ten thousand! These facts are the more remarkable, seeing that the number of commercial motor-vehicles is still inconsiderable, being on the three occasions only fifty-seven in all, and for that reason the motor-vehicles could only be in a majority by the passenger motor-vehicles being so largely in excess that they practically equalled the horsed-vehicles of *all* classes.

It may be said with assurance that if any one had expressed himself on the morning of the start of the one thousand miles' trial to the effect that in nine years the motor-vehicle would in London be a practical rival to the horsed-vehicle, by the number of the motor-vehicles being brought to equal those drawn by animal power, he would have been laughed at as a hare-brained enthusiast. It may be doubtful if even the most sanguine of those who rode out on that long journey harboured any such idea in his mind. But surely such facts as these must bring it home to the most obstinate opponent that mere obstructive tactics are not only useless but foolish, and that he must make up his mind to accept the inevitable, and had better accept it with a good grace. One thing is quite certain, that motor traffic is now looked upon by the general public as a thing of course. No one can stand for a few moments at a busy corner in any great city without having the demonstration before his eyes that the traffic is—in itself and as generally conducted—not a cause of alarm to the foot-passenger, and no more dangerous than any other traffic; while, on the other hand, the more the power-vehicle displaces the horsed-vehicle the fewer will be the delays and blocks of traffic at busy hours. Let any corner-superintending constable be interrogated on the subject, and he will say unhesitatingly that when cross-traffic has been stopped to clear what was being detained in the cross-road, the way is cleared on resumption in half the time that used to be the case when only horsed-vehicles occupied the streets.

As it has thus become certain that the power-vehicle will in a year or two attain an absolutely predominant position, it becomes all the more clear that whatever is necessary to be done to make the road suitable for that traffic must be done, and must be done at once. It is, therefore, the more satisfactory to know that this matter is being taken up vigorously by the road authorities throughout the country. The necessity for a central authority to control the management of the main roads of the country is now practically recognised, and it is satisfactory to know that the road-money to be provided by the new taxes on

motors and petrol will not be frittered away parochially, but will be applied imperially for the general good under the highest skilled advice.

We may, therefore, look forward to efficient roads carrying an efficient passenger and goods traffic in the near future, and that such a development will conduce much to the national welfare there can be no doubt. Good roads and speedy conveyance are aids to national wealth that are not to be despised. The advent of the power-vehicle will force on the construction and maintenance of the one and will supply the other. Those who have been votaries of the new traction from the first have had to bear much obloquy during past years, partly undeserved, partly deserved because of the misconduct of some. They can forget all that in realising that already mechanical traction is becoming a normal and regular phase of road use, and they feel that they are not too sanguine in believing that its advantages for the good of the community are being gradually appreciated, so that it is becoming the dominant factor once and for all of road transit.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—INCREASES THE INTEREST.

'BUT, dad,' cried Gabrielle, 'I am telling you the truth! Cannot you believe me, your daughter, before this man who is your enemy?'

'Because of my affliction I am, it seems, deceived by every one,' was his hard response.

To where they stood had come the sound of wheels upon the gravelled drive outside, and a moment later Hill entered, announcing, 'A gentleman to see you very urgently, Sir Henry. He is from Baron de Hetzendorf.'

'From the Baron!' gasped the blind man. 'I'll see him later.'

'Why, it may be Hamilton!' cried Murie, who, looking through the door, saw his old friend in the corridor, and quickly called him in.

As he faced Flockart he drew himself up. The attitude of all made it apparent to him that something unusual was in progress.

'You've just arrived at a very opportune moment, Hamilton,' Murie said. 'You have met Miss Heyburn before, and also Flockart, I believe, at Lady Heyburn's, in Paris.'

'Yes; but'——

'Sir Henry,' Walter said in a quiet tone, 'this gentleman sent by the Baron is his secretary, the same Mr Edgar Hamilton of whom Gabrielle has just been speaking.'

'Ah, then, perhaps he can furnish us with further facts regarding this most extraordinary statement of my daughter's,' the blind man exclaimed.

'Gabrielle has just told her father the truth regarding a certain tragic occurrence in the Forest of Pontarmé. Explain to us all you know, Edgar.'

'What I know,' said Hamilton, 'is very quickly told. Has Miss Heyburn mentioned the man Krail?'

'Yes, I have told them about him,' the girl answered.

'You have, however, perhaps omitted to note one or two small facts in connection with the affair,' he said. 'Do you not remember how, on that eventful afternoon in the forest, when searching for us, you first encountered Krail walking with this man Flockart at some distance from the others?'

'Yes, I recollect.'

'And do you remember that when we returned to sit down to luncheon Flockart insisted that I should take the seat which was afterwards occupied by the unfortunate Miss Bryant? Do you recollect how I spread a rug for her at that spot and preferred myself to stand? The reason of their invitation to me to sit there I did not discover until afterwards. That wine had been prepared for *me*, not for her.'

'For you!' the girl gasped, amazed.

'Yes. The plot was undoubtedly this'——

'There was no plot,' protested Flockart, interrupting. 'This girl killed Edna Bryant through intense jealousy.'

'I repeat that there was a foul and ingenious plot to kill me, and to entrap Miss Heyburn,' Hamilton said. 'It was, of course, clear that Miss Heyburn was jealous, for she had written to her mother making foolish threats against Miss Bryant. Therefore, the plot was that I should drink the fatal wine, and that Miss Gabrielle should be declared to be the murderess, she having intended the wine to be partaken of by the girl she hated with such jealous hatred. The marked cordiality of Krail and Flockart that I should take that seat aroused within me some misgivings, although I had never dreamed of this dastardly and cowardly plot against me—not until I saw the result of their foul handiwork.'

'It's a lie! You are trying to implicate Krail and myself! The girl is the only guilty person. She placed the wine there!'

'She did not!' declared Hamilton boldly. 'She was not there when the bottle was changed by Krail, but I was.'

'If what you say is true, then you deliberately stood by and allowed the girl to drink.'

'I watched Krail go to the spot where luncheon was laid out, but could not see what he did. If I had done so I should have saved the girl's life. You were a few yards off, awaiting him; therefore you knew his intentions, and you are as guilty of that girl's tragic death as he.'

'What!' cried Flockart, his eyes glaring angrily; 'do you declare, then, that I am a murderer?'

'You yourself are the best judge of your own guilt,' answered Hamilton meaningly.

'I deny that Krail or myself had any hand in the affair.'

'You will have an opportunity of making that denial in a criminal court ere long,' remarked the Baron's secretary with a grim smile.

'What!' gasped Flockart, his cheeks paling in an instant; 'have you been so indiscreet as to inform the police?'

'I have—a week ago. I made a statement to M. Hamard, of the Sûreté in Paris, and they have already made a discovery which you will find of interest and somewhat difficult to disprove.'

'And pray what is that?'

Hamilton smiled again, saying, 'No, my dear sir; the police will tell you themselves all in due course. Remember, you and your precious friend plotted to kill me.'

'But why, Mr Hamilton?' inquired the blind man. 'What was their motive?'

'A very strong one,' was the reply. 'I had recognised in Krail a man who had defrauded the Baron de Hetzendorf of fifty thousand kroners, and for whom the police were in active search, both for that and for several other serious charges of a similar character. Krail knew this, and he and his friend—this gentleman here—had very ingeniously resolved to get rid of me by making it appear that Miss Gabrielle had poisoned me by accident.'

'A lie!' declared Flockart fiercely, though his efforts to remain imperturbed were now palpable.

'You will be given due opportunity of disproving my allegations,' Hamilton said. 'You, coward that you are, placed the guilt upon an innocent, inexperienced girl. Why? Because, with Lady Heyburn's connivance, you, with your cunning accomplice Krail, were endeavouring to discover Sir Henry's business secrets in order, first, to operate upon the valuable financial knowledge you would thus gain, and so make a big *coup*; and, secondly, when you had done this, it was your intention to expose the methods of Sir Henry and his friends. Ah! don't imagine that you and Krail have not been very well watched of late,' laughed Hamilton.

'Do you allege, then, that Lady Heyburn is privy to all this?' asked the blind man in distress.

'It is not for me to judge, sir,' said Hamilton.

'I know! I know how I have been befooled!' cried the poor, helpless man—'befooled because I am blind!'

'Not by me, Sir Henry,' protested Flockart.

'By you and by every one else,' he cried angrily. 'But I know the truth at last—the truth how my poor little daughter has been used as an instrument by you in your nefarious operations.'

'But'——

'Hear me, I say!' went on the old man. 'I ask my daughter to forgive me for misjudging her. I now know the truth. You obtained by some means a false key to my safe, and you copied certain documents which I had placed there in order to entrap any who might seek to learn my secrets. You fell into that trap, and though I confess I thought that Gabrielle was the culprit, on Marie's behalf, I only lately found out that you and your accomplice Krail were in Greece endeavouring to profit by knowledge obtained here, at my private house.'

'Krail has been living in Auchterarder of late, it appears,' Hamilton remarked, 'and it was evidently he who, gaining access to the house one night recently, used his friend's false key, and obtained those confidential Russian documents from your safe.'

'No doubt,' declared Sir Henry. Then, again addressing Flockart, he asked, 'Where are those documents which you and your scoundrelly accomplice have stolen, and for the return of which you are trying to make me pay?'

'I don't know anything about them,' answered Flockart sullenly, his face livid.

'He'll know more about them when he is taken off by the two detectives from Edinburgh who hold the extradition warrant,' Hamilton remarked.

The fellow started at those words. His demeanour was that of a guilty man. 'What do you mean?' he gasped, white as death. 'You—you intend to give me into custody? If you do, I warn you that Lady Heyburn will suffer also.'

'She, like Miss Gabrielle, has only been your tool,' Hamilton declared. 'It was she who, under compulsion, furnished you with means for years, and whose association with you has caused something little short of a scandal. Times without number she has tried to get rid of you and your evil influence in this household, but you have always defied her. Now,' he said firmly, looking the other straight in the face, 'you have upon you those stolen documents which you have, by using an assumed name and a false address, offered to sell back to their owner, Sir Henry. You have threatened that if they are not purchased at the exorbitant price you demand, you will sell them to the Russian Ministry of Finance. That is the way you treat your friend and benefactor, the man who is blind and helpless! Come, give them back to Sir Henry, and at once.'

'You must ask Krail,' stammered Flockart, now so cornered that all further excuse or denial had become impossible.

'That's unnecessary. I happen to know that they are in your pocket now, a fact which shows how watchful an eye we've been keeping upon you of late. You have brought them here so that your friend Krail may come to terms with Sir Henry for their repossession. He arrived from London with you, and is at the Strathavon Arms in the village, where he stayed before, and is well known.'

'Flockart,' demanded the blind man very seriously, 'you have papers in your possession which are mine. Return them to me.'

A dead silence fell. All eyes save those of Sir

Henry were turned upon the man who until that moment had stood so defiant and so full of sarcasm. But in an instant, at mention of Krail's presence in Auchterarder, his demeanour had suddenly changed. He was full of alarm.

'Give them to me and leave my house,' Sir Henry said, holding out his thin, white hand.

'I—I will—on one condition: if I may be allowed to go.'

'We shall not prevent your leaving,' was the Baronet's calm reply.

Flockart fumbled nervously in the inner pocket of his coat, and at last brought out a sealed and rather bulgy foolscap envelope.

'Open it, Gabrielle, and see what is within,' her father said.

She obeyed, and in a few moments explained the various documents it contained.

'Then let the man go,' her father said.

'But, Sir Henry,' cried Hamilton, 'I object to this! Krail is down in the village forming a plot to make you pay for the return of these papers. He arrived from London by the same train as this man. If we allow him to leave he will inform his accomplice, and both will escape.'

Murie had his back to the door, the long window on the opposite side of the room being closed.

'It was a promise of Sir Henry's,' declared the unhappy adventurer.

'Which will be observed when Krail has been brought face to face with Sir Henry,' answered Murie, at the same time calling Hill and a gardener who chanced to be working on the lawn outside.

Then, with a firmness which showed that they were determined, Hamilton and Murie conducted Flockart to a small upstairs room, where Hill and the gardener, with the assistance of Stewart, who happened to have come into the kitchen, mounted guard over him.

His position, once the honoured guest at Glencardine, was the most ignominious conceivable. But Sir Henry knew that at least he had got back those documents and saved the reputation of his friend Volkonski, as well as that of his copartners.

(To be continued.)

TIGER DUNLOP, AN ONTARIO PIONEER.

AS the traveller in Canada, be he wandering journalist or eager emigrant, is swiftly carried through the fertile fields and past the cheerful homesteads of the province of Ontario, he may sometimes wonder and ask if it was always such a bright, smiling land. Some native will then inform him, with a touch of pride, that less than a century ago Western Ontario, from the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario to Owen Sound on Georgian Bay, was a region of solid bush and forest denser than the ten-acre clumps which still stand on every farm as a fuel-reserve. Every acre of this land had to be cleared before the fertile soil could be cultivated; the trees had to be cut down, the brushwood cleared away, and the stumps burnt or ploughed out. He will then wonder what manner of men were the pioneers who carved homes for themselves and their children out of the wilderness and raised up the foundations of a great new nation by their labours. To our mind Western Ontario is one of the most pleasing and most tangible monuments of the enterprise, hardihood, and tenacity of the British race, and we feel flattered in the knowledge that Scots, both Highland and Lowland, were by far the foremost element in this pioneer struggle.

The Scotch element in Ontario is preponderatingly strong. Glengarry is Highland to a man, the district of Zorra was settled by exiled crofters from Sutherland, the county of Perth is largely a Lowland settlement, Huron teems with West Country place-names and descendants of Paisley weavers, and Bruce (whence the finest men in Canada are said to come) drew immigrants alike from both sides of the Forth.

The history of the early settlement of Ontario would fill volumes, but it has so far received little attention from students, and the scarcity of documentary evidence in many cases renders the task of compiling a local history difficult. A large part of it would be a record of severe hardships and hard work; but intermingling with this would be found many incidents of adventure and romance, and many interesting tales of the early pioneer days. In these early times there were many famous characters in Western Ontario; but none was more famous than Dr William Dunlop, whose memory lingers to this day, after the lapse of half a century, in the province he helped to create.

Dr William Dunlop was a cadet of the ancient family of Dunlop of that ilk, long located in the parish of the name in North Ayrshire. The name, however, is not uncommon in the West Country, and there are numerous branches of the original stock scattered throughout the British Empire.

William Dunlop was educated at Glasgow University, and, graduating at an early age as a Doctor of Medicine, determined to join the army service. He obtained a commission in the Connaught Rangers, and saw active service in the campaigns against the Americans (1813–15), during which he not infrequently laid down the lancet for the bayonet, and played a conspicuous part in three engagements. When peace had been arranged between Britain and the United States, he went with his regiment to Calcutta, where he was stationed for some time. Shortly after his arrival there he contracted to

exterminate the tigers which infested a certain island in the Ganges Delta, called Sangor; and as a memento of his achievements in killing an immense number of these animals he was by universal consent of the natives called 'The Tiger,' a name which adhered to him for the rest of his adventurous life.

While in India, Dunlop was seized with a severe attack of fever, which resulted in his returning home and being invalided on half-pay. To secure a living, he first of all lectured on medical subjects, and then devoted himself to newspaper work. He was for a short time editor of a paper called *The British Press;* but his journalistic success was not great, his style being somewhat quaint and unique. He had, it may be explained, a bigoted and lifelong hatred of France and Frenchmen.

For a few years he led a somewhat unsettled existence at home, and was always anxious to go abroad at the earliest opportunity. Accordingly, when the famous Canada Company entered upon its operations, under the guidance of that strange genius John Galt, the novelist, Dr Dunlop was eager to emigrate, and set sail for Canada in 1826, to join his friend in the new enterprise.

The Canada Company was formed in 1825, with the object of opening up and colonising with settlers Western Ontario, or more particularly the territory known as the Huron Tract, and the promoters had secured a grant of one million one hundred thousand acres of land, or, rather, wooded wilderness.

The Doctor was, of course, more or less familiar with the country as the result of his early fighting in the American war; and on his joining Galt at his new headquarters, the latter was able to secure for him an appointment as Warden of the Woods and Forests. The two men had been great friends at home, and their common literary tastes and sympathies bound them still closer in the new colony. For some years Dunlop was employed in a variety of duties—clearing the forest, making roads, and assisting settlers to locate. His energy and enthusiasm were unbounded, and one standing monument of his industry is the highway between Goderich and Toronto, which he cut through the thickest of bush and swamp. He was a splendid organiser and pioneer; and, under the guidance of spirits like Galt and himself, the new settlement prospered. By 1832 settlers were coming in rapidly, and the Huron Tract was being transformed into cheerful homesteads. The place was dear to Dunlop's heart from the first, and for the last twenty years of his life his energies were taxed to the uttermost in the service of the colony.

He kept up a regular correspondence with his friends and relatives at home, and extracts from his letters are very interesting, especially in the light of subsequent developments. He says in 1837: 'Canada is a valuable colony; in fact, she is at the head of all the colonies, for she has the means to protect all the rest and give a consequence to Britain not to be sneezed at.' And again: 'While so many poor people at home are in a state of starvation, I could easily set eighty thousand families in a fair way to make themselves independent.' And this before the North-West was dreamt of.

Goderich, so called after a British Premier of the day, was the headquarters of the colony, and within a few miles of this place the Doctor took up a block of land and built a house which he called Gairbraid, after the Dumbartonshire home of his mother. A few years after his arrival, his brother Robert, who had been one of Nelson's captains, and had lately retired from the navy, came out and joined him, to his great delight.

Captain Robert Dunlop was of a different type from his brother, a bluff, hearty sailor, but a less interesting and original personality. He was created 'pound-keeper' to the settlement—a necessary office in new countries where there are no fences—and devoted himself chiefly to the management of the farm, with a view to leaving his brother free for his forestry duties.

Attracted probably by the presence of gentlemen like Dunlop and Galt, there had by this time settled in and around the town of Goderich a considerable number of people of good family and education, who had been driven forth from the old country by financial losses or pressure of circumstances. Among others were Mr Hyndman, a Scotch barrister, with his family; the Lizars, an Edinburgh family; Major Strickland, an ex-officer of the army; and Colonel von Egmond, another military man, of Belgian extraction. These few, and some others whose names were less prominent, formed a strange little clique in the wilderness, the bulk of the settlers being Highland crofters and Ulster Irish—the best of colonists, but illiterate to a degree. The story of the life in the settlement is admirably told in a book entitled *In the Days of the Canada Company*, and a fine picture of these early days is drawn by the authoress, Miss Lizars, whose one fault is a somewhat prolix and ornate style.

Gairbraid was a comfortable house, built of solid logs in the form of the letter H, and there the two brothers resided, with their various retainers. Captain Dunlop had a famous black butler, Jimmy Thompson, who was a familiar figure in the community. Their home contained a surprising quantity of good furniture for the time and place, and was admirably equipped to be the scene of convivial hospitality that it was. There was an enormous round table, at which the Doctor presided over what he called his 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and among his most valued possessions was a set of twelve large decanters irreverently dubbed 'The Twelve Apostles.' They kept open house, and the Doctor's favourite query, 'Will ye tak' a drink?' was always supplemented by 'No man must go from my house either hungry or dry.'

Their establishment in the early days, in the absence of any womenkind, was, if comfortable, somewhat crude and badly managed; but in 1833 a new personage came on the scene. From

Keppoch, in Dumbartonshire, there was sent out to the two brothers a housekeeper in the shape of one Louisa M'Coll, a buxom Highland lass, who was for the rest of their lives the mainstay of the household management at Gairbraid. She was the most skilful of housewives, and made a comfortable home for her 'deare gentlemen' from the day of her arrival. But Mrs Grundy appeared in the settlement a few years after, probably as the result of various factious quarrels, and the housekeeper wanted to leave them. Dismayed at the prospect, the Doctor suggested that one of them ought to marry her, and that they should toss for the responsibility. He afterwards declared that he made the proposal to adopt the matrimonial lottery in fun, and, finding that his simple and kind-hearted brother took it in earnest, allowed it to proceed to its dénouement as a good solution of a delicate problem. It was agreed that the Doctor should toss the coin three times; he was to cry 'Heads' and his brother 'Tails,' and the winner was to be clear of the responsibility of matrimony. Heads turned up each time, and the Doctor's brother married the lady; though he might not have done so had he known that the Doctor, in his anxiety for his brother's welfare, had used a coin picked up somewhere in his wanderings which had a head on both sides. In justice to the culprit it must be said that he knew the lady would make an excellent wife, as the result proved. The pair so strangely united lived a happy life for many years, and the old *ménage à trois* was not broken up. Dr Dunlop lived on at Gairbraid; and Louisa, 'wife to the one and good friend and close companion to the other,' ministered to their wants, alternately chiding and coddling the brothers.

Many good stories were told of Mrs Dunlop, who was quite as much of a character as her brother-in-law. She retained her Highland speech all her days, but from the first comported herself well in her new dignity as mistress of Gairbraid. On her elevation some of the servants were evidently inclined to be wanting in deference to her behests, and one day the Doctor heard his sister-in-law's voice raised in anger in the kitchen. 'Lou,' he cried out, 'what is all the row about? Now, what's the guid o' flyting?' 'Hech!' was the reply, 'they will not pay sufficient respect to my reverence.' Dunlop was never tired of teasing her and of playing upon her idiosyncrasies, but he entertained the deepest respect and affection for her. He always said that he cared not where he died, as 'Lou' would be sure to find his bones and lay them beside his brother's. 'Lou,' on the other hand, tried hard to repress the convivial tastes of the Doctor; and though she never failed to provide liberally for the guests at his numerous parties, she was always scolding him and telling him what a task it was 'to fill these greedy hounds from town.'

The first years of the settlement were the best; after the departure of John Galt the régime of the Canada Company gradually declined in popularity, and its policy was opposed at every point by a strong party. Through it all, Tiger Dunlop still retained his place as a leader of public opinion in the district; and on the death in 1840 of his brother Robert, who had been the first member for Huron in the legislature, he was elected to succeed him, and filled the office with credit. The loss of his brother was a severe blow to him, but he lived on with 'Lou' at Gairbraid, and continued to be the central figure in this oasis of culture in the backwoods. He still corresponded with his relatives at home, and wrote at intervals several excellent articles to British magazines; they were mostly descriptive of the country and the life in Canada, and a series in *Fraser's* attracted considerable attention. But perhaps the most interesting work that stands to his name is his will, which is a far-famed testamentary document, and ranks high as a literary curiosity. No account of his life would be complete without it, and it runs as follows:

'In the Name of God, Amen.

'I, William Dunlop of Gairbraid, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body and mind, which my friends who do not flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make my last Will and Testament as follows, revoking of course all former Wills: I leave the property of Gairbraid and all other property I may be possessed of to my sisters Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former because she is married to a minister, whom (may God help him!) she henpecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market-rife. And also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements upon the farm, providing always that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved; and if either of these should die without issue the other is to inherit the whole.

'I leave to my sister-in-law Louisa Dunlop all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereafter mentioned.

'I leave my brother-in-law Allan my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

'I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would have melted it down to make temperance medals, and that would have been a sacrilege. However, I have left him my big horn snuff-box; he can only make temperance horn spoons out of that.

'I leave to my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother Bethia Hamilton of Woodhall, and when she knows as much of the spirit as she does of the letter she will be another guise Christian than she is. I leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whigging and Radicalism and all other sins that do most easily possess him. I leave my brother-in-law Allan my

punch-bowl, as he is a big, "gausy" man and likely to do credit to it. I leave to Parson Chirussie my big silver snuff-box I got from the Simcoe Militia, as a small token of my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken.

'I leave to John Cadell a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a "jungle wallah" that he may yet learn to read with them. I leave my silver cup with the sovereign at the bottom of it to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore given to horning; and also my grandfather's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff.'

(Signed) 'WILLIAM DUNLOP.'

As a reward for his political services, and possibly, too, as a means of ridding the authorities of a stern and capable critic in the legislature, Dunlop received an appointment as superintendent of the Lachine Canal, then in course of construction in Eastern Ontario. The work was arduous, and the rigorous life he had imposed on himself could not have failed to impair his magnificent constitution. He was taken seriously ill while discharging his duties, and rapidly sank, though he scoffed at the idea of anything serious. 'It was maybe a sair trouble, but it wasna death yet,' he said. But it was, unfortunately, the dread summons. His sister-in-law, the faithful 'Lou,' was sent for, and, travelling post-haste, arrived in time to see him and receive a last pathetic teasing ere he died. There at Lachine, in the fall of 1848, Tiger Dunlop passed away, full of years and honours, and worn out by a too strenuous life in many a varied clime.

When he revisited his native land he was always welcomed in the literary circles of Edinburgh, and found that society more congenial than that of the merchant gentry of Dumbartonshire. But he never could stay in Scotland, much though he loved it; he felt that Canada was his country and he was needed there. His shrewd good sense and cheery optimism made him an invaluable counsellor to the struggling settler, and the standard of life which he set did not fail to leave its mark in the backwoods; throughout the early hardships he always knew and said that better times would come. Many a poor Scot, Highland crofter and Lowland weaver alike—for many of these exiled Radicals were among his protégés—who lived to own a fine farm and found a prosperous Canadian family, had good cause to bless the name of William Dunlop.

VOLCANOES AND VOLCANIC DISASTERS.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

A VOLCANO and a volcanic region are to be avoided. Zorion estimates that since earthquakes and volcanic eruptions were first recorded by man more than thirteen million people have lost their lives through them. The damage to property caused at the same time can never be estimated.

The eruptions that build up mountains are periodical wellings-over of molten lava, and are comparatively harmless. The eruptions accompanied by violent explosions, occur irregularly and bring widespread destruction. It is easy to see in the building-up process how each streaming-over of lava makes a mountain grow; each fresh outgush hardens as it pours, and forms a new shell of lava for other shells to form on; and, finally, when a certain height is reached—one, two, three miles—we may suppose the impelling force beneath to be no longer equal to the task of lifting this great column, and the crater crusts over at the top. And so generations pass, and men—with their short lives and shorter memories—say that the volcano is dead. But the fires are there at the core, so much latent energy ready to be stirred; and if something stirs them it is like rousing a thunderbolt. The fact that the natural vent above is blocked through the cooling of centuries only makes the discharge the more terrible when it comes, just as hard-rammed bullets make powder more effective.

The cause that rouses the volcano's latent energy is the same as that which makes a boiler burst: the sudden and excessive generation of steam when the hot part of the volcano comes in contact with water. This contact may be due to various causes—as, for instance, the readjustment of strata or materials beneath, so that a lake or watercourse is turned into the crater. It may even be due to an irruption of the sea, as at Krakatoa in 1883.

According to Professor John Milne, one of the great authorities on volcanoes, there are volcanoes in the world at present—in Europe and in the United States—that will one day or another 'blow their heads off,' although there is no telling when they will do it. Great Britain has at least a dozen basal wrecks of volcanoes, mostly in the western Highlands, regarded as extinct; but Bandaisan has shown us what extinct volcanoes can do. On July 15, 1888, Bandaisan, having slept for ages, hurled a cloud of flame and smoke to the Japanese sky. Then its 'head' blew off, and sent, according to Professor Milne, sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth into the valley beneath. When Bandaisan vented its wrath on the earth a river of agglomerate poured down the valley at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, and in twenty minutes had spread itself to a depth of one hundred

feet over a region from twelve to fifteen miles long and from five to seven miles wide.

Bandaisan changed a Japanese landscape of green into one of brown, burying houses and fields. Where no lake had been, one was created by the damming of a mountain stream. This lake grew so rapidly that the peasants in its vicinity abandoned farming and took to fishing. The boulders which were hurled from the volcano weighed four and five tons each, and some were hurled eight and ten miles from the crater. Professor Milne declares that they fell with the velocity of a falling star.

Landgrelle, an authority, regards the explosion of Asama, in Japan, in 1783, as one of the most frightful eruptions in the history of volcanoes. Asama rises to a height of over eight thousand feet, and in its great paroxysm it sent down a river of mud from five to ten miles broad that overwhelmed forty-two villages. In some places the mud was so hot that it did not stop boiling for twenty-four days. In the Tonezawa River immense masses of lava remained red-hot even in the river itself. In Kurogano a stone one hundred and twenty by two hundred and sixty-four feet fell into a river and formed an island. Two rivers were sucked up into the mud torrent, and their places taken by dry land, and the noise of the explosion was like a thousand thunders. The lakes were poisoned and fish sickened; the rivers were full of dead dogs, deer, and monkeys, with the hair singed from their bodies. The crater of Asama as it stands to-day measures a mile and a quarter in circumference, and never ceases to belch forth pungent, suffocating odours of hydrochloric acid and sulphurous anhydride, to breathe which is to die. The depth of the crater as now constituted cannot be determined. It is supposed to be eight thousand feet to the bottom of its cup.

Krakatoa gave the earth a shock beside which the eruption of even Mount Pelée was insignificant. In 1883 Krakatoa was an island in the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. No one lived there; no ships touched it. The island had a peak three thousand feet high, a petty thing alongside of the forty-nine towering volcanoes of near-by Java, some twelve thousand feet high. Science had never paid attention to Krakatoa. It was too insignificant in appearance. Science might have ascertained that the crater of the island was largely submerged, and included not only Krakatoa but several other islands in the strait. As a matter of fact, ages ago Krakatoa was a gigantic mountain joining Java and Sumatra, and it was of enormous height, with a base-girth of at least twenty-five miles. That was the real volcano Krakatoa after the work of its building up with layers of lava had been completed and before the phase of self-destruction had begun.

But the pride of Krakatoa overcame it. Swollen beyond control, it proceeded to tear itself to pieces, blowing its head and shoulders off, scattering its body far and wide, and finally leaving itself only a wreck to rest upon, and that half under water. Still, after all this occurred, so long ago that man had ceased to remember it, Krakatoa remained the most dangerous volcanic focus on the surface of the earth.

It was nearly two hundred years before Krakatoa spoke again. On Sunday morning, May 20, 1883, it began to rouse itself, just as Pelée did, with ample warning to the world. And the world, as at Martinique, would not be warned. Krakatoa first sent up a gush of steam and ashes, and roared so loudly that the sound was heard at Batavia, a hundred miles away. Then followed three months of silence. During this time a second and a third crater opened; there were white-hot chasms below the level of the sea, sending up to the waves their hissing challenge. After a time millions of tons of water surged downwards, and the battle was raging. This was Sunday afternoon, August 26, 1883. For a few hours the earth-fires and sea-water produced terrific explosions. Black columns were sent miles into the air, carrying with them steam, smoke, ash, and pumice. As night came on, an eye-witness has described the scene:

'Krakatoa was a terrifying glory. From a distance of forty miles it looked like an immense wall, with bursts of forked lightning darting through it, and blazing serpents played over it. These bursts of brilliancy were the regular uncoverings of the angry fires. As the hours passed, the sea gained an advantage through fresh breaks in the crater-walls that offered new points of attack. The explosions became more and more frequent until about midnight they sounded to the people of Batavia and Buitenzorg like one continuous roar, the noise making it impossible for the inhabitants of these places to sleep. The concussion shattered stone walls, upset lamps, tore gas-meters from their fixings. And yet Batavia is as far from Krakatoa as London is from Portsmouth.'

Through all that Sunday night electricity did wonderful things in the heavens. Sailors saw balls of fire resting on the mastheads of their ships, and lightning struck the mainmasts. The climax came at ten o'clock the next morning. What caused the frightful shock is yet a problem. Did the earth open in one gigantic fissure and call the sea down for a final desperate encounter, or was there a sudden subsidence of strata to fill in the hollows left by what had been ejected? The question has not been answered. But there came an explosion so loud, so violent, that it made what had gone before seem as child's-play in comparison, and made all other explosions known to the earth in historic times dwindle into insignificance.

This explosion set in motion air-waves that travelled around the earth four times one way and three times the other. Every self-recording barometer on the globe was disturbed. These air-waves travelled around the earth once in about thirty-six hours, or at the rate of seven hundred miles an hour, which is somewhat slower than sound-waves travel. The sound-waves carried the noise of the explosion over distances far beyond anything

else known in human experience of sound transmission. All over Sumatra and Java the sounds were distinctly heard. At St Lucia Bay, eleven hundred and sixteen miles distant, the noise of the eruption was heard. It was heard at Tavoy, fourteen hundred and seventy-eight miles distant; at Perth, nineteen hundred and two miles away; at Diego Garcia, two thousand two hundred and sixty-seven miles away; and at Rodriguez, two thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight miles from Krakatoa. The sound of the Krakatoa explosion was heard over a zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's surface. But the sea-waves did more than the air or sound waves. Two lighthouses in the Strait of Sunda, all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering the strait, and all the boats and vessels there were destroyed. A tidal-wave rose which was fifty feet high at Java, and one hundred and thirty-five feet at Merak. The man-of-war *Berouw* was carried a mile and three-quarters inland up a valley, and left in a forest thirty feet above sea-level. The sea-waves were recorded at Colombo, seventeen hundred and sixty miles distant; at Bombay, two thousand seven hundred miles distant; and at Cape Horn, five thousand miles away. They travelled three hundred and fifty miles an hour, and their average height as shown by the gauges was from six to eighteen inches.

On the day of the explosion a large part of the Indian Ocean, covering an area of about half a million square miles, was showered with lava-dust and mud. The observers say that a great quantity of the finer dust projected into the air remained in suspension for over a year, and by a refraction of light caused the red and purple sunsets, the blue moons, and the copper suns that were seen all over the world from September 1883 to the close of 1884. The whole northern portion of the island of Krakatoa, with an area of nearly six square miles and an average height above sea-level of seven hundred feet, was submerged, and remains so to this day, under one hundred and fifty fathoms of water. Two new islands thrust up their heads, and the whole configuration of the channel was changed.

All of which confirms one in the opinion that when this old earth begins to fire off her heavy artillery—that is, blow off the heads of her mountains—it makes human battles and explosions in powder and dynamite factories and the like look rather small.

How many lives Mauna Loa, of Hawaii, has taken in the past is not known. The crater of Mauna Loa is the largest of active volcanoes in the world. The last eruption, ten years ago, sent out a vast stream of lava that almost reached Hilo, but only a few lives were lost. Still, the explosions were so great that Los Angeles suffered from the severest earthquake in its experience, and in Lake Superior an enormous tidal-wave rose on the south shore. The Alaska coast also received a shock, and about one-fifth of the earth's area was affected by the eruption of Hawaii's volcano. The Hawaiian group of islands is entirely of volcanic formation, and it is the current belief of the natives that as the islands rose from the waters by fire, so will they eventually disappear beneath the waters again.

Monte Epomeo, in Ischia, one of the volcanoes classified as extinct, after lying dormant for seventeen hundred years, exploded in 1302. Cosequina, of Nicaragua, cast forth such clouds of ashes in 1835 that utter darkness prevailed thirty-five miles distant, and eight miles from the crater the ground was covered to a depth of ten feet. Some of the ashes fell at Kingston, Jamaica, seven hundred miles away. Cotopaxi hurled a two hundred-ton boulder nine miles one summer day. Mauna Loa belched forth a solid fountain of lava one thousand feet wide and nine hundred feet high.

Below is a list of the greatest volcanic disasters during a period covered by medieval and subsequent history:

	Year.	Deaths.
Catania	1137	15,000
Cilicia	1268	60,000
Naples	1456	40,000
Lisbon	1531	30,000
Lisbon	1755	60,000
Lisbon	1623	70,000
Naples	1693	100,000
Sicily	1703	200,000
Yeddo, Japan	1703	15,000
Abruzzi, Italy	1706	20,000
Algiers	1716	20,000
China	1731	100,000
Lima, Peru	1746	18,000
Grand Cairo	1752	40,000
Kasahan, Persia	1755	40,000
Syria	1759	20,000
South Italy	1851	14,000
Peru	1868	25,000
Java	1882	170,000
China and Japan	1891	30,000
Pelée, Martinique	1902	30,000
Vesuvius, Italy	1906	300

A SUMMER IDYLL.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

The rich clusters wreathing
This red-thorn are breathing
A perfume too heady—it mounts to the brain;
As once for a bay-tree,
So now for the may-tree
The fervours of Phœbus prove hard to sustain.

In the trim-shaven pleasaunce
His worshipful presence,
With fan of faint silver, the white peacock screens;
His bearing is stately,
He ponders sedately—
His breed is Olympian, his livery a queen's.

Around on the brightness,
Now firm, now with lightness,
In shade, as in pigment of China, is traced,
Like veins in fair marble,
A sketch the winds garble
Of leaf-laden branches and boughs interlaced.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE minds of contemplative people, fond of the political reminiscences of the past, have been turned pleasantly towards remembrances of a great period in the history of Parliament by the recent establishment of a 'Cave of Adullam,' the second that has gone by the name. It was Mr John Bright who, speaking of the little band of malcontents who had established themselves in opposition to the other members of their party at the time of the debates on the great Reform Bill which was introduced by Mr Gladstone, likened their doings to those of David in the Cave of Adullam, to which was invited 'every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented; and he became a captain over them.' The days when this simile was put forward were among the greatest in the modern parliamentary era. There was Gladstone at his best, and making in the course of one of his speeches one of the finest passages that any orator has ever delivered at Westminster. The House is not often thrilled at the present time as it was when he exclaimed to it, 'You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of Heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not far-distant victory.' At this time Disraeli was cast somewhat in the shade, and he viewed with almost contemptuous unconcern this episode of the establishment of Robert Lowe's little party. Lowe himself was hardly the man to be a leader of any party. His voice grated upon the ear, and his articulation, as we have been told, was so imperfect that frequently it became difficult to understand him. His sight was so short that any paper which he had to read had to be held only a few inches from his eyes, and even then was perused in a very slow and painful sort of way. His presence and his manners were somewhat ungainly. This was the man who, for a short season and with the utmost disadvantages, set up successfully in debate against such orators as Gladstone and Bright, and it is of him we are reminded now when we come to talk again of a new 'Cave of Adullam.' John Bright had another description for that cave which deserved to have been better remembered than it has been. He said, 'This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.' Bright, indeed, was one of the best coiners of phrases and descriptions that we have had. There was a great picturesqueness in some of his ideas, most succinctly expressed. He it was who first referred to 'England, the mother of Parliaments.' He spoke of the 'Angel of Death which had been abroad throughout the land,' when they might almost 'hear the beating of his wings;' he said that force was not an argument, and he was the first to speak of 'muddling through,' though Mr Chamberlain has often been given credit for the phrase. Bright used it in reference to the Northern States in the American Civil War. It will seem to many minds that there has been no other coiner quite so good as John Bright since his days were over, although Lord Rosebery has done very well with his 'clean slate,' his 'ploughing of his lonely furrow,' and so forth. Mr Winston Churchill has his 'terminological inexactitudes' to his credit, and there is Mr Lloyd George 'robbing his henroosts;' but we do not frequently now coin in Parliament such crisp, delicate, and often beautifully fashioned phrases as we heard in the latter period of the Victorian era, or in much earlier times than that. Perhaps they would not be so well appreciated. Canning once ventured on Parliament, somewhat riskily, one of the most finely expressed ideas of its

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

kind that have been uttered, but its fate hung in the balance for a moment, until the intelligence of the hearers came to the rescue and gave fame to his phrase. 'I called,' he said, 'the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.' There was some tittering at first, but the House saw the greatness of the thought, and cheered.

* * *

It is something to believe, on the authority of a very convincing and interesting Blue Book which was lately compiled by the instruction of the Local Government Board from a great mass of the best statistics that are available, that the chances are in favour of our living longer than our grandfathers did. It may be hard to do so, because we have been brought to feel that the conditions of modern life, although they may be healthier in some respects than they used to be, inflict a greater strain upon the human system than did those of the simple, delightful old stage-coach days, before telegraphs or telephones or anything else had been invented that helped to make the world smaller and life so much quicker. But the Government department gives us the plainest and best evidence that this is a fact. It shows us that the average duration of life has been prolonged, and that the death-rate has declined. It furnishes facts to show that tuberculosis, enteric-fever, and smallpox have become far less prevalent than they used to be, and that some other dread diseases of the past, such as typhus-fever, are now almost extinct. The waste of infant life has been reduced to a most remarkable and highly gratifying extent, for we are shown that whereas the death-rate per thousand children under the age of five in 1857 was 67·8, it was reduced in 1907 to 40·9. The reason given for this wonderful reduction is simply the better administrative measures which are now adopted, combined with the greater attention which is paid to the subject generally. As an example of the modern system, it is to be mentioned that in ten towns at the present time there are milk depôts for the supply of pasteurised milk for infants, and in a hundred and fifty districts the local authorities have 'health visitors' in their service, whose business it is to call on working-class mothers and give them wise and beneficial advice on the feeding of their children. There is only one country in Europe which has a lower rate of infant mortality than ours, and that is Holland. Figures on the death-rates per million people in the period 1871–75 and in 1901–5 show that the mortality from all diseases has been considerably reduced, except in the cases of pneumonia and diphtheria. We find that whereas in the earlier period the smallpox rate was 410, in the later era it was reduced to 21. In the case of phthisis the reduction was from 2218 to 1215, while in the case of bronchitis it was 2220 to 1237. As regards pneumonia and cancer, the latter of which shows an increase of nearly double, it is suggested that much if not all of this apparent increase may be due to changes in medical nomenclature or to improved medical diagnosis, meaning that diseases are now classed as pneumonia or cancer which in the olden days were called something else. We discover in this really fascinating book of health that the man has the best chance of long life whose parents had him trained to be a clergyman. The next most healthy occupation is that of the gardener, and the gamekeeper follows him closely, while the farmers come after them. These circumstances are much as we might have expected; but it is a little surprising to find that, next to the farmer, the occupation of engine-driver on a railway is most conducive to long life. Afterwards, farm-labourers, brickmakers, and schoolmasters have the best—that is to say, the longest—time of it. It is put forward that the factors which have promoted the great sanitary improvement during the last half-century are the Acts which have provided for the clearance of insanitary dwellings, the notification of infectious diseases, the Sale of Foods and Drugs Acts (which have led to a gradually increasing control over the adulteration of food), and the duties fulfilled by the Home Office under the provisions of the Factories and Workshops Acts in securing due regard to the health and safety of employés. But while all this is vastly heartening, there are some items in this collection of facts which may not be so much liked by those who yearn for the betterment of the nation in every respect. The birth-rate per thousand fifty years ago was 33, while in 1907 it was 26; but it was to the good that the death-rate in the same period declined from 22 to 15. It has been calculated that in the period from 1876 to 1880 the number of persons annually married was 52 in every thousand marriageable persons, and that in the period from 1901 to 1905 the number had fallen to 48. It is clear that the fifty years' fight against disease, with all the new implements that modern science and domestic engineering have given us, has been enormously successful, and that to-day we are a far healthier Britain than we used to be.

* * *

It is at this time of the year, at the end of July and in the early part of August, that some of the semi-public places in London get their annual autumn cleaning, because the busy folks who inhabit them generally are for the time being away on holiday at the seaside, on the golf-links, and up on the moors of Scotland. The chambers of Parliament get something of a dusting. If we turn aside on a hot afternoon from the Strand—which does then smell somewhat of the warm pitch with which its floor is cemented—and take a turn through the empty corridors of the Law Courts, we may see a good many things which are not visible there at any other time, including the celebrated Law Courts' cat, which wanders disconsolately from the Court of the Lord Chief into the Court of Appeal, and thence into King's Bench V. All is silent and still; the prosecution of great causes is stayed; litigants

are doing a little to forget their troubles; the lawyers are spending some of the heaps of the money that they have been making from them. But it is in the clubs of London when they are being cleaned that the most interesting things are to be seen, and tales to be told by the old servants who are left in some sort of charge while the cleaners do their duty. On such occasions it is the custom, as is well understood, for the members of one club to be taken in as guests by the members of another, the compliment being returned another year. We find these exchanges made only between clubs which are in some sort of sympathy with each other (though one should say that there is an impression that no two clubs in London can have a quite common feeling with each other), so that their memberships blend properly during the cleaning-time. The visitors sometimes have interesting experiences, and there are quaint stories told about the things they have said and done, one of the most famous of which was that concerning the old Major who was one of the members of the Guards' Club who were given hospitality by the Oxford and Cambridge when the establishment of the former was burnt down. Now, we need hardly pause to observe that the Oxford and Cambridge is one of the most dignified and superior of all the clubs. At no very distant date it will be a hundred years old, which is very old for a club. It is not an easy club to which to gain admission, and it is not an inexpensive club either. But the Guards' Club is a little older, and the members of the Guards' have every right to 'think a great deal of themselves,' as such, as they are reputed to do. The burnt-out Guards were given of the best by their Oxford and Cambridge hosts, and this old Major showed a considerable appreciation of the Haroun-al-Raschid port which was stored in the club cellars. On the first occasion on which he sipped it most contentedly he was led to remark, 'I had no idea the middle classes did themselves so well.' It is said that some clubs look with many misgivings upon the raids made on their cellars by the visitors whom they admit on such occasions as these, and it has even been unkindly suggested that at times special wines of a cheaper and less rare character than those which they generally use for their own consumption are got in. Some clubs find themselves in such a difficult position that they never have any other homes to go to when their own places need cleaning, and so such cleaning has to be done piecemeal. There is one such club which is particularly unhappy in the circumstance that while it has to bear an annual visitation from another, the members of which are devoted to the same interests but are supposed to be of a more distinguished class, its members have never the privilege of a return visit. And there is one club at least that never harbours visitors and is never found in any other house, its high austerity preventing it from any interchange of hospitality. This is the Garrick. It is said that the ghosts of old actors clean out its rooms in the small hours of each morning. And the Garrick certainly is generally a very clean place. It is a big business, this cleaning of some of these establishments. For instance, at the Carlton, we have been told, there is a full acre in area of walls to be cleaned; there are thirteen thousand square feet of floors and entrances, eight thousand square feet of ceilings, and over two thousand square feet of windows; and there are ten thousand books to dust! Happy are the members upon their return to their favourite haunts and chairs when the days are beginning to shorten, and there is some comfort in a fire as the chilliness of late autumn is felt to be approaching.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—'THAT MAN'S VOICE!'

STOKES the chauffeur had driven Murie and Hamilton in the car down to the village, where the last-named, after a conversation with the police inspector, went to the Strathavon Arms, together with two constables, who happened to be off duty, in plain clothes.

They found Krail sitting at the bar, calmly smoking, awaiting a message from his accomplice.

Upon Hamilton's recognition he was, after a brief argument, arrested on the charge of theft from Glencardine, placed in the car between the two stalwart Scotch policemen, and conveyed in triumph to the castle, much, of course, against his will. He demanded to be taken straight to the police-station; but as Sir Henry had ordered him to be brought to Glencardine, and as Sir Henry was a magistrate, the inspector was bound to obey his orders.

The man's cruel, colourless eyes seemed to contract closer as he sat in the car with his enemy, Hamilton, facing him. He had never dreamed that they would meet again; but, now they had, he saw that the game was up. There was no hope of escape. He was being taken to meet Sir Henry Heyburn, the very last man in all the world he wished to face. His sallow countenance was drawn, his lips were thin and bloodless, and upon his cheeks were two red spots which showed that he was now in deadly terror.

Gabrielle, who had been weeping at the knees of her father, heard the whir of the car coming up the drive, and, springing to the window, witnessed the arrival of the party.

A moment later Krail, between the two con-

stables and with the local inspector standing respectfully in the rear, stood in the big, long library, into which the blind man was led by his daughter.

When all had assembled, Sir Henry, in a clear, distinct voice, said, 'I have had you arrested and brought here in order to charge you with stealing certain documents from my safe yonder, which you opened by means of a duplicate key. Your accomplice, Flockart, has given evidence against you; therefore, to deny it is quite needless.'

'Whatever he has said to you is false,' the foreigner replied, his accent being the more pronounced in his excitement. 'I know nothing about it.'

'If you deny that,' exclaimed Hamilton quickly, 'you will perhaps also deny that it was you who secretly poisoned Miss Bryant in the Pontarmé Forest, even though I myself saw you at the spot; and, further, that a witness has been found who actually saw you substitute the wine-bottles. You intended to kill me!'

'What ridiculous nonsense you're talking!' cried the accused. 'The girl yonder, mademoiselle, killed Miss Bryant.'

'Then why did you make that deliberate attempt upon my life at Fotheringhay?' demanded Gabrielle boldly. 'Had it not been for Mr Hamilton, who must have seen us together and guessed that you intended foul play, I should certainly have been drowned.'

'He believed that you knew his secret, and he intended, both on his own behalf and on Flockart's also, to close your lips,' Murie said. 'With you out of the way, their attitude towards your father would have been easier; but with you still a living witness there was always danger to them. He thought your death would be believed to be suicide, for he knew your despondent state of mind.'

Sir Henry stood near the window, his face sphinx-like, as though turned to stone.

'She fell in,' was Krail's lame excuse.

'No; you threw me in!' declared the girl. 'But I have feared you until now, and I therefore dared not give information against you. Ah, God alone knows how I have suffered!'

'You dare now, eh?' he snarled, turning quickly upon her.

'It really does not matter what you deny or what you admit,' Hamilton remarked. 'The French authorities have applied for your extradition to France, and this evening you will be on your way to the extradition court at Bow Street, charged with a graver offence than the burglary at this house. The Sûreté of Paris make several interesting allegations against you—or against Felix Gerlach, which is your real name.'

'Gerlach!' cried the blind man in a loud voice, groping forward. 'Ah,' he shrieked, 'then I was not mistaken when—when I thought I recognised the voice! That man's voice! *Yes, it is his—his!*'

In an instant Krail had sprung forward towards the blind and defenceless man, but his captors were fortunately too quick and held him back. Then, at the inspector's orders, a pair of steel bracelets were quickly placed upon his wrists.

'Gerlach! Felix Gerlach!' repeated the blind Baronet as though to himself, as he heard the snap of the lock upon the prisoner's wrists.

The fellow burst out into a peal of harsh, discordant laughter. He was endeavouring to retain a defiant attitude even then.

'You apparently know this man, dad?' Gabrielle exclaimed in surprise.

'Know him!' echoed her father hoarsely. 'Know Felix Gerlach! Yes, I have bitter cause to remember the man who stands there before you accused of the crime of murder.'

Then he paused, and drew a long breath.

'I unmasked him once as a thief and a swindler, and he swore to be avenged,' said the Baronet in a bitter voice. 'It was long ago. He came to me in London and offered me a concession which he said he had obtained from the Ottoman Government for the construction of a railroad from Smyrna to the Bosphorus. The documents appeared to be all right and in order, and after some negotiations he sold the concession to me, and received ten thousand pounds in cash of the purchase-money in advance. A week afterwards I discovered that, though the concession had been granted by the Minister of Public Works at the Sublime Porte, it had been sold to the Eckmann Group in Vienna, and that the papers I held were merely copies with forged signatures and stamps. I applied to the police; this man was arrested in Hamburg, and brought back to London, where he was tried, and, a previous conviction having been proved against him, sent to penal servitude for seven years. In the dock at the Old Bailey he swore to be avenged upon me and upon my family.'

'And he seems to have kept his word,' Walter remarked.

'When he came out of prison he found me in the zenith of my political career,' Sir Henry went on. 'On that well-remembered night of my speech at the Albert Hall I can only surmise that he went there, heard me, and probably became fiercely resentful that he had found a man cleverer than himself. The fact remains that he must have gone in a cab in front of my carriage to Park Street, alighted before me, and secreted himself within the portico. It was midnight, and the street was deserted. My carriage stopped, I got out, and it then drove on to the mews. I was in the act of opening the door with my latch-key when, by an unknown hand, there was flung full into my eyes some corrosive fluid which burned terribly, and caused me excruciating pain. I heard a man's exultant voice cry, "There! I promised you that, and you have it!" The voice I recognised as that of the blackguard standing before you. Since that moment,' he added in a blank, hoarse voice, 'I have been totally blind!'

'You got me seven years,' cried the foreigner

with a harsh laugh, 'so think yourself very lucky that I didn't kill you.'

'You placed upon me an affliction, a perpetual darkness, that to a man like myself is almost akin to death,' replied his accuser very gravely. 'Secure from recognition, you wormed yourself into the confidence of my wife, for you were bent upon ruining her also; and you took as partner in your schemes that needy adventurer Flockart. I now see it all quite plainly. Hamilton had recognised you as Gerlach, and you therefore formed a plot to get rid of him and throw the crime upon my poor unfortunate daughter, even though she was scarcely more than a child. In all probability Lady Heyburn, in telling the girl the story regarding Murie and Miss Bryant, believed it; and if so, she would also suspect my daughter to be the actual criminal.'

'This is all utterly astounding, dad!' cried Gabrielle. 'If you knew who it was who deliberately blinded you, why didn't you prosecute him?'

'Because there was no witness of his dastardly act, my child. And I myself never saw him. Therefore I was compelled to remain in silence, and allow the world to believe my affliction due to natural causes,' was his blank response.

The sallow-faced foreigner laughed again, laughed in the face of the man whose eyesight he had so deliberately taken. He could not speak. What had he to say?

'Well,' remarked Hamilton, 'we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that both this man and his accomplice will stand their trial for their heartless crime in France, and that they will meet their just punishment according to the laws of God and of man.'

'And I,' added Walter in a voice broken by emotion, as he again took Gabrielle's hand tenderly, 'have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that my darling is cleared of a foul, dastardly, and terrible charge.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTAINS THE CONCLUSION.

AFTER long consultation—Krail having been removed in custody to the village—it was agreed that the only charges that could be substantiated against Flockart were those of complicity in the ingenious attempt upon Hamilton's life by which poor Miss Bryant had been sacrificed, and also in the theft of Sir Henry's papers.

But was it worth while?

At the Baronet's suggestion, he was allowed freedom to leave the upstairs room where he had been detained by the three stalwart servants; and, without waiting to speak to any one, he had made his way down the drive. He had, as was afterwards found, left Auchterarder Station for London an hour later.

The painful impression produced upon everybody by Sir Henry's statement of what had actually occurred on the night of the great meeting at the Albert Hall having somewhat subsided, Murie mentioned to the blind man the legend of the Whispers, and also the curious discovery which Gabrielle and he had made earlier in the morning.

'Ah,' laughed the old gentleman a trifle uneasily, 'and so you've discovered the truth at last, eh?'

'The truth—no!' Murie said. 'That is just what we are so very anxious to hear from you, Sir Henry.'

'Well,' he said, 'you may rest perfectly content that there's nothing supernatural about them. It was to my own advantage to cause weird reports and uncanny legends to be spread in order to preserve my secret, the Secret of the Whispers.'

'But what is the secret, Sir Henry?' asked Hamilton eagerly. 'We, curiously enough, have similar Whispers at Hetzendorf. I've heard them myself at the old château.'

'And of course you have believed in the story which my good friend the Baron has caused to be spread, like myself: the legend that those who hear them die quickly and suddenly,' said the old man, with a smile upon his gray face. 'Like myself, he wished to keep away all inquisitive persons from the spot.'

'But why?' asked Murie.

'Well, truth to tell, the reason is very simple,' he answered. 'As we are speaking here in the strictest privacy, I will tell you something which I beg that neither of you will repeat. If you do it might result in my ruin.'

Murie, Hamilton, and Gabrielle all gave their promise.

'Then it is this,' he said. 'I am head of a group of the leading financial houses in Europe, who, remaining secret, are carrying on business in the guise of an unimportant house in Paris. The members of the syndicate are each of them men of enormous financial strength, including Baron de Hetzendorf, to whom our friend Hamilton here acts as confidential secretary. The strictest secrecy is necessary for the success of our great undertakings, which, I may add, are perfectly honest and legitimate. Yet never, unless it is absolutely imperative, do we entrust documents or letters to the post. Like the house of Rothschild, we have our confidential messengers, and hold frequent meetings, no "deal" being undertaken unless we are all of us in full accord. Monsieur Goslin acts as confidential messenger, and brings me the views of my partners in Paris, Petersburg, and Vienna. To this careful concealment of our plans, or of the fact that we are ever in touch with one another, is due the huge successes we have made from time to time—successes which have staggered the Bourses of the Continent and caused amazement in Wall Street. But being unfortunately afflicted as I am, I naturally cannot travel to meet the others; and, besides,

we are compelled always to take fresh and most elaborate precautions in order to conceal the fact that we are in connection with each other. If that one fact ever leaked out it would at once stultify our endeavours and weaken our position. Hence, at intervals, two or even three of my partners travel here, and I meet them at night in the little chamber which you, Walter, discovered to-day, and which until the present has never been found, owing to the weird fables I have invented regarding the Whispers. To Hetzendorf, too, once or twice a year perhaps, the members pay a secret visit in order to consult the Baron, who, as you perhaps may know, unfortunately enjoys very precarious health.'

'Then meetings of Frohnmeyer, Volkonski, and the rest were held here in secret sometimes?' echoed Hamilton in surprise.

'On certain occasions, when it is absolutely necessary that I should meet them,' answered Sir Henry. 'They stay at the Station Hotel in Perth, coming over to Auchterarder by the last train at night, and leaving by the first train in the morning from Crieff Junction. They never approach the house, for fear that servants or one or other of the guests may recognise them, but go separately along the glen and up the path to the ruins. When we thus meet, our voices can be heard through the crack in the roof of the chamber in the courtyard above. On such occasions I take good care that Stewart and his men are sent on a false alarm of poachers to another part of the estate, while I can find my way there myself with my stick,' he laughed. 'The Baron, I believe, acts on the same principle at his château in Hungary.'

'Well,' declared Hamilton, 'so well has the Baron kept the secret that I have never had any suspicion until this moment. By Jove! the invention of the Whispers was certainly a clever mode of preserving the secret, for nobody cares deliberately to court disaster and death, especially among a superstitious populace like the villagers here and the Hungarian peasantry.'

Both Gabrielle and her lover expressed their astonishment, the latter remarking how cleverly the weird legend of the Whispers invented by Sir Henry had been made to fit historical fact.

. . . . . .

When the eight o'clock train from Stirling stopped at Auchterarder Station that evening, a tall, well-dressed man alighted, and inquired his way to the police-station. The porter knew by his accent that he was a Londoner, but did not dream that he was 'a gentleman from Scotland Yard.'

Half-an-hour later, after a chat with the rural inspector, the pair went along to the cell behind the small village police-station in order that the stranger should read over to the prisoner the warrant he had brought with him from London—the application of the French police for the arrest and extradition of Felix Gerlach, *alias* Krail, *alias* Benoist, for the wilful murder of Edna Mary Bryant in the Forest of Pontarmé, near Chantilly.

The inspector had related to the London detective the dramatic scene up at Glencardine that day, and the officer of the Criminal Investigation Department walked along to the cell much interested to see what manner of man was this who was even more bold and ingenious in his criminal methods than many with whom his profession brought him daily into contact. He had hoped that he himself would have the credit of making the arrest, but found that the man wanted had already been apprehended on the charge of burglary at Glencardine.

The inspector unlocked the door and threw it open, but next instant the startling truth became plain.

Felix Krail lay dead upon the flagstones. He had taken his life by poison—probably the same poison that he had placed in the wine at the fatal picnic—rather than face his accuser and bear his just punishment.

. . . . . .

Many months have now passed. A good deal has occurred since that never-to-be-forgotten day, but it is all quickly related.

James Flockart, unmasked as he had been, never dared to return. The last heard of him was six months ago, in Honduras, where for the first time in his life he had been compelled to work for his living, and had, three weeks after landing, succumbed to fever.

At Sir Henry's urgent request, his wife came back to Glencardine a week after the tragic end of Gerlach, and made full confession how, under the man's sinister influence, both she and Flockart had been forced to act. To her husband she proved beyond all doubt that she had been in complete ignorance of the truth concerning the affair in the Pontarmé Forest until long afterwards. She had at first believed Gabrielle guilty of the deed, but when she learned the truth and saw how deeply she had been implicated it was impossible for her then to withdraw.

With a whole-hearted generosity, Sir Henry, after long reflection and a desperate struggle with himself, forgave her, and now has the satisfaction of knowing that she prefers quiet, healthful Glencardine to the social gaieties of Park Street, Paris, or San Remo; while she and Gabrielle have lately become devoted to each other.

The secret syndicate, with Sir Henry Heybarn at its head, still operates, for no word of its existence has leaked out either to financial circles or to the public; while the Whispers of Glencardine are still believed in and dreaded by the whole country-side across the Ochils.

Edgar Hamilton, though compelled to return to the Baron, whose right hand he is, often travels to Glencardine with confidential messages and documents for signature, and is, of course, an ever-welcome guest.

The unpretentious house of Lénard et Morellet

of Paris now and then effect deals so enormous that financial circles are staggered and the world stands amazed. The true facts as to who is actually behind that apparently unimportant firm are, however, still rigorously and ingeniously concealed.

Who would ever dream that in that quiet, gray-faced man with the sightless eyes, living far away up in Scotland, passing his hours of darkness with his old bronze seals or his knitting, was the brain which directed their marvellously successful operations?

The Laird of Connachan died quite suddenly about seven months ago, and Walter Murie succeeded to the estate. Gabrielle—sweet, almost child-like in her simple tastes and delightful charm, and more devoted to Walter than ever—is now Lady Murie, having been married in Edinburgh a month ago.

At the moment that I pen these final lines the pair are spending a blissful honeymoon at the great old château of Hetzendorf, high up above the broad-flowing Danube, the Baron having kindly vacated the place and put it at their disposal for the summer. Happy in each other's love and mutual trust, they spend the long, blissful days in company, wandering often hand in hand, for when Walter looks into those wonderful eyes of hers he sees mirrored there a perfect and abiding affection such as is, indeed, given few men to possess.

Together they have in secret explored the ruins of the ancient stronghold, and, by directions given them by the Baron, have found there a stone chamber by no means dissimilar to that at Glencardine.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Heyburn, impatient for his beloved daughter to be again near him and to assist him, passes his weary hours with his favourite hobby; his wife, full of sympathy, bearing him company. From her, however, he still withholds one secret, and one only—the Secret of the House of Whispers.

THE END.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN WALL STREET.

IF Americans and even the members themselves of the New York Stock Exchange do not fully understand its methods, outsiders in this country may be excused if Wall Street is only a name for the centre of United States financial affairs. If anything could help the 'many-headed beast' to understand its operations, the volume written by Henry Clews, LL.D., *Fifty Years in Wall Street* (Irving Publishing Company, New York), which runs to over a thousand pages, should help him to do so. The purpose of the writer has been to give the general public a clear insight of the reputed mystery and true inwardness of Wall Street affairs. The founder of the great house of Rothschild, when asked how he got so rich, replied, 'I buys *sheep*, and sells *deer*.' As the men who have made great fortunes in Wall Street, and whose names are household words, are of world-wide interest, we draw attention to Mr Clews's valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the subject, giving samples of his material.

The New York Stock Exchange is not a building, but an association of brokers united for the purpose of buying and selling representations of values called stocks and bonds. It brings together the capitalist and the captain of industry, just as the railway brings producer and consumer together. Wall Street in New York City runs from Broadway to the East River, following the line of the early city wall across Manhattan Island. It contains the United States Sub-Treasury and numerous banking institutions, and hence is the centre for financial operations in the United States. The business of New York Stock Exchange was conducted here in hired rooms until 1865, next in premises erected in Broad and Wall Streets, and since 1903 in a new building erected on the same site. Wall Street moves the money that controls the affairs of the world. There are about eleven hundred members of the Stock Exchange, and it is seldom that a black sheep is found amongst them. Mr Clews tells us that there is not a more intelligent body of men in the world, with such statesman-like grasp of mind. The strain on a Wall Street broker is very great, but he unbends at Christmas and other seasons, when he finds a safety-valve in practical joking and boyish pranks. The members then become extremely human or boyish: the sound of hand-organs is heard in the board-room; there is smashing of hats, pushing and jostling, blowing of horns, waltzing, wrestling, and sparring. This is a natural reaction after days of strain and stress. Travers, a humourist of Wall Street, said once of a celebrated lawyer, 'Look across the way, boys; there's Barlow with his hands in his own pockets at last.' When Travers was dying in Bermuda, whither he had gone by the doctor's orders, some one remarked to him that it was a nice place for rest and change. 'Yes,' was the quick reply, 'the waiters get the *change*, and the hotelkeepers the *rest*!'

Henry Clews, who was born in Staffordshire in England, and intended for the Church, tells us that he cannot now help being an American, and that he does not want to. When brought to the States for only a short visit by his father, he became aware of the possibilities that presented themselves to a young man who had the courage to push and compete for a place in the race for wealth and position. He liked the hustle, and on leaving school at fifteen entered mercantile life in New

York. Afterwards, in 1858, he became a member of the firm of Stout, Clews, & Mason, and later of Livermore, Clews, & Company. At the outbreak of the Civil War Clews was invited by the Secretary of the Treasury to become agent to sell Government bonds. The firm of Henry Clews & Company was organised in 1877, its members pledging themselves never to take any speculative risks. Needless to say, the firm has had a highly successful and honourable career. Mr Clews married Lucy Madison, grandniece of President Madison. He has been a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines, and these contributions, with addresses on financial subjects, have helped to swell the present volume. Much of his success in life he ascribes to the influence of the men of character and ability with whom he came in touch at first. Millionaires were then few, and truthfulness and honesty, combined with willingness to work, were the passports to success. He has kept his youthful appearance, but is entirely bald, and tells this joke against himself. A Wall Street humourist said one day, 'Hallo, boys! here comes Clews, the self-made man.—I say, Clews, as you are a self-made man, why the deuce didn't you put more hair on the top of your head?'

Mr Clews points out that few men, with the exception of the Rothschilds, Astors, and a few others, have had any children capable of increasing their wealth. Cornelius Vanderbilt and his son, Mr William H. Vanderbilt, in little more than half a century accumulated the largest private fortune in the world, excepting the aggregate wealth of all the Rothschilds combined, 'which has been the result of the most expert financiering in all the capitals of Europe through several generations, with all the resources of the greatest monarchs on earth to back their various enterprises.' In seventy years Cornelius Vanderbilt rose from nothing financially to be possessor of about ninety million dollars, or sixteen millions sterling. William H. Vanderbilt was left fifteen million dollars, and nearly trebled it in a tenth-part of the time. He made three times as much in seven years as his father made in seventy. Regarded at first as a man of moderate capacity, he became a first-rate financier and the largest holder of American securities in the world. Once, in conversation with Mr Chauncey Depew, Mr Gladstone said, 'I understand you have a man in your country who is worth twenty million pounds, and it is all in property he can convert at will into cash. The Government ought to seize his property and take it away from him, as it is too dangerous a power for any one man to have. Supposing he should convert his property into money and lock it up, it would make a panic in America which would extend to this country and every other part of the world, and be a great injury to a large number of innocent people.' Mr Depew admitted that Mr Vanderbilt, who was the person referred to, had that amount of money, and replied, 'But you have, Mr Gladstone, a man in England who has equally as large a fortune.' Mr Gladstone said, 'I suppose you mean the Duke of Westminster. The Duke of Westminster's property is not so large as that. I know all about his property, and have kept pace with it for many years past. The Duke's property is worth about ten million pounds, but it is not in securities which can be turned into ready cash and thereby absorb the current money of the country, so that he can make any dangerous use of it, for it is merely an hereditary right—the enjoyment of it—that he possesses. It is inalienable, and it is so with all great fortunes in this country; and thus, I think, we are better protected here in England than you are in America.' Mr Depew's reply was, 'Ah, but, unlike you in England, we in America do not consider a fortune dangerous.'

In his day Cornelius Vanderbilt was a genius without equal in the financial world. No more than his eccentric and able contemporary, Daniel Drew, did he owe anything to education received. Neither believed in book-keeping; indeed, Drew called it 'a confounded fraud,' and carried his business matters in his head. Vanderbilt started with a row-boat plying between Staten Island, Governor's Island, and New York, in which he himself did the rowing. Later he became a hotel-proprietor, the head of a Pacific line of steamers, and then went whole-heartedly into railroad business. One of his sayings was, 'Never tell anybody what you're goin' to do till you do it.' His son, William H. Vanderbilt, when installed in the vice-presidency of a consolidated system of railways, proved an indefatigable worker, taxing his powers to the utmost. No wonder he died suddenly at an early age. He insisted upon making himself familiar with the minutest details of every department; scrutinised bills, cheques, and vouchers; and even inspected every engine upon the numerous systems of railways he dominated. He examined correspondence which others would have delegated, and answered a large number of letters with his own hand. His father lived to be eighty-two; he died at fifty-six, leaving a will distributing his vast wealth to his own family and his brothers and sisters.

Millions, says Mr Clews, were distributed as other millionaires had dealt with thousands. Of the distribution of a fortune of about forty million pounds sterling Clews says: 'The ordinary human mind fails to grasp the idea of such a vast amount of wealth. If converted into gold it would have weighed five hundred tons, and it would have taken five hundred strong horses to draw it from the Grand Central Depôt to the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street. If it had been all in gold or silver dollars, or even in greenbacks, it would have taken Vanderbilt himself, working eight hours a day, over thirty years to count it.' Mr Clews, who does not believe in monopolies, yet points out that the Vanderbilt system of railroads employs two hundred thousand people at better wages than they could obtain elsewhere. It pays thirty pounds an hour in taxes.

'Until the Georgeites, the M'Glynnites, and the Socialists demonstrate that their untried systems will confer greater happiness on humanity than honest enterprise—in the best circumstances, under our present social system, with all its defects—has developed, I shall be tardy in subscribing my adhesion to the new order of things.'

Was it Vanderbilt the first who said that 'a fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it'? Daniel Drew, when worth two millions sterling, is described by Clews as negligent in his attire, dressed like the cattle-drover he once was, with the handle of an old, worn-out umbrella for a walking-stick. He was economical in home life, though he entertained liberally, and his house used to be open to Methodist ministers. He was cunning and avaricious, but his great fortune went as it had come. From selling cattle he became proprietor of a tavern, a strong opponent of Vanderbilt in the steamboat business, and a great railroad speculator; and it was a disaster in the 'Erie corner' through the 'machinations of Gould and Fisk' that broke the man. He had entered Wall Street in 1844, and became one of the most successful and daring operators. 'Watering stock' is a term said to have had its origin from a practice of Drew's, when a cattle-dealer, of giving his cattle salt in order to create a thirst in them that would cause them to imbibe much water, and so appear bigger and fatter when brought to market. Brindley the engineer used to go to bed when he had a difficult problem to solve; our Wall Street operator went to bed after any stroke of bad luck. Drew said, 'I had been wonderfully blest in money-making. I got to be a millionaire almost before I knowed it hardly. I was always pretty lucky until lately. I didn't think I could ever lose money extensively. I was ambitious of making a great fortune like Vanderbilt, and I tried every way I knew, but got caught at last. Besides that, I liked the excitement of making money, and giving it away, and am glad of it. So much has been saved, anyhow. Wall Street was a great place for making money, and I could not give up the business when I ought to have done so.' Clews describes Drew as tall, strong, sinewy, and in later days his face was seamed with deep lines indicating intense thought and worry; he had restless, twinkling eyes, with a steady, cat-like tread in his gait, while his demeanour was bland, good-natured, and insinuating.

Mr Clews's account of Rockefeller seems more generous than most narratives which relate the doings of the founder of the Standard Oil Trust. We give it almost in the author's words. It may be compared with Miss Tarbell's account or Rockefeller's autobiographic narrative: 'John D. Rockefeller must be regarded as one of the most interesting types of the great commercial powers of the day. He was a pioneer, a commercial Daniel Boone, striking out into a new and untrodden field of enterprise, taking great risks, undergoing grave financial perils of a novel kind, and at length winning a complete and lasting success, a success which has filled business history with his achievements and the world with his fame. It was a great stride from the little farmhouse in Tioga County, New York, to the place he fills to-day. He was born in 1838, reared by strict church-going people, and is a striking example of what thrift, enterprise, and persistency will do for a young man who starts out in life with apparently little or no chance of success. His old schoolmaster, it seems, was the first to get the young man to look into the refining of petroleum. Not so many years ago sperm-oil was in general use, and it cost one dollar and a half a gallon. How to refine the thick, ill-smelling oil found in the watercourses of Pennsylvania was a problem. It was black slime, and John D. Rockefeller, by hitting upon a method of refining and introducing it into every home throughout the world, has made a fortune that recalls the fable of Midas. Before he was twenty-one he formed a partnership with a man named Hewitt, and at first engaged in the warehouse and produce business. Then came the great oil-craze in Pennsylvania. Poor farmers suddenly became rich; thousands flocked to the oilfields. Young Rockefeller kept his head. Asked to make investments in oil-wells for Cleveland friends, he dissuaded them from the project on the ground that the thing was being overdone; and with Samuel Andrews, who was familiar with the general processes of distilling, engaged in the refining branch of the petroleum trade. The firm subsequently became Rockefeller, Flagler, & Andrews, which rapidly expanded its field of operations, and in 1870 organised the Standard Oil Trust with a capital of a million dollars. It started pipe-lines to ship the oil to the seaports; it made millions in by-products once considered worthless; it established markets all over the known world, cheapening its methods of production and outstripping all competitors. Little wonder, then, that its extra dividend in the year 1899 amounted to twenty-three million dollars over and above the regular dividends on the whole capital stock.'

Mr Rockefeller attributes his success to early training and perseverance. That is, like other men who have stamped their individuality upon the affairs of mankind, he is what is termed a causationist; in other words, he believes that nothing is got for nothing; that effects proceed from causes, and the cause of success he believes to be largely perseverance. He believes that perseverance overcomes almost everything, even nature itself. John D. Rockefeller is credited to be the richest man ever known in human history, and in his donations to schools, colleges, and universities, like Andrew Carnegie, has illustrated his belief that the greatest charity lies in helping others to help themselves. The connection of this narrative with Wall Street is apparent when we remember that the Standard Oil Trust is all-powerful there.

After this fashion does Mr Clews deal with other

famous financiers and millionaires such as Jay Gould, Huntingdon, Leland Stanford, J. W. Mackay, Cyrus W. Field, J. A. Stewart, Russell Sage, Pierpont Morgan, and Harriman, and give us peeps behind the scenes of the history of important financial transactions. As at Monte Carlo, some plungers sink in the stream never to be heard of more, and cases of suicide are chronicled.

This is but a sample of the fifty years' experiences of Henry Clews, mixed with wise and shrewd remarks. It may interest suffragettes to know that women do not thrive in the atmosphere of Wall Street, and that as speculators hitherto they have been utter failures. Information may be a good or a bad thing. Many speculators lose because of insufficient information, more because of false, others because, while information is correct, they do not know how to turn it to account. There are manufactured 'points' which mislead. Those who follow a natural disposition rather than the course of the market are sure to become bankrupt sooner or later. Some are too ignorant or too wise, too timid or too bold, too pessimistic or too sanguine, too slow or too hasty, too diffident or too conceited, too confiding or too incredulous. There is no discipline more severe and exacting than that of speculation. Mr Clews lays it down as a first rule for success that the judgment be not warped by any natural idiosyncrasies. The operator must be as calm and impartial as a judge. Mr Clews says, and with this we conclude: 'For a man to be a thoroughly equipped speculator it is necessary that he be possessed of extraordinary parts and attainments. He must be an unceasing and intelligent observer of events at large, and a sagacious interpreter of symptoms on the Exchange; his judgment must be sound not only as to existing conditions but as to coming tendencies, and he must possess the calmness and nerve to face unflinchingly whatever emergencies may arise. Whoever enjoys these qualities in the highest degree must be the king of speculators.'

RIVETT'S WHEAT.

CHAPTER II.

IT was the meet of the Thurnton hounds. Cassius Crewe, moody and taciturn, held himself apart on his restive hunter, apparently intently watching for his mother's motor-car. Mrs Crewe, who revelled in the picturesque, intended to be present; and her chauffeur, a reckless young foreigner, had a reputation for carelessness. But it was also rumoured that Lady Bentley, who hated fox-hunting, was coming; and this perhaps accounted for the young man's persistent gaze on the winding road below. Suddenly he saw, turning a curve, the familiar low pony-carriage with its two female occupants, and capering, leaping near it was a fluffy ball which he recognised as Eleonore's Skye terrier, the darling of her heart. He gave another, an anxious glance. Great heavens! yes, there at the cross-roads——

'Tarnation!' shouted Cassius. The field became aware of the young American, who had not been with Roosevelt's Rough Riders for nothing, taking a headlong short-cut over bramble-hedge and barbed-wire fence to the highway.

What he anticipated occurred. Eleonore, suddenly cognisant of her pet's danger, sprang from the carriage, heedless of consequences. The chauffeur, speeding round the corner, lost his head, but pulled up with a sharp shock when his young master came riding full tilt at the machine. Ere spectators realised what had taken place, there was a girl lying prone on the road, a small dog whining over her, while a riderless horse galloped away and its owner spoke wild words to the scared chauffeur and the trembling woman in the car. Five minutes later, when Eleonore revived, two white-faced men gripped hands in a spasm of emotion. Sir Bertrand Penmaur and Cyrus Crewe sank their differences in paternal thankfulness.

'Blamed if she ain't a fine girl!' sputtered Cyrus. 'See her risk her life like that for a dog! Why, sir, she deserves to be a Murrikan!'

'Your son is a manly fellow,' returned Sir Bertrand, ignoring the jar on his ears in a rush of feeling. 'He has saved my granddaughter's life. I am not likely to forget it.'

As for Lady Bentley and Mrs Crewe, their first frantic terror over, they were jubilant. Such a dramatic episode could have but one ending. And the fact that both Eleonore and Cassius suffered from nervous shock and required care only made matters more hopeful.

Yet, withal, the course of true love did not run satisfactorily; there was an armistice, but no signed peace. Sir Bertrand, grateful though he was, impressed on his granddaughter that a man might be brave, impulsive, self-sacrificing, yet no fit mate for a Penmaur. Gratitude could not obliterate the distinctions drawn by nature and heritage. Cyrus Crewe unstiffened somewhat more. The instinctive chivalry that most Americans have for women was impressed by this English girl's impulsive courage. He inquired for her daily; he sent her hothouse fruit and flowers in profusion; he even 'allowed' to his wife that she might not prove unsatisfactory as a daughter-in-law. But he was not going to permit any such project to be entertained unless Sir Bertrand's pride unbent. There was to be no suggestion that she stooped in marrying the son of Cyrus Crewe, millionaire. No, sir!

Eleonore, as she lay languidly on her sofa, slowly

realised her own feelings. The courageous young American who had risked life and limb to save her held the key of her heart. Tradition and family prejudice had gone to the winds; she was his in soul; but she would never be his in reality against her grandfather's will. No woman of her house had ever come under the family ban.

'Yes, I love you, dear,' she said, flushing like a crimson rose when they were well enough to meet, and he pleaded his suit with hot Virginian ardour. 'How could I do otherwise? Did you not risk everything for me? But—no, no, dear,' shrinking as he bent forward eagerly—'no, I cannot accept you, I cannot be engaged, unless grandpapa approves. I—I—think I shall—love you—all my life; but I must not say more than that. We do not ignore parental rights over here.'

Mrs Crewe had a very bad time of it while Cassius inquired how long young folk were to be sacrificed to old fools.

One day Lady Bentley took matters into her own hands. 'It is my birthday on Saturday,' she said to Sir Bertrand, 'and I mean to have a tiny party—just ourselves, you know. The young people deserve an afternoon-tea after all they have gone through, and you will have to come as a matter of course. You really cannot do less under the circumstances. And mind you behave yourself!'

Sir Bertrand growled something under his moustache, but it was inaudible.

'I want to have our young people to tea on my birthday,' she observed to Cyrus Crewe; 'we have to do something to celebrate their convalescence, and of course you two tiresome men must appear and be civil to each other. I am positively tired of all your nonsense. Now, try to be charming!'

'A darned fine woman,' said Cyrus, watching her. 'I begin to think a heap of Englishwomen. 'Tis the men that rile me.'

The Grange was an ideal rustic home, gabled, rose-covered, tree-embowered, the abode of real romance. Lady Bentley, white-haired and sweet, in her flower-adorned drawing-room, was in keeping with the home. Mrs Crewe, resting gracefully in a low chair, with stately Sir Mark beside her, looked like a rare exotic transplanted to English soil. The lovers were to be seen wandering in the large conservatory, followed by two pairs of masculine eyes, the one wrathful, the other perplexed.

'Leave those children alone and come and sit with me,' said Lady Bentley, taking Sir Bertrand and Cyrus Crewe by the hand and leading them to the sofa. '*I have a song to sing you.*'

Each opened his eyes. The white-haired lady, seated between them, placidly took up her knitting and began her story.

'Once upon a time a boy and girl loved each other, as boys and girls will. Their parents opposed the love, as parents will, and the love grew. Then the storm burst. They were ordered apart. He was ready to defy parental authority for her sake. She had been well trained in obedience, and gave in. So they parted. He rode away to life and the wars with wrath in his heart, for he deemed her cold. She stayed on in the old home and nearly broke her young heart.'

Sir Bertrand moved restlessly.

'Years passed. The girl was left, orphaned and desolate, but her home remained to her. She had money to supply her wants. She had the villagers, who learned to look upon her as a providence. Her life was not empty, but her heart was. She saw her contemporaries surrounded by children while her own hearth was deserted. She saw old friends sheltered and cared for while she had to tread her lonely way. She knew of her old lover's marriage, and suffered in silence, thinking that another had consoled him. Her soul was sore within her. But it was not embittered, for Love remained with her—the Love that keeps the heart young.

'So she passed, calmly but very wearily, to autumn days, then to silver hairs. And when life was almost a closed chapter she met her love once more. He too was silver-haired. He too had passed through lonely weariness. His marriage had been one of pique which left his heart unwarmed, and there he cherished her image. So true love came to its own at last, and those twain, despite parent and circumstance, ended their days as one.'

She looked up from her knitting. Her soft eyes, tear-brimming, rested on Sir Mark, by Mrs Crewe's chair.

'But—that is your own life, Margaret,' protested Sir Bertrand.

'Yes.'

'And it was—it always seemed—a happy life.'

'Perhaps.' She laid her hand on his. 'Yet think of all those wasted years when we missed true happiness. Think!' She turned her head towards the conservatory. 'Do you wish sorrowing loneliness and poverty for her? Do you want her to reproach you in her heart after you are gone? And, remember, it is but putting off. Love comes to his own at last, but sometimes he comes into it too late for this world.'

Cyrus was mopping his eyes with his handkerchief.

'Ma'am,' he said, 'I admire your sentiments. I appreciate them. That's so. She's a grand girl, and you're another, ma'am! If Sir Bertrand's game for the wedding, I'll foot the bill.'

Sir Bertrand drew himself up resentfully.

But Lady Bentley whispered eagerly in his ear, 'Look at the mother!'

He did. The Virginian sat erect, lithe, sinuous, red lips parted, feverish anxiety in her dark eyes. Her son's future was at stake, and the mother-hunger for his happiness possessed her.

Sir Bertrand bent his head.

'Now, Cassius, you have no business here at all,' protested Lady Bentley briskly some weeks later. He had intruded on a female trio discussing trous-

seau mysteries. 'You know this is not your province!'

'That so? Now, I calculate there's suthin' I most particularly require to busy with. Eleonore, honey, yo' must wear Rivett's Wheat in yo' weddin' wreath.'

'Rivett's Wheat!' The matrons echoed his words and stared.

The bride-elect understood. 'Yes,' she said, laughing and blushing, 'I think I must wear Rivett's Wheat in my hair!'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

KINEMATOGRAPHS FOR THE TABLE.

EW diversions have met with such universal popularity as animated photographs. Hitherto the enjoyment of this form of entertainment has been restricted to a roomy hall; but, as the result of demand, it has now been adapted to the dining-room table of the ordinary home in just the same manner as the phonograph. A small apparatus, measuring about three feet in length by about a foot wide and deep, has recently been patented, together with the necessary projecting equipment, and it is so simple in operation that a child can use it. The image is thrown upon a ground-glass screen, giving a picture about fourteen inches by ten, at one end of the machine. If necessary, however, this screen can be removed and the image projected upon a large white sheet, a piece of white cardboard, or some other opaque medium to greater dimensions. The projecting apparatus is of the simplest design, and, being strongly built, is not easily damaged or thrown out of gear. The apparatus is perfectly safe to use, there being no danger of igniting the film such as arises when a powerful luminant is employed, as in the ordinary exhibition installation. In fact, all that is necessary is a conventional acetylene bicycle lamp or some other convenient form of lamp. The film being placed some distance from the lighting medium, there is no possibility of sufficient heat being generated in focussing the light to bring about combustion of the film. The films are supplied on spools, and operate in the usual manner, being wound again on another spool after passing before the lens. The picture thrown upon the ground-glass or other screen is perfectly distinct and clear, possessing all that vividness of life-movement incidental to the large exhibition projector. The apparatus is designed in a variety of styles, ranging from a few shillings to as many pounds; and the spools of films, lasting from two to three minutes, are available at a price comparable with the ordinary phonograph record. This latest invention ranks as one of the greatest developments in kinematography, since it ensures moving pictures with all their peculiar fascination being brought within the range of every home, and should rival the phonograph as an educational and diverting form of beguiling the tedium of an hour or so.

A NEW FIBRE-DECORTICATOR.

The increasing demand for cheap fibres for various kinds of industry has, during the past few years, resulted in great attention being devoted to the possibility of utilising for such purposes various grasses growing so plentifully as almost to become classed as weeds. In India and the East generally this is a problem of vital significance, but the problem is one beset with innumerable difficulties. Many of these plants are tough, and their constitution such as to defy manufacture into the requisite raw material by existing facilities. The result is that inventive effort is being directed towards the evolution of special machinery. In this connection a notable achievement has been accomplished by an English inventor, the outcome of which will be that the pernicious weed tara grass, which is the *bête noire* of the tea-planter, will now be rendered of distinct commercial value, especially for the production of cordage. This grass thrives very luxuriantly, is of very rapid growth, and exists in illimitable quantities throughout a large portion of our Indian dependency. The new machine specially devised for preparing this material comprises two drums revolving in opposite directions. The grass is fed into a receiver and passes between these rollers, around the peripheries of which are disposed a series of bars studded with pins and varying from coarse to fine. As the grass passes over these teeth it is combed out, it being possible to secure fibres of any desired degree of fineness. One notable feature of the apparatus is that the decorticating teeth are self-cleaning, this being accomplished once in every revolution of the drum by bringing them into contact with a stiff brush which rotates at a rapid speed in a direction opposite to that of the drum. The result of this treatment is that all the vegetable matter contained in the material is eliminated, leaving the fibrous constituents in long, straight lengths, which emerge from the apparatus in a perfectly clean condition. The only preliminary operation necessary with the grass is a slight crushing in order to remove the superfluous moisture from the stems and leaves. In this manner the acid constituents of the grass—which are so deleterious to the fibre if left associated therewith, either setting up a violent rotting action or seriously discolouring the finished fabric—are removed by means of a water-spray which is brought to bear upon the mass while decortication is in progress.

The fabric produced upon these lines has subsequently been manufactured into cordage, and has proved completely successful, equalling in texture that made from the orthodox materials. The market for the product is already assured both in this country and America; and as the cost of preparation, as well as that of the grass, is small, a new and flourishing industry should be possible of foundation. Seeing that the grass is an annual growth, easily maturing within twelve months of being cut, an inexhaustible supply is assured. Another feature of the machine is that it is applicable to a variety of other fibrous plants which hitherto have resisted preparation at a profit either by mechanical or chemical decorticating methods. The plantain-tree, for instance, can even be utilised in this manner. This is of supreme importance, since there are over a hundred thousand acres of this fruit under cultivation in Burma alone, the fibre of which has hitherto been discarded as waste. This is irrespective of the huge expanses of the wild variety of the same tree which thrives in the jungle, the fibre of which is stated to possess greater strength than the cultivated class. The process is economical in every sense of the word, as the short stuff left after the combing out of the long lengths is available for the manufacture of paper.

A POWERFUL DISINFECTANT.

If there is one subject more than another about which misconception popularly prevails, it is that of disinfectants. Yet, at the same time, there is nothing more vital to the welfare of the community than the efficiency and perfection of a germicide. The general idea is that the greater the odour emitted by an antiseptic the greater its power; but this is entirely fallacious. Moreover, the vast majority of such products are combined with injurious, deleterious substances to assist the specified work. Many disinfectants in common use are quite deficient in germicidal qualities, but at the same time are highly charged with caustic, which effects such corrosive action upon bedding and other fabrics. Consequently in the case of an infectious malady it is advantageous that a pure germicide should be employed. Recently such a disinfectant has been introduced under the name of kalzen, which marks a great improvement upon existing articles of this nature. It possesses very high germicidal value, and is most insistent and instantaneous in its attack upon germs, being from ten to fifty times as powerful and effective as carbolic acid, which is usually the unit in bacteriological tests. It has the conspicuous advantage over this standard element, however, in that it is almost odourless, and does not burn, stain, or discolour the most delicate textiles, and can consequently be used with impunity in disinfecting operations. It is prepared in a variety of forms, such as soluble and insoluble powder, soap, and fluid. When diluted with water—for the fluid is prepared in a highly concentrated form—it is non-poisonous; and, though not advocated for internal application, it can otherwise be used with safety. For sterilising surgical instruments it is distinctly efficacious. In the severe bacteriological tests that have been carried out it has been found to possess a carbolic coefficiency on the typhoid bacillus of 17, and on the diphtheritic organism a coefficiency of 25, as determined by the Rideal-Walker means of standardising disinfectants. In view of the demand that has been prevalent for some time for a more powerful antiseptic than those at present in vogue, and one that can be more safely used than either carbolic acid or corrosive sublimate, this new germicide should meet with a widespread measure of popularity.

NEW TROPICAL TABLE-FRUITS.

Table-dessert in these northern climes is necessarily somewhat restricted in point of variety, and for this reason the palate requires some cajolery to enjoy a new addition in this direction. There are numerous appetising and health-bestowing fruits of exotic origin available, which only await the public fancy. It was not many years ago that the grapefruit growing wild in Florida was regarded with disdain, but to-day it is considered somewhat of a dainty. Efforts are now being made to introduce some of the indigenous luscious products of Mexico, which at home are appreciated because of their delicious and novel flavour. Among these is the well-known custard-apple, which when fully grown measures from four to five inches in diameter, and has a soft, custard-like, refreshing taste, the flavour not being dissimilar from that of vanilla. Another is the guava, a curiosity of the plant-world, inasmuch as blossoms and fruit in every stage of development are found on the tree at one and the same time, so that a supply is constantly available. The zapote is a third delicacy to Mexican tastes, which in its various forms should secure the appreciation of the English fruitarian, owing to its exquisite taste. These fruits are quite foreign to our experience, and naturally the palate will have to undergo a certain education to enjoy their qualities, but it should not be a difficult task.

RAT-SKIN LEATHER.

Though the rodent is at present the object of bitter attack, owing to its disease-propagating influences and destructiveness, yet the warfare against its existence has been productive of a new and promising industry. It has been found that the skin of this animal is splendidly adapted to a variety of purposes, such as the binding of books, purses, gloves, and other articles of feminine use and adornment. It is stated that already the traffic in this commodity amounts to about fifty thousand pounds per year, and advertisements have appeared for supplies of skins of the brown rat in lots of one hundred to ten thousand. Despite the extent to which these islands are overrun by this pest, they cannot even begin to meet the demand. It would appear,

however, that in order to secure the most perfect and marketable skins the animals should be trapped or despatched by means other than virus, as the peculiar eruptive effects of the last-named method would depreciate the value of the skin.

THE WORLD'S TIMBER RESOURCES.

Few questions are occupying such a prominent position in the minds of commercial economists and provoking such feelings of alarm to-day as the timber resources of the world. During the past quarter of a century the use of wood-pulp, principally for the manufacture of paper (the production of this indispensable commodity is now over six million tons per annum), has been so enormous as to lead to the rapid depletion of the great timber-belts of the temperate zones, and its extent has only been realised when almost too late. Though the whole of the northern continents have contributed to this state of affairs, the authorities of some of the countries concerned have been somewhat more far-sighted, and years ago resolved to husband their natural resources. In the United States the inroads upon the timber forests have been such that they are to-day in serious jeopardy of becoming wiped out altogether. In that country wastage and unscientific methods of timber-felling, combined with speculation in the forests, have contributed to the disaster. Already the price of wood-pulp has risen to an abnormal figure, and many of the newspapers are hard put to it to sell their sheets at the usual price; in fact, in some instances the price has been raised to meet the enhanced cost of the raw material. The paper industry of the States has attempted to go across its borders and deprive Canada of its timber, but the Dominion Government has gripped the question with a tight hand. To-day it holds supreme position in the possession of forest land. There are over one million and a quarter square miles of timber now under protection, irrespective of the vast tracts in the frozen north, which as yet are safe from depredation owing to their inaccessibility. Evidence points to the fact that in the course of a few years the Dominion will stand as the timber-producing country of the world—a position that cannot be disputed, since the other nations will be attempting to retrieve their lost resources by means of huge afforestation schemes. Such restorative work is now in active progress, but it will be another quarter of a century before maturity is attained. Had the forests, as fast as they were depleted, been planted with young trees, no such position as the present would have resulted, since thereby rotation of timber yield would have been maintained. Meanwhile the demand for wood for a variety of purposes continues to increase by leaps and bounds, from the humble match to the telegraph pole, the lead-pencil to household furniture. The chemists are hard at work seeking for some synthetic process of converting various residues into wood-pulp, but the quest is a stern one. Certainly, the results so far achieved have not pointed to any practical alleviation or avoidance of what is popularly predicted—a world-wide timber-famine.

ARMY KITCHENS FOR FIELD USE.

While the provisioning of an army in the field is one of the most difficult and essential problems in military operations, it is almost equalled in its significance by the urgency of some means of preparing the food for the men. The question is more acute when the army is continually on the move, since then the stationary kitchen is quite useless. Improvements in mechanical propulsion have led to the devising of portable kitchens which can keep up with the army; but here again there are great possibilities for inventive effort. The most noticeable strides in this direction have probably been achieved in connection with the Austrian army, which is now procuring a complete equipment of travelling kitchens at an outlay of about half a million sterling. The War Office authorities have for some time been experimenting with various types of culinary appliances adapted to the rigours of campaigning, and some very interesting devices have been demonstrated. One consists of a motor-driven installation, in which are carried three large boilers enabling soups, vegetables, and other kinds of food to be prepared while the army is on the march, adequate provision being also available for the preparation simultaneously of the food for the officers, together with suitable receptacles for the conveyance of the various necessities incidental to culinary operations, such as fuel, stores, &c. This device has proved very satisfactory, the boilers being provided with tight-fitting covers not easily displaced, which prevent the contents from being spilt on a journey over rough country. The value of such an acquisition to an army in the field is obvious, since it ensures that the men shall receive nourishing, hot, and tasty meals in plenty, and physical fatigue through insufficiency of suitable food is overcome. The one disadvantage of the system is the high price of the installation; but this, it is stated, is more than compensated for by the maintenance of the men in the pink of condition.

PRESERVING FRUIT AT HOME.

Though fruit-preservation is invariably an occupation in which the housewife displays the greatest enthusiasm, the pleasure of the work is invariably marred by the difficulties incidental thereto. When cooking is carried out in the ordinary domestic apparatus the contents must not be left for a moment, otherwise there is grave risk of the whole being spoiled by burning. In order to achieve the object with the greatest measure of success recourse should be made to the Welbank boilerette, which is eminently adapted to the purpose. Therewith one need have no fear of the fruit being burned, and the task is appreciably facilitated. All that is necessary is to place the bottles in which the fruit is contained in the inner vessel, which is then im-

mersed in the outer water-charged receptacle. When brought to the boiling-point the water is allowed to boil for half-an-hour, which effectively sterilises the fruit. The bottles of fruit are then removed and easily sealed by means of the glass cap, air-tight rubber ring, and screw band. This is practically a hermetically sealing process, and when the bottle and contents have cooled the seal is kept intact by the greater external atmospheric pressure. Fruit sterilised in this manner will keep for an indefinite period without undergoing any deterioration, and when the bottle is opened will be found as fresh as if newly gathered. The simplicity as well as the efficiency of the process cannot fail to impress the industrious lady of the house, especially the simple and complete means of sealing the bottle, which is only second in its attractiveness to the scientific cooking system advocated.

A 'SAFE' SASH-WINDOW.

Though paternal legislation has endeavoured to minimise, if not totally prevent, the window cleaning or painting accident, the most satisfactory solution of the problem lies in the evolution of a window in which all such operations can be safely effected from within the room. Many attempts to this end have been made, but they only partially achieve the desired object, the majority failing because they entail structural alterations in the ordinary sash-window. In one type which has recently been perfected none of these drawbacks are existent. No special frame, beading, or fittings of any description are required, and any sash-window can be easily adapted to the new type. In ordinary appearance it resembles the conventional double-panel window, the sashes sliding up and down in the orthodox manner. When, however, it is desired to clean the outside surface of the glass or to paint the woodwork, the window opens inwardly like a casement, so that the whole external area is brought within the room. For painting this is a distinct advantage, as it dispenses with the use of ladders and scaffolding, so that the work is completed more quickly, cheaply, and in absolute safety. Moreover, the sashes are absolutely wind and water tight. The device, owing to its simplicity of fitting, inexpensiveness, and immunity from danger, should meet with widespread approval, for it indicates one of the greatest strides towards the ideal that has yet been devised.

SCIENTIFIC PACKING OF STORES.

On the occasion of his dash to the South Pole, Lieutenant Shackleton resolved to keep a record of all stores which when opened proved defective as a result of injudicious packing. In this direction, however, as he relates, he 'drew a blank.' Considering the great distance over which the stores had to be transported from this country this is no mean achievement, and is directly attributable to the use of venesta cases. For the preparation of these the wood is specially prepared, being composed of thin layers, with the grain of each laid transversely to its fellow. This not only obviates splitting and warping, and adds a greater measure of strength to the material, which it retains under all and varying conditions, but enables the case itself to be made much lighter and to carry a far greater weight than the ordinary wooden case. Special means are also adopted for uniting the various sections together, so that no danger need be apprehended of a breakdown at these vulnerable points. The fact that these cases are extensively employed for the transportation of tea, one of the most difficult articles to handle owing to its extreme susceptibility to outside influences, testifies to their utility. A further development in this direction which should possess a great future is the construction of portable collapsible houses, where the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength is the great desideratum. In the Manchurian campaign the Russian Red Cross Service employed one of the structures. It was fifty feet in length by about twelve in width and seven and a half in height. It was built up of three-sixteenth inch venesta boards, which weighed twelve ounces per square foot, so that the whole building only turned the scale at five and a half tons. The structure was found completely wind and water proof, and even withstood the rigorous Siberian winter without suffering the slightest ill effects. Success in such a severe test points to the excellence of the material, and for portable buildings it should be capable of many possibilities.

LIFE IN ST LUCIA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.

A correspondent writes: 'I came out here a year ago from Glasgow, and bought a small cacao estate. The fogs, &c., at home being too much for my hearing, I flitted before the damage was considerable. I dare say the articles which have appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for years at odd times had something to do with my coming; and what astonishes me is that more of the men like myself so plentiful in Glasgow, and Scotsmen generally, with a little money, don't come out to a decent, reliable climate like this, instead of being taken into their fathers' businesses and having to endure weather of the worst. Englishmen, young and middle-aged, are continually dropping in among the islands as settlers. I am told the barracoota "goes for" any man in the manner your article last month implies. As to the tarpon three-cornered duel, I've been at the catching of a fairly big one. We were in a cranky dug-out pirogue at sunset, so, though we hadn't a shark to consider, we had a possible upset, and darkness latterly, to deal with. Altogether it is as good a life out here as can be had anywhere. The black folk tell me I work too hard; but the saying to "work like a nigger" was not inspired by any coloured gent I have happened on yet in St Lucia, so their opinion is of little value. The only time they do put their backs into it is on wet days—to keep warm, I think. It may

interest you to know that the mongoose has driven the rats into the trees. There they build big nests, and there they live on the sweet stuff in the pods of the cacao-trees. Some planters say the mongoose has taken to tree-climbing also; but I haven't heard of one which was actually seen climbing.'

FORECASTING THE WEATHER.

Mr D. W. Horner has written a booklet on *Observing and Forecasting the Weather* (Witherby and Company) which may be of service to those who wish to do so without going to the expense of instruments; and the carrying out of the hints will sharpen the faculties of observation and prove of practical value. The rules laid down are of a very simple kind, in which cloud-changes, direction of the wind, halos, thunderstorms, the moon are discussed. Of proverbial weather-sayings, Mr Horner holds that a large number of them will not stand the test. But the following are reasonably true:

Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven.
Thunder in spring
Cold will bring.

A wet June makes a dry September.

Mr Horner quotes John Ruskin on the beneficial influence of such studies: 'It is the science of the pure air and the bright heavens; its thoughts are amidst the loveliness of creation; it leads the mind as well as the eye to the morning mist, the noonday glory, and the twilight cloud, to the purple peace of the mountain heaven, to the cloudy repose of the green valley; now expatiating on the silence of stormless ether, now on the rushing of the wings of the wind. It is indeed a knowledge which must be felt to be in its very essence full of the soul of the beautiful.'

CONVEYING BUTTER BY RAIL.

It frequently happens that one may be living in a rich agricultural county in Great Britain, and Danish or some foreign butter persistently turns up on the table. The home product is conspicuous by its absence. The care with which foreign butter is manufactured and the co-operative dairy system partly explain this. At the port of Hangö, Finland, which is kept open all the year round by means of ice-breakers, the Finnish Government has built a massive cold store, with refrigerating plant. Here shippers may store butter for export at a rent of four marks per square metre. The butter-wagons of the Finnish State railway are painted white, and inside are fitted with long corrugated tubes filled with ice and sawdust. There is a thermometer on each side of the wagons; the temperature must never be lower than eight degrees centigrade, or higher than fourteen degrees, and it is the duty of officials at wayside stations to watch that this is so. A steam coil in the wagons, connected with the locomotive, keeps up the temperature in winter. Two analysts, also, see that the butter that leaves Hangö is all that it should be. In Canada there is also a special ice-car service for the carriage of butter to Montreal. The service begins on May 17 and continues until the middle of October, about sixty cars being operated each week. Inspectors are employed to test the temperature of the butter at the railway shipping stations before it is loaded into these cars, and also when it is unloaded at Montreal. These inspectors also see that the cars are kept clean and well iced. Shippers making use of the cars have to pay the regular freight rate only, there being no extra charge for the special service or for icing. Inspectors watch the handling of perishable freight as it is unloaded from the cars and loaded into the steamships, test the temperature of butter before it is placed in the cold-storage chambers in the ships, and place thermographs (recording thermometers) in the different chambers and holds.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

LOVE IN A GARDEN.

Song of bird and scent of roses,
Rapture of mid-June!
In my lady's garden closes
Life is one glad tune.
Daisies peep thro' tangled lashes
From the emerald grass,
Softlier the fountain plashes
As we, whispering, pass.

Pansy faces, dim and tender,
Turn with solemn air;
Lady-lilies, tall and slender,
Breathe o'er us a prayer;—
Dainty sweet-peas, light and airy,
Strive to set them free,
Just to join a sister-fairy
As she walks with me.

Surely Love among the roses
Sweetest is of all?
And my lady's garden closes
Hold my heart in thrall.
In a garden Love's dear story
First was told, they say;
And methinks its ancient glory
Lives in this to-day.

M. Hedderwick Browne.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

VANESSA.

A MOTOR IDYLL.

By Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

There is such instinctive insight in the human heart that we often form our opinion almost instantaneously; and such impressions seldom change—I might even say they are seldom wrong. Love at first sight sounds like an imprudence, but it is almost a revelation.—LORD AVEBURY.

But to see her were to love her,
Love but her and love for ever.—BURNS.

THERE was nobody like Vanessa. Others might have features more classically cut, but hers had an abundance of that ineffable charm which the purely classical cannot claim to possess.

The day will never be forgotten when I, a delicate little thing of fifteen, was handed over to Frau Deckerschenk in the Wolfstrasse of Frankfort to be 'finished.' How I shrank from that knot of girls, so boisterous in their rude health, and how suddenly I seemed to pass from shadow into sunshine when my eyes fell on Vanessa's glorious outline, as she stood for a moment in the doorway, like a Romney come to life! With one glance she grasped the situation; and, walking past the group of girls who had been making me hot with their sharp questioning, she held out her hand, into which mine fell and lay there, while I brightened at the sight of the two sweet dimples that flitted into her cheeks as she gave me a nod of encouragement and slipped her arm into mine. She was indeed the angel of my schooldays, an angel who filled my heart with joy in her love, but could be a stern angel to guard me from my foes. For no one could defy Vanessa, and every girl at Deckerschenk's knew that however weak she might be, if Vanessa was her strength she was strong indeed.

Oh, how I wept when she was declared 'finished,' and was taken home to live with a chaperon at a great mansion in England! For Vanessa was a great heiress, and an orphan. My only consolation was that her new home was in our part of the country, where I might hope to see her often when my exile was over—an exile which was made harder by the blank she left.

What a joy when within a day or two of my return to my home a sweet letter came to me from my darling, enclosing a note to mother, asking if she might come and take me to her house to stay with her for a while. Mother had often heard Vanessa's praises sung, and gladly wrote consenting. Then came a telegram: 'Expect me to-morrow morning.'

She lived about forty miles off, and the carriage was ordered for me that I might meet her at the early train. But that was not Vanessa's mode of travelling. I was up betimes, and took as much care with my toilet as if it was a lover I was expecting. When in the act of fastening a bunch of violets—her favourite flower—in my belt, I was startled by the *toot-toot* of a horn, and, flying to the door, was just in time to see the car rounding the great cedar at the corner of the lawn, and sweeping up to the door, Vanessa silhouetted on the dark background, radiant with her bright colour made yet brighter by the crisp morning air, a delightful piquancy added by the charming disorder of a stray lock, half-gold, half-brown, curling over her forehead in the breeze under her dainty motor-cap.

With a bound she was on the doorstep.

'Oh Vanessa!' was all I could say, as I fell into her arms.

She held me close to her, murmuring in the rich, deep tone I knew so well, 'Dear little Mite!' her name for me at school. Then holding me out at arm's-length, she laughed aloud. 'Mite indeed! Why, you wretch, you are taller than I am;' and she shook me merrily.

It was true. Whatever the failings of the Deckerschenk Schule were, the body was well taken care of both in food and skilfully ordered

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

exercises; and so the thread-paper chit of fifteen that Vanessa had known met her in health as happy as her own, and with a trifle to give in the matter of inches, although she was what is accounted tall for our sex.

Mother beamed on us from the porch, and when Vanessa released me came forward, holding out her hands, and drew her inside the door. She eagerly scanned her face, saying gently, 'So you are Vanessa! I am so glad to meet Mary's friend.' The friend looked into her eyes with her own full-hearted gaze, and when Vanessa looked so she was irresistible. Mother leaned to her, and their kiss was as if love had already 'on their hearts a soft hand laid.'

As they walked in side by side, mother cast a glance over her shoulder, which said unmistakably, 'Yes, indeed yes,' to all that I had so often poured out to her about my darling.

Before going in I turned round, and addressing the back of a leather coat and cap, the individual in which was stooping over the car's anatomy, said, 'If you will go round to the back they will give you some breakfast.'

The youth stood erect, and, touching his cap, said, 'Thank you, miss.' I seemed to see something about his appearance that puzzled me, while the look of his eye suggested amusement; but as I turned quickly to hasten after Vanessa I thought no more of it.

We had a merry breakfast. She was at home at once with dear mother, and made the latter laugh till she almost cried with her account of our adventures at Deckerschenk's 'polishing-yard,' as she called it, mimicking me in my early shrinking depression, and so making such a contrast to her own sunshiny way that I could but laugh myself.

'Indeed, my dear,' said mother, 'if she is different now, I feel that the thanks are more due to you than to Frau Deckerschenk.'

'Oh no,' said Vanessa, but she reddened with pleasure.

Suddenly, when we had almost finished breakfasting, she threw up her hands, exclaiming, 'Goodness! I have forgotten Tommy out in the cold.'

'Tommy!' I cried in turn. 'Do you mean your motor-boy?'

'Well, he is doing motor-boy to-day, but he is my cousin.'

'Your cousin!' with a shriek. 'Why, I sent him round to the servants' hall to breakfast, and he never said a word!'

What a laugh Vanessa gave as I rushed to the door! 'Oh, leave him there; he will be all right;' but I was off and running downstairs and along the passage as fast as I could.

While still hid in the darkness of the passage I suddenly stopped at the sight I saw at the end of the hall-table, which was between the open door and a window. There sat Tommy, with a half-eaten rasher before him, his knife and fork with their handles on the table and their points in the air, talking big to the servant-girls.

'And do you drive that grite big machine yerself?' one of them was asking.

'Don't I though? I can make her hum, I can tell you. At least, I used to; but they've got a rotten Act of Parliament now that nobody's to drive till he's seventeen, and so Va—missis, I mean—won't let me. I call it a beastly shame. Wouldn't it be jolly if I could give you girls a run?'

'Wouldn't it just!' said Lily the under-housemaid; while cook pressed him to have something more.

Tommy was just in the act of attacking a pot of marmalade when I said out of the darkness, 'Your missis wants you'—stress on the 'missis.'

Tommy jumped up, patronisingly swept his eyes round the caps and aprons with a 'Thank ye kindly,' and chucked the pretty Lily under the chin, saying, 'Good-bye; don't cry. You wait till next birthday: missis is sure to come here again, and I'll manage to get you a run.'

As he joined me in the passage I said, 'How could you let me send you downstairs? I am so sorry!'

'Oh, it's all right. I had a stunnin' time, better than hearing you and Van talking women's rot about hats and all that.'

As we entered the breakfast-room Tommy marched up to Vanessa, his back assuming the rigidity and his face the wooden-god expression of the English male domestic, and said in semi-sepulchral tones, 'Any horders, miss?'

Vanessa seized him by the arm with a mock frown which her laughing eyes belied, 'Yes; go to Mrs Bellair, and ask her if she will shake hands with you after this escapade; although,' relaxing into a smile, 'I was the one in fault.'

'Oh, that's all right. When you girls get together cousins haven't much chance, and I had an awful good time in the hall.'

Tommy and my mother fell into sympathy at once—that never took long between her and the young; and he, like a true schoolboy, was attacking a second breakfast vigorously when the parlour-maid came in. She stood for a moment aghast, when a wink from Tommy's eye completely upset her, and she fled, leaving behind her the sound of an ill-suppressed giggle. The servants' hall chatter that day would have been amusing. When we were about to start there was a show of caps at the windows above.

'Put on plenty of wraps,' said Vanessa; 'remember that we make our own breeze.'

'I hope you don't go very fast,' said mother.

'Oh no. I took an hour and forty minutes to do the forty-one and a half miles this morning, and you cannot call that fast.'

'It's downhill going home,' broke in Tommy.

'Trust Van to make her touch the legal limit.'

'Tommy, start the engine,' said Vanessa with a frown.

Mother and I looked at one another. Her look said, 'Oh dear!' mine said, 'Trust Vanessa.'

Presently we were off and outside the avenue gates, when Vanessa leaned down and pulled at something, and the car hummed off into a speed that made the telegraph-posts pass us as if we were in a railway train. I did hold on to the side of the car, and it was only by casting my eyes up to the bright, serene profile which spoke of perfect self-control and nerve that I became reassured. A mile or two were covered, when I found my hand unconsciously had relaxed its rigid grip on the arm-rest, just as Vanessa smiled down on me, saying, 'If it is too fast, Mitey, tell me, and I will slow down at once.' Was it likely, whatever I felt within, that I would say to Vanessa that I had not confidence in her? Never!

On we fled, and when another long stretch had been covered I began to breathe freely and settled down, the steady hum of the car lulling my nerves into confidence.

Careering down a long, gentle descent at a speed that seemed to me like flying, we saw a speck in the distance which quickly developed into a hunter with a man in faultless pink on his back. As we approached he held up his hand; and Vanessa, with a little *moue* of impatience, slowed down; but, seeing that the horse was in no way nervous, was passing on, when the hand went up again, accompanied by a peremptory 'Stop, please!' Vanessa, as she pulled up nearly opposite to him, said below her breath, 'Too bad! I'll give the fellow a bit of my mind;' and the Bellona look came over her face, a look I knew so well in the days when she fought my school battles for me, and before which even the Deckerschenk herself used to shrink.

'What is the meaning of this?' she said icily. 'Your horse is not restive, and your stopping me is —is—I have no words to describe it.'

'Beastly cheek, I call it!' came in a stage-whisper from Tommy.

'I wished to speak to you.'

'Sir, I shall tolerate no such thing.'

'Pardon me, there is something you ought to know.'

'Oh indeed!' with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

'Yes, at the risk of further offending you, I must speak.'

Vanessa turned the back of her head to him, and set her gear for starting.

'I ask your pardon if I have taken a liberty; but there is a police-trap a quarter of a mile farther on, and I thought you ought to be told of it.'

What a blush of shame covered the lovely face! In a moment the gear was out and she was on the ground beside the horse's neck, saying, 'Sir, it is I who must beg pardon. I have been most hasty and most rude.'

He too was on the ground in a moment, exclaiming, 'I beg you will not say that. It was only a mistake, and a natural one.'

'No, no,' said Vanessa humbly, looking hard into the horse's neck, and nervously smoothing its glossy skin with her glove. 'I have done wrong, and I must hear you say that the wrong is pardoned.'

How handsome and how uncomfortable he looked, picking at the thong of his crop, and glancing up and then down again!

For a few seconds there was silence, and then she in her low, earnest voice said, 'Do not add to my humiliation by forcing me to ask twice.'

'Oh, well, of course you know, if you say I must say it, well of course I must.' He took off his hat, and looking into the distance, said, 'A lady bids me pardon what she thinks calls for pardon: I must obey; it is pardoned;' and he bowed.

'I thank you,' said Vanessa, 'for restoring to me my self-respect.' She turned and held out her hand to him, raising her eyes to his, and he closed his fingers on it gently and respectfully for a moment. Then, with a graceful inclination of the head, she returned to the car, which had been gently humming its impatience the while.

When we moved off she did not look in his direction; but as we passed him her head bent forward until it nearly touched the steering-wheel, and so we left him.

I looked back when we had gone a short distance, and there he stood, still bareheaded, gazing after us. I smiled inwardly, and let my imagination run free. After a time I glanced at Vanessa, and seeing a look indescribably sweet on her lips, and a crystal drop shining on her eyelid, 'Is this all?' I said to myself. 'We shall see.'

We moved on slowly in silence.

Tommy, whose face had shown marked disapproval of humble-pie, had leaned over from the tonneau to express his views on the situation; but I succeeded in checking him with a friendly frown and headshake.

We were quickly brought down to the mundane and ordinary. The warning we had received led to caution, and we all were on the *qui vive* for signs of the ambush. Vanessa, recovering herself, was eager for the encounter. Tommy, whose eyes were as sharp as a Boer's, suddenly hissed into our ears, 'There he is behind that gatepost! I saw him peeping. You leave him to me.' He sank down in the car, where I heard him shaking something out of a tin; and looking round, I saw him peering over the side. As we came up to the gate a constable came into view holding a watch in his hand. He looked up as we came opposite to him, and I heard a strange noise from the tonneau. The man's face puckered up as if he had been stung, and the watch fell and rolled on the ground. Turning round, I saw him rubbing his eye and shaking his fist after us, and I had to seize Tommy's hand as he was putting it to his nose to make what I am told is the Freemasons' sign. In the other hand I saw a pea-shooter! I hoped that Vanessa had not noticed it. If she did she made no sign.

We looked hard to see where the trap ended, but saw no one. Whoever was at the other end had more sense than the constable, and kept well

in hiding. As we passed through the next village Vanessa stopped at the local doctor's surgery, and went in for a few minutes. Starting again, we had a delightful run, and reached Vanessa's house, where I spent a too short week of happiness, and returned home without any further adventure.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD a great curiosity to learn who our hero of the scene on the road might be, for the incident had made a strong impression upon me, and I often found myself studying the picture snapped by my brain-camera: Vanessa nobly humbling herself for a conscious wrong, and the manly sportsman embarrassed and uneasy, as your Englishman always is when his pardon is asked for, and most so when the suppliant is a lady. I saw again the hand-clasp, the meeting of the eyes, the head bowed over the wheel. It was a living picture, full of interest for one who believes that things do not happen by accident, and I freely confess that it moved me strangely, and showed itself time after time on the tablets of my memory. I wondered who he might be. Once or twice mother caught me smiling, and banteringly offered me a penny for my happy thought. I replied that gold would not buy it, but perhaps she would know some day.

A few days after I had reached home a letter arrived from Vanessa giving me startling news. It said, 'What do you think? A constable arrived here this morning, bearing a blue paper summoning your Vanessa to the Petty Sessions at Stickleton on the 28th, to answer for autocar No. GP. 99 having been driven by her at a speed dangerous to the lieges, &c. Don't be alarmed. I think it will be great fun.'

I did not feel able to take quite so complacent a view of the matter as she apparently did, for I could not but recall the remarks of some of the Justices at council meeting, which I had seen in the *Pinsterly Courier*, at which an old Indian colonel talked growlingly of 'murdering Juggernauts,' and a vicar whom I knew to be of mild countenance interlarded his observations with allusions to his Satanic Majesty in speaking of the originator of the road-motor. But I knew very well that to Vanessa the whole thing would present itself as an amusing adventure, in which, if she could not win, she would at least manage to score somehow.

As I turned it over in my mind, a thought suddenly flashed upon me: what about our hunting friend? Could he not help us if we could find him? I asked myself what it was that made a smile flit on to my lips as I thought of him. I know now, and I half-think I knew then. But how to find him? On the spur of the moment I sat down and wrote:

'MOTOR-TRAP.—Will the gentleman who stopped an autocar near Chipley on the 14th kindly communicate with M. B. at Westwood Lodge, Leytonsborough?'

And without waiting to consider, I despatched copies, with stamps enclosed, to the *Times* and to the local *Courier*. When I had dropped the letters into the pillar-box at the gate I suddenly began to wonder whether M. B. was not a very bold young person, and in a half-repentant mood I went and "fessed,' like Topsy, to mother, who was at first shocked, and then laughed, saying, 'I suppose I must forgive you, as it was for your beloved Vanessa; fortunately our initials are the same, and if you get a reply I will take the matter up for you.' Dear mummy, she is always sympathetic, even when she disapproves, and so I never have any secrets from her.

When at Deckerschenk's I had one talent developed in a very marked degree by a brilliant teacher—that of drawing and modelling, especially from the figure. So successful had he been in bringing out what he saw I had in me that I had taken the gold medal of the Art Society of Frankfort, an honour which had never been carried off by a female, still less by a schoolgirl in her teens. No wonder, indeed, when I had a model that Phidias himself would have coveted. The last year I was at Frankfort with Vanessa the girls were allowed to have a fancy-dress evening, and I persuaded her to let me dress her as Britannia, in which character she took her place in an international tableau with which we opened the ball. I took great pains with the dress, and my art-teacher posed the figures most successfully, Vanessa being set by him in the attitude shown upon our coinage, seated with the trident in her left hand, and her right arm drooping over her shield. That arm, from the clasp of the classic drapery above the shoulder down to very finger-tips, was indeed a thing of beauty, such as must have been that of the Venus of Milo when it left the sculptor's hand. Poor Vanessa suffered for its charms, irresistible to an artistic eye, for I coaxed her to pose to me as Britannia while I drew study after study, until she was driven to cry, 'Mitey, if you don't release me, that arm you are fussing about will go mad, and its fingers will do something horrid.' Still, at the close of the sitting it passed round my neck, and then she took a look at my work—a long look—and, stooping down, she kissed me, and, keeping her eyes from mine, she left me. The grace of her walk in her flowing robe was a delight to behold.

When with her at Larkhall I persuaded her once more to put on the Britannia dress, and my artist's eye quickly discovered a change in comparing my school studies with the now matured model. The school-figure of former days showed traces of what was girlish, charming indeed, but scarcely giving a satisfying presentment of the grace and grandeur of Britannia which the matured Vanessa now exhibited.

On my return home I went vigorously to work at my easel, and also at a clay statuette, a standing

figure that I had begun to model, stimulated by the sketches I had brought back with me from Larkhall, and hoping for a day when I might finish my work with the delightful aid of my living model.

The day after my advertisement had appeared in the *Times* I was in the conservatory outside the drawing-room working at my statuette, in my long artist's blouse and with my picture on the easel beside me, when I heard the door-bell ring, and the words, 'Oh, bother, visitors!' came to my lips. Mother was out, having driven to Leytonsborough to visit her old women at the County Hospital; and Lily, who specially attended upon me, came to the conservatory, saying, 'Please, miss, there's a gen'leman 'ere 'o says something about a newspaper that I can't make aout, and 'e wants Emby, 'e says.'

Here was a *contretemps!* Should I plunge deeper? A moment's hesitation, and the face of Vanessa rose before me as she lifted her head from bending over the steering-wheel. My indecision was gone. I told Lily to show him up, and fled through another window to slip off my clay-bedabbled smock and cleanse my fingers.

Returning a few minutes later through the room, I saw my hero gazing at my work so intently that he did not hear me coming, and I purposely made the leaves of a palm rustle as I stepped into the conservatory, causing him to look round. Oh, what a shade of unmistakable disappointment passed over the handsome face as he saw me coming towards him! That look had its own eloquence.

'It was good of you to come yourself!' I said, holding out my hand. 'I am sorry my mother is out.' I was not in the least sorry, but it was the nice thing to say, wasn't it?

I told him the tale of woe—that my friend had been summoned, and that we—meaning mother and myself—thought that perhaps if we could find him he would help us.

Oh, he got quite exuberant! He would be so glad! His great blue eyes beamed with delight. Then he asked if Vanessa—'your lady friend' he called her—was staying with us, hinting eagerly that it would be well if he saw her before the trial.

A woman's malice came over me. 'Oh no,' I told him, it would never do; and down went the sun again, and the bright blue faded into gloom. I did enjoy myself telling him that I had thought it all over (I had not, for the thought only flashed on me then), that it would never do for him to meet her before the trial, that she knew nothing about our advertisement (stress upon the 'our'), and that he ought to appear as a witness without her knowing anything about it. Of course I knew in my own secret heart that nothing would have induced Vanessa to take his help as if she had asked for it, and that she would have done anything, paid any fine, or even gone to prison, rather than that he should describe the scene on the road in the Petty Sessions courtroom.

'Well,' he said at last, 'I suppose you are right. I shall be there to-morrow, and will take care not to show myself till the right moment.'

'The hour is eleven,' I said.

He was gone. He never asked what my name was. I was not surprised. If he had asked for names I felt sure it would not be mine he would care to know, and it was only after he was gone that I suddenly remembered that Lily had laid down his card on the ledge of my modelling-stand. Somehow, the remembrance excited me, and I flew from the door where I had parted from him, and, seizing the card, read with a gasp, 'The Marquis of Oldsborough;' and then all in a moment I found myself clapping my hands together, saying, 'Oh Vanessa, I am so glad!' which you, dear reader, will be inclined to think was, in the words of an awful but most useful vulgarism, 'a little previous.' To me it was not. I knew—I felt I knew; and that night in my dreams I saw my Vanessa in all the splendour of her velvet robes and coronet, her corsage glittering with the renowned Oldsborough diamonds, standing in the Stickleton courthouse, the irate colonel with his red face and protruding white moustache, and looking like a boiled walrus, being defied to mortal combat by a champion of dames in a hunting-coat.

(To be continued.)

A SUBURBAN SEA.

By W. E. Cule.

MANY cities grow their suburbs as the oak-tree grows its rings, each new belt being the fruit of imperceptible days slowly measured into decades. It is not so with London, for here new suburbs rise with breathless haste. What was yesterday a market-garden is to-day a brickfield, and will to-morrow have its District Council; but when we look again it is already declining, and its newspapers make sad plaints of people going 'farther out.' There is also something of glamour in the story of the London suburb, some hint of the magic powers bestowed by wealth. The rich man bemoans the crowded state of Highgate or Muswell Hill, and at once new express trains open out to him the sylvan beauties of Bucks and Herts and Surrey. There is a talk of Garden Cities, and immediately we find that one has been laid out and even partially built within sight of the dome of St Paul's. Once, in his dreams, a City man heard the murmur of the sea, and saw a vision of a wide horizon with white sails upon it; yet the dream was not a dream merely, for when he opened his morning paper he found that the thing

was done. His fantastic but all-compelling Providence laid its latest effort before him with a smile of mingled triumph and satisfaction: 'Here is your sea!'

The first steps of the journey offer no suggestion of what is in store. Fenchurch Street Station is the gloomiest of all railway termini, hidden in an obscure corner of the City. The approaches are by narrow lanes and grimy stairs, and the waiting train bears no token of its splendid destination. The new-comer watches the scene with a perplexity which needs to be comforted again and again. Here is a bustling crowd of very ordinary City men, with no seaside air about them and no apparent consciousness of the happiness of their lot. But his lingering doubts are gradually dissipated as the engine gathers speed, for this train does not halt at every station. It shoots by with scorn that scarcely deigns a look, and with a shrill blast that tells of a broken bondage and a great deliverance.

The run of fifty minutes has three stages of increasing interest. We speed first through the murk of East London, travelling just above the house-tops of Stepney and Bow. The wandering gaze falls upon an army of chimney-pots in massed battalions, rank on rank, regiment on regiment, officered here and there by some grotesquely outstanding cowl, and broken by uprising spires and faded signboards. It is a grim and sombre army, keeping guard over the secrets of sunless streets and flowerless windows, and stretching away into the smoky mist that always broods over the great city. But our train rushes on to the junction at Barking, the last outpost of the ever-extending District Railway. Here it pauses at last, to take up a few waiting passengers whose air of haste and relief suggests that they are belated fugitives from a city of dreadful night. They climb in hurriedly, and the doors are slammed upon them with an echo of finality and completion.

The second stage is the stage of London's kitchen-garden, a section of that broad belt of cultivated fields that forms so large a portion of the Plain of Essex. Here they stretch almost unbrokenly from Barking to Upminster, in the spring a quiet study in greens and earth-browns, in summer and autumn a marvellous panorama of colour, where greens of every shade in nature are splendidly varied by prodigal efforts in golds and reds. But once beyond Upminster—the latest new garden suburb, by the way—the last touch of London has been thrown off, and it is a wide country-side of meadow and hedge-row that rests the tired eyes which have pored all day over ledgers and cash-books, a country-side where cosy farmsteads are set in woodland fringes of deep purple. In the morning the landscape lies bathed in sunshine and moist with dew; in the evening it is again fragrant, but with the fragrance of departing day. Then its hush seems to fall even upon the train which has rolled so noisily into the scene.

It is at Benfleet that we first realise our destination. Here we touch the long arm which the Thames has thrust between our mainland and Canvey Island—a long, thin arm, with a quaint selection of tiny yachts and brown-sailed fishing-boats. Then comes Leigh, with an ancient and grimy fisher-village, and with a great hill of modern villas overshadowing the railway. But now our iron road runs along a narrow foreshore, and the sea is within an arm's-length. These are real waves that we hear and see; this is a true salt breeze that blows into our close compartment. The tide is high, and the sun of evening gleams upon the moving breast of the Thames estuary. A hundred little yachts dance and rock upon the water, and a distant trail of smoke marks where a great liner steams steadily up the main channel of the chief waterway of England.

It seems but yesterday that London was smiling at the idea of a suburban sea, but the incredible has long since become the actual. That fantastic Providence overcame every obstacle, and swiftly planted long lines of tasteful residences, hotels, and boarding-houses on the slope that rises from the beach westwards from Southend. In a little while that bare hill-slope had become one of the fairest sea-fronts on the east coast; for since it was bare there was nothing to hinder the architect's fancy, nothing old to break the sweep of the uniformly new. Another nod, and the providing genius changed an old country-house and grounds into a public park and playing-fields, and yet another produced a swift and comfortable train-service to and from the City at the modest charge of less than a shilling a day. And now there are several thousands who shake the dust of London from their feet each night to turn their brows to the breeze from the Channel and to scan an horizon where blue cloud and blue water meet.

There is little lacking in this suburb; indeed it has a fullness unknown to many seaside places of greater name. The daily trains and the touch of the City take nothing from its charm, while they save it from any fear of monotony. Moreover, it extends its hospitality to all alike, with a catholic freedom quite foreign to Highgate or Dulwich. The managing director may have his residence on the front, with his yacht afloat within range of his dining-room windows. But the clerk with two hundred a year may also find a home on the hill behind, coming down every evening with his wife and daughter to enjoy a quiet hour on the promenade; or, leaving his train at Leigh, he will walk homewards along the narrow beach-path, with the water breaking upon the stones at his feet. The hush of the evening by the sea falls strangely upon his spirit after the clamour of the City and the roar of the train. At Westcliff he finds children still playing upon the belt of sand and shingle, while their mothers sit and read; and when he sees them he feels that his rusty City garb, his bag and

umbrella, are curiously out of place in such a setting. Then the fantastic improbability of the thing occurs to him, and he doubts whether the reality may not prove to be a dream. Was he in London an hour ago, or is the City but a vivid memory of last year? But then his wife approaches to join him, so that they may walk home together. It was for her sake that he first dreamed this dream, and with stern self-denial made it come true; and he smiles to notice again how the breath of our suburban sea has brought back to her eyes the sunshine of health.

No, there is no dullness here. Quite apart from the trains, we are in touch with England's very heart, the centre of her life. From the beach we may see a long sweep of the Kentish coast and the mouth of the Medway, with Chatham and Rochester behind, and with England's iron fleet upon the waters—*Dreadnoughts* and *Invincibles* in all their pride, it may be, with a cloud of satellites of less tremendous calibre. Sometimes a deep boom rolls slowly and sullenly over land and sea, and we know that at Shoeburyness the great guns are at work; or in the dusk of evening we may follow the course of the searchlight at Sheerness as it moves its vigilant beam from point to point. All day long we may see silent ships go out, a slow procession of gray sails and mighty funnels; and all day long the ships pass in on their way to Tilbury and London. Often at night a mist lies heavy upon the water, and then hour after hour the distant fog-horns croak, reminding us that our quiet chambers stand upon the verge of our greatest and busiest river.

Yet it is a place where people come and go frequently, as in all the London suburbs. The novelty has faded and the pleasure staled, or perhaps a measure of the lost health has been won back; so the tent is struck once more, to be pitched somewhere on the inner side of the great kitchen-garden. Next year it may be so with us, for our admirable and fatal capacity of adapting ourselves to our surroundings, which can find compensations even in a Purgatory, may also reduce a Paradise to the plane of the matter-of-course. Then we too will return to the radius of the electric train and the suburban directory, a little surprised, perhaps, that we ever went so far away.

But in the meantime all is fresh and new, and there are treasures of worth in the salt breeze and the blue horizon. So it is with a sigh of mingled relief and gratitude that we seek our train among the shadows of Fenchurch Street, and await the moment when the last door is slammed and the shrill whistle sounds. A London porter shouts for the last time his version of our destination in uncouth syllables which no stranger may hope to understand. But we give it the free translation of a happy fancy:

'This is the train for the Suburban Sea!'

WAX-GATHERING IN MALAYA.

By D. W. O. Fagan.

IT was 'way back' in the middle seventies that, disguised as a native silk-merchant, I was in hiding at the Court of the Rajah of Langkat. The Acheenese were in full rebellion against the Dutch authorities. My offence was political, having to do with contraband of war. Suffice it to say that, for various reasons, I was anxious to keep out of the clutches of Mynheer Van Dunk. They put a price on my head that would have made any Malay of the common people as rich as a sultan; but the natives, true to their salt, would as soon have forgone the joys of Paradise as have betrayed the 'Tuan Ferinchi' to the common enemy.

My enforced seclusion lasted twelve months; but, from the Rajah downwards, every one was anxious to make my sojourn as enjoyable as possible. Hamil the 'Pangerang' (or Rajah's heir) and myself were great chums. Many exciting expeditions we had together after big game in the wild interior.

It was one night in late autumn that he and I, in search of fresh experience, accompanied the hunters on a wax-gathering expedition to the forest. And so to my subject.

The wild bees of Malaya are, I take it, a genus apart, larger, fiercer, than those of the domesticated species known to Europe, and differently marked. They hive in the thick jungle of the interior in immense numbers; and with this peculiarity, that in all the wide option of the forest they invariably make their home in one species of tree alone.

The 'rajah-tree' of Sumatra, common to all the islands of Malaya, with a trunk-diameter of six or eight feet, towers amid tropic undergrowth to a height of a hundred and fifty feet or more. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a huge umbrella wide open, poised upright on its handle. No knot or protuberance breaks the smooth, vertical column of the massive trunk till, seventy or eighty feet up from the ground, the crown of branches radiates horizontally from the bole as spokes from the hub of a wheel, or, to carry out my first simile, the ribs of an open umbrella. On and above the branches is superimposed a dome-like mass of dense foliage, flattened and compressed, the outside rim of the mushroom-like top, regular and orderly as though trimmed with giant shears, forming a circle of perhaps two hundred feet diameter.

In the shade of this vast umbrella the bees live in colonies, shielded alike from the fierce rays of

the sun and the flail of the tropic rains that now and again sweep over the forests. Their hives, fashioned of wax, hang in thick clusters from the under-surface of the great limbs. Semicircular in shape, with a circumference of three feet, these hives, of which there may be quite two hundred in one tree, give one the idea of so many gigantic, yellow pudding-basins sticking by their rims beneath the branches.

From time immemorial a sort of semi-religious sanctity has been thrown around all 'rajah-trees.' They are held sacred to the rulers and potentates of those provinces where they grow, who also claim full right of value of all wax produced by the bees. To cut or injure a 'rajah' is regarded as an offence meriting the shortest possible shrift; and if, indeed, any unfortunate Malay of the common people were to cut one down or set it afire accidentally (he would never do it on purpose), I have never been able to find out what sort of frightful thing would happen to him.

Yearly, as the season approaches, armies of bee-trackers are sent out, whose duty it is to mark the young swarms and follow them to their homes, and as soon as it is observed that bees have commenced to frequent a 'rajah-tree' both it and the spot on which it stands are 'tabooed' to prevent any molestation of the insects by a too near approach. As no tree is considered worth robbing unless it contains at least a hundred and fifty hives, the 'taboo' may hang around the tree and its environs for quite a long time.

Where the bee-tree grows far back in the wilds, many miles beyond the settlement-line, the hive-robbing becomes a work of some magnitude, and the expedition may last three weeks. Fortunately in our case the scene of operations was only about four miles, within the fringe of the forest, beyond the village outskirts.

Like burglars setting out to crack a crib, we waited till the shades of night had well fallen ere starting. Like many another nefarious undertaking, hive-robbing is best done in the dark. Precipitation is to be avoided; and, anyhow, as my friend Hamil sensibly put it, 'There 's no use starting in to rob bees till they 're sound asleep.'

On arrival at the village we found the hunters, ten active and athletic Malays, headed by the 'Pungloo' (headman of the village), waiting our presence and the coming of the 'Mullah.' For, though the presence of the Pungloo at a bee-hunt is not indispensable, no company of pious Mohammedans could be got together for a night expedition unless under the leadership of the 'Crang-Kramat' (literally, 'Mystic Man'), as the village priest is called.

Presently, headed by the Mullah, a fine-looking Arab, with grave, ascetic face, we crossed the cleared land, where the moonlight fell in a silver flood, and plunged into the gloom of the forest. Our Pungloo, being fat and heavy, left us at the fringe; and the Mullah, lighting a torch, as with the guide he marched at our head, struck in through the undergrowth. The Pangerang and I followed close in single file, and after us the hunters, bearing various impedimenta on their heads—coils of light, strong rope, baskets, bundles of torches, and bales of split bamboo pegs pointed and fire-hardened to an iron-like rigidity.

Elephant-tracks and rhinoceros-runs pierced the jungle here and there; and where possible, and they led in a right direction, these were followed as offering easy going. Elsewhere, so dense was the maze of scrub and lianas that often the hunters' *krisses* were requisitioned to cut a way for us.

It was a weird and eerie march. No moon-ray pierced the impenetrable roof of foliage. The single torch carried by the Mullah cast a feeble glimmer around the head of the column. The light, striking on tangled ropes of lianas and twisted limbs of trees, threw strange shadows across the path. The dew dropping from the leaves fell on us chill as ice. Great tree-boles came at us out of the darkness, paused in the circle of light as we passed, and were gone, stepping in and out of the shadow like ghosts. The forest was full of the thousand night-noises of the tropics. From out the gloom came the crashing rush of a startled rhinoceros as he made off through the undergrowth, the low growl of prowling tiger, or sibilant hiss of a python overhead.

Hamil and I went finger on trigger, though in the thick gloom a bullet might well prove equally dangerous to friend as foe. With nerves strung to highest tension we marched, the long line of bearers in single file tailing out behind.

'The tree is near,' whispered the guide. 'Through this thicket, and yet a little way.'

Into thicker shadow and denser undergrowth than any we had passed. Suddenly a hurtling rush of some great body through the air, felt rather than seen, a stifled scream, and the frightened bearers bunched around us in a huddled group. A moan or two from aloft, a rustling of leaves overhead, and that was all. Hamil, guided only by the noise of swaying foliage, fired into the gloom above. We heard the *zip, zip* of the ball among the twigs, but whether the shot told on snake or victim who shall say?

'Who is it?' was called.

'It is Ali,' came the answer. 'To-morrow his wife will weep for the father of her child.'

All thought of rescue was hopeless. The man, crushed to a pulp in those fearful folds, had vanished into the night, and there an end.

'Allah Akbar!' called the Mullah. 'God is good. It is the will of God. Take up your burdens, my children, and proceed.'

If the men felt sorry for their comrade's fate, they did not show it in their bearing. The march was resumed; and though, for my part, I felt that much of future enthusiasm was damped by the shock of Ali's terrible death, the hunters were soon whispering away again as gaily as ever.

Human life in Malaya is cheap, and in these

nocturnal expeditions tragedies are frequent. Who shall blame the poor fellows for want of feeling? It may be the turn of any one of them to-morrow. What then? It is *kismet*. The Mullah has blessed each man singly ere setting out. The victim's fate was written on his forehead, and he has gone straight to the joys of Paradise.

The rest of our march was unattended by disaster, and we arrived safely in the vicinity of the tree. Here the tangle of undergrowth fell back, leaving a sort of natural clearing. Silver rays of moonlight flecked the shadows with a sort of half-light. In the centre of the open space the great trunk, massive and column-like, held aloft its huge mushroom top of leaves and branches. One could just make out in the gloom overhead clustering bunches of hives depending in groups from the under-surface of the giant limbs.

At the tree-foot a halt was called, and the Mullah, lifting hands to heaven, invoked the protection of God for his men and a blessing on the undertaking. The group of hunters and ourselves stood silent, with bowed heads, as the priest, chanting the universal prayer of Mohammedans, marched seven times round the tree-trunk. One could almost fancy one's self present at a midnight service in some vast mosque of Nature's fashioning, so weirdly impressive was the scene. The red light of the single torch borne aloft by the Mullah as he moved cast momentary flashes of crimson colour now on tree-bole, now on dusky forms of waiting hunters. Elsewhere deep twilight gloom. The intoned notes of the 'Bismillah-Heigh-Rath-Ma' echoed and re-echoed down the dim aisles of the forest, ringing out solemn and resonant on the heavy air of the thick tropic night. As the last notes died away, the prayer was answered from afar by the shattering roar of a tiger and the nearer trumpeting of an elephant.

With the cessation of prayer, work was commenced in earnest. The reason of the hundreds of pegs became apparent. Two feet from the base of the trunk a pair of pegs, standing abreast and about a foot apart, driven well into the soft bark, formed the first rung of a ladder. Two more were quickly added at a height of eighteen inches above. The man, using a wooden mallet, mounted his ladder as it grew, standing on the pegs, and clinging by one hand, as he drove a second pair above his head. The men relieved each other in turns, and the peg-driving went on quickly, till from base to crown the smooth trunk was marked perpendicularly by an easily negotiable ladder of pegs.

From a waiting group of men who had hitherto only watched the proceedings, the first of the hive-gatherers sprang forward, mounted the ladder, and, shinning out far on a great lateral branch, hauled up with a rope he had carried with him a large semicircular basket, which he slung to the limb beneath the first hive selected.

The next step was to light a torch which in burning gave off a thick cloud of white smoke. The bees had not yet waked from their slumbers; but when the man, holding his torch close to the orifice of the hive, rapped smartly on the waxen wall with a scimitar-shaped wooden knife, we could hear the angry *buzz-z-z* of the insects from where we stood a hundred feet below, as they emerged in an outrushing swarm. A rain of dead bees, meeting the fiery death of the torch, fell on our upturned faces. The great majority of those that escaped, stupefied by the narcotic fumes of the *damma*-soaked torch, were practically harmless. The man's body, too, had been carefully rubbed with a pungent essence, distilled from the leaves of the wild pepper-tree, peculiarly repellent to all the bee-tribe, and only about a dozen bees succeeded in getting 'home' on him.

Working the point of his knife between the rim of the hive and the wood, the hunter dropped the hive into the suspended basket, and it was quickly lowered to the waiting group below. Far overhead was a noise of a myriad enraged insects, shrill and fierce.

Luckily, the bees, dazed by the rapid fall of their home, made no attempt to follow the hive to the ground, contenting themselves with frantic buzzing in the tree-top—a fact for which I, at least, was truly thankful.

The hives are taken singly, one man only being allowed in the tree at a time; and though the bees in neighbouring hives cannot fail to be aroused by the noise of their neighbours' spoliation, there seems fortunately a sort of selfish individualism and want of solidarity on the part of the various bee-communities that precludes the taking of united action to repel the invader. Hence it is only from the bees of the hive actually in process of demolition that the hive-gatherer has anything to fear.

Fifty hives were taken on the first night, the men working in relays; and as with dawn the million bees from every hive, fully awakened, would be ready and eager for business, and as already signs of the coming day were apparent, it was decided to leave the remainder to be brought in on a future occasion.

The men below had not been idle. As each hive reached the ground the honey was quickly pressed from the wax, which was at once packed in bales for transport on the bearers' heads. No attempt was made to save the honey, nor did I see any eaten; though, even while hard at work, the men—scooping them into their mouths in handfuls—gorged great quantities of young bees, of which they are inordinately fond.

Malays are splendid climbers, and, considering the hazardous nature of the work, accidents in the actual hive-gathering are remarkably few; though from a careless use of the torch or an insufficient anointment of oil, cases sometimes occur of a man, paralysed by many stings, meeting his death by a fall from the tree.

One danger, happily rare, is more dreaded than aught else. The big brown bear of Malaya is

himself a bee-fancier, with a fine taste for new honey. It sometimes happens that, all unknown to each other, bear and hunters have fixed their attention on an identical tree, and the unconscious hive-taker, mounting his ladder of pegs seventy or eighty feet above mother-earth, finds himself confronted by an enraged Bruin, who, having his enemy at a disadvantage, uses his long, scythe-shaped claws so effectually that the unfortunate man's interest in bee-hunting is closed for ever.

The weight of wax in an average hive is eight or ten pounds, and from a good tree as much as a thousand pounds of wax is frequently obtained.

In our case, the fifty hives secured on the first night yielded considerably over four hundred pounds, which, on our return to the village in the early morning, was taken to the palace, weighed, and valued; the Rajah finally distributing among his faithful subjects a sum equal to about one quarter the value of the whole.

The bee-hunting industry of Malaya gives annual employment to some thousands; and though little heard of outside those countries where it flourishes, and its market quotations find no place in the money-columns of the newspapers, it is, notwithstanding, a business of no mean importance in the Far East, and it is to the profits arising from the industry that the native Rajahs and other potentates look for large part of their revenues. The wax, being of superfine quality, commands a ready sale in the China markets at a price equal to a shilling or eighteenpence per pound.

From earliest historic times wax has formed a staple of Malay trade, and with true Oriental conservatism and contempt of mere expediency, the manner of work and tools used have not altered with the ages, being still probably identical with those employed in the days of Abraham. Many age-old superstitions have, with the centuries, grown around the industry, persisting even to the present day. One in particular, if only from its apparently utter unreasonableness, deserves mention—the strict prohibition against the employment of metal in any shape. Though—especially in the case of the knife used to cut the hives from the branches—the use of steel would be a distinct advantage, the knives, mallets, and other tools, even to the scales and weights used for weighing the wax, are fashioned solely of wood. The origin of the prohibition is shrouded in the mystery of immemorial eld, and no one when questioned, not even the Mullah, could give a reason for it.

A CASE OF CAPTURE.

By Arthur H. Henderson.

PART I.

'YOU have heard the evidence of the captain?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And of the chief engineer?'

'Yes.'

'No doubt you have talked over all the details of the loss among yourselves a good deal lately?'

'Well, we have a bit,' the witness agreed rather reluctantly.

'Especially when you heard there was to be an inquiry, I suppose,' the young barrister commented with significance. 'And you are all of the same opinion?'

'Yes, sir.' The answer was emphatic.

'You adhere to the statement, then, that there had been constant trouble with the steam steering-gear all the voyage?'

The witness nodded.

'Speak, man! Nodding won't do,' said Neville Orr sharply.

The burly bo's'un glowered. 'It was about the unhandiest thing in the ship,' he grunted sulkily. 'Times it broke down; times it jammed.'

'Yet, knowing this, you went into Las Palmas without preparing the hand-gear for use in case of emergency?'

''Twas for the cap'en to order it,' said the witness with surliness.

'And he gave you no instructions about this?'

'Never a one.'

'Ah!' Again a peculiar significance rang in the suave tones. 'One more thing, please: had you any insurances on the *Redan* yourself?'

'Not me.' The bo's'un seemed relieved at being able to give the answer. ''Ain't no notion 'ow to do sich things.'

'Perhaps you wish you had now,' came the swift rejoinder.

'No, I don't,' said the witness angrily, as his examination ended and he left the box.

The dull December afternoon was ending. The fog, which had scarcely lifted all day, was settling down with the oncoming night in a thick pall of darkness. There was clinging fog in the well of the court where the shorthand-writers bent over their notes; there was vaporous fog drifting from the passages in through the swinging doors; there was sombre fog hazing the lights into misty dimness above the seats of the magistrate and his two nautical advisers. Witnesses coughed in the suffocating atmosphere, and the public seats were long since deserted. Blacker and blacker the evil gloom deepened, so that elderly gentlemen fidgeted restlessly and wondered how they were going to get home.

'We will adjourn till to-morrow morning at

eleven,' the magistrate decreed. 'You can continue any needful cross-examination then, Mr Orr.'

The barrister bowed, and an audible sigh of relief arose at the announcement.

The occasion was the official investigation into the circumstances of the wreck of the British steamer *Redan* of the Battle Line, which struck the rocks at the entrance to Las Palmas on a voyage from Sydney to London with a valuable cargo of wool.

As Neville Orr, who appeared for the Board of Trade, collected his papers he reflected that his case so far had been very satisfactory. From the mass of prevarication he was gradually extracting details. Unwilling witnesses wriggled under his fire of questions. Particulars of overloading, undermanning, and probably, too, of large over-insurances were coming to light. To which was to be added the simple fact, not yet satisfactorily explained, how the *Redan* came to be lost in broad daylight and fine weather when making a well-known harbour. The barrister smiled grimly as he thought how he would sift out the evidence, and marshal in emphatic accumulation all his points to prove the wilful destruction of the steamer.

But the owner and the captain were clever, and they had come into court with a brazen confidence that had roused every fighting instinct in the opposing counsel. From the solicitors to the Board of Trade he knew how vessel after vessel of the Battle Line had been lost in recent years, and how public suspicion of the management had grown. At Lloyd's, too, the most scathing statements were being freely made.

As Orr's examination of the witnesses had proceeded, the managing director and real owner of the line had begun to show signs of uneasiness. Old Harold Graham regarded the young barrister as an enemy intent on convicting him of crime. Never had any one dared to utter such innuendos or draw such inferences in the astute old autocrat's presence before. He was furious with rage, and longed to crush the impudent young upstart who had crossed his path.

Already the investigation had lasted two days. The morrow would see the arguments of counsel and the decision of the Court. Large sums of money as well as men's reputations were involved, and Orr meant to make a speech which would decide the case, if possible, for his side. There should be no evasion of the issues; the ship-owners should be shown up; a summary check should be dealt to this casting-away of steamers. He was assured, too, that much depended on his own efforts; the powerful solicitors to the Board of Trade had openly told him so with friendliest confidence. They were relying on him to combat successfully the specious arguments of the great K.C. retained on Mr Graham's behalf.

Phew, how dense the fog was! The choking, pasty darkness drove down the mud-encrusted streets, and the loom of the flaring gas-lights in the shop windows flickered in faint, yellow smudges over the greasy pavement. The rays of the electric street-lamps were lost in the gloom, and their iron columns simply pointed to long cones of shadow in the darkness overhead. Foot-passengers and vehicles were mere black shapes that passed in the blur.

Orr was unmarried, and a sudden whimsical wish possessed him that a pretty wife and snug home of his own were awaiting him on this dismal day. He rarely admitted to himself that his bachelor chambers were lonely, yet he sometimes wondered how it would feel to have a bright-hearted girl eager for his return. In the thirty-three years of his life Orr had been amused by many women, had liked a few, and had loved none. His work had been very exacting, but at last he had started on a clear career of success at the lucrative Admiralty Bar.

A voice spoke at his elbow out of the smother of the emptying street. 'Ay, that's 'im right enuff, Bill.'

Before Orr could attach any import to the words a man stopped him, touching his cap respectfully. 'Want a taxicab, sir? 'Ere's one as is willin' to go through the fog.'

Orr hesitated; he was tired. The outline of a motor slid alongside the kerb. It was a large car for a mere taxicab. Then, before he realised what was happening, Orr was seized from behind and his elbows pinned to his sides by a mighty grip. For a second he was aware of being propelled forcibly into the waiting motor-car. Then the door snapped behind him, and he remembered nothing more.

When he recovered consciousness he was still in the motor-car, and his head ached with persistence. A grimy man who smelt alcoholic watched him warningly.

'Salvage from the *Redan*,' his warder informed Orr genially, indicating the handcuffs with which the latter's wrists were secured. 'But I'll take 'em off yer soon as we're aboard. 'Tis jest necessary precaution-like, yer know.'

Orr differed, and said so. His tongue was free, and he used it with lurid eloquence.

'Easy there,' his companion chuckled composedly. 'Stow that jawin' or I'll gag yer. I guess it won't 'urt yer ter cool yer claws in country retirement, so ter speak, till that there trial is over, an' yer can't do no more mischief. Too glib, that's wot's wrong wi' yer.'

Orr chafed in maddening impotence. He had never felt so helpless in his life.

'I suppose you are aware what a serious offence you are committing?' he demanded belligerently.

'I'm paid ter risk that,' the man told him coolly. 'S' long as I don't let yer go till I'm ordered I'm easy on that 'ead. An' I don't mean yer ter escape, mister, no'ow. So yer 'ad best take it quiet an 'appy-like, an' yer won't come ter no 'arm, I reckons. See?'

Orr sat silent, cudgelling his brains. For the moment resistance was absolutely futile. It was evident that he had been kidnapped temporarily in order to prevent his appearance in court to-morrow.

The other side feared his attack on them immensely, and had taken this extraordinary step to avert it. This was complimentary to his abilities, but he writhed with silent fury at the assault.

'Pompous old crow that there beak!' broke in his companion in reflective disgust. ''E's in a 'urry ter finish the case, too. Won't wait 'cos yer don't turn up —not 'e.'

So Mr Harold Graham & Company were sure of the investigation being completed in his absence. The barrister understood.

'Where are you taking me?' asked Orr shortly, masking his wrath as best he could under an assumption of indifference.

But his guardian dissuaded inquiries. 'Yer'll see in good time,' he consoled. 'Nasty thick night it is 'ere, too! Lor'! but I was fair scared in this craft a-comin' through them narrer streets Mile End way. A smash would 'ave let yer out.'

So there are occasions when even a motor accident might be desirable, Orr reflected grimly. And they were going east, were they? He wondered how long he had been unconscious.

The absence of all hills showed that the motor was travelling a level country—probably Essex flats. He stared out into the night. Were they near the sea? A thick cloak of mist white as wool shrouded the land, and the car was moving warily. Everything was blotted out in waves of cold fog. Orr fancied he could smell water.

Presently the motor came to an unexpected stop. Orr's companion let down the window, and a whiff of cold air blew inwards, laden with moisture. Orr could just discern a grassy bank, a stretch of mud-coloured estuary, and the dim shape of a vessel in the curling mist.

The chauffeur flourished a lantern and uplifted a stentorian voice summoning one Albert. A frowsy figure appeared at the vessel's side in response. Albert was bidden with shouts to bestir himself, and he thereupon indicated a gangway. No one seemed to fear that they would alarm the neighbourhood by noise. The solitude was profound.

There were no deck-lamps on the ship, but from a skylight aft a sickly radiance penetrated the vague obscurity of the fog. Orr's guardian bade him brusquely proceed on board.

'Yer 'ad best go peaceful-like,' his captor's voice rang with sinister meaning; and the chauffeur closed in menacingly beside him. Escape was clearly impossible, and Orr obeyed. He was fairly trapped.

He was guided to a tiny chartroom under a diminutive bridge, and an electric light was switched on. It was a trim little place, and Orr surmised that he was on some yacht which was laid up in an Essex backwater for the winter. He sat down wearily on a locker, and his guardian removed the handcuffs.

'Yer ain't bin no spes'ul trouble so far.' His informant wagged his head approvingly. 'She 'll bring yer some grub 'erself, she sez, an' then yer can doss down 'ere for the night; an' don't forgit yer prayers in yer disappointment. Yer can't git out, 'cos me an' my mates an' the dawg—wot bites 'orrible—will see ter that. Dont yer cross th' animal; 'e's a fair terror in a scrap, 'e is.'

With which parting advice the door was slammed and locked. As a further hint a dog was stirred into a harrowing howl outside, and Orr was left alone.

He jumped to his feet and opened the porthole. All outside was dark. The swish of the water licking sloppily against the yacht's side had a very lonesome sound. He shivered at the raw night air and closed the porthole hastily.

And who was 'she'?

Gradually he began to notice arrangements apparently made for his reception, showing how his capture had been elaborately planned. A small oil-stove burned comfortingly in a corner, and a pile of blankets had been ostentatiously placed on the locker. A box of cigarettes and some matches were laid out on the chartroom table, and—by Jove!—a cut-glass jar of whisky and a siphon of soda shone with invitation. Orr helped himself thirstily—he needed it. Then he even laughed when he found a magazine put out for him—it was a ladies' journal.

He suddenly decided that he was very hungry.

A voice called to him from the other side of the locked chartroom door. 'If I bring you in some supper will you promise not to rush past me?' it asked cautiously.

'Certainly, till supper is over,' Orr shouted back, only too pleased. He was by no means desirous of escaping from something to eat.

The key turned promptly, and a bolt was shot back. Next moment the voice's owner appeared with a large tray most temptingly filled. It was a girl.

'I seem to have taken you by surprise,' said the bringer of the tray demurely.

She had—distinctly. Orr had received yet another shock on that eventful evening.

'I've come to wait on you, sir,' she told him.

She whisked some cigarette-ash off the chartroom table and proceeded to lay the cloth with a servant's trained dexterity. Orr watched her, amazed. Where on earth had he seen her face before?

She was bewilderingly pretty, large-eyed, with a wonderfully clear, white skin. She was wrapped in a long, rather shabby cloak, which, however, could not conceal the alluring outlines of her dainty figure. Orr noticed, above all else in a woman's dress, the shoes she wore; this girl's were very small and smart. She pushed back the hood from her head in the heat of the chartroom, and this revealed a bewitching mass of the fairest wavy hair, two provoking pink ears, and a dimpled chin. Her resemblance to some one he had once met was baffling. But Orr searched his memory in vain.

'It is all ready, sir,' she announced. 'My—my mistress hopes you will find your supper nice.'

'Who is she?' asked Orr, turning with abruptness.

The girl meditated a moment. Then she raised

her eyes to his with a little glint of defiance in them. 'Her name is Graham—Helen Graham,' she said.

'Oh, a daughter of the ship-owner,' commented Orr coldly. 'Now I understand.'

'Not a daughter, an only niece,' he was told in quick correction.

'Well, I won't mention my opinion of her conduct,' Orr declared darkly. 'Later on she is likely to hear what people think—in another place.'

The girl wrinkled her brows and looked rather perturbed. Orr sincerely hoped she was.

'If you 'll let me explain'—— she proposed.

'Explanation is impossible,' Orr pronounced with asperity.

A pair of aggravating blue eyes sought his unflinchingly.

'Perhaps your temper will be better when you have had something to eat,' she hoped indulgently.

Orr grunted, with his mouth full.

'My mistress is much happier now that she has got you safe like this. It was partly her own idea,' she confided.

This too was unmollifying. An unsuitable rejoinder concerning lunatics rose to Orr's lips. He checked the impulse.

She watched him keenly, her small head aslant. Then, 'Have we met before?' she asked abruptly.

'We shall probably meet again—in a police court,' Orr parried. So she was puzzled too at the encounter, he noted.

'I expect everything will come all right,' she considered with somewhat affected cheerfulness.

Orr devoted himself to his meal. At the same time he found himself wondering if the mistress was half as pretty as the maid. An unaccountable train of thought led him to glance unexpectedly at his waitress's left hand. It was very fine and white; also, it was destitute of a ring on a certain finger.

The said hand caught itself away into a pocket of its owner's cloak. Her chin rose high.

'Anyhow, this—this detention—is all your own fault. The things you said in court about Mr Graham were simply disgraceful,' she averred with spirit.

'You shouldn't be misled by the papers,' said Orr bluntly. 'You only get a lot of silly ideas into your head. You are not in a position to judge.' He spoke in his most superior, legal fashion.

'Oh, I suppose you think that I have no brains!' cried the girl disdainfully, indignation mantling red on her oval cheeks.

Orr, pointedly, didn't say.

'Just like a man,' she proclaimed, and her hearer was astonished at the bitterness in her voice. 'You are very clever—oh, I know your reputation!—and you use your cleverness to injure Mr Graham. Why, in your heart you know that the *Redan* was lost by the jamming of her steering-gear!' she cried.

Orr informed her curtly that he was aware of nothing of the sort.

'And it is abominable of you to contradict so flatly,' she opined.

Orr increased his iniquities by murmuring that he didn't care.

'That 's simply impertinent,' she pursued irately. 'I have a great mind to go straight away at once.'

Quaintly enough Orr felt that he *did* care at this sudden prospect of solitude. However, the girl, on her part, seemed in no hurry to carry out her threat.

It was a curious scene in a little chartroom. The girl, erect and flushed with annoyance, made a perfect picture of dainty scorn. Her breast heaved stormily; one little foot beat an impatient tattoo on the floor. There was no hint of the nervousness of an inferior in her manner. She scanned the man's clean-cut, handsome face with deep resentment. A strange suspicion crept over the barrister's mind.

(To be continued.)

THE EXECUTIONER OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

By J. B. Williams.

HEN King Charles stepped upon the scaffold at Whitehall Gate—the very entrance of his own palace—at a little before two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, January 30, 1649, two executioners were awaiting His Majesty, for it had been thought that the King would resist or refuse to bow his head. And so, not only had cords, staples, and pulleys been provided with which to force him down to the block if necessary, but also the headsman had been given an assistant for the purpose.

According to the grisly custom of the times, each of these men wore a mask (visors they were called), was attired in the executioner's 'frock' (or close-fitting woollen tunic), and had on 'frieze trunk-breeches.' One of the two—and this was the man who held up the King's head and called out, 'This is the head of a traitor'—wore a black wig and false beard, and had a black hat 'cocked up' on his head. The other—the man who struck the fatal blow—had on a gray beard and a gray periwig. It was necessary that they should be effectually disguised in order to shield them from popular vengeance; and, though the day was frosty, a bright sun was shining.

One horror-struck witness of what followed was Philip Henry, the father of a worthy Nonconformist divine, the biblical commentator Matthew Henry; for his own father was an old page of the King, and had apartments in Whitehall. He says that he saw it all 'with a sad heart,' and that at the instant

when the axe fell 'there was such a dismal universal groan among the thousands of people that were within sight of it' as he never heard before and prayed he might never hear again; and he adds that immediately this was done one troop of horse commenced to march up King's Street (now called Whitehall) towards Charing Cross, and another from Charing Cross to Whitehall, 'purposely to disperse and scatter the people, and to divert the dismal thoughts they could not but be filled with by driving every one to shift for his own safety.'

Earlier in the day a troop of horse had been sent to fetch Richard Brandon, the hangman, from his house in Whitechapel; and he had been brought to Whitehall alone and without his assistant. But at the trial of the regicides on October 15, 1660, a waterman called Abraham Smith gave evidence, and said that directly afterwards, 'as soon as that fatal blow was given,' as he was walking about Whitehall, 'down came a file of musketeers.

'The first word they said was this, "Where be the bargemen?"

'Answer was made, "Here are none."

'Away they directed the hangman into my boat. Going into the boat, he gave one of the soldiers a half-crown.

'Saith the soldiers, "Away with him! Begone quickly."

'But I, fearing this hangman had cut off the King's head, trembled that he should come into my boat, but dared not to examine him on shore for fear of the soldiers. So out I launched, and having got a little way in the water, said I, "Who the devil have I got in my boat?"

'Says the fellow, says he, "Why?"

'I directed my speech to him, saying, "Are you the hangman that cut off the King's head?"

'"No, as I am a sinner to God," saith he, "not I." He shook every joint of him.

'I knew not what to do. I rowed away a little farther and fell to a keen examination of him. When I had got him a little farther, "Tell me true," said I, "are you the hangman that hath cut off the King's head? I cannot carry you," said I.

'"No," saith he. "I was fetched with a troop of horse, and I was kept a close prisoner at Whitehall, and truly I did not do it. I was kept a close prisoner all the while; but they had my instruments."

'I said I would sink the boat if he would not tell me true; but he denied it with several protestations.'

It is clearly in consequence of protestations like this that Richard Brandon lived unmolested at his house in Rosemary Lane, Whitechapel, until his death on June 20, 1649. It does not matter that he afterwards is said to have confessed that he was the man, for plenty of others made the same boast, and we can set aside the accounts (all of them Royalist) of his delirious deathbed ravings. It would have been strange, indeed, if a public executioner had died peaceably in those days. The points to note are, firstly, that many other people were then (as well as at the Restoration) accused of having acted in his place; and, secondly, that he was alone and without his assistant.

Of the ten licensed 'newsbooks' which appeared during the week after the hangman's death, two only, the *Kingdomes Weekly Intelligencer* and the *Moderate Intelligencer*, contained accounts of a death-bed confession that he had actually beheaded the King; and both these periodicals were strongly Presbyterian and secretly Royalist. Probably the licenser purposely allowed the story to be inserted in them in order further to conceal the real person.

It is to the principal Independent newsbook, *Perfect Occurrences of Every Daies Journall*, and its writer, Henry Walker, that attention should be given. Walker says in his newsbook for 30th March-6th April 1649: 'Some have lately laid an imputation on Captain Edward Fradsham that he was the King's headsman. But the contrary is attested by those in whose company he was. And indeed the report is ridiculous.' Henry Walker lived in King's Street, was hand in glove with Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, and *knew* that Brandon was not the man.

It is a matter for great surprise that so important a person as Henry Walker should have been forgotten. No one—not even Cromwell himself—was better known and more hated than this red-haired newsmonger, the man who threw the pamphlet, '*To your tents, O Israel!*' into the King's coach in 1642. He had an amazing career. First an ironmonger, then at Queen's College, Cambridge, for a few months, then ordained deacon by the puritanically minded Bishop Williams of Lincoln, then expelled by his bishop from the ranks of the clergy, then a bookseller and vendor of seditious and puritanical pamphlets, and, lastly, placed in the pillory in Cheapside in 1642 for the insult to his sovereign, and only saved from the hangman by his King's special intercession with the Parliament. Walker retired from the public view in 1643, and joined the army, only reappearing in 1647, when the Independents came to the front, as the writer of *Perfect Occurrences*. Yet very nearly a thousand books and pamphlets written by him are in existence in the Thomason Collection (most, of course, being newsbooks), some of which are unsigned and some signed with the anagrams or pseudonyms of 'Luke Harruney,' 'Valkrue,' 'Neh. Lawkerry,' 'Voluntas Ambulatoria,' &c., for he was one of the most prolific writers of his day. What is quite certain is that Walker, after expressing the most unbounded gratitude and devotion to King Charles for saving his life in his *Modest Vindication of Henry Walker*, was in the forefront with the men who deliberately designed the King's death.

Those who know Martin Parker the ballad-writer's famous old song, 'When the King enjoys

his own again,' must have noticed the verse in it:

> Does Walker no predictions lack,
> In Hammond's *Bloody Almanack*
> Foretelling things that would ensue,
> That all proves right if lies be true?
> But why should not he the pillory foresee,
> Wherein poor Toby once was ta'en;
> And also foreknow to the gallows he must go
> When the King enjoys his own again?

This was written at the time of Walker's first literary forgery, at the end of the year 1647, when Colonel Hammond was the King's custodian in the Isle of Wight, and when Parker was writing a periodical called *Mercurius Melancholicus*. In the number of this 'Mercury' which was published for December 18–25, 1647, Parker exclaims of Walker: 'He hath counterfeited Mr Booker's name [John Booker, the astrologer] under the false title of a *Bloody Almanack*. . . . He dare not denie but it is feloniously stolne out of the treasures of old Brightman and other reverend authors. . . . Well, Harry, when all is done I see thou wilt be a knave, doe what I can.' The Rev. Thomas Brightman, who died in the year 1607, was one of the first exponents of the prophecies of the prophet Daniel and of the Apocalypse in what I may be permitted to call a rabid Protestant sense, and the contents of Walker's forged almanac are very plainly stolen from his works, as Parker said. The *Bloody Almanack* for the year 1648 will be found duly catalogued to John Booker, who had nothing to do with it, and the feature in it which so excited Martin Parker's wrath was the illustration on its title-page depicting a prisoner on his knees at the bar of the House of Commons, with the three inscriptions, 'His Majestie's Return to the Parliament,' 'The Execution of Justice,' and 'The Joy and Peace of the People.' The King had escaped from Hampton Court in order to avoid assassination at the time when this appeared; and thus, even at that early date, Henry Walker knew what was going to happen a year later on.

On February 3, 1648, Walker published his piracy of the Jesuit Father Robert Parsons' book; a full account of which, and of his real share in publishing it, will be found in Anthony à Wood's Life of Parsons in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. This book was the basis of all Bradshaw's arguments at the attempted 'trial' of the King. Father Parsons' book was entitled *A Conference about the Next Succession of the Crown of England*, and was written to advocate the exclusion of James the First from the throne of England. The object of Walker's forged version of this may be gathered from the title which he gave it: *Several Speeches Made at a Conference concerning the Power of Parliaments to Proceed against their King for Misgovernment.*

This was not all, for on February 25 Walker remarked in his newsbook (*à propos* of the Bill of Attainder against Strafford and a speech by Pym): 'But there is a book translated into English called *Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos* which fully clears all such disputes.' *Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos* appeared on March 1, 1648, and (though it may be doubted whether he could construe a Latin sentence properly) Walker was at any rate responsible for the book, and it was issued by his publisher, Ibbitson.

Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos was the work of the French Protestant Hubert Languet, and was first published in 1579. It is largely based on Machiavelli, and is said by Lenglet-Dufresnoy to be one of the most dangerous books of the kind ever written. I have elsewhere described the rest of Walker's extraordinary career, his sermon before Cromwell on the eve of the latter's starting for his campaign in Scotland, the burning of that sermon by the hangman owing to its scandalous dedication, the book which he dedicated to Cromwell, and the benefices which he successively obtained under his rule, all which is exceedingly discreditable to Cromwell; and now pass on to the evidence offered at the trial of the regicides on October 15, 1660.

At the Restoration no one for a moment suggested that Brandon was the executioner of the King. The House of Commons at once took the matter up. One Matthew, who had boasted that he had beheaded the King, was ordered to be arrested on 14th May 1660. He was found to be innocent and discharged.

Then William Lilly the astrologer was examined by a committee appointed on 2nd June, and tells us in his autobiography that 'Robert Spavin, secretary unto Lt.-Gen. Cromwell,' came with the others 'to dine with me a fortnight after the King's death;' and adds: 'Their principal discourse all dinner-time was only who it was that beheaded the King. One said it was the common hangman, another Hugh Peters, others were nominated, but none concluded. Robert Spavin, as soon as dinner was done, took me to the south window. Saith he, "These are all mistaken, they have not named the man that did the fact; it was Lt.-Col. Joyce [the tailor who abducted the King from Holdenby]. I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it, when done, went in again unto him. There's no man knows this but my master Commissary Ireton and myself."'

But there was a serious objection to this, and it was that Robert Spavin was not a credible witness. In June 1649 Cromwell dismissed him from his service for forging his hand and seal, and he was sentenced to ride on horseback 'from Whitehall to Westminster, and thence through the City, with an inscription on his back and breast written in capital letters to signifie his crime.' So it is not surprising to find that nothing more was heard about Joyce. Phineas Payne and Christopher Alured, mentioned in the State Papers for 1660 (June 26 and July 9), can also be dismissed. In the preparation of the case against the regicides for their trial in October the real facts came out, and William Hulett was found to have been one of the two men. Hulett was, therefore, tried with the other regicides, and

at these trials a very important witness was called, one Lieutenant-Colonel John Nelson, who had been sent for from Ireland.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Nelson was the 'Captain John Nelson' on whose behalf Cromwell wrote a letter demanding arrears of pay on 10th March 1643, and who had subsequently served under Lord Inchiquin in Ireland. He had thus come into personal contact with Colonels Axtell and Hewson, whose regiments also served in Ireland after the King's death, and was an unimpeachable witness. Axtell had the ordering of the King's 'execution,' and at his trial Nelson testified that 'upon a discourse with the prisoner in Dublin, five or six years since, and asking him who it was that executed the King, saith he, "It was Hulett and Walker." I desired to know their reward. "Truly," said he, "I do not know whether thirty pounds apiece or between them." I said it was a small reward for a work of that nature. "Truly," said he, "that was all."'

Again, at Hulett's trial, Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson testified that Axtell said, '"We pitched upon two stout fellows." "Who were those?" said I. "It was Walker and Hulett; they were both sergeants in Kent when you were there" [that is, just after Walker had been put in the pillory and had joined the army]. "Who gave the blow?" said I. Saith he, "Poor Walker, and Hulett took up the head."'

There were other witnesses, but I think enough has been said. There was only one Walker in the eyes of England at that time, and the fact that his Christian name, Henry, is omitted is additional evidence that Henry Walker, the red-haired newsmonger—'Judas,' as the Royalists had dubbed him long before the King's death—was the actual perpetrator of that black and awful deed.

It remains to be added that on August 3, 1660 (before Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson had arrived from Ireland), Walker published his last book. Its title, *Serious Observations lately made Touching his Majesty King Charles the Second;* the Hebrew anagram on the title-page, with a translation to the effect that 'The King hath prepared a refreshing, he hath crushed it out of the rock by degrees;' 'Published to inform the People per H. Walker, S.S.T.S.;' and its contents, literally fawning on and beslavering the King, and speaking of his Royal father, 'whom treacherous servants slew'—all mark him out as a rogue beyond compare when one considers his share in urging on the King's fate by his writings, and his scurrilous and vile *True Manner of the Crowning of Charles II. King* (by the Scots), 27th February 1650. And if to all this is added, as I think it will now be added, that his was the hand that struck the fatal blow, then Henry Walker becomes one of the vilest wretches known to history, one before whom even Titus Oates must take second place; for the King whom he murdered had actually saved his life.

There are two other suspected persons who should be mentioned. One is Henry Porter, alluded to in a letter from the Marquis of Ormonde to Secretary Bennett as having been in prison for two years in Ireland under suspicion of being 'the actual executioner of Charles the First.' The letter is dated 29th April 1663, and is to be found among the Irish State Papers. Clearly this man was arrested on account of his Christian name, Henry, and the similarity of his surname, Porter, to Walker, owing to the reports which came to Ireland from England.

The other person is William Walker of Darnal, Sheffield, whom local tradition identifies as not only the translator of *Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos* but also the executioner of the King. William Walker was the secretary of General Lambert, and died peacefully at Darnal in 1700. All reports of warrants having been sent down for his arrest must be nonsense, for he was made a freeman of the Sheffield Cutlers' Company in 1681. The books of Queen's College, Cambridge, show that Henry Walker came from Derby, which is not very distant from Sheffield; and, therefore, it may be inferred that the two were related, and that the warrants which came down were for the arrest of Henry and not William Walker. An account of the latter is to be found in Hunter and Gatty's *Hallamshire*, in which the authors, who had not otherwise any knowledge of Henry Walker's career, actually say: 'There can be little doubt that the Walker here spoken of was Henry Walker, of whom John Taylor wrote *The Whole Life and Progress of Henry Walker the Ironmonger*' (published after Walker's appearance in the pillory). But the parish registers of Darnal contradict the supposition that William and Henry were the same man, for not only do they record William Walker's burial in 1700 (there is, or was, a brass to his memory in the parish church), but they also contain an entry of his baptism on 2nd September 1621, as 'Willm. Walker fil. Robti. Walker.' The tradition, therefore, so far as it goes, must be taken as confirming the fact that Henry Walker beheaded his King.

Hulett was reprieved, and was not executed. History has drawn a veil over the last scenes of Henry Walker's life. Where he went and what became of him no one knows.

THE SECRET VOICE.

'The road is hard,' you said; 'the way is long,
Stony, and steep—a path to test the strong,
And you must go alone. Be brave, dear heart!
One kiss—farewell—for here our pathways part.'

Then you were lost to view. With gazing blind,
I turned at last my stony path to find;
Harder and steeper than my soul had dreamed,
And lonelier far than death to me it seemed.

Now, weary, spent, I struggle up the slope,
Yet, through despair, remembrance whispers hope;
'Be brave!' you said, who never spoke in vain,
And courage rises in my heart again.

Gus Gordon.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, *John Chinaman at Home*, &c.

EVERY one knows something about 'Gib,' or 'The Rock,' as military people call Gibraltar; but only those who have studied it are aware how interesting is this Key of the Mediterranean. Gibraltar, the Mons Calpe of the ancients and one of the Pillars of Hercules, was first known to the Phœnicians. Calpe was the European and Abyla the African Pillar of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* land. Gibraltar was not inhabited until the Moors invaded Spain. It was called Gebal-Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik, from Tarik, the Moorish leader. Its present name is a corruption of these two words. Another derivation given is Gebal-el-Tar, or the Steep Hill.

The rock was taken and retaken by the Moors and Spanish several times. After a siege of only three days, it surrendered to a British squadron on 24th July 1704. Altogether there have been fourteen sieges of Gibraltar. The last, which was by France and Spain, began in 1779, and continued for four years. The floating batteries that could, it was said, neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken, were either burnt, sunk, or taken.

Many traditions and traces of this last and greatest siege remain. After it was ended the Spanish commander-in-chief visited the fortress, and said to some British artillery officers who were presented to him, 'Gentlemen, I would rather see you here as friends than on your batteries as enemies, where you never spared me.' When he was conducted through one of the galleries he exclaimed, 'These works are worthy of the Romans.' One battery so annoyed the Spanish that they called it Lengua del Diablo, and this name of Devil's Tongue is still given to a place at the end of the Old Mole. The guns on even the highest point of the Rock were frequently dismounted by the enemy's fire during the siege.

In Spain King Charles asked every morning, 'Is it taken?' and to the negative he never failed to reply, 'It will soon be ours.' We all know the legend of the Queen of Spain saying that she would not leave the mountain overlooking Gibraltar until the fortress were taken, and of the Governor allowing the Spanish flag to be hoisted for a few minutes so that she could leave her uncomfortable watch-tower with honour.

During the siege there were some wonderful escapes. A shell blew an old woman out of a window, but she sustained no hurt beyond a few bruises. Another shell, bursting, fractured a soldier's head, broke an arm in two places, one of his legs, and a finger; but he had so good a constitution that in eleven weeks he recovered. Scurvy caused many more deaths than the enemy's fire. Fortunately a ship was taken laden with lemons and oranges. These were given to the sick, and most of them regained health. General Elliott, who was Governor during the siege, when going round one day said to a sentry, 'Do you know me; and if so, why do you not present arms?' 'Because,' was the reply, 'within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket.' The Governor said, 'Now, my friend, give me your musket, and I will relieve you; go and have your wounds dressed.'

During the destruction of the Spanish batteries the same general found a captain of the Spanish artillery dreadfully wounded. He ordered him to be removed to a place of safety; but the Spaniard exclaimed, 'No, sir—no; leave me, and let me perish amid the ruins of my post!' In a few minutes he died. It was afterwards found that he had commanded the guard of one of the batteries, and that when his men fled he rushed forward into the attacking column, exclaiming, 'At least one Spaniard shall die honourably.'

The galleries are the great sight of Gibraltar. They are pierced with embrasures blasted out of the rock. They are divided into two ranges, the lower and the higher, the latter containing two magnificent halls, St George's and Cornwallis's. They are of no use for modern guns, but a visit to them is worth paying on account of their history.

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

On one occasion General Elliott exclaimed, 'I would give a thousand dollars to any one who would tell me how to bring a flanking fire on these works,' pointing to some very troublesome batteries of the enemy. A sergeant by the name of Ince stepped forward and made a suggestion that resulted in the excavation of the famous galleries. Ince became a commissioned officer, and the Duke of Kent gave him a good horse, having observed that he was in the habit of riding a miserable screw. Meeting him one day not on the new horse, the Duke asked why he did not use him. 'I like to ride easily, your Royal Highness,' said Ince. 'Then put the horse in your pocket,' answered the Duke, meaning that he had his permission to sell him. Through the galleries, or, better, by a path fringed with palmettos and asphodel, one can go to El Hacho, or the Signal Station, whence the view of the sea and of the two continents is magnificent.

Great damage was done during the siege to the Moorish castle, which was built in the eighth century, and is the most interesting relic of antiquity in Gibraltar. There are two Moorish inscriptions on it, and this short English one: 'To the God that lasts for ever.'

Many devices were used to obtain food. One was to incubate eggs into chickens by keeping them in heated wool.

Gibraltar is said to resemble a lion, the late Mr Gladstone, and the corpse of a giant. It is a peninsula three miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad at the broadest part. It is connected with the mainland by a low, sandy isthmus. The western side is inhabited; the eastern, which faces the Mediterranean, is, with the exception of a small village, a series of rugged precipices bare of vegetation. The highest elevation of Gibraltar is one thousand four hundred and thirty feet. The rock was probably uplifted by volcanic action, and this at a comparatively recent period, as a marine beach exists more than four hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. The bones of elephants, cave-bears, deer, and of many other existing and extinct animals have been found. Though Gibraltar is often called a barren rock, it has four hundred and fifty-six species of indigenous flowering plants. Castor-oil plants, daturas, and daphnes here attain the dignity of trees, and geraniums and heliotropes the proportions of hedges. It is characteristic of the place that these floral delights often conceal cannons and other things belonging to grim-visaged war. The few snakes that are found are small and harmless, and lizards are seen as long as one or even two feet.

Europeans and Africans jostle each other in the crowded streets of the town of Gibraltar, which is not allowed to extend either by nature or by Government. The steep slopes at the back are thickly covered with houses built tier above tier to the height of two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. The South Town, which consists for the most part of naval and military buildings, is separated from the commercial portion by the beautiful Alameda, or public gardens. It may here be mentioned that there is an Alameda in almost every Spanish town, and that the name is derived from *alamo*, a poplar-tree.

From November to May the climate of Gibraltar is good, but the remaining five months are uncomfortably hot, and the unhealthy Levanter or east wind then prevails. The Rock used to be pestilential, nearly half of the population dying in the year 1804 of a single epidemic; but so much care and money has been expended on sanitation and water-supply that now Gibraltar compares favourably in reference to health with most other towns. Perhaps the new tanks and filtering arrangements are more worthy of inspection than anything else in Gibraltar. The population at the end of 1905 was twenty-five thousand six hundred and sixty-five, including six thousand three hundred and seventy-nine military. No right to reside on the Rock is recognised, and it is only by permission that any one can do so. The increase of 'Rock scorpions,' as the natives are called, is discouraged by the authorities on account of the difficulty that during a siege would be experienced in feeding them in the now-disused galleries where they would probably be stowed away.

Perhaps we should include in the population of Gibraltar the few monkeys that still remain. They are the only monkeys in Europe, and seem to point to a time when Gibraltar was joined on to Africa. They may be a remnant of the 'apes of Tarshish' mentioned in the Bible. This is possible, for the town which the Greeks called Tartessus was near Gibraltar, and is said to have been the identical port of Tarsis to which the fleets of Solomon resorted. It was to this Tarsis, too, that Jonah was sailing from Joppa when he was thrown overboard and picked up by a whale. Some ruins of the harbour of the place may still be seen under the sea at low-water. Many tricks of the Gibraltar monkeys are related. When a smooth, sloping surface was made at a place on the east side of the Rock to catch water, the monkeys, not liking to slip, threw earth and stones upon it. During the great siege a monkey got its head into a jar when pilfering. A sentry chased it, and it ran off with the jar on its head. The sentry, thinking that the jar was the head-gear of an enemy, aroused the whole garrison. They did not find any Frenchmen or Spaniards, only a monkey wearing a glass hat!

There are two market-places near to each other in Gibraltar, one British and the other Moorish. These are visited by passengers from the steamers in order to see the fruit of the place and the costumes of the people.

The gates of Gibraltar are interesting. On the Southport Gate are the arms of Charles the Fifth of Spain, to which were added by command of that monarch the pillars of Hercules. The motto 'Ne *plus ultra*' was changed into '*Plus ultra*,' because America had then been discovered. Near this gate

is a cemetery where many of those who fell at the battle of Trafalgar, about twenty-five miles distant, are buried.

The Garrison library is the finest British library out of Great Britain. It was begun in 1793, and Mr Pitt, at the suggestion of the then Commander-in-Chief, granted a sum of money to build a suitable building 'upon consideration of the use and importance of such an institution.'

King's Chapel, where British soldiers now attend church, is the chancel of the chapel of the old convent of Franciscan friars, now Government House. The south transept and the choir of the chapel were stolen to make the staircase and the ballroom of Government House. The banqueting-hall of Government House, built in 1864, is enriched with the shields, flags, and mottoes of the Governors of Gibraltar from 1704, and of other illustrious persons connected with the fortress. In the court may be seen a grate for heating shot, used during the siege, and some curious specimens of ordnance. The garden has many rare and beautiful trees, one being a dragon-tree said to be over a thousand years old.

Gibraltar has made more history than larger places. It is a fortress, and in time of war is under martial law. Quaint orders have been issued from time to time showing customs very unlike those prevailing now. Here are specimens of the orders during about a hundred years from 1730: 'All masons are to be employed on the King's works, and on no other; if any are found to be employed on private works Lord Tyrawley will have every foot of the work done pulled down.' 'Fishermen are only to sell their fish after the servant of the Governor has bought what he requires.' Some officers had gone, contrary to orders, into the Spanish lines, and this appeared in orders: 'The Spanish General is glad the sentry did not shoot these officers; the English General would have been glad if he had, as a warning to others. He hopes to hear no more of such school-boyish behaviour, which would shame the service of the most unmilitary nation upon earth.' One order was issued against swearing, and a notice given that one shilling fine for each oath would be charged. If any one commits the 'wicked and cowardly' crime of suicide, his 'body is to be hung up by the heels for a certain time, and afterwards thrown over the line wall like a dog or cat.' 'The men under sentence of the general court-martial having signified to the General that if he would forgive the remainder of their punishment they would fight like devils in case the place is attacked, he takes them at their word and liberates them.' 'No officer or soldier on duty is to carry an umbrella.' 'When passing an officer, a soldier is to put his hand gracefully to his head, looking the officer respectfully in the face.' 'It having been brought to notice that the provost-sergeant does not inflict upon prisoners the whole of the punishment awarded, it is ordered that in future, when any part of the punishment is not inflicted by him, he shall receive the remainder himself.' 'No person whatever is to be suffered to go on the line wall or ramparts in a night-gown or night-cap.' 'The drum-major to take the cat out to exercise.' One would think that the drummers who flogged men had enough exercise in the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails, for the punishments then ordered were terrible. A bombardier received three hundred lashes for 'playing the quack and giving opium pills to a soldier.' A soldier got two hundred lashes under a gallows while two privates were hanging there. A private was given one thousand lashes, the last fifty being administered by the common hangman. Sentries not calling out 'All's well' every half-minute were punished with two hundred lashes.

The road to the Signal Station was commenced in 1749 by men sentenced to corporal punishment. A man got off from fifty to a hundred lashes for every day's work he did.

The following lines were cut by a soldier in a stone sentry-box at Gibraltar:

> God and the soldier all men adore
> In time of trouble, and no more;
> For when war is over,
> And all things righted,
> God is neglected
> And the old soldier slighted.

Certainly the soldier seems to have been slighted at Gibraltar, if we may judge from an order like the following, which was issued in 1726: 'For the convenience of quarters, the regiments that are in barracks to put three men in a bed, and as many beds in a room as possible.'

VANESSA.

CHAPTER III.

MOTHER and I drove over to Stickleton betimes, and took our seats in the ridiculous cattle-penned room that was dignified by the name of a courthouse.

Presently the walrus took his seat, with the externally meek-looking vicar on one side, and an old squire on the other, Major Vandeleur Sargood, whom I knew intimately. The sight of him on the Bench comforted me a little, for he was a very old family friend, and a kinder or more reasonable soul never lived; and although, like many a horse-lover, he had not got over his prejudice against motor-cars, I felt sure that he would be all the more careful that what he did should be right. Only a week before he had said to me, 'My

dear, I am too old to change my own ways; but I am no spoil-sport, and if they do not drive to the danger of the public I see no reason for persecuting them, and very soon our horses will get accustomed to them.' He was a dear old thing, and all the young people in the county when they spoke of him called him 'Uncle Goodman;' indeed, some of us girls used the name in affectionate tones to himself, and he loved to have it so.

After a weary hour of petty cases—in which two shillings and sixpence was held a sufficient penalty for a carter being drunk and allowing his wheel to rasp off a corner of the parish pump, and a wagoner who had left a team of four horses unattended in the public road while he boozed in the 'Green Dragon' was thought to be sufficiently dealt with by a growl of reprimand from the walrus and a threat for the future—the cry was, 'Wanisar King, come into the court,' with a very marked accent on the first syllable. She stepped in, and took her place in the dock, motioning her chaperon, who was following, to a seat in the court. At the sight of her, mother and I looked at one another and laughed. What was seen of her dress above the dock consisted of a shabby little, ill-fitting brown coburg cloak without sleeves, falling below her waist. Her veil was drawn down over her cheeks and fastened under her chin, so that nothing could be guessed as to her face. Our amazement was doubled when she made a little bob of a curtsey towards the walrus such as a charity-schoolgirl might drop to the lady of the manor when passing on the road.

A constable shouted 'Silence!' in Big Ben tones, and the charge was read out—something to this effect:

'For that she, on the 16th day of March one thousand nine hundred and three, in the county of Warkshire and parish of Chipley, then being the driver or person in charge of a light locomotive bearing the register number GP 99, on a certain highway between Ashwood Hill and Chipley aforesaid, unlawfully did drive the said light locomotive at a speed dangerous to the lieges, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided,' &c.

Being only a woman, I must be forgiven if my note of the charge is not strictly accurate; but that was the gist of it.

'I did not catch the lady's name,' said the squire.

The constable repeated it, with more stress on his '*Wan*' than ever. Uncle Goodman, who was a little deaf, said, taking a note, 'Fanny Sarkey. Thank you.' Vanessa's shoulders gave a little shrug.

The walrus assumed a solemn air, and inquired whether Vanessa pleaded guilty or not guilty.

Vanessa replied in a deferential and low voice that there was no one on the road, so that she could not have driven to the danger of these lieges, whoever they might be.

'But do you drive fast?'

'I beg pardon, that is not what I am charged with doing.'

The walrus's red became redder, and he looked bewildered, and appealed to the clerk, who suggested to note that she pled not guilty.

'But she has not said that,' broke in the vicar. 'What do you say?'

'I say I did not drive to anybody's danger.'

'That, your honours,' said the clerk, 'is a plea of not guilty.'

'Then I wish she would say so,' said the walrus testily.—'Do you say so?'

The clerk, who seemed friendly, gave a little nod of encouragement to Vanessa, who at once replied, 'Certainly, if you wish it.'

The first witness called was Constable Miles Sturgis, who said, 'Aa waas a-waatchin' at the gate o' Farmer Chowler's meadow, w'en aa see'd the lady a-comin' down h'Ashwood 'ill uncommon fast, but aa think she moost 'a stopped in the 'ollow afore she coom oop, as she were a long time afore she coom raound the copse near the boundary-stone. Aa stud be'ind the gate-post wi' me watch in me 'and, w'en jewst as the lady was coomin' past the wheels sent a lot o' stuff in me face.'

'Because the car was going so fast, I presume?' broke in the vicar.

'Ees, sur, mortial fast, for it 'it me in the heye and a kind o' dazed me loike.'

'How far off was it from you?'

'Most o' three yards, yer 'oner.'

'Ah, then the car must have been racing.'

At this I looked at mother, and we both laughed till checked by a little turn and shake of the head from Vanessa.

The squire, without looking up, said quietly, 'I think we had better hear the case before giving opinions.' This diverted the vicar's frown from us, and made him gaze up at the cupola with the air of a martyred saint.

Asked what he thought the speed might be, Miles Sturgis declared that by his and the inspector's watches it was thirty-one miles an hour.

'Ah,' said the vicar, looking at the walrus, who looked in turn at the squire, saying, 'Bad case, bad case!' at which the squire said something to him behind his hand, which made the walrus turn abruptly away.

Vanessa was asked whether she wished to put any questions, and she at once said in a sympathetic voice, 'Were you hurt?'

'Ees, miss; sommut stuck in me heye, and the doctor 'e come and took it out.'

'I am so sorry! Are you sure that something flew off the road? Were you not looking hard at the watch?'

'Ees, miss, but I be sartin sure. It were stones off the road.'

'And when you were struck you let your watch fall?'

'Well, I did, I was that taken aback loike.'

'I suppose you did not pick it up till you had rubbed your eye?'

'Well, no, miss.'

'And had shaken your fist at us?'

'Well, I can't deny that I did.'

'And then you picked it up and pressed the stop?'

'That is right, miss.'

'That was some time after I passed.'

'Like enough 'twould be, miss.'

'That is all,' said Vanessa.

Then the vicar took up the running. 'You are quite sure that the car was going more than twenty miles an hour coming down Ashwood Hill?'

'Ees, sur; and twice as fast as w'en it passed.'

'Ah! over sixty miles an hour. That is sufficient.'

At this some one in court broke into a loud laugh, which caused the walrus to raise head and hand, and to threaten to clear the court.

Inspector Nokes then came into the box and gave evidence that he was hiding a measured quarter of a mile off from where he had placed the constable, but said he thought that he must have been seen, as the car when it passed him was going 'not very fast,' but on comparing watches he found that it had run the quarter of a mile in sixteen seconds.

'So,' said Vanessa, 'you say that the pace was equal to a mile in sixty-four seconds?'

'I do.'

'Well, my car cannot do anything like that; but tell me, was I not going at an ordinary pace as I came up to you?'

'Yes; but I go by the watch.'

'And did the constable tell you that he let the watch fall before he passed the shop?'

'No, he did not.'

'Then of course the timing could not be right?'

No answer.

The vicar again came to the rescue. 'Did the constable report to you the speed at which the car came down Ashwood Hill?'

'Yes, sir.'

'As very fast?'

'Yes, sir.'

This closed the case for the prosecution, and the walrus asked whether there were any witnesses for the defence, whereupon Vanessa announced that she desired to give evidence, and she moved towards the witness-box. As she did so she dropped the hideous cape from her shoulders, uncovering a lovely cloth coat with double driving-capes, and, unfastening the veil from her chin, threw it up on to the top of her hat, where it spread out like a cloud, giving a charming setting to the lovely face with its rich tints. Then occurred what the newspaper reports call 'sensation.' A voice behind me ejaculated, 'My! ain't she a stunner?' To which the reply came, 'Strite out o' the Book o' Beauty, me lad.' A murmur ran through the court as she raised her eyes solemnly while the words of the oath were being dictated to her, the Bench yielding for the moment to the fascinating vision, and gazing with unmistakable admiration. But the most extraordinary thing was the effect of this vision suddenly bursting upon the dear old squire. A change came over his face as Vanessa threw up her veil. It was a look of intense surprise, and seemed to be followed by a wave of feeling, for he bowed his head and put his hands to his brow, and I saw his breast heave as from some strong emotion. When he raised his head again his face had a far-away look, as if the court and all its petty proceedings were out of his sight, and only this new vision and some association with it were present to his soul.

Vanessa told her story frankly and shortly, declaring that for half a mile before she passed the constable the car was going closely throttled at a speed which could not exceed sixteen miles an hour; and when the inspector rose to cross-examine her, she turned to him with a smile that might have warned him of coming defeat.

'You heard Constable Nokes say that the car threw stones in his eyes?'

'Yes; but no such thing happened.'

'Oh, indeed! How do you know that?'

'Because I know what it was that hit him.'

'And, pray, what was that?'

'Peas!' (Loud laughter in court.)

The walrus blew out his cheeks, and a constable shouted, 'Silence!'

'This jesting is rather unseemly,' said the vicar severely.

'I am not jesting,' said Vanessa, with a touch of the Bellona look, under which the vicar cowered, and, bending down, pretended to make a note.

I was getting excited, and wanted to stand up and corroborate about the peas, but mother restrained me, and told me to wait.

The Bellona look seemed to excite the walrus too. He glared through his glasses, and said, 'What do you mean by talking about peas? There were no peas on the road, were there?'

'No.'

'Then what is this silly nonsense about peas? Do not trifle with the Court. Be serious, young woman, if you please, or it will be the worse for you.'

'I am perfectly serious; and, although I am under accusation, you will please treat me with ordinary courtesy. I had supposed I ought to tell all the facts.'

''Ear, 'ear,' said a voice behind.

The walrus looked like bursting, and the vicar threw up his eyes, and the constable again yelled, 'Silence!' The clerk smiled, and said *sotto voce* to the inspector, 'Go on.'

'Do you solemnly say it was peas?'

'I don't see any cause for solemnity. I say it.'

'And, pray, where do you say these magical peas came from?'

'Put your question without talking about magic, and I will answer.'

'Answer the question, please, and don't dictate to me how I am to put my questions.'

'Must I answer the question?' said Vanessa, looking round to the Bench.

'Yes, you must,' growled the walrus.

'Then I will obey the maxim to answer a fool according to his folly. My answer is that there were no magical peas. They were split-peas.' (Loud laughter and the consequent shout of 'Silence!')

'Then you decline to answer where these peas came from?'

'No, if you ask where the split-peas came from. They came from a pea-shooter.' (Renewed laughter.)

'From a what?' said the squire, with his hand up to his ear and a twinkle in his eye.

'From a pea-shooter,' said Vanessa, smiling back to him. 'Here it is,' opening a parcel she held.

The squire seemed to enjoy this phase of the case greatly, and lay back in his chair and laughed, to the evident scandalising of his colleagues, who looked toward him in marked disapproval.

Vanessa added, 'I admit it was a very wrong thing to do.'

The inspector thought he saw a good point here. 'Then why did you do it?'

'I did not say I did it. I was very angry when I knew it.'

'Oh, indeed! And who did it, then?'

'A schoolboy.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because he confessed it to me, and I took the shooter from him.'

'And pray who was this boy?'

'My cousin.'

'Is he here to-day?'

'No; he is at school in Paris.'

'Ah,' said the walrus, 'then this is a waste of time; there is no corroboration.'

I rose, saying, 'Yes, there is;' but mother pulled me down, saying, 'Wait, dear; wait.'

The inspector then inquired at what speed Vanessa had come down Ashwood Hill, when she at once frankly said, 'About twenty-eight to thirty miles an hour.'

'And yet you say you were only going sixteen miles an hour when you passed the constable!'

'So I was.'

'And why, pray?'

'Because a gentleman kindly warned me that the police had a trap set.'

'Oh, who was he?'

'I don't know.'

'Haw!' said the walrus, and he and the vicar looked at one another and exchanged a solemn nod, while the inspector looked at the Bench and sat down with a flourish.

Vanessa returned to the dock, donning the brown cloak and lowering her veil, and becoming once more the humble prisoner, repeated the bob-curtsey. The clerk asked her whether she had any other witnesses.

'No,' answered Vanessa.

'Yes,' I cried, and I came forward. Vanessa looked annoyed, and leaning over the dock, said, 'Mitey dear, I don't want you to be mixed up in this.'

'Oh, but I must! I must!' I replied.

While she was still remonstrating with me the walrus said, 'I should like very much to know who this person was that tried to balk the police.'

'It was I,' said a voice which I knew, from the back of the court. Vanessa knew it too, and I saw the blush that spread over her neck as she drew her veil more closely round her face.

The walrus glared and said, 'Who are you?'

'My name is Oldsborough.'

'Do you wish to give evidence?'

'Yes, if the lady who is prosecuted will allow me.'

Vanessa hesitated a moment, and then bowed her head, whereupon he stepped into the box. Being asked what his Christian name was by the clerk, he gave it as Cecil.

He took the oath and then said, 'Hearing of this summons, I thought it my duty to attend, as I know the circumstances. I did warn this lady of a trap which I observed when I was on the way to the meet at Beechwood Manor, and when I held up my hand the car was stopped in a few yards, and after that it went quite slow.'

'But before she stopped,' put in the vicar, 'the legal limit was being exceeded.'

'It may be so, but this Court has nothing to do with that.'

'Eh, what!' said the walrus, bristling up. 'What do you mean, sir? This Court is the judge of its own jurisdiction.'

'Yes, certainly, sir, within its own jurisdiction; but I beg to call your attention to the fact that Ashwood Hill is in the county of Craneward, and there you have no jurisdiction.'

The walrus, who had almost risen on end, glaring with official rage, suddenly collapsed, amid loud laughter and clapping of hands in court, which was instantly suppressed by a second threat to clear the court; but the spectators leaned forward with their heads on their hands, looking aside at one another and shaking with laughter.

The inspector broke in to cover his chief's discomfiture. 'Do you live here?'

'No; I live in Yorkshire.'

'And pray, sir, how then do you make yourself a judge of boundaries?'

'I do not; I only state facts. I spent my boyhood in this neighbourhood, and I know the boundary-stone at the bottom of Ashwood Hill well. You know it as well as I do.'

The inspector looked rather foolish, and there was another titter. The clerk rose and laid a map before the walrus, the vicar and the squire craning over to look at it, and then they all sat back in their chairs, the walrus and the vicar trying to look as if they were not annoyed, in which they failed miserably, while the squire gave vent to an audible chuckle.

The inspector resumed. 'Why do you call it a trap?'

'Because it was one, set in a lonely place where there was no traffic and a falling gradient, and therefore it was set solely for trapping purposes. That is why I call it a trap.'

'And do you consider it right to aid people to escape the grasp of the law?'

'I can see nothing wrong in warning people not to go beyond the law.'

'But you would only do that if the police were about?'

'Certainly not; I would warn any one who, I thought, was causing danger to the public.'

'Now, at what speed was the car coming down Ashwood Hill?'

'A good fast pace.'

'More than twenty miles an hour?'

'Yes, I should say so; but there was not a soul in sight.'

'How do you know what speed the car went at after it passed you?'

'Because I watched with a glass until it disappeared into the village, and it took ten minutes to do two and a quarter miles.'

'Oh, indeed! Then how do you account for its having thrown stones in the constable's eyes?'

'It did not do that; you have heard the lady say so.'

'And you heard the constable say that it did. How can you decide between them?'

'I don't decide; but I know, for I have seen the doctor, and he said to me'——

'Stop, stop,' broke in the walrus; 'you must not tell us what the soldier—er, er—I mean the doctor said; it is not evidence,' evidently having the law laid down by Justice Starleigh in his mind.

'Very well, sir; the doctor is here. He will tell you.'

The inspector tried a last shot. 'When did you see the prisoner last?'

'If you mean the lady you have summoned, and of whom you speak thus impertinently, I saw her last on the day in question when I warned her of your being in the ditch.' (Laughter.)

'How long have you known her?'

'I do not know her. I never met her before or since.'

'Then what interest have you to volunteer your evidence in the case?'

'Only the interest of every citizen to prevent injustice.'

Here the vicar got excited, and said, 'Do you suggest that this Court would do injustice?'

'Certainly not; but I do suggest that in order to do justice it should have all the facts.'

The vicar had enough of it, and again made an imaginary note, and my hero stepped down. I observed that he never looked at Vanessa, and, like a woman, was half-angry with him, while I could not but applaud his good taste in closely adhering to his rôle of disinterested spectator and witness.

The doctor next stepped up, producing from his pocket with a professional air a small pill-box, and placing it in front of him. He described how the lady had asked him to see the constable professionally, and how he had extracted two pieces of solid matter from the eye, which on being examined with a glass proved to be 'the ordinary split-pea of commerce, which I now produce. No trace of stones or anything from a road surface.'

The inspector tried a shot. 'When you were asked by the prisoner—er, I mean the lady—to see the constable, did she say anything else?'

'Well, yes,' with a smile.

'You must tell us what she said.'

'Oh, certainly. She said she was sorry for the constable being put to do such dirty work.' (Loud laughter.)

'What dirty work, sir?'

'Well, it was her expression.'

The inspector might have been warned by the twinkle in the doctor's face, but he persisted.

'Come, what did you understand her to mean?'

'I suppose she meant sneaking in ditches instead of attending to his duties.'

'Do you suggest that the police ought not to do what they are ordered to do?'

'No, I suggest nothing. I answered your question. I may add that the constable himself was ashamed of it, and said so. He told me he would give a week's pay to be free of it, but that he must obey orders, as the colonel was an awful man.'

The walrus's face suggested apoplexy, and he gasped but could not articulate; and the squire put his hands into his pockets and leaned back with a look of amused delight on his wizened face.

I then came forward in a determined way to the box, knowing that Vanessa disapproved, and being inwardly a little nervous; but for her I would have faced beasts at Ephesus, to which a walrus was as nothing. While I was coming forward the squire leaned across and spoke to his colleagues, who seemed to receive what he said somewhat testily. Being in the box, I was near enough to hear the words, 'Plainly guilty at Ashwood Hill,' and his reply, 'Yes; but that is outside.' The walrus ended by throwing down a pen with a scowl, and the vicar gave an unctuous wave of his hand and shook his head, saying, 'I am of a totally different opinion.' There was dead silence in court as every one watched this little scene, which ended in the squire sitting back and saying—seemingly unconscious how loud he was speaking, as is the way of the slightly deaf—'Well, do as you like; but you will be snubbed in the Appeal Court.'

I was then sworn, and had given evidence that after the time when we met Mr Oldsborough—I had a little good-natured malice in calling him that—we were not going much faster than I was accustomed to drive in my mother's carriage when we passed the trap.

'You must not call it a trap,' said the vicar, as if rebuking a penitent.

'I beg pardon,' I said, 'but I don't know any other name for it. I will use any name that is thought better. Would snare do?' said I, astonished at my own boldness. This was followed by a rippling laugh in court, and the vicar pulled down his brows and his cuffs, and was evidently about to say something severe, when all at once a diversion took place. The walrus, who had been sitting with his hand before his eyes after the squire's interruption, seemed to take a sudden resolve, and said, 'One moment,' and then bent over to the clerk, and they spoke together for a few minutes. All I heard was, 'No, sir, not for Ashwood Hill;' and then, 'No case on summons;' the vicar's face as he listened passing from angry to resigned, and the squire nodding eagerly. All at once the walrus, after looking with a scowl at the squire, and with a pallor that would have included his nose had that been possible, suddenly blurted out, 'The case is dismissed,' and he and the vicar at once rose and turned their backs to escape out of court.

For a moment there was no sound, the sudden collapse of the proceedings seeming not to be grasped at once. Then a thunder of applause rang through the court, and several youths who had succumbed to Vanessa's spell threw their caps in the air. Gruff orders of 'Silence!' were useless, and the walrus and the vicar disappeared. The squire, whose face was a study of genial expression, leaned over the Bench and said something to the clerk, who at once came across to mother and said that the squire would like to see us both at luncheon at the 'Red Lion' before we went home.

In the meantime Vanessa had again transformed herself, tossing up her veil, and dropping and handing the awful cloak to her maid, who was present, and from whom I had a shrewd suspicion that she had borrowed it; and she then joined her chaperon, who was delighted with the course of events, and said to her as I came up, 'My dear, what an actress you would have made!'

She laughed, and, turning to me, said, 'Well, that's all right, Mitey dear;' and she shook hands warmly with mother.

But I seemed to see something distrait in her look, and her eye wandered round the court once or twice as if she expected to see some one. Was she looking for my hero? I asked myself. He was gone. As I rose from my seat when the case was over, I saw him making for the exit, and we did not see him again.

(To be continued.)

OLD CHINA.

By Francis B. Cooke.

IT is a noticeable fact that whilst a man regards his own hobby as a particularly desirable and eminently sensible pastime, he is apt to view that of his neighbour as a mild but harmless form of lunacy. It is, therefore, in no wise surprising that the high prices realised at Christie's and elsewhere for fine pieces of old china should excite the wonder of those who know not the rarity and beauty of such triumphs of the ceramic art. The published reports of these auction sales, however, tend to stimulate public interest in porcelain, and are the primary cause of many people becoming collectors. Every year there is a steady increase in the number of 'bargain-hunters,' and as the quantity of old china that comes into the market is comparatively small, prices advance by leaps and bounds. Pieces that were sold a few years back for shillings now realise as many pounds, whilst fine specimens of early Chelsea, Worcester, and Bow are worth more than their weight in gold. This appreciation in values has led to the placing on the market of countless forgeries, which for the most part emanate from abroad. Many of these 'fakes' are in form, decoration, and mark faithful reproductions of the original, and can only be detected by an expert. To be a successful collector, therefore, one must have sufficient knowledge of ceramics to be able to differentiate between the genuine and its counterfeit, and to identify readily the productions of one old factory from those of another. Such knowledge can only be gained by experience, but much may be learnt from books and the splendid collections exhibited at the principal museums.

The first step in the collector's education is to learn how to distinguish china from earthenware. The acquisition of this knowledge presents but little difficulty; for, whilst the former is translucent, the latter is opaque. If a piece of porcelain be held up to a strong artificial light the shadow of the fingers is plainly discernible through the piece, but if a similar experiment be tried with an earthenware article nothing can be seen. This translucency of porcelain, however, varies a good deal according to the composition of the paste. If a plate fashioned at the old Nantgarw factory be examined by transmitted light, every colour of the enamel decoration can be plainly seen from the reverse side. Some pieces of old Bow china, on the other hand, are, owing to their thickness, almost opaque, and can only be distinguished from pottery by the feel and appearance of the paste.

China may be divided into three distinct groups. First there is the 'soft paste' or artificial porcelain made before the discovery of china clay. Then there is the 'hard paste,' or true porcelain, made at Plymouth, Bristol, and New Hall after Cookworthy had found the clay in Cornwall about the year 1768. Finally, there is the felspathic porcelain

introduced by Spode at the commencement of the nineteenth century. This last, a hybrid body incorporating the best features of soft and hard paste, being mechanically almost perfect, was universally adopted as the standard body, although Nantgarw and Swansea continued to make a singularly beautiful soft-paste china until about 1824. Although the commercial value of Spode's innovation cannot be disputed, it robbed china of much of its interest from the collector's point of view, as thenceforward the only distinctive features were marks and decoration.

The china most highly prized by the connoisseur is that fashioned in the eighteenth century in imitation of the porcelain imported from China and Japan. In the absence of the natural elements of which true porcelain is composed, the early factories evolved an artificial body infinitely more beautiful than that which they strove to imitate. This paste was of a delightful, soft, creamy texture, and imparted to the enamel colours used in the decoration a mellow tenderness that has never since been approached. The finer pieces were exquisitely painted by noted artists, the decoration usually taking the form of figure-subjects, flowers, fruit, exotic birds, and landscapes. The finishing touch was added to these early triumphs of the potter's art by a soft, vitreous glaze that lay upon the surface like the glass on a miniature. There is nothing so decorative as old china of this nature, and a few pieces judiciously arranged impart an air of refinement to a room that is otherwise lacking. Unfortunately good specimens of eighteenth century porcelain are not nowadays easily come by, and even the dealers complain of its ever-growing scarcity. Of the comparatively small quantity that finds its way into the market, much is sold to America and the Continent, whilst a good deal is absorbed by museums. There are still, however, bargains to be picked up by the energetic collector who knows his subject; but the beginner, if he go not warily, is likely to be badly bitten. All is not Chelsea that bears the gold anchor mark, nor Worcester that of the fretted square; while, as to Lowestoft, all the old factories combined could not have produced a tithe of the china said to have been manufactured at the Suffolk seaport town. The market is, indeed, flooded with forgeries innumerable, and in many cases the factory marks have been faithfully copied. The collector, therefore, can place no reliance upon such marks, although they may be useful to confirm an impression based upon the characteristics of the piece itself. He has, however, a certain safeguard, as these forgeries are almost invariably made of *hard paste*, whereas the originals were soft. It is, therefore, essential for the collector to be able to differentiate between 'hard' and 'soft' porcelain if he would avoid the traps laid to catch the unwary.

If one could always make use of file and magnifying-glass it would be a comparatively easy matter to ascertain the nature of the paste, but it is not every dealer that will permit a prospective purchaser thus to experiment with his wares. The collector must, therefore, learn to distinguish between soft and hard paste by mere touch and appearance; and until he has arrived at this stage in his education he should never purchase a piece of any considerable value without a written guarantee that the article is what it purports to be. To familiarise one's self with the characteristics of both descriptions of paste, a few pieces of artificial porcelain, such as Worcester or Chelsea, and of true china, say Bristol or New Hall, should be procured. As these are only required for purposes of experiment, it is quite immaterial how imperfect they may be as regards condition, provided that they are genuine specimens. If a file be applied to the pieces on a part free from glaze it will be found that the soft-paste china is readily cut, whilst no impression can be made upon the true porcelain. Having by this method learned the relative hardness of the two varieties of body, the collector can proceed to further tests. When they are examined under a magnifying-glass, it will be noticed that fractures in the soft paste are irregular in form, and the body has a dry, lump-sugary appearance, whilst hard paste breaks cleaner, with a comparatively smooth and slightly curved surface. The artificial china to the touch is warm, soft, and soapy; but true porcelain feels cold and hard. Then, again, soft paste is usually of a creamy whiteness in tint, while hard paste has either a chalky or bluish tinge.

The glaze is often a valuable guide to the nature of the paste, for with but few exceptions a soft glaze was used upon soft paste and a hard glaze upon hard paste. If the glaze can be scratched with the point of a knife-blade, it is pretty safe to assume that the paste is soft. In the absence of a knife the matter can be decided by other indications. The soft glaze used upon the old artificial porcelain was more or less porous, and the enamel colours of the decoration sank right into the paste, leaving the surface smooth. If the paste and glaze be hard the enamel remains on the surface, and can be felt if the fingers be drawn across the decoration. Another indication of hard porcelain is that the enamel colours are not so shiny as the rest of the piece, whilst in the case of soft paste the glaze covers the whole article like a thin sheet of glass. Scratches on the glaze and discoloration by use also point to soft paste, for hard porcelain is quite impervious to liquids, and could not be scratched by any ordinary usage. Still another sign of soft paste is the running of the ground-colours, leaving a ragged edge. To cover this defect it was the custom of the old factories to place a gilt border around the white reserves, the gold in very early specimens having a matt surface.

By such tests as I have enumerated, the connoisseur is able to distinguish between soft and hard paste porcelain; but it still remains for him to ascertain the origin of the piece he may happen to be examining. Of the eighteenth-century English factories, Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, Lowestoft, Derby,

Longton Hall, Caughley, and Coalport made soft-paste china; whilst Plymouth, Bristol, and New Hall produced hard porcelain. To differentiate between the wares of the various factories is by no means an easy matter, and sometimes even an expert is puzzled. Comparatively few pieces of old china bear marks, and even when they do appear they cannot always be relied upon, as marks are often forged. They should, therefore, be regarded with suspicion unless confirmed by other evidence of origin. Decoration, again, is not a safe guide, as it was by no means an uncommon practice for one factory to copy another in the matter of design. But, fortunately for the collector, the wares of every factory have certain characteristics that are unmistakable by the expert. Little differences in paste and glaze, and small blemishes that may easily escape the eye of the inexperienced, are eagerly pounced upon by the connoisseur. One little peculiarity may be shared by another factory, but when it is found in combination with others the identity of the piece is established beyond a doubt.

When a piece of china is being examined with a view to establishing its origin, every little detail should be scrutinised with the greatest care. After the character of the paste has been ascertained by the tests I have already enumerated, the decoration may be studied for a clue. Probably an impression will then be formed as to the identity of the piece. Say, for example, the article under examination is a plate of soft-paste porcelain, and the decoration suggests the Worcester factory. If when it is held up to a strong artificial light the white portions of the piece have a slightly green tint the impression as to its origin is materially strengthened, for this is a pronounced characteristic of early Worcester. But as much the same thing is sometimes observed in the case of old Swansea of the Dillwyn period we will go a step farther. If it be found on examining the base of the plate that there is a shrinkage of the glaze near the rim, we may safely conclude that our opinion is correct, for such a blemish is in itself almost a distinctive feature of Worcester. The china of almost every early factory has peculiarities which reveal its identity to the expert. Chelsea, for instance, may be distinguished by spur-marks on the base and greasy-looking discs known as 'moons' in the paste, Derby by crazing of the glaze and discoloration, Bow by its weight, opacity, and the thickness of the glaze, and so on; but after much experience the connoisseur arrives at a stage when he knows almost by intuition the origin of any piece submitted to him.

A practical knowledge of old china can only be gained by a good deal of patient study and experience, but the collector who makes it his business thoroughly to learn his subject will be well rewarded. Bargains are still to be had by those who know what they are buying, for it is a fact that the enthusiastic collector often has a greater knowledge of china than many of the small dealers. It stands to reason that a man dealing in a large variety of articles is not likely to know as much about any particular one of them as an amateur who devotes all his leisure to his hobby; but it is really astonishing how ignorant some of these miscellaneous dealers are upon the subject of ceramics. I have tested the truth of this assertion by submitting a piece of old china for identification to three small dealers. Each gave it a different name, and all were wrong. I think the explanation is that such men attend auction sales at private houses to buy second-hand furniture, and bid for old china should it be going at a low figure. Knowing but little about it, they add what they consider a handsome profit to the price they paid, and sell it as soon as they can. Such dealers are fair game for the collector, who need have no scruples about securing a prize should he have the opportunity, for he may rest assured that the man has made a good profit, and is well satisfied with the transaction.

A CASE OF CAPTURE.

PART II.

THERE was a pause.

'Would you like to send a message to my mistress?' the girl asked at length.

'No.'

'Will you promise not to attack Mr Graham if you are allowed to go?'

'No.'

'If—if I managed to help you to escape—in spite of your rudeness—what would you do?'

'My utmost to win my case to-morrow.'

'Why?' She flashed the question imperiously.

'Because I should be false to my task if I didn't,' Orr retorted roughly. 'Can nothing make you comprehend? You don't realise all that this means to me,' he continued with sudden, almost boyish, passion and distress. 'There will be caustic comments from the Bench at my absence to-morrow; there will be sneering exultation from the other side. There will be deep displeasure on the part of the Admiralty solicitors who are instructing me. This is my first case for the Board of Trade, and now all chance of further briefs for them will be jeopardised, perhaps lost for ever. For what am I to explain? That I was kidnapped in a fog at the caprice of a girl! The ridicule will be insufferable. Why, I shall be laughed from my career at the Bar! It will mean simple ruin—not to be borne!'

He exaggerated. But at the moment he spoke with complete conviction; and the girl, in whom he

was unconsciously confiding as to an equal, believed it true.

'And afterwards I will prosecute the author of this outrage,' he cried illogically, stung beyond endurance at his wrongs.

He sprang to his feet, hot with the shame of his capture. At this threatening movement the girl shrank back against the door, alarmed. Quick fear whitened her small cheeks. Yet never had she looked so lovely.

'Your promise—not to escape!' she stammered, scared.

Now, it is a matter for the speculation of historians what the subsequent events might have been had not the gray rat which had taken up its winter quarters on the yacht intruded at that psychological moment. But the rodent was desperately hungry, and the scent of the supper cheese was pungently alluring. Wherefore he descended impulsively from the roof by way of a curtain-rod without the due forethought of the wise; its polished surface was slippery, and he plumped with a terribly startling flop amid the crockery below. He whisked a hairless tail from out of the butter-dish where it had come to a disconcerting halt, and then sat up and stroked his whiskers with agile paws. A scene of terrific commotion followed.

The girl screamed with horror; the gray rat squeaked indignantly; Orr swore.

The animal hurriedly concluded that these two human beings were not so favourably preoccupied as he had imagined. The *contretemps* of the slithery curtain-rod had given an undesirable publicity to his arrival. He skipped and squawked with rat-rage as the brute of a man distributed a whirlwind of erratic whacks about the table with an umbrella. The resultant havoc among the china was nerve-shattering. Amid scenes resembling the uproar of earthquakes and hours of judgment, the umbrella splintered with a crack, and its ferrule missed the rat's nose by a fraction. It was prudent to retire from the cheese-quest at once. With a mighty spring the rat reached the convenient shoulder of a collapsed maiden on the locker. Thence a scuffling scramble led to the refuge of a friendly ventilation-shaft overhead. Thence the deck was gained with ease, and the rat vanished, leaving a baffled man breathlessly endeavouring to injure the ventilator with an umbrella-handle. A pregnant calm succeeded the hubbub.

A timid pair of the bluest eyes opened again. Is —is the monster dead?' asked their owner tremulously.

'Gone away,' the captive Orr consoled his fainting jailer. The girl was shuddering with feminine fright. Orr proffered whisky-and-soda as the nearest restorative.

"Keep cool; there's nothing to be scared at, and you're not hurt,' Orr comforted.

The results of a phrase are sometimes singular. This very ordinary remark supplied the link in the chain of recollection. To both man and girl came swift remembrance of a previous occasion on which these exact words had been uttered. In a flash both knew where they had met before.

The girl sat up, wide-eyed, astounded. Orr stared —and stared—and stared.

'Why, it was you—in Langham Place—that evening!' she gasped at length.

Orr's first thought was that he was dreaming; then the dream materialised.

Across the kaleidoscope of memory came the vision of that carriage accident in Langham Place six months ago. A brougham containing a lady in dinner-dress had collided with a motor-cab; the coachman had been pitched from the box, and the plunging, terrified horse had bolted madly down the road. Orr had had to be very quick indeed. What a job it had been to stop the brute! And the shaft of the carriage had hit his shoulder hard.

Stamped on his mind ever since had been the fleeting glimpse of the pale beauty of the girl-occupant of the brougham. Then the usual crowd had gathered, and the customary officious policeman had commenced to take callously copious notes, and then Orr had reeled to the ground with a broken collar-bone. He had occasional twinges in that shoulder still.

He was a man who hated fuss and publicity of any kind, and in the confusion the girl had been taken home. He had never heard whom he had rescued—till now.

'So you are not a servant at all.'

She flushed.

'That's your maid's cloak,' Orr guessed.

The wearer nodded. Sudden resolution grew in her eyes.

'I—I am Helen Graham.' She heaved a sigh of relief. 'Now we are introduced,' she announced naïvely.

She turned with a quick access of feeling and searched his face. There was nothing in it which a girl might not look upon, to which she might not respond. She measured him in breathless silence, red lips parted. He was her own kind. Her blue eyes lit with gratitude or with even something sweeter still.

'So it was you who saved my life! Of course I didn't know when'——

'When you captured me,' Orr ended, laughing.

'I don't wonder at your being angry—really.'

The half-entreating, wholly alluring, small face was contrite with remorse.

'I am quite glad you did it,' said Orr emphatically. 'We are—introduced.'

'And you don't think me very horrid, do you?' she pleaded. Her small mouth drooped ominously.

Orr hastened to reassure her on this point with immense sincerity. This anxiety was removed.

'The present difficulty,' speculated Miss Helen—and her gaze fell swiftly before something she read in his—'is how to get you back to London—now!'

Such is the inconsistency of human nature that at once Orr did not want to go.

'It's a dreadful dilemma,' she mused aloud. She

shot the briefest glimpse up at him from under her long lashes. 'After all the trouble I have had to—to secure you, I must allow you to return to your ruthless work.'

Orr was thinking swiftly. He was no longer so keen on proving the wilful wreck of the *Redan*. This would probably involve an everlasting end to his new friendship with the most charming little lady in the world. The problem was unsettling.

'What *are* we to do?' she murmured, perplexed.

Again an interruption came to their aid. This was Albert, an Albert sadly the worse for the refreshment in the fo'c'sle. The yacht's winter watchman slid unsteadily through the door and beamed with fatuous complacency on the inmates of the chartroom.

'Yer wansh more beer?' he proposed benevolently.

'Get out!' said Orr, suddenly savage.

Albert eyed him with maudlin severity. 'Strong liquor's hupset yer temper.' The inebriated one swayed on the threshold, pained and surprised. ''Fore yer best gal, too—shameful!'

For an instant Orr caught the startled flood of crimson colour in the girl's horrified cheeks. The watchman lurched indignantly.

'Kiss yer young woman, fat'ead, an' give 'er more beer,' he suggested.

Then Orr knocked him down. It was a pleasure to have some one to hit.

He fell ponderously deckwards. The scared yelp that followed indicated that the attendant dog was unprepared for the descent of a stout human body on top of its own.

Then it was that Miss Graham proved herself a maiden of singular reliance and resource. 'Come quick!' she called to Orr, and darted along the deck.

From the fo'c'sle hatchway came sounds of revelry by night. The chauffeur's voice was uplifted in shaky song.

'Shut the door and bolt it outside,' the girl whispered. 'Then they can't get out.'

Orr took in the situation with promptness, and the next minute the occupants below were safely immured. 'We've got the brutes beautifully,' Orr informed her, pleased.

'Good!' The girl's white little teeth closed with a snap. 'Now you get your things from the chartroom, and I'll fetch mine from the cabin aft,' she directed. 'My home is only three miles away. You can sleep at the village inn, and take the first train in the morning for town. Can you drive a motor?'

'No,' said Orr with painful recollection of the muddy lanes of Essex.

'Will you trust yourself with me as driver, then?' she asked.

'Rather!' Orr answered, reckless. And then he wondered why the lady seemed suddenly shy.

Orr departed to prop the intoxicated Albert against the side-rail.

Violent vociferation and much banging was proceeding from the fastened fo'c'sle door. Helen was waiting for him in the motor, slightly flushed, brilliant-eyed, perfectly self-possessed. A delicate, fawn-coloured driving-coat fitted her slender form to perfection.

Instinctively she raised a little gloved hand and patted the hair under a dainty motoring-cap. 'I'm ready,' she said. Her frank assumption of comradeship was adorable.

The motor purred away into the night.

The murky, vaporous fog was drifting in weird wreaths across the fields; passing objects loomed mysteriously for a moment, and then were lost again behind the veil of whiteness. It was a world indistinct and illusory in which Orr sat content by the side of the girl who drove. They seemed alone in a wonderful land of shadows. She steered with skill.

Once, indeed, she broke the spell of silence. 'How will those men get out?' she queried in some awe as she remembered the imprisoned ones behind them on the yacht.

'Albert will release them when he has recovered—from the beer,' he told her unromantically. And again the thrilling glamour of that night-ride wrapped around them both.

All too soon the motor jerked into a standstill at the entrance to a straggling village. The houses loomed with dimness along the deserted street.

'There is the inn,' the girl pointed. 'And I am close to home.'

Orr descended quietly from the car and waited. One of her hands was held in his.

'Am I forgiven—for the capture?' asked Helen Graham in a low voice.

He took the other small hand firmly with possessive grasp. 'There will be a penalty,' he sentenced.

Her eyes questioned. 'I—I don't know what you mean,' she faltered rather breathlessly. 'But you can call and tell me one day—if you wish,' she said.

. . . . . .

Next morning Orr was late in court. The presiding magistrate was speaking gravely as he entered.

'News has just reached me which I have to announce with great regret. This morning, on his way here from his house in Kensington, Mr Harold Graham, the ship-owner, was run over by a van; and it is feared that his injuries will prove fatal. Under the circumstances I am informed by the Board of Trade that this inquiry should be indefinitely adjourned.'

Then Orr understood how a reprieve felt. But he only muttered, 'My poor, poor little girl!'

. . . . . .

Four months later, one April afternoon, on the Riviera, a man and a girl were standing in a hotel garden by the Mediterranean Sea.

'What a big word "if" is!' said the girl, with the thoughtfulness of a philosopher.

Her companion laughed happily. 'If the *Redan* had not been cast away'——

'Had not jammed her steering-gear, you mean,' she contradicted.

'If you had not been the most daring, law-breaking maiden in the world'——

'And audaciously brave,' she added archly.

'If you had not kidnapped me in the fog'——

'It wasn't difficult,' she murmured.

'If I had not guessed all the time who you were'——

'Which you didn't, really, till I told you,' she corrected in parenthesis.

'If all this hadn't happened'——

'We shouldn't now be married,' Helen Orr declared demurely. 'Now it is'——

'The clearest case of lifelong capture that there ever was,' her husband ended fondly. Then he kissed the prettiest pretence of pout away.

THE END.

SOME CURIOUS EXISTING BEQUESTS.

IF we consider what tremendous changes have been wrought in the social life of these islands during the past half-century, if we remember how strong and how sweeping is the tendency of the day towards the substitution of what is practical and utilitarian for what is merely of sentimental value, we must be astonished that so much survives in our midst—and survives strongly—which has no practical *raison d'être*, and that threatened abolition meets with such sturdy opposition.

Of course we have lost much irrecoverably, but we seem determined to lose no more, if we may judge by the outcry which replies to every suggestion of discontinuance or substitution; and it may also be remarked that of all places in the kingdom, it is in the prosaic, matter-of-fact, apparently mammon-ruled City of London that the survivals of old customs and forms, and especially of the subject of this paper—old bequests—are the most numerous and the clamour against abolition the loudest.

It has been an interesting holiday-task of the writer to collect survivals of this character, and they are so curious and in some cases so opposed to the character of the times that he makes no apology for describing some of them.

In the year 1717 one Paul Jervis left a sum of money the interest of which was to be applied to the preaching of a sermon every St Paul's Day in St Sepulchre's, Newgate, London, on the excellency of the liturgy of the Church of England; certain sums also being paid to the preacher, curate, clerk, &c., twenty shillings each to the ten poorest householders of the Smithfield quarter of the parish, four pounds to St Bartholomew's Hospital, and the residue among poor men attending the service. He also made provision for the dining together of the clergy and church officers after the service.

Every 8th day of February is known in the Surrey parish of Wotton as 'Forty Shilling Day.' This is in accordance with the will of William Glanville, who died in 1722, by which twelve boys of the parish are to meet in the churchyard, and, with their fingers on the legator's tomb, are to repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and to read a certain chapter of the Bible. Each of five boys who successfully do this receives forty shillings.

The 27th day of February is known at Eton as 'Threepenny Day.' Provost Bost (who died in 1504) and Roger Lupton (who died in 1540) left money which gives every colleger threepence. Tradition says that the original bequest was half a sheep to each colleger, and that he now receives the equivalent in modern money of the value of half a sheep in the sixteenth century.

On Lady Day, the 25th of March, it was the custom at St Albans—within the last ten years at any rate, and it may be done now—to distribute cakes known as 'pope ladies' to the poor. The money for this was left by a noble lady of the fifteenth century, who, having lost her way at night on her journey to the monastery, found it by the aid of the clock-tower light, and thus emphasised her gratitude.

A custom of similar origin still obtains at Newark, where on the twelfth Sunday before Christmas, and for six Sundays, the bells chime at evening for an hour, in accordance with the will of Gofer, a local merchant, who, three hundred years ago, lost his way in the woods and was guided home by Newark bells.

On Good Friday a number of ancient bequests are still commemorated. The most interesting perhaps is that which is carried out at the oldest London church, that of St Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. Twenty-one widows repair to a certain tomb in the churchyard, and each picks a sixpence from off it. The origin of the custom, which has been observed for four hundred years, is not known, but it is said that the original bequest was made by a lady (who was buried in the nave of the church in pre-Reformation times) for masses to be said for her soul, and that at the Reformation the money was put to its present use.

At All Hallows, Lombard Street, the sixty youngest Blue Coat Boys used, before the removal of the school to Horsham, to receive a new penny and a bag of raisins.

At St Margaret's, Lothbury, the 'Three Hours Service' was perpetually provided for by the bequest of an old parishioner who lived at the Reformation time, and who, as a Merchant Taylor, made it a condition that the officials of his company should be present. This is still observed.

A very curious old London Good Friday custom, although not a bequest, may be mentioned here. At the public-house of 'The Widow's Son,' in

Devons Road, Bow, every Good Friday, the landlord adds one to the many time-blackened buns which hang in one of the rooms. According to tradition, the house was once kept by a widow whose son, a sailor, started on his first voyage on a Good Friday. News reached his mother that he would return on a Good Friday, and she put a bun aside for him. He never returned; but the widow continued to put his bun ready for him every year, and succeeding tenants have kept up the practice.

On Easter Eve the singers of St Mary in Arden, Market Harborough, sing the Easter hymn over the grave of William Hubbard, who died in 1786, and who bequeathed a guinea per annum for the purpose.

In the little Kentish village of Biddenden the famous cake ceremony is performed every Easter Day. At least four hundred years ago there lived in Biddenden two sisters, Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, who were joined together—so says tradition. One of them dying, the other very naturally died also. By their will some twenty acres of land were bequeathed for the benefit of the poor, and known as the 'Bread and Cheese Lands,' from that article of the bequest which provides that on the afternoon of Easter Sunday there shall be distributed six hundred cakes bearing the impress of the sisters, bread, and cheese. Hasted, the historian of Kent, can find no truth in the legend about the twin-sisters, and declares that the curious cakes, so eagerly sought after as mementos, do not date farther back than 1740, and that the bequest was made by two ordinarily constituted ladies named Preston. However, the distribution still takes place, and attracts a large company to the little place, once famous for its linen manufactures and —its smugglers.

Every 6th day of April there is sold in connection with a local charity at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, the 'White Bread Meadow,' by the following curious auction fashion. At the beginning of the bidding two boys start on a race, and the bidder at the moment when the winning boy breasts the tape is the tenant for the coming year. After the performance bread, raisins, and ale are provided.

On May Day a curious wedding is celebrated at St George's in the East, London, in accordance with the terms of a bequest by William Raine, who died in 1742. By his will a sum of four thousand pounds was set aside, the interest of which was to provide a marriage-portion for a girl from his schools in Old Gravel Lane. For this prize six girls, at the age of twenty-two, who had been brought up at these schools, were to draw lots from a tin tea-canister. The only conditions of the marriage were that the proposed husband was not to be a soldier or a sailor, must be of the Church of England, and be approved by the trustees. The excitement in this humble neighbourhood when the annual drawing for the munificent Raine's Bounty takes place can better be imagined than described.

On Whit-Tuesday there is preached at St Leonard's, Shoreditch, London, in fulfilment of the terms of the will of Thomas Fairchild, a gardener, who died in 1728, and left twenty-eight pounds for the purpose, a sermon which has for its text, 'The certainty of resurrection from the dead, as shown by operations in the animal and vegetable world, and changes in the operations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.'

At Whitsuntide there is annually sold at Enderby, in Leicestershire, the grass of part of the Ratby Meadow, this meadow having been granted by John of Gaunt to fifteen men who answered his invitation to come to him at Leicester and receive from him a piece of land, as a commemoration of his joining in the local festivities of 'mowing-day.' The only condition of his grant was that this particular portion should be reserved for annual sale, and the proceeds applied to charity. It is said that the annual sale has only been interrupted during three years of the Civil War period.

At Shennington, near Edgehill, the church is strewn with freshly mown grass every Whit-Tuesday, in commemoration of the fact that the church was thus strewn at its consecration, it not being yet paved. To keep this old custom up, two local ladies bequeathed a piece of ground to grow the necessary grass.

A most unusual performance of a bequest is that which takes place every Whit-Tuesday at the parish church schools of St Ives, Huntingdonshire, when six boys and six girls from Church and Nonconformist schools cast dice for Bibles, in terms of the will of Dr Robert Wilde, who died in 1675.

On Midsummer Day, under the will of Isaac Duckett, who died in 1620, the interest of the sum of four hundred pounds, which he left 'in order to encourage fidelity and long service among domestics,' is distributed in sums varying from twenty pounds to five pounds among eleven people dwelling in the parish of St Andrew's, Holborn, who have been in one service seven years. Owing to various social changes since the first distribution was made in 1639—chief among them being the disuse of the City of London as a residential centre, and the fact that faithful domestic service has ceased to be an object of pride and self-satisfaction —the scope of this charity has been altered and widened. Of a similar character is the bequest of one Meyrick of Launceston, in Cornwall, by which, on 12th July, the first day of Launceston Fair, what is known as 'pretty maid's money,' amounting to two pounds ten shillings, is bestowed on an elected maid of good character and regular attendance at church.

Bequests for sermons to be preached on certain occasions are frequent. Thus there is a service at St Margaret Pattens, London, on the anniversary of the 'martyrdom' of Charles the First. At St Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street, on Easter Sunday, an egg upon which is written 'My Redeemer' is given to every worshipper out of bequeathed money. On the first Sunday in May

the 'Two Pound Sermon' is preached at Burnley, in Lancashire, according to the will of Henry Halstead, who died two hundred years ago, the text of it being from Hebrews: 'For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.' At St Katharine Cree, in London, the 'Flower Sermon' is preached on Whit-Monday, the entire congregation bringing flowers, which are distributed among the hospitals. On 15th June the 'Kenton Sermon' is preached in Stepney Church, the Vintners' Company attending. This is to commemorate Ben Kenton, who rose from 'prentice to being one of London's wealthiest and most charitable merchants. The bequest, according to a frequent old custom, also provides for a dinner to follow the service. On 10th July the Company of Cordwainers attend at St Dunstan's in the West to hear a sermon in accordance with the will of one Fisher, who bequeathed them Falcon Court, in Fleet Street. Formerly his health was drunk in the church, but now the money for that purpose goes to the poor. On July 25th a sermon is preached in St Martin's, Ludgate, in commemoration of the salvation of our island from the Spanish Armada, citizen and Skinner Stodder having left forty shillings per annum for the purpose. One of the most interesting of these old London sermons is that which is still preached, as it has been preached for more than two hundred and fifty years, in the Church of St Katharine Cree every 16th of October. It was founded by Sir John Gayer, one of those fine old travelling, fighting Londoners who helped to build the greatness of our City, to commemorate his escape from a lion 'in an Asiatic desert.' He bequeathed two hundred pounds for charity and for the preaching of the 'Lion Sermon.' As the Stodder sermon at St Martin's, Ludgate, commemorates the Armada, so does the Chapman Sermon at Bow Church commemorate Guy Fawkes; but most of the many sermons of this anniversary character, in London City at any rate, have had their bequest-money changed into more practical charitable channels.

On the 1st day of August Doggett's Coat and Badge is still rowed for by young Thames watermen, as it has been since 1715. Doggett was a somewhat famous comedian, and he founded the prize to celebrate the Brunswick succession. The scullers, six young watermen whose apprenticeship had expired the previous year, started at the time of the tide when the current was strongest against them from 'Old Swan' Pier, London Bridge, to the 'White Swan,' Chelsea, but now finish about five hundred yards higher up. The first prize is the orange-coloured coat with the silver badge of the arms of Hanover. To this the Fishmongers' Company have added money, and to provide second and third prizes Sir William Joliffe left the interest on two hundred and sixty-one pounds. Although the Thames has ceased to be the highway which it was early in the eighteenth century, and the Thames watermen as a body have lost much of their old power and importance, the annual race for Doggett's Coat and Badge still excites the greatest interest and the keenest competition, and the day on which it is held is marked as a general river-side holiday.

At Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, September 27th is still known as 'The Earl of Bristol's Tolling Day.' By the will of Baron Digby, Earl of Bristol, in 1698, a sum of money was left for the bell of Sherborne Abbey to be tolled all day, and for a special sermon to be preached. Browne Willis, the antiquary of Fenny Stratford, was equally determined that his death should be kept in remembrance, for he left money for the annual firing of guns, known as 'Fenny Poppers,' for a church service, and a dinner at the Bull Inn. So was one Randall of St Miniver, Cornwall, who provided for a sermon to be preached on 27th December for one thousand years!

With the last public execution of criminals at Newgate disappeared the *raison d'être* of a very famous bequest, although for some time the money had been put to more practical use. In 1605 Robert Dowe, citizen and Merchant Taylor, gave to the parish of St Sepulchre's the sum of fifty pounds on condition that on the night before every execution-day, which was usually Monday, a man should go beneath the window of the condemned cell, and after giving twelve solemn strokes with a hand-bell, should recite an exhortation in verse to repentance and preparation for the approaching ordeal. Also, that the bell of St Sepulchre's should toll on execution-mornings, so that passers-by should be moved to pray for the poor sinners going to their fate.

Three bequests of more than ordinarily curious origin may fitly close this list. At Old Weston, in Huntingdonshire, the floor of the church is annually strewn with new-mown hay on St Swithin's Day, 15th July; the origin being that the villagers of Weston used to buy their new boots in July, with the result that when they came to church on St Swithin's Day they made an intolerable noise. This so annoyed a wealthy old resident that he left money for hay to be strewn in the church on that day! At Watlington, Oxfordshire, on 19th November, twenty poor men receive coats with the bounty of Robert Parslow, who seems to have got hold of the Royalist military chest which was left here on the eve of the battle of Chalgrove Field (at which John Hampden was killed) and never called for. John Knill, of St Ives, Cornwall, among other more or less eccentric bequests, directed that the sum of twenty-five pounds should be expended on St James's Day, every five years, upon various observances commemoratory of his death, one of which was that ten girls (natives of the borough, and daughters of seamen, fishermen, or tinners), not more than ten years old, should dance for a quarter of an hour at least on the ground adjoining the mausoleum, and sing the One Hundredth Psalm to the 'fine old tune.'

These are but a few samples of the many bequests of long ago, most of which are still scrupulously respected in an iconoclastic age, and which quietly and unostentatiously keep alive that sentimental spirit which goes so far to relieve the bare prose of everyday life.

LOCH ETIVE.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THERE are all the changing moods of human nature in the face of those Atlantic backwaters known as lochs: one day dour, surly, overcast; the next, all smiles and sunshine. Even in August their weather is of April. One morning in the harvest month I pushed off in a small boat from the shores of Loch Etive, which lay before me blue, gold, unruffled as a glass mirror. The next, having motored from Dalmally along the Pass of Brander, I found Etive in funereal garb, blurred with a driving rain, lashed to inky waves by a half-gale that kept the yachts at Oban idle.

Like most of those inlets from the northern ocean, Etive produces a strange blend of faunal and floral characters of fresh and salt. Since a hundred brawling burns, racing from the Black Mount, feed the loch, the water is scarcely saline to the taste. Sea-fish and river-fish sport together in the tiny bays that lie at the foot of the deer-forest, and dodge the bills of herons whose young ones clamour hungrily in the cliffs that overhang each winding glen. Back to the nests go relays of varied food, white trout and brown, with little eels and lythe; and equally mixed is the catch of those who troll with the blue phantom or cast the grouse-and-claret over purling shallows. Even on perfectly still days, when the burnished surface is unbroken by a ripple, the phantom takes toll of silly fish, but the grouse-and-claret has its failures.

These almost landlocked ocean-shallows, unappreciated by the tourist who knows them only from the decks of little steamers that keep to the deep water, are well worth exploring in a little boat that can navigate the hundred bays and creeks, and give you the intimacy of the beaches. It was on the finer of my two mornings that, having pulled as far against the tide, I ran my little bark ashore in a creek not far from where the Noe and Liver run down from their birthplace in the hills. The grating of the keel on the shingle beach sent many a fowl in a hurry from table. Half-a-score of solemn herons flew heavily away from an unfinished meal of stolen trout, and flapped guiltily to their nests in the recesses of Cruachan. Half-a-hundred mallards circled higher and higher round my head and sought sanctuary from a gun that existed only in their imagination. Fairy terns and more ponderous gulls, knowing their safety at all times, hovered, careless of our intrusion, over the shallows. Of waders there was more variety than could at a glance be appreciated; but even before we disturbed them we recognised a pair of oyster-catchers at work in the soft mud, and a merry company of greenshanks tripping under cover of some rocks at the farther end of the bay.

From a slippery rock, that offered treacherous foothold in the midst of a great natural bed of mussels, I watched an unconscious seal bathing in a pool not fifty yards from where I crouched on the wet weed. I held my breath as I watched the spangled moustaches bristle beneath the soft eyes. Then the *séance* was over, for, alas! the seal recognised that the enemy was in possession of its favourite basking-rock, and sounded out of sight. After lunch both the phantom and the fly were tried alternately in the shadow of the mountain, but the dazzling light must have blinded the fish, for not more than half-a-dozen fell victims, and all of these were returned as beneath contempt. Yet fishing mattered little, for there was rich harvest on all sides for the quiet eye, and the tide was with me back to Taynuilt pier, so that it was delightful drifting on a summer sea. Such was the finest day I ever saw on Etive. Cruachan smiled across a vale of haze at Starive, and not a breath of wind stirred the dwarfed trees along the north shore. Twenty-four hours later the lovely glens of yesterday were nowhere to be seen. Foreground, middle distance, and horizon were lost in a maze of blinding rain. Perspective was lost in an unbroken monotony of chill grayness. On the first day I understood the Scotsman's passionate worship of his native land. On the second, I understood still better why he has pioneered civilisation to the burning plains of India and to the frozen peaks that overlook the Yukon. Exile can hold few terrors for one whom, from the cradle, Nature educates in indifference to such quick changes as I saw in Etive's mirror.

SONNET.

INTERLUDE.

As some lone labourer in the quiet fields,
Pausing awhile from bending o'er the ground,
Rests his tired senses on the peace around,
And with freed hands his sun-dazed vision shields,
Hearing the lark's song thrilling toward the blue,
Seeing the hedges bright with beckoning flowers,
He turns to work again with freshened powers—
So, in the pause of life, my soul found you!

Then, glad with wonderment, dazed with the light,
I saw the wide horizon's circling bar;
And, lo! the fields for harvest ripe and white.
(Of all great good interpreter you are.)
Now, blessed am I who delve my lowly plot.
Ah! if I had not paused, or you had loved me not!

Constance Farmar.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

MÁHI-O-MARÁTIB

(THE FISH AND DIGNITIES).

By Colonel HUGH PEARSE, D.S.O.

THE Dignities have long faded from memory, and the Fish came to the hammer some sixty years ago. The name of its purchaser is unknown, and it may be that the present owner values it at its proper price as a rare historical relic, or more probably it may hang neglected in a dark corner of some country house, or be hidden in the lumber-room of an old curiosity shop.

The Fish makes frequent appearances in history, and we find a picturesque reference to it in a book which, while making no pretension to the dignity of history, yet brings pre-British India more clearly before its readers than any other work in our language. This book is the memoir of James Skinner, the soldier of fortune to whom it befell, almost accidentally, to become the owner of the Fish, as great good luck does sometimes fall to the young and adventurous.

It came about in the sanguinary battle of Malpura or Sanganir, fought, in the year 1799, near the city of Jaipur, between the Rajputs and the Marathas. In this fight the Rajputs made their last attempt to prevent the control of the moribund Mogul empire from falling into the hands of the Marathas.

The battle lasted a long while, and was stoutly contested, an unusual feature in the internecine conflicts of old India, in which it was usual for one side quickly to prevail. The Rajputs at Malpura, however, relied on the great numbers and proved valour of their cavalry, while the Marathas felt equal confidence in their powerful and efficient artillery and in their regular infantry trained to Western discipline by De Boigne and his successors and subordinates.

Before the final advance of the Rajputs brought the two armies into contact, Lakwa Dada, the Maratha commander, addressed his warriors in a pithy speech. 'To regain the old Patel's turban,' said he, 'I am resolved to conquer or to die. Hear this, oh ye sons of the brave!' Now, 'the old Patel' was Madhoji Sindhia, the national hero; and this reference to his hurried flight on an occasion when he incurred the dire disgrace indicated by Lakwa Dada stirred every Maratha heart. 'May God assist us!' they shouted in reply.

The doubtful battle raged for many hours, the brave Rajputs making furious charges upon the solid Maratha squares. In the end discipline triumphed, and the Rajputs were not only driven from the field but dispersed to their homes, leaving their camp exposed to the spoiler.

So heavy had been the losses of the Marathas that for a time they rested inactive, hardly realising the completeness of their victory. 'About noon, however,' says Skinner, 'running camels brought intelligence that the Rajah and all the troops that had escaped from the battle had retreated towards Jaipur. The three hundred cavalry attached to our brigade were ordered to go on and collect information. With them I volunteered, and was permitted to go. On reaching the enemy's camp I found the news correct—it was utterly abandoned; and accordingly I sent word of this back to Colonel Pholman [the German officer who commanded his brigade]. I marched into the encampment; it was the largest and best I had ever seen, but totally deserted. Here were most beautiful tents and large bazaars filled with everything imaginable, but not a man to be seen. My three hundred *sowars* dispersed and went to plunder, and I myself, with two of them, went on and reached the Rajah's wooden bungalow, the most beautiful thing I ever saw, all covered with embroidery and crimson velvet. I entered, and saw nothing but gold and silver. In opening one of the Rajah's *poojah* baskets I found two golden idols with diamond eyes, which I immediately secured in my bosom for fear they should be discovered. I found also several other trinkets, which I likewise took.'

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

Skinner now, quite accidentally, stumbled on fortune.

'In coming away I found a brass fish with two *chauris* [yak's tails] hanging to it like moustachios. It attracted my curiosity, and I tied it to my saddle. On my way back I met numbers of Maratha chieftains going and coming, who all looked at me and laughed as I passed, for what reason I could not then imagine.'

Skinner then, with his inimitable simplicity, goes on to describe his interview on returning to his own camp with Lakwa Dada, the Maratha commander-in-chief. 'I found him sitting,' he says, 'along with several other chiefs, under a large tree, and on my approach Colonel Pholman ordered me to dismount. I feared that he might have heard something about my prize, which, however, I had secured in my *charjameh* [native saddle]; and, thinking that he wanted to examine my saddle, I began to excuse myself by saying that I was much fatigued and would be glad to have some rest. But Lakwa told me that he wished to see me, for I had saved "the old Patel's" turban in this day's battle. I thought that by this he meant to say that my battalion had especially distinguished itself in the charge of the Rhators; but he came closer to me, and Pholman, seeing me confused, perplexed me still more by his laughing. At last Lakwa asked me what it was I had hanging to my horse. I replied, "A brass fish." "Will you give it to me?" he said. "By all means," said I, "provided you will demand nothing more of me." "No," said he, "I will not." "Give me your word on that," replied I, and he immediately did so; on which I loosed the fish and presented it to him.

'"Well," said he, "dismount now, and let me embrace you;" and, as my orderlies and groom had now come up, I dismounted and he embraced me. He then explained that the Fish I had given him was the actual Máhi Marátib, or imperial ensign of honour bestowed by the king of Delhi upon the Rajah.'

Turning with regret from Skinner's entrancing narrative to more sober history, we find that many writers have described the strange emblem left in his flight by the Jaipur Rajah.

Mr Irvine, in his *Army of the Indian Moguls*, gives, indeed, a list of seven of the principal badges of honour carried before the kings of Delhi, or before the subjects whom they delighted to honour. Of these emblems, five were sacred to the 'Asylum of the Universe' himself, and their names and meaning were as follows: (1) Panjah (an open hand), said to have been originally a battle-honour, taken by Taimur in Kafiristan. (2) Alam (a flag), also a trophy of one of the early victories of Taimur. (3) Mizán (a balance), the emblem of justice. (4) Aftáb (the sun), in memory of the conquest of the sun-worshippers. (5) Azhdaha-paikar (interpreted as 'dragon-face'), an ancient object of worship in Hindu India, presented to Taimur as a peace-offering. The two other emblems, but little less in dignity, were bestowed on subjects of the highest rank, and in one instance only on an Englishman. Authorities differ as to whether these badges were conferred separately or went together. They were known as (1) Máhi-o-Marátib (the Fish and Dignities); (2) Qumqumah (a globe or lantern).

The emblems, it will be seen, were of great antiquity, and, though not of high intrinsic value, were prized by the Moguls and their courtiers in that they kept alive the memory of past glories. The seven insignia carried before the Mogul sovereigns typified the conquest of their great ancestor Taimur and his successors over the seven climes, or, in other words, over the whole world.

Such has been the art by which, in all countries and at all times, the rulers of mankind have taken advantage of the universal craving for marks of distinction; and the Mogul kings, says Mr Irvine, showed an exceptional ingenuity in 'converting things worthless in themselves into objects to be ardently striven for and dearly prized,' and in rendering the least of the seven emblems as acceptable to their proud Rajput vassals as to their own Mohammedan followers.

Observers of the foibles of mankind have very often commented cynically or benevolently, according to the bent of their humour, on the power exercised by honorary rewards. The apology of a great and good man, Lord Cornwallis, for this proof of weakness is well known. 'You will have heard,' he writes to his son, 'that soon after I left England I was elected a Knight of the Garter, and very likely laughed at me for wishing to wear a blue riband over my fat belly. I could have excused myself in the following lines:

> Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
> Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
> Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
> A little louder, but as empty quite.
> Scarfs, garters, gold amuse his riper stage,
> And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.

Another great Englishman of the same period, Lord Lake, had the unique honour of being the only European on whom the distinction of the Máhi-o-Marátib was ever conferred. This was in the year 1803, when Lake shattered the Marathas armies in Hindustan, while Arthur Wellesley was similarly employed in the Deccan.

Early in his wonderful progress of victory, Lake entered Delhi and thus freed Shah Alam, the blind king, from the thraldom of the Marathas. Great was the joy of king and people; and Shah Alam, whose treasury was empty, readily bestowed on Lake the highest honour at his disposal, that of the Fish, together with such appropriate titles as are still valued in chivalrous India.

The badge Máhi, as received by Lake a few months later, after his great victory at Laswari, is described by Sir William Thorne, who witnessed the presentation, as the figure of a fish, four feet in length, of copper-gilt, and placed horizontally on

the point of a spear. It is uncertain whether this Máhi was accompanied by the Marátib, which latter emblem is described as a ball of copper-gilt, encircled by a fringe about two feet in length, placed on a long pole, and, like the Fish, carried on an elephant. The two badges, as Mr Irvine tells us, are always spoken of conjointly by careful writers as 'the Fish and Dignities;' but it seems possible that in some reigns the Marátib was granted as a separate honour and was then styled Qumqumah.

We cannot tell if Lord Lake's Fish was the same one that Skinner tied on his saddle at Malpura, or another of the same description; but its history for forty-five years after Lake received it on the battlefield of Laswari can be traced without difficulty.

Lord Lake returned to England in 1807, and died early in the following year, worn out by the toil and hardship of his Maratha campaigns. On his death the Fish passed with his other possessions to his eldest son, Francis, who succeeded him as second Viscount, and died in 1836. General Lord Lake's second son, George, colonel of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, having fallen at Roliça, 'the admiration of the whole army,' the peerage consequently devolved on the third son, Warwick, third and last Viscount Lake, formerly an officer of the navy, who died 24th June 1848, when the title of Lake became extinct. A few months later the greater part of the personal property of the last Lord Lake was sold by auction. The reputation of his famous father still lingered in the memory of many veterans of the Indian Services, and the auctioneers were satisfied to publish their catalogue with the following preface:

'The name of the illustrious LAKE, so signally associated as Commander-in-Chief with the brilliant operations in British India at the commencement of the present century, renders it superfluous for the Auctioneers to do more than simply to announce the fact that the celebrated Trophy and other testimonials to the bravery of that highly esteemed Noble Lord and General are included in the present sale to render those objects peculiarly desirable to all connected with Eastern affairs, but more especially to the remaining few of his valiant comrades.'

Among the objects sold were some interesting pictures, the whereabouts of some of which is known and of some unknown. The strikingly virile portrait of Lake himself hangs most suitably in the Oriental Club, which also possesses a beautiful bust of the great soldier. A portrait of George IV. as a young man, painted by Gainsborough, and presented to Lake by the Prince, was recently exhibited in London, and preserves all its original brilliancy. We know not, however, who possesses another gift of the Regent to his friend and equerry, sold on this occasion, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Mrs Lake, the General's wife, who died in youth many years before his elevation to the peerage. The picture, if now unknown, may perhaps be recognised by its description in the catalogue. 'The lady,' it says, 'is represented in the act of raising a mirror behind the head, so as to reflect her image in a toilet-glass, which, partly concealed in drapery, is placed on a table to the left. In the background, on the right of the picture, is seen the pillar of a bed, over which the curtains loosely fall. The ideal as well as actual beauty of the countenance and attitude of the figure deserve to be noticed.' Where, too, is the portrait of Lake's mother by Sir Godfrey Kneller? This lady is shown, we read, 'seated on a bank and surrounded by foliage,' the attitude being described as 'extremely graceful.' Lake was the handsomest man of his day, and the picture of his mother should be worth looking at.

Among the trophies sold were two pieces of plate presented to Lord Lake by his brother officers. The first was 'a gilt oviform vase and cover,' given by the officers of the Brigade of Guards after the victory of Lincelles; and the second, which excited the enthusiasm of the auctioneers, 'a most noble sideboard ornament, representing "the Temple of Victory," presented by the officers who served in the Maratha War,' may have been an artistic atrocity, but cannot be considered uninteresting.

All these objects, however, shrink into insignificance beside 'that curious trophy in gong-metal, in the form of a fish, with appendages,' which was bought, probably for a song, by some person unknown in November 1848. Who owns it now?

VANESSA.

CHAPTER IV.

N emerging from the courthouse, Vanessa, amid the admiring glances of the crowd, went straight across the street to a sweetmeat shop, and in a short time came out with an armful of packages, which she handed to her maid. We then all adjourned to the 'Red Lion,' meeting the squire at the door.

As we passed in mother held out her hand, but he did not seem to see it, his eyes being fastened on Vanessa; and as he looked that indescribable far-away expression I had noticed before passed over his face, and for a moment he was evidently lost to all but the lovely being before him. Then he seemed to awake, and greeted mother and me most warmly.

Vanessa would not come in. She said 'No,' she 'had a little business to do;' but she begged mother to let her drive me home in the car, and she would take tea with us.

Mother said she would be delighted, and then she took a thought and said, 'Will you not come and stay over night with us, or longer if you can? And I have a selfish reason, for I do wonder whether I would not enjoy a drive or two in the Car of Juggernaut.'

At this we all laughed, and Vanessa said, 'Would you really? That is delightful! Indeed, I will come if Mrs Marsden'—turning with a pretty air of deference to her chaperon—'will allow me.' At which the old lady beamed, as much as to say, 'That needs no reply.'

'That's all right, then,' said Vanessa. 'When I have done my business I will run home with Mrs Marsden, and fetch my things, and pick up Mitey here.'

The squire then, with charming old-style courtesy, ushered us upstairs to the inn's best parlour, explaining and apologising for having sent us a message and not coming himself to us, as he thought it would not do for a judge to come down into the body of the court. The explanation was quite unnecessary, we told him; and he did the honours and was everything a host should be, and, with excellent taste, made no allusion to the trial. But I could see—and I thought mother noticed it as well as I did—that dear old Uncle Goodman had something on his mind, and once or twice was on the point of opening it, but refrained. After lunch mother said she must do a little shopping before having the carriage out to drive home, and of course, as in duty bound, I thought I must accompany her. But the squire in a plaintive voice said, 'Must you go too?' and looked at mother, and added, 'If Mary may keep me company, as I have an hour to wait for my train, she would be kind, and you would be good.'

Mother smiled and patted his hand, saying, 'You promise you won't make love to her if I trust her to you?' and they both laughed. He laid his hand upon his heart and bowed, saying, 'My word of honour;' and then we all laughed. Mother gave us both a little nod and was gone.

There was silence for a minute. Uncle Goodman went to the window and stood looking out. Then he turned to me abruptly, and said in a tremulous voice, 'Who is she?'

I could not pretend that I did not understand him. 'She is an orphan,' I replied, 'whom I met at school and learned to love.'

'Oh Mary, tell me all you know! When she threw up her veil to-day I seemed to be carried back many, many years, to old happy days that had lain buried in a grave of sadness. What a likeness! *what* a likeness! Oh, can it be?' He sank down in an arm-chair, and I went on my knees beside him, and taking his hand in both of mine, said, 'Uncle Goodman, dear Uncle Goodman, what can I do for you? Tell me what to do.'

He remained silent for a little, and then he put his hand upon mine and said, 'Dear child, I will tell you all, and you must help me. I had a brother-officer in the Guards; and it was not that we were brother-officers, we were brothers, as if we had had one mother, although I was his senior by many years. We both loved the same woman, but he was the favoured one. I shall never forget the day when, not knowing how it was with me, he asked me to be his groomsman, nor the awful strain it was to me to stand by my friend at the altar and see her given away to him. Nothing but the certainty that she was given to happiness enabled me to bear it. We parted that day. I could not speak; but she took me by the hand, and with the tears running down her cheeks she said, "I know! I know! God help you, dear, dear friend!"'

The poor old man leaned forward and buried his face in his hands, and after a pause he whispered, 'My friend went to a staff appointment in India, and I never looked on her again. To-day I saw her every feature, her every charm, as vividly as if thirty years were but yesterday. And that voice, that warbling tone like the murmur of a sweet brook, it carried me back to the old days, and my poor old heart beat wildly. Mary dear, what does it all mean?'

I have put all this down as if it had been one long speech, but truly it was not. It came to me in snatches, as I stroked the dear old hand, watching my friend, alternately lighting up at the vision before him, and fading back into gloom at the realisation that it was a memory only.

'But why do I trouble you with all this, my dear child?'

'Don't say trouble, Uncle Goodman! I wish I could comfort you.'

'You do—you do, dear. There, there,' he said, waving his hand, 'that is enough;' and he got up and went again to the window, while I stood and wondered and admired a constancy so beautiful. When he came back I saw he did not wish to touch the subject again, and as good luck would have it mother came in with her purchases, in which I made believe to take an absorbing interest, and so diverted attention and gave our friend time to pull himself together. Presently he left us to go to his train, giving my hand a significant pressure as we parted. I saw mother off in the carriage, and waited for Vanessa, who appeared in a few minutes, and the car having returned from Larkhall with her things, we started off gaily for home, groups of people waving their hats to Vanessa as we passed through the town.

When we had left it a mile or two behind, and were approaching the scene of the trap, I noticed that Vanessa slowed the car down, and looking forward, I saw our friend Constable Sturgis standing in the middle of the road, and holding up his hand. To my surprise, Vanessa did not seem to be annoyed, but drew up close to him, and was going to speak, when he suddenly blurted out, 'I ax your pardin, miss, for stoppin' ye; but I says to my missis, says I, when I went 'ome to

my dinner, I'll stop the lady the first time I meets her, for I must say, "Thank ye for sendin' the doctor."'

'Oh, that was nothing,' said Vanessa, smiling. 'I was so sorry that that foolish boy had hurt you.'

'Well, miss, it was good of you, all the same,' he said. 'Aa wouldn't 'ave been well for weeks if 'e 'adn't 'ave cleaned my eye out. Aa didn't know it were peas, miss.'

'No, I am sure you didn't. Will you give a message to your wife for me?'

'Surely, miss, I will.'

'Tell her I congratulate you both on having such lovely children.'

'Thank ye, miss; that'll please the old 'oman. An' aa say, miss, if you see me lookin' the other way nex' time you passes, you'll unnerstand, won't you, miss?'

'Oh,' said Vanessa, laughing, 'you must do your duty, and not mind me.'

'Ees, miss,' with a twinkle in his eye, 'you may be sure aa *won't* mind you.' Then he grinned, and we both laughed, and went on our way.

This pleasant little encounter appeared to be only a break in the reverie into which Vanessa seemed to have fallen, for she had been very quiet before, and now she sank again into silence. I had guessed, when I heard her speak of the constable's children, where she had been after her visit to the sweetmeat shop. Nice thoughts for others was one of her great traits.

Well, I saw now that her mood was for silence, and we ran past the scene of our adventure and on for several miles without a word, when suddenly, without looking round, she said, 'What became of Mr Oldsborough?'

I was quite startled, it came so abruptly, and there was something about her tone that puzzled me.

'I last saw him striding down the street when we left the court,' I replied; and I added, 'Wasn't it good of him to come?'

There was a marked pause before she said, 'Well, yes;' then another little pause, and, 'Don't you think he might have given me a chance of thanking him?' Her eyes were still fixed ahead.

What was it in the tone that struck me? Could it be pique? I asked myself.

'Well, Vanessa,' I said, 'you know how your Englishman hates being thanked when he most deserves it, and perhaps he thought it more—more—what shall I call it?—more knightly to withdraw like a visored champion when the tilt for an unknown lady's honour was over.'

I thought this rather good; but there was a distinct, if slight, toss of the lovely head as she said, 'Mitey, if you can't say something better than that, don't say anything.'

Another long pause, as we ran a good mile, and then she suddenly turned to me, saying, 'Wasn't it good fun, Mite? I did enjoy it so under the brown cloak;' and as she spoke her eyes once more shone with merriment, and she made me shake with laughter as she alternately took off the walrus, pushing out her upper lip into the form of his moustache, and drawing in her cheeks to an ascetic smile as she quoted the vicar's 'sixty miles an hour.' And for the rest of the way home she kept on bringing up the whole scene with such touches of bright wit that I had only to listen and enjoy myself. Her fun was excellent; but my greatest enjoyment came from a subtle discernment that all this exuberant mirth was in a degree forced to cover up some deeper feeling that she would fain conceal, even from me.

That night she came along to my room in her lovely laced wrap, her hair, which she generally wore coiled in a crown round her head, hanging down loose far below her waist, and she threw herself into the old grandmother-chair beside the fire, declaring that she did not think she could sleep yet. I was busy with my own hair, and left her to her thoughts for a while; and then I slid into the chair on the other side of the fireplace, seeing as I did so a tear slowing coursing down her cheek.

Before I could make up my mind to speak she suddenly threw herself forward on her knees towards me, and laid her head in my lap with a sob. What could I do? I put my hands upon her head, and neither of us moved for a few minutes. Then one dear hand came up to mine and drew it to her cheek, as she turned that cheek downwards, so that it rested in my hand, and brought her face towards the fire, gazing into it.

Presently she put out her other hand seeking mine, which she clasped, and then said slowly, 'Mitey, I am a shameless girl!'

The tone was pathetic, and made impossible the usual conventional reply of 'Nonsense,' which is ordinarily thought appropriate as an answer to words of self-depreciation. I could only give a crooning murmur of sympathy, and, stooping down, kiss the sweet temple.

Her fingers left my hand and played abstractedly with the girdle tassel of my wrap, and, still looking into the fire, she said, 'If I ask you a question, will you tell me truly, *truly*, what you think?'

'Yes indeed, darling,' I replied, stroking her hair; 'for the truth is the only real help, isn't it?'

There was a pause, and then she said slowly and quietly, almost below her breath, 'Can a girl be a good girl who is always thinking of a man she has only seen once?'

I was not able to contain myself, and I raised her head and laid it on my shoulder, whispering in her ear, 'You have seen him to-day again, dear, haven't you?'

'Yes; but it was before that.'

'And why should that be naughty?' I asked.

'I don't know, but if it is I can't help it;' and she brushed away another tear.

I felt that my face was beaming with joy, and

taking her head in my hands, I brought it in front of me, saying, 'Do you think I could look like that if my darling was not a good girl?'

The sunshine burst through the cloud, and shone over all the adorable face; and, throwing her arms round my neck, she cried, 'How did you know?' I did not answer, and she quickly added, 'I am glad you knew. Say something to me.'

I told her she must be a brave girl, and trust and wait, and all that her friend could do for her to hold her up in patience she would do. She took both my hands, and rose with a new look in her face; and having wrung them, she let them fall and went straight to the door, and with her hand on the latch, and without looking round, said, 'Yes, a good word for the last good-night, Mitey dear,' and she was gone.

But that look remained with me, and next day it found its way into my Britannia, giving a something of added nobility which I could not have conceived possible.

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS ON AN INDIAN LINER.

By an Officer.

A SEA voyage to many means only the sailing from one port to another; but to one who has travelled from London to Calcutta for many years, as an officer in a first-class passenger line, each trip is a little life in itself. From the time the passengers embark in the Royal Albert Dock or at Gravesend, as the case may be, until they reach the muddy Hooghly, many incidents are continually happening which to the landsman may prove interesting. It is with the object of bringing some of these before the reader that this article is written.

Good-byes having been said, and the ship cleared of all friends, the vessel has hauled out of dock before we have time to look round. This being done, however, and the river entered, we take a general survey of the passengers.

While the vessel is steaming down the river, in smooth water, these are generally in great evidence, most of them having changed from the conventional frock-coat, &c., and picture-hat to costumes by which, as a rule, they can easily be singled out.

First, take those who are making their maiden voyage. Everything is evidently new to them, though their great endeavour seems to be to convince others that all they see is familiar. They even go so far as to offer information to others who have been 'there before many a time'—not excepting the ship's officers. Next come those who have made many voyages, and who, to use a sailor's expression, 'know the ropes.' They may be seen settled in a quiet corner, or walking slowly up and down the deck examining the others carefully, and wondering with whom it will be safe to associate; occasionally, when an officer is within earshot, a word of Hindustani may be dropped as a sort of advertisement, but this is quite unnecessary to the officer—he requires no such sign. Now we see the Anglo-Indian who has finished his six months' holiday, and who is longing to return to the land where he has servants at his beck and call, whom he sadly missed in England. If the day should be warm he will probably appear in his solar topee, and the presence of his Burma cheroot, of which he has carefully reserved a few for the voyage, placards him at once. Lastly, we have the globe-trotter, conspicuous in soft felt hat, and with binocular-case hung round his neck; most of these are Americans, and all seem to be keen on gleaning information regarding the smallest detail, all to be entered in the diary with the day's doings. These to the ship's officer are generally the most interesting passengers.

For the first few days, if the weather happens to be at all bad, the ship presents the appearance of a poorly attended church. Many vacancies appear at the saloon table, while on deck only the hale old gent or the consumptive-looking girl is met. Both inform you, though in different tones, that they have never been seasick in their lives.

Having passed Cape St Vincent and got out of the Atlantic swell, the ship begins to behave in a more orderly manner, and then one by one new faces begin to appear. The sighting of Gibraltar seems to act like magic on the invalids, and by the time the Mediterranean is entered the deck presents the appearance of a marine parade. Ladies who have come up for the first time since leaving London assure you that they are really splendid sailors, but that they have been troubled with *such* headaches ever since leaving. Seasick? Oh dear no! Men, again, have a different tale to tell of slow recoveries from the effects of the 'send-off' given them by many friends—which, from the appearance of some, one is inclined to believe. All these excuses are taken by the officer with the usual 'Humph!' He knows better.

The sea being now smooth and the weather fine (though the Mediterranean can be very angry at times), cliques begin to be formed, and before Port Said is reached friendships have been made which may last for the voyage. The many shady corners have been annexed by different factions, and these keep to their places and very often to themselves.

This is all very interesting to the officer, who in his spare time and with his previous experience gets much more amusement at the expense of the passengers than they perhaps imagine. I have even known cases of men going so far as to bet on the

probable outcome of different flirtations, or on the chances of quarrels arising before a certain port was reached. In many instances they have turned out correct.

Arrived at Port Said, a general exodus is made during the coaling operations, with the exception of the children, who are very often left on board to fend for themselves. I may say in passing that I never envy any mother or father who has children on board ship.

The stop at Port Said being only for coaling purposes and to take the guiding light on board for use in the Canal at night, our friends have only time to walk round the town making purchases, which vary according to the taste of the buyer or consumer. In every case, however, an exorbitant price is sure to be paid. It is the proper thing to go to be robbed, and nobody seems to mind much, with the exception perhaps of the 'canny Scot' who can only count his 'bawbees,' and does not know the value of the coins (good and bad) which he receives in exchange. There are many of his countrymen amongst the Arabs, and the familiar sound of 'Jock Ferguson from Auchtermuchty,' heard at almost every corner, acts as a charm on him ; and all return to the ship more or less pleased with their outing.

The last baskets of coal are just being put on board when they arrive alongside, and as they come up the gangway ladder the officer again gets some amusement. Look at Miss ——, the belle of the ship, who went on shore in one of Bond Street's flowery creations. Now she appears in the regulation Port Said topee, which in Madras can be purchased for one rupee, but which she proudly tells you cost only seven shillings and sixpence. You smile but say nothing. Others of the first voyagers have been likewise taken in, but nobody has the courage to tell them so, or how ridiculous they look. They will find that out for themselves soon enough.

The Suez Canal affords an opportunity for the seasick contingent to disport themselves, and we hear of no headaches there, unless perhaps from the 'gilded youth' who really 'did' Port Said. He won't tell what he experienced, but from his appearance we can make a shrewd guess.

Suez is passed without any undue excitement, and then begins the sport of the voyage. A sports committee is formed, generally consisting of from four to five more or less convivial spirits, who between refreshments draw out programmes for all sorts of games and tournaments peculiar to ship-board. These are played off during the day, while concerts and dances are arranged for the evening's amusement. Sometimes they even aspire to theatricals, and I have seen one play at least on board ship that would have done credit to Drury Lane. I must say that the committee have no easy task to perform, as there is always the man on board who knows how things *ought* to have been done, but who was not proposed as a member of the committee. This as a rule is a first voyager! Nevertheless, in spite of all growls and complaints, the fun and the ship go merrily on, and before any one has realised that the temperature has gone up to one hundred degrees in the shade our vessel steams into Aden harbour and again drops anchor.

Here again the passengers have an opportunity of displaying their finery, and the boats are kept busy during the day taking different parties on shore and back to the ship. Why any one should wish to land at Aden I have never been able to discover ; but, like a flock of sheep, where one goes the others follow, and the arrival of a passenger-steamer is eagerly looked forward to by boatmen and *gharri-wallahs* (cabmen). The only things worth seeing there are the tanks or large reservoirs, built many years ago for the saving of water. These are generally visited by most of the passengers, but I do not think I have heard any say that they have really enjoyed their visit to Aden.

Aden left, the sports are again resumed, and the following eight days are perhaps the most interesting of the voyage. All by this time have become acquainted, some more than others ; flirtations have begun—ay, long before this ; even quarrels have arisen ; but on the whole every one seems content. The mere fact of travelling by a British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer means comfort to all, and that goes a long way towards tranquillity. Concerts are given frequently, at which the talent is sometimes of a very high order, and I have actually seen competition so keen as to lead to the breaking of friendships. I remember a case of two ladies occupying berths in the same cabin, and having been inseparable since leaving London, who almost came to blows over a discussion as to which had sung better at a concert the previous night. Voices raised above the ordinary were heard emanating from the saloon, and concluding with a call for the stewardess. That functionary, having evidently arrived on the scene of action, was ordered by one lady in withering tones to 'remove that person,' whereupon another scene ensued. This tumult was eventually quelled by one of the combatants retiring—the last word heard by the interested audience being 'cat.' Needless to say, there was a deadly feud between them for the remainder of the voyage. Dances are also got up, even to the extent of fancy-dress balls. These are always popular with passengers, and are invariably a huge success. It is really marvellous where the costumes come from, and one would almost think that all had come prepared.

Meanwhile, during the day, the heats of the tournaments have gone slowly on, and the finals are arranged to be played off on Gymkhana Day. This is *the* day of all others, and from 10 A.M. till dark all is bustle and excitement. The competition is very keen, and deafening applause proclaims the finish of an exciting game. Races and feats of all sorts, even to 'limerick' competitions, are gone in for by old and young, and many of those who left London resolved never to smile again forget their cares and renew their youth once more.

At last all the events are decided, and the energetic

committee are once more called upon. The prizes, which as a rule are bought at Aden, are selected, and an evening—probably that before we reach Colombo—is fixed for the presentation, when there is a scene of wild excitement; and as each successful competitor is called upon to receive the allotted prize he or she is greeted with rounds of applause. Not the least amusing part of the performance is the effort made by many to make a speech. These invariably end in hopeless confusion and shrieks from the noisy party. This generally finishes the sporting part of the voyage, and next morning the ship enters Colombo harbour.

Here the passenger has once more an opportunity of seeing something new, and all take advantage of it. Boats plying for hire surround the ship, and before long the vessel, so far as passengers are concerned at least, presents the appearance of a 'deserted village.' The gorgeous hotels of Colombo are too well known to require description, and wherever one goes comfort is always sure to be found. Should it chance to be a guest-night at any of these hotels many people remain on shore, where after dinner dancing is indulged in till a late hour.

Time does not often permit of a visit to Kandy, though I have known instances of passengers risking the journey and being well repaid for their courage. Two adventurous spirits some time ago were so well repaid that they had to cross to Tuticorin by steamer and proceed to Madras by rail. They did *not* miss the ship there.

I have always thought that the voyage ought to end at Colombo. Every one by that time has been long enough in the 'little world of its own,' and the passage to Calcutta *vid* Madras seems very flat after the excitement of the previous weeks. Madras harbour is not an ideal place in which to be cooped up on board a ship, and Madras itself to a stranger is uninteresting. Of course several have left at Colombo, and many more say farewell here, and discontent is beginning to show itself in many cases. Nobody is, therefore, sorry when, the cargo work having been finished, the vessel passes through the breakwater entrance and sets her course for the Sandheads. There we arrive two days later and meet the steamer from which comes the pilot to guide us up the winding Hooghly.

All is now bustle and confusion amongst the passengers, only those who have taken the precaution of packing up beforehand having time to look about. Couples may be seen together in different corners gazing into one another's eyes and making silly promises which will never be kept. I may say that of all the engagements I have known which took place on board ship only one came to anything.

All this time we are steaming up the river and wondering if we will be in time to moor at the pier. This we eventually manage to do in the evening, and when made fast the ship presents the appearance of some great animal breathing heavily after a long journey. The passengers and baggage are quickly landed, most of the former either forgetting or not deigning to say farewell. The decks being cleared, we go down to dinner, feeling another voyage 'nearer home,' and forget, with few exceptions, those who have travelled with us.

So ends the outward voyage, and we settle down for a week's rest before preparing for the homeward one, which will be more or less a repetition of the first.

FIELD-GUNS—BY THE 'GOLDEN CRESCENT.'

By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N.

CHAPTER I.

Captain Ralph Heriot, master-mariner in the British mercantile marine, walked down Cannon Street with a happy smile on his bronzed and clean-shaven countenance; for Captain Heriot had this very morning achieved the apparently unattainable, and it had filled his heart with joy. When at sea this redoubtable master-mariner spent twenty minutes morning and evening 'punching the ball,' which, if it caused somewhat ironic comment among his brother-seamen, did not apparently incline them to accept his invitation to 'come and have a turn with the gloves,' which he held out to both officers and men. There was a reason for this, for Captain Heriot, standing six feet in his socks, could not get his weight below fourteen stone ten pounds, no matter how hard he tried, and his endeavours were consistent and persevering. When ashore he spent much time in all sorts of physical exercise; and lately, having rather specialised in boxing, he was accustomed to go every day to a school in the City kept by one Hawkins, an ex-driver of the Field Artillery, as good a man of his weight as ever put on a pair of gloves. Hawkins had been fairly satisfied with the progress of his pupil, but had of late been endeavouring to teach him a certain method of evading your adversary and of landing him with your right on the point of the chin, which, 'if you brought it off clean and clever,' to quote the ex-gunner, 'would stretch a man for dead same as if you'd hit him on the head with the kitchen poker.'

This very morning Heriot had accomplished the trick, and had sent his instructor flying, to land on his back on a gymnasium-mat some six feet away. Had it been in the P.R. the 'professor' would undoubtedly have been counted out, as it was some thirty seconds before he recovered sufficiently to sit up upon the mat and grin. 'Well,

you got it that time, captain, or rather I did, and I am precious glad it wasn't a four-ounce glove you were wearing. All I can say is that when you hit out with your knuckles bare I hope that I'll be there to see, only it won't be me what'll get what your givin'. It was beautiful, really beautiful; I couldn't 'a done it better myself.' The professor remained seated upon the mat for quite a considerable period ruminating upon the æsthetic perfection of 'the upper cut' which he had received, and then leaped nimbly to his feet. 'No more to-day, thank you, captain, all the same. I've been kicked in my time by a battery-mule; and, now I've been hit by you, of the two I think I prefer the mule. You're uncommon nippy for so heavy a man, and I'll have a crick in my neck for a week after this. Howsomever, you've learned the trick this time, and no mistake.'

This it was that caused the satisfied smile to dwell upon the mariner's countenance as he stepped lightly along Cannon Street to the office of his old friend and patron, Moses Gruber, of the firm of Volsass, Schmidt, & Gruber, which is situated at No. 1000A in that busy thoroughfare. Heriot skipped up the dingy stairs, and was received by Mr Gruber's familiar, an office-boy, who grinned widely as that gentleman expressed his opinion that the youth was growing in stature and villainy. He gave a sharp rap at an inner door marked 'Private,' and found Mr Gruber looking out of the window.

'How goes it, Grub?' said the sailor. 'How many millions have you made since I saw you last—ten months ago, was it not?'

'Ah, times, my dear captain, are not what they once were. Why, twenty, even ten, years ago trade was a very different thing from what it is now. What with the centre of Africa being as peaceful as Cannon Street, what with interfering people objecting to the very natural desire of the Arabs to conduct business on their own lines, and what with the rapacity of persons with whom I do business to-day, really, really I find it quite difficult to make both ends meet.'

The captain sank into a comfortable arm-chair, and accepted the excellent cigar proffered to him by his host.

'Don't you find it a bit fatiguing to keep up that professional cackle, Grub; or is it so much second nature that you can't help it? Anyway, it's all wasted on me, and that you know well enough. I've come here to talk business.'

From under his bushy eyebrows Moses Gruber shot a glance of exceeding shrewdness at his companion. 'If it is real business, my dear captain, I shall be glad to hear of it, for, joking apart, things in the City are shocking.'

'Well,' responded the other, 'you had my letter which gave you some inkling of what was up. Now I'll try to pitch the yarn as short as possible, and see if you're the man for the job; if not, of course there are others.'

'Always those others!' murmured Gruber.

'Yes, always those others, and all of 'em starving for the job, I can tell you, or, rather, I needn't, as you know it as well as I; but let's leave them out of the reckoning for the present until we see where we are.'

'I am all attention.'

'Very good. I am just home from up the Straits, as you know, where I have been "passing to and fro upon my lawful occasions,"' said Heriot with a broad grin; 'and on one of those said occasions I happened to be at Ragoven, in Monteblanco. Now, I don't meddle in politics; but a man can't help hearing things; and, as some johnny has remarked before, "it looks as if there'd be trouble in the Near East in the spring." From what I gather, the inhabitants of Teutonobia ain't exactly loved in those parts; and if there is going to be a scrap, the people who are going to do the scrapping want to be as well prepared for it as is possible, which is only common-sense. At Ragoven I got into communication with an exalted patriot, who looked like one of the pirates in *Peter Pan*, and owned a name as long as the maintop-bowline, which I can never remember, and which don't much matter, as he ain't the boy who signs the cheque. All I can recollect of his tally is that it ends in "Ics," and for the purposes of this yarn "Ics" will do.

'He paid me many compliments, and talked all round the compass for about a quarter of an hour, did "Ics," and at last he came to business: would I, or would I not, take on a contract to land two batteries of mountain artillery, guns, limbers, harness, ammunition, and the whole bag of tricks on the quiet? Naturally, I wanted to know why on the quiet, Monteblanco being a sovereign state. But he said that that was his business, and not mine. He was prepared to pay; was I on? Well, we went into the matter thoroughly, and I said I knew the right man for the job, and then "Ics" explained what he wanted done. The guns are to be landed in a place which he actually showed me. I left the ship and became the inquiring tourist, and went with him to the spot he had chosen; it hasn't got a name, for it is a mere sheltered indentation in the coast, but with an extraordinary sort of natural quay to it, alongside of which a shallow-draught lighter can lie. But—and here is where the fun comes in—this place is not in Monteblanco, but is in Teutonobian territory—only just, you understand, but that "only just" makes all the difference. Now, I must tell you that as far as I can see there are no flies on "Ics;" any fly that settled on him would have about as much chance as one which settled on you, Grub, and I can't say more for him than that. And friend "Ics" has thought this matter out in a manner which does credit to his head and his heart.'

Captain Heriot paused and flung the end of his cigar into the fire. His companion pushed over the box to him; he selected another, lighted it, and proceeded: 'It is so little over the frontier

line that you could throw a stone from it into Monteblancan territory; but there is a sort of frontier post of five men and a corporal, Teutonobian infantry, within a mile or so of this landing-stage. This I pointed out to "Ics," who smiled superiorly. "You have heard, no doubt, terrible stories of brigands in mountain countries?" he said; and I admitted that I had heard such yarns. "There are a great many such stories going about now," he said, "and if we attempt to bring off our little *coup*, you will find that the men belonging to that post will be chasing a notorious brigand over the mountains." Then he winked in a way that did you good to see. "Right-o," I answered, "that is one objection disposed of; but I can't bring the *Golden Crescent* into that beastly little boat-harbour, and I can't land the stuff in boats under a month of Sundays." He winked again, and then went on to explain that he had a big shallow-draught lighter worked by a petrol-motor, fitted with a crane also worked by motor, which would hoist the stuff out with sufficient clearance to put them on to flat carts upon which it would be transported, still in packing-cases, to wherever it was to go. 'Seems a fairly feasible plan; don't you think so?'

The business side of this proposition now came uppermost, and the men went out to lunch, came back, and sat immersed in papers and calculations until the roar in Cannon Street sank to a subdued murmur, and another day had merged itself into a murky winter's night. In the end Mr Moses Gruber said, 'The firm accepts,' and entered into a prolonged wrangle upon the subject of the commission to be paid to the mariner. The latter kept a stiff upper lip, knowing that the contract could not be carried out without him, and finally emerged the victor from a tough contest.

So it was that at the end of a fortnight the *Golden Crescent* cleared 'London River,' her hold packed with 'pianos,' 'casks of nails,' and 'hardware miscellaneous' for a port in the Mediterranean Sea. Going down Channel the name-plates changed themselves from *Golden Crescent*, London, to *La Belle Poule*, Saint Nazaire; but Heriot modestly refrained from flying the colours of the nationality which he had temporarily adopted. The weather was fine and clear passing Ushant; they caught the tail of a hard westerly blow crossing the Bay, which caused an uncomfortable roll, but had but little effect upon their speed; and when they reached the latitude of the Burlings on the coast of Portugal the sun came out and the weather conditions were decidedly prosperous.

Heriot held council with his trusted friend and auxiliary, Thompson the first-mate, to whom he now confided his scheme in its entirety. 'We ain't going to show on the coast in daylight,' he said. '"Ics" is on the lookout, and we're working to scheduled time. When we get off the spot we've marked down we lie off, and he sends a fast launch out to pick us up out of sight of land, and to let us know that everything is in train and quite all right; then as soon as it is dark we stand in to the coast, and the launch will lend a hand to bring out the lighter. Of course, the latter, being petrol-driven, can move for herself, but of course she ain't very fast, but with the launch lashed alongside will come out fairly quickly. Once the lighter is alongside we sha'n't take long.'

'Those new electric hoists we've had fitted,' answered Thompson, 'work like lightning. Given she'll hold the stuff, we'll have it out in a pig's whisper.'

'She'll hold it right enough,' answered Heriot. '"Ics" has worked the whole thing out by *x* and *y*, and from what I saw of him he's a born organiser and as keen as mustard. It's a very big thing, Thompson, and that's a fact; but a deuced unpleasant one for us if we're caught smuggling weapons of war ashore in Teutonobian territory.'

'What's the penalty?' asked the other man.

'I never stopped to inquire, but I don't expect that the inside of a Teutonobian prison's a particularly desirable place.'

The weather in the Mediterranean was ideal, the engines were running like silk, and Thompson and the chief-engineer tried the electric hoists for the satisfaction of their captain, who professed himself delighted at the speed at which they worked. At last, on the fourth afternoon after leaving the Straits, Heriot put the telegraphs to 'slow,' and scanned the horizon anxiously with his glasses; the sun was behind him, within an hour of setting, and presently, as he gazed, a speck grew over the sea-rim, the speck became a fine line, the line resolved itself into a funnel. Heriot closed his glasses with a snap. 'That's a smart fellow! To get us an hour before sunset is good goods. You can start and get the pianos and the casks of nails on deck at once, Thompson.' The mate, with a grin, gave the necessary orders, and as the launch dashed alongside the deck was already encumbered with piled-up cases.

A smart, active, olive-skinned, black-haired man, with the unmistakable air of a sailor, swung himself over the side and saluted Heriot.

'You are the captain of this vessel, sir, I believe?'

'Yes; and you?'

'Miguel Soeberass, from Malta, at your service, in the employment of the Baron Sasulojanovics, for whom you are fulfilling an important contract. With your permission, captain, I will now take charge, and pilot you in. There will be no moon, and I intend getting you as close as may be to the landing-stage. Here is a letter from the Baron for you, sir.'

Heriot took the letter. Turning to the quartermaster, he said briefly, 'This gentleman is the pilot. Take your orders from him,' and, walking aft, began to read the communication brought by Soeberass.

Once or twice he smiled, and again once or twice he whistled softly to himself as he read, and presently sent for Mr Thompson, who came hurrying aft to where he stood.

'What's the news, sir?'

'Well, our friend there'—pointing to Miguel Sceberass—'has taken charge as pilot, and he seems quite competent for the job. He's heading her E. half N., which is just the course I should have given her myself after fixing her as we did by our observations this afternoon, so we've nothing to do for the present but to consider this letter, which is from "Ics," or, if you want the whole jaw-breaker, from the Baron Sasulojanovics. First and foremost, he says that the coast is clear; that they have concocted such a yarn concerning the terrible doings of the brigands among the mountains lying east of the coast in Teutonobia that every available frontier guard is off to hunt them down; secondly, he makes it quite right about the money, which was paid in to the quarter we agreed upon, as soon as his English agent had assured himself that *La Belle Poule* of Saint Nazaire had shipped her pianos and cleared London River; lastly, he says that a very exalted personage indeed is most anxious for a personal interview with me, with a view to further business upon the same advantageous terms; that the E. P. (as we will call him for short) will send down a horse and a guide for me, and begs that I will land with the stuff and take a short ride into Monteblancan territory to confer with him.'

'Is that all?' asked Thompson.

'Yes.'

'Well, I don't see how you can refuse; and if it's going to put us on to another job like this, one of course you'd be mad to do so.'

'Naturally, I'm going. You'll have to be off just out of sight of land, as the E. P. says that the launch and Mr Sceberass will be at my disposal to bring me back to my ship, which must on no account be seen from the shore.'

'Well, I don't see any difficulty about that,' replied Thompson.

'No more do I; and now, like a good fellow, see that that stuff is got out without a second's delay. As soon as the lighter is alongside I will land in the launch; as soon as the ship is clear make your offing, keeping as near as possible opposite the landing-place due west, and wait for me.'

'Suppose you don't turn up?'

'Give me forty-eight hours, and *if* I ain't back then I'm either dead or returning overland; for, all chaff apart, there are brigands in these mountains, and, well—one never knows one's luck.'

As the first case landed softly on the broad deck of the lighter, Heriot stepped over the side into the launch; he had stuffed a heavy revolver into one pocket of his jacket, and a pocket-compass into the other.

Thompson gripped his hand. 'Good-luck, sir, and get back as soon as you can.'

Heriot returned the grip. 'That's all right, old man; see me in *twenty-four* hours, I expect;' and he was gone.

With the ride, which took some four hours through a mountainous country, and with the subsequently eminently satisfactory interview with the Exalted Personage, this tale has no concern. Suffice it to say that should the goods on delivery prove as satisfactory as the E. P. had every reason to expect they would, then a further and even larger contract might be expected in the immediate future.

With a charming courtesy, the E. P. saw Heriot off on his return ride. The E. P.'s last words were: 'You will not mind if your guide returns when he has put you on to the straight road to the coast, where you cannot miss your way. At the end of your journey you will find a man to take your horse, and the launch awaiting you. A pleasant trip and a safe return, my captain.'

Heriot bowed low, swearing to himself the while that here indeed was a man whom men would serve for love alone, so fascinating was his manner.

The gray dawn was making ghostly splashes of light among the mountain-tops when three hours afterwards his guide reined in his horse. 'Sir captain,' he said, 'you now cannot miss your way; it is straight onward to the coast. Go with God!' and so saying, he wheeled his horse round and galloped back on the track which they had come.

(To be continued.)

TRAMPS WHOM I HAVE MET.

BEING EXPERIENCES OF A PROFESSIONAL PHILANTHROPIST.

IT is so often said that 'a poet is born, not made,' that most people believe it, and they further think that he is the only person who arrives at his profession that way. The same thing is true of the tramp—only more so. A poet can really help being a poet if he tries, but a tramp cannot. The variety of tramps is considerable if we judge them by appearance, and almost infinite if we take them at their own description. I have found that they very largely call themselves travellers, and I remember one who described himself to me as a 'tourist.'

There is a common prejudice against this interesting class of people that they do not like work. This is a mistake. We must allow people to like things in their own way, and the tramp likes work—in his own way. In fact, he loves work. He can stand, or by preference sit, all day and watch people at it.

The first time that I became a friend of the gentle tramp was by accident. I was a student,

and he simply arrived and asked for me by name. He was tall, gaunt, old, and affable. He was covered with white dust, and looked as if he had been dug out of the ruins of an old mill. This was *the* element in his success. He said with direct simplicity that he 'had come to see what I could do for him.' I gave him a shilling at once, lest a prolonged interview should lead people to think that I knew him; but he arrived again with the same simple, naïve appeal. On this occasion I threatened to assault him, and he never came again.

Tramps display great ingenuity in finding out ways of raising money. I wonder the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not keep a retinue of them. Perhaps he does. One was waiting for me outside the church the day I was ordained. I do not know how he knew it, but he was a good judge. He got a shilling, and I felt good for ten minutes and sorry the rest of the day.

From that time I have been closely associated with them. The introductory sentence is usually to the effect that they have not tasted food or taken off their clothes for two days. I have heard of one who complained that his trade had been absolutely at a standstill since the previous Christmas. As this was in August he received much sympathy, until an inquiry drew from him that his trade was snow-shovelling. I did not know this one.

I have a garden, which I find a great source of health and enjoyment and expense. It occurred to me that I might benefit my travelling friends by sharing the enjoyment and the labour with them; and I have followed this plan for some years. It enables me in a rough sort of way to classify them. Some of them are grateful for this work-test and some are not. It illustrates the uncertainty of human friendships. Some of my old friends—known to unkind and uncharitable people as 'chronics'—do not call on me at all now; but many of them still come, and a number of new ones, so that one does not feel absolutely deserted. A favourite time for their call is when the rain is falling in torrents. At such a time the number of applicants for work in the garden is phenomenal. Of course they cannot get it, and money without labour is the consequence foreseen by them in their innocence. But sometimes the consequence does not come along, and the tramp departs sadly into the misty distance. Another kind of tramp never asks for gardening work until the shades of night have fallen.

When a man asks for work on a fine gardening day, with the sun shining and the weeds cheerfully and impudently spreading themselves everywhere, the natural assumption is that he wants it. The tramp sometimes does this, and it serves him right if he gets it.

I set such a man once to dig a fine piece of ground which I intended to plant with cabbages, cauliflowers, and Brussels sprouts. I had about a thousand young plants of these kinds in an adjoining border, just ready for planting and in splendid condition; and I said to my tramp, 'Take care that you do not go near these. Do not touch this border at all.' Then I went off on my apostolic duties, returning three or four hours later, to find that he had thoroughly and carefully cleaned up my young plants with the Dutch hoe. He had really made a good job of it as a piece of cleaning, but he had not done the digging which I wanted done. However, I suppose the digging did not matter by that time, as there were no plants left to put in. I remember my thoughts on that occasion, though I reserved my words, in deference to the sentiment of the couplet which I had learned in the days of childhood:

> Naughty little cuss-words, 'bother,' 'dash,' and 'blow,'
> With many other wuss words, send us down below.

This incident prepared me for another occasion, when I had a nice asparagus-bed ready for transplanting from nursery quarters into the place in the garden where it ought to be supplying the succulent vegetable to my table now. I surrounded it with large battens of wood, which the tramp was likely to fall over if he did not see them; and I then set him to the novel amusement of trenching the piece of ground beside the asparagus-bed. He did not avoid the asparagus-bed, nor did he fall over the battens. It seemed to have the same attraction for him that a candle has for a moth. But he was a careful man, and he removed the battens, placing them tidily on the path; and then he worked hard at the asparagus-bed. When he had finished it he came and told me that he had found a lot of funny roots in the ground. Since then I buy asparagus.

A real, thoroughly trained gardener on tramp is rather unusual. But there is one such man 'on the road' at present. His name is not Alister MacAlister; but it is not unlike this name in structure. He visited me several years ago, and I put him through a horticultural catechism which satisfied me as to his ability. He had occupied superior posts with all the Scottish dukes, with perhaps one exception. He worked well for two days, 'knocking off' at five o'clock as if he had been with me for years, and receiving his pay each day. At eight o'clock the second evening he returned, dispensing an aroma of sixpenny whisky through the neighbourhood. He explained that he had met a man, a foreman gardener, in the town, who was recommending him for a post as foreman to a well-known nobleman; and he wanted me to lend him two shillings to pay for the conveyance of his Sunday clothes from his former abode. I suggested that he should write for his clothes, and offered him notepaper and a penny stamp, besides promising to pay for the clothes when they should arrive. And in the meantime I advised him to come back next day and work for the two shillings. So he went away sorrowfully, and did not return for three years.

His return took place about two months ago. He came cheerfully into the garden, where I

happened to be meditating the cutting of a hedge. 'Hallo, Alister!' I said; 'on the road again?' He pretended not to understand. But after some genial conversation he admitted that he was Alister MacAlister, denying strenuously that he had ever been drunk. 'What do you want?' I asked. 'Work,' he answered; to which I replied, 'I can give you work until you're fed up with it.' He seemed rather taken aback at the prospect, but remarked that he thought he could manage a bit of it. So I said, 'Do you think you could cut that hedge?' He said he could; and I produced a hedging-bill and a pair of shears, and remarked, 'Go ahead.' But he answered, 'I think I'll leave it,' and departed in search of more suitable 'employment.' I fear he is one of those of whom the song says, 'We're looking for employment, but they'll only give us work.'

The story of how another modern 'knight of the road' got the better of me is instructive. He was tall, very well set-up, and looked thoroughly respectable. He worked very well for three days, doing his digging with such skill and neatness that I was convinced of his genuine reliability. He spoke feelingly of his wife and family, who lived at Perth, and he seemed to be a victim of bad trade. So when he informed me on the third evening that he had been 'saving up' to send his wife a postal-order for five shillings, and was now only two shillings short, and asked me to advance him the two shillings on the security of his future work, I stepped right in and gave him the money. But, in the words of another song, 'I am waiting, weary waiting, I am waiting still for thee.' He will come again, no doubt, when he has forgotten the incident, or thinks that I have forgotten him. But I have a good memory for faces, especially when one of them is on a two-shilling piece; and if this should meet my friend's eye as he dallies over the pages in one of Carnegie's palatial buildings let him be warned in time.

Perchance the reader would like to know the tale of the tramp who twisted his back. Most tramps have twisted their backs early in life, or have been born with a twist. But I forgot this physiological fact, and did not verify it in this case. I gave him a few lessons in work, doing the work myself while he looked on and drew a steady fourpence an hour and four square meals a day while looking. He seemed satisfied with the job at this stage, and did not express any objection when I set him to work himself. But his work possessed no redeeming feature beyond the fact that it was work. I stood him for three days, as tramps were scarce at the time, owing to the rosy prospects held out by distress committees. Then I dismissed him, telling him that I might give him a day's work three weeks later. This is the end of chapter one.

In three days he returned, with a request to be allowed to remove a large heap of coal-dross which he had seen in the back garden, and to dispose of it. In the meantime an important member of my family engaged him, without my knowledge, to tidy the back garden, which he did with much elaborateness, lifting rubbish from places where it was not seen and putting it where it could do most harm. I had lent him my wheelbarrow to remove the dross, and learned afterwards that he got six shillings for the coal-dross, and free lodgings for two nights. In a few days I was surprised to receive letters from *two* lawyers making a claim on me to pay my friend the tramp twelve shillings a week until such time as he should have recovered from a twisted back received while wheeling rubbish from my garden to a free tip for rubbish. I wrote to both, giving them each other's address, and inquiring as to which was to be regarded as the legal agent of the gentleman. This got rid of one of them, but the other held on; and this is the end of chapter two.

I made various inquiries, and found that the industrious one had been seen in the street with my wheelbarrow, going through a variety of evolutions which were as interesting as they were mysterious. A spectator informed me that he gave the impression that he was practising the 'Lancers' with a wheelbarrow for partner. This perhaps affords rather a good 'wrinkle' for those who expect to meet difficult partners at a ball; but my friend did not look like a dancing-man. The evolutions were brought to a temporary close with a somersault, in which both performers took part; and this suggested to the spectator that the performer had been dining on an empty—shall I use the word?—stomach. Fortunately I had insured against the employer's liability, and I handed the matter over to my company. It cost the insurance company several pounds, and this is the end of chapter three. And the sequel is that I next saw my friend in an 'unemployed' procession in the High Street of Edinburgh.

But these examples are not representative of the whole, although they are types of the vast majority. In days of stress and unemployment many an industrious man is put to 'tramping' the roads in search of whatever odd jobs he can get, and it is an encouragement to one to pursue this method of helping without pauperising if he finds that even one out of a dozen is right. And I have found in some cases that there were sick wives or starving children hidden away somewhere out of sight of the pitying many; and I have seen the drawn and hopeless features relax into an alert cheerfulness as the man was given a spade and rake, and told to go round to the kitchen for a decent breakfast before starting on a day's work.

A WINNING HAZARD.

DRIMMIE returned from meeting the postman with such a 'dour' face that his wife left her household duties to question him.

'Is it somebody deid, gudeman?'

'No, Mysie; it 's a letter frae Colin.'

'Frae Colin!' echoed Mrs Stewart, greatly excited. 'Whaur is he, hoo is he gettin' on, and is he keepin' weel?'

'The letter is frae London. He 'll be in Blair the morn, and wants to see me.'

'He 'll travel a' nicht an 'll get into Blair at half-past seven. I 'll tell Donald to yoke the dogcairt at six.'

'But he doesna say he 's comin' here.'

'Whaur else would the laddie gang? You surely dinna keep up your spite against Colin a' this time?'

'Have I no' reason? To quarrel wi' me at his mother's funeral'——

'That 's an auld story noo,' interrupted his wife. 'I would have liked to see him in the pulpit too. It 's no' for us to judge. He 's comin' here the morn.'

The worthy matron turned on her heel, for if Drimmie was supreme outside, she was mistress in her own house. Thus it was that when the express deposited Colin Brodie on Blair platform, Drimmie was waiting for him.

To the farmer, Brodie had altered for the worse. The pallor produced by night-work had usurped his former healthy hue, and he looked thin and underfed. The cut of his clothes and a slight English accent both offended Drimmie.

Their meeting was not cordial, though Brodie was effusive in his greetings. Drimmie's monosyllabic replies drove him to silence, and he lay back, trying to invest the bare hillsides with the glamour of his boyhood's days. As they passed the churchyard he saw, for the first time, the tombstone over his mother's grave. His head went down, and he did not raise it until they reached the farm.

His melancholy melted under the warmth of Mrs Stewart's welcome.

'Oh Colin, I 'm blithe to see you! Why did you never write or come to see us? We would have been glad—glad to meet you.'

'Though I would have given much for a kindly word from you,' said Brodie, taking her hand, 'I dared not write. How are Donald and Ailie? Has she changed much?'

'You willna ken her. You 're improved, Colin; but you 're altered somehow. Are you gettin' on weel?'

'Yes. I 've plenty of work at all events.'

Perhaps Brodie's strongest motive for accepting Drimmie's hospitality was to meet Alison Stewart again. Misfortune dogged him, however, for she had gone to the dairy when he descended. After breakfast he had to set to work, for Colin was a journalist, and his visit was not a holiday. The few words necessary to place his friendship with Ailie on its old footing were left unspoken; and when they met at dinner, the girl, who had drawn her own meaning from his seclusion, was simply polite. Colin proposed to spend the afternoon with the ladies; but Mrs Stewart informed him that they had their dresses to prepare for the tenantry ball, and he would be in the way.

Brodie went in search of Drimmie, and eventually found him in a turnip-field.

'It 's a long time since I was here, Mr Stewart. Much has changed since then.'

'Ay,' said the farmer dryly.

'We parted in anger. You remember that just before my mother's death I learned that you were paying my college expenses. It was my mother's wish that I should enter the Church. Her death released me, and I felt that I could no longer remain a dependant on your bounty. I am doing fairly well in my profession, and if you would allow me to square the account I should be grateful. Your kindness I can never repay.'

Save for a slight twitching of his under lip, Drimmie appeared as calm as usual. He spoke, however, in English, which he never used unless under excitement.

'Your mother's death released you, did it? That is how you regard the sacred legacy. If you would have entered the Church had she lived, it was your bounden duty to do so after her death. The money was a matter between your mother and me. When you went to college I rejoiced that it was permitted me to assist in making a worthy servant of the Lord. Then—over your mother's grave—you refused to complete your studies; a few months would have done it. In your infernal pride you must make a rogue of me, and I make it my boast that I never wittingly wronged a man.'

'Do not harbour up my foolish words. I was young and thoughtless then; I have since learned wisdom in a stern school. It was impossible for me to enter the Church. Let us be friends.'

'No, there can never be friendship between us.'

'I have another request to make. One reason for my coming here was to ask your permission to pay my addresses to Ailie.'

'No, Colin; no. Ance naething would have given me mair pleasure; but you 've made your choice, and maun abide by it.'

'Will nothing alter your decision? With this exception, I have not done anything to forfeit your esteem.'

'Oor ways lie apairt, and this meetin' has been sae sair on me that I trust we 'll never forgather again. Guid-bye, Colin.'

Drimmie spoke slowly and without heat.

Brodie had only brought a handbag to Drimmie, and he excused himself to Mrs Stewart on the plea of business. He informed her that he had to see the laird before the tenantry dinner.

The farmer came in to tea, bursting with information.

'Todholes was sayin' he saw the laird at the station this forenoon. Wha do you think is to be there the nicht?'

'Guid sake, man, you're michty excited! Is it your poleetical idol come at last? The laird aye said he would bring him.'

'It's him nae less. I wonder if he'll speak at the dinner. Man, it would be grand! What will Blawuddie say noo? I maun step ower and tell him.'

'He'll bide at hame then. Better wait till you get him there.'

The laird represented the district in Parliament. He was popular in his constituency, but the gift of oratory had been denied him. The visit, therefore, of one of the party leaders renowned as a public speaker produced a record attendance at the tenantry dinner. A Scots farmer holds a silvery tongue to be the highest gift of nature.

At the dinner Drimmie secured a seat opposite Blawuddie. That worthy man had the misfortune to belong to the opposite political party, and found his dinner, in consequence, a martyrdom. Drimmie's dry, caustic humour, if not appreciated by the victim, proved acceptable to his neighbours. When the tables were cleared all eyes turned to the leader, who sat on the right hand of the chairman.

It was Blawuddie who broke the spell in his corner of the room.

'Man, Drimmie, is that no' Colin Brodie at the laird's table? He mann have got on wonderfu'.'

This was a reflection on Drimmie, who had to confess he knew nothing of Brodie's career. He sat glum and silent till the laird, in his speech, alluded to his honoured guest, and hoped a few words would be forthcoming to his tenants, who were, he was proud to say, staunch admirers of his colleague. Necks were craned forward when the statesman rose to his feet. He delivered no set speech, but there was a potency in his voice and gesture which delighted his hearers.

A greater surprise followed. The toast of 'The Press' was given, and Colin Brodie responded. It was the first time Drimmie had heard Brodie speak in public, and the ejaculation he made at the end was shared by his friends: 'What a grand preacher was lost there!'

The tenantry adjourned to the dancing-hall, where the ladies were assembled. Ailie was besieged by the young farmers, but she contrived to keep several blanks on her programme. She intended these for Colin, though they were to be accompanied with reproaches at his defection. As the hours sped away without bringing him to her side, she began dimly to wonder if the laird's daughter was the cause.

After the interval the laird's party entered the hall. The laird presented many of the tenants to his guest; soon, however, the latter was annexed by Miss Renwick, the laird's daughter, and led to the corner where Drimmie stood alone. To meet the man who politically was his fount of wisdom, and talk as man to man, set the dour old Scotsman trembling.

Miss Renwick took the conversation in hand.

'I believe your opinion carries some weight with Mr Stewart. Can you say anything in Mr Brodie's favour?'

The statesman appeared nonplussed. 'I do not follow your meaning, Lily. Mr Brodie is a rising journalist, and I have entrusted him to-night with my views on the Eastern question.—I am able to address a larger constituency through the Press, Mr Stewart, than I can on the floor of the House.'

'It is a personal recommendation I want,' said the girl. 'Let me explain.' She touched lightly on Brodie's career, and then described his relations with the Stewarts.

'Now, will you say a word?'

'Mr Brodie has an excellent advocate. I think, however, that you place me in a false position. I have no right to express an opinion.'

'I am sure,' said the girl petulantly, 'that Mr Stewart will be glad to know if he has your approbation.'

'I have great sympathy with the position he has taken up. The Church offers the highest vocation in this world, but it demands the dedication of the whole life. The man who cannot give that should remain a layman.'

After uttering these words the statesman escaped.

It would be impossible to describe Drimmie's feelings during this interview. That his actions should be publicly canvassed appeared an outrage, and he stiffened his back, determined to yield not one jot. Miss Renwick divined his thoughts, and, woman-like, reversed her tactics.

'Oh, Mr Stewart, I am so sorry!' she said softly, with a suspicion of tears in her voice. 'I thought I could bring you to reason; but I have done nothing but harm. I admire Mr Brodie so much, he is so strong and manly. He is very much in love with Ailie, and I am sure she likes him. Why will you spoil both their lives?'

Was it a weak spot in the man's character that he could not bear to see a woman in tears? To have this lady—and she the laird's daughter—beseeching thus made him feel angry and ashamed.

She turned her fine eyes on him and repeated slowly, 'Why?'

Drimmie was red and confused. 'I dinna think Ailie cares for him. There's the minister'——

'Will you let her choose?'

The only possible answer was in the affirmative.

'Mr Brodie is going to the old cottage to-morrow at ten, before he leaves for London. If Ailie agrees, promise to send for him.'

'I promise.' The words came huskily through the farmer's closed teeth.

During the conversation Mrs Stewart was taking part in a lively set of quadrilles; but Ailie, who had pleaded fatigue, sat near enough to catch, in the lulls of the music, occasional mention of Colin's name. It deepened her impression that Miss Renwick was the cause of his absence, and the feelings with which she regarded her successful rival were not charitable.

Drimmie went in search of the minister, who did not dance, and explained the position to him. Ailie was so preoccupied when the young man took a seat beside her that he had to repeat his proposal more than once; she answered him at last, and though her words were gentle, there could be no mistaking the conclusive nature of her refusal.

The farmer had arranged to drop Mr Thomson at the manse. It was the minister's practice at these drives to share the back-seat with Ailie. To-night, however, the girl clung to her mother, and the minister had an abstruse theological problem to propound to Drimmie. The manœuvre was transparent to the old folk, but they wisely kept silent.

It is difficult to say who was most unhappy that night. Sleep, the consoler, came sooner or later to all save the old farmer. His ideas of duty and conduct had been rudely shaken; love and pride contended for mastery. Worn out with conflicting emotions, he escaped into the open at daybreak, and fought his battle on the silent hill. He returned for breakfast hard-eyed and gloomy. The women, who had taken counsel together, waited for him to begin, but it was not over the breakfast-table that he broke his silence.

When Ailie went to the farmyard to feed the poultry she was joined by her father. He laid his hand on her shoulder with a movement that was almost a caress.

'It couldna be?' he asked sadly.

'No, father.'

'Is it Colin?'

The girl blushed.

He was silent for a minute, and then, in a low monotone which did not betray a spark of interest, he said, 'I'd like you to gang ower to the auld shepherd's cottage and give it a redd up.'

When Brodie reached his old home he was astonished to find Ailie on her knees in the kitchen lighting a fire. For a space he was content to watch her; then he made his presence known, and her startled look convinced him that his appearance was unexpected. Perhaps this meeting was only an accident after all. 'I am glad, Ailie, that I have been able to meet you before I left. My visit so far has not been such a success that I shall care to repeat it.'

The girl rose from her knees and her cheeks were rosy.

'What is it, Colin, that has changed you so? We were once good friends, but now I will not be able to understand you. Before you went away we were as brother and sister; now we are less than acquaintances.' She was holding herself bravely.

'Believe me, Ailie, that I have made every effort. Your father—— I came here this morning with some slight hope that all might yet be well.'

'You came expecting to find me here?'

'Perhaps I ought not to say so much. This is the note Miss Renwick sent me last night.'

'I do not want to know what she wrote,' said Ailie coldly. 'I am thinking that I do not like her.'

'You foolish Ailie! She has been doing her best for us. Your father said no to me, and she has been trying to make him change his mind.'

'You told her about me? I do not think that was a friend's action.'

A light dawned on Brodie. 'Tell me, Ailie, why you came here this morning.'

'My father sent me.'

'Did he say anything about me?'

'I cannot repeat what he said.'

'Oh Ailie! do not hide anything from me at such a time as this. You see where I am. Unless I get your father's consent—and he has refused it—I may not ask you. Now, if there are words between you to warrant belief that he has changed his mind, tell me, Ailie dear.'

Her head was turned away and there was a droop in her figure. Suddenly she threw out an arm as if seeking for support. Brodie caught her hand; and somehow, when she spoke, her face was hid on his shoulder. 'He asked me, Colin, if I cared for you.'

Behind a boulder on the rigging of the hill Drimmie watched the shepherd's cottage through his glass. When Colin and Ailie emerged hand-in-hand the glass became so dim that he could not see them. To hide his emotion he threw a stone at his collie and asked it gruffly what it meant by wasting time there. Some hours elapsed before he could bring himself to join the gay party in the farmhouse.

THE CLOUD-FLOCKS.

By reeds and dunes shut out from view
Of marsh and river, trees and roaring sea,
I gaze with awe and reverence, due
For heavenly glories in the clouds, to Thee
Who madest them and their ever-changing hue.

Upon a ground of blue most delicate
Is worked a wondrous pattern by the hands
Of angel hosts, who thus do celebrate
Before man's eyes Thy triumphs in many lands.
Our joy therein to Thee we dedicate.

The Golden Fleece we still can see,
More bright, more beauteous e'en than long ago
It seemed to Jason's crew, for we
Behold it thrown o'er all the sky; and lo!
With glowing change the heavens sing to Thee.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THE subject of the season has been the holiday, and where and how it should be spent. The matter of the location is so entirely one of personal taste and prejudice that it is not proper to make interference in it. Besides, fashion has something to do with the question also. A few years back the Continental holiday was the thing. Those who sojourned for a week or two at a cost variously of from five to ten guineas in some busy part of Switzerland or in a corner of France were considered to be living the higher and completer life, and possibly in some cases to be exhibiting a superiority of taste and culture. Not for a moment is it suggested that holidays spent in these places were not most excellent, abounding in interest and affording that complete change which many authorities insist is the first essential of a properly spent vacation. Nor is it disputed that as many people visit these foreign parts in the holiday season as was formerly the case. It may be so, or it may not; but, in either event, the Continental trip has ceased to be regarded as the fine thing it once was; you hear less of it, and it has in fact come to be something of a distinction of value never to have seen the Matterhorn, never to have lounged through the Champs d'Élysées. Now there is a disposition to make a cult of one's own country, and inducements are being set forward for the encouragement of it. In the south of England there has for long been an impression abroad that the next most expensive places to Monte Carlo and Cairo to stay for a while are some of the grander parts of Scotland. This view is now giving way, and again North Wales is being taken up more in earnest by the general holiday-maker than has been the case hitherto. Probably London, after all, is the best favourite among the holiday resorts in the whole world, and there is much to be said for, and but little against, spending one's annual period of complete leisure in the great Metropolis. The means for ensuring the maintenance of health here are completer than they are anywhere in the world. The general sanitary arrangements are the most perfect obtainable, and the conveniences for ease and comfort, the removal of all unnecessary irritation, and the pleasing of each passing fancy are here as nowhere else. These circumstances come home to the old Londoner when he wanders to other places whose boasts of health-giving advantages are clamorously made, and especially when he visits some of the seaside resorts. No doubt there are great differences among these places, according to the energy, the ideas, and the temperaments of the ruling authorities; but there is much evidence to show that the sanitary properties of some proportion of the apartment houses at seaside places with great reputations are far from being beyond question, and intending visitors must exercise great caution in selection.

* * *

However, leaving aside further consideration of this question of place, there is to be said forthwith that in a gentle manner there is something in the nature of a little campaign being made by the wise men of Harley and Wimpole Streets against the too strenuous methods upon which most busy Britishers conduct their holidays in these times, said strenuousness showing a tendency to increase. A few years since one of the foremost medical men of the day, one who ministered constantly to the most exalted in the land, promulgated a statement to the effect that people were taking years off their lives by too much hard work on their annual holidays, and that for the City clerk who spent his days in an office for fifty weeks of the year to occupy the other two by climbing mountains in Switzerland, when he would do better to lie in bed at home for the whole time, was a kind of long-drawn-out suicide. With modifications, this warning has been taken up with some generality, and everywhere now you will find the doctors preaching against the too active holiday. One of them, of great celebrity, tells us that it would be the making

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

of the nation, as he puts it, if by any arrangement half of it could be sent to the seaside, and made to lie quietly on the sands, under surveillance, for a fortnight; the other half then executing the same process while the rested ones went back to the work that had to be done. At the end of this holiday period, so it is said, there would be such a fund of energy in the nation as would have a marvellous effect upon our commerce, industries, and our competition with foreign countries. Another authority says that for the principle of change being the essential of the holiday-time we need to substitute the principle of repose. That is the essence of this new preaching. They say that we are in a too nervous and too neurotic state, and that motor-tours and weeks spent in ceaseless worry on the golf-links are the worst things for us. Their advice is that as little as possible should be done or even thought about, and that solitude should be adopted whenever it may. Thus it is definitely advised as an ideal form of holiday for the busy man who in the course of his year has severe demands made upon his physical and mental energy that he should betake himself to some lonely mountain region, should house himself as near as possible to some likely hill, and there day by day, high up, he should lie down on his back and gaze as vacantly and listlessly about him as he feels able, reading nothing, and insisting upon it that he shall have no one with whom to engage in conversation and argument. At the most strenuous time of his life, Mr Gladstone used to say that periods of solitude spent among some hills of Scotland refreshed and invigorated him more than anything else.

* * *

It is urged upon us also that too many people make a serious mistake in imposing upon themselves tasks which are considered to be light and pleasant, but which are truly work, and are more irksome than is admitted. These consist chiefly in self-prescribed courses of reading. Conscientious folk feel that in the press of affairs and an easy obedience to social conventions the best tastes that they have, being those of the intellect, are woefully neglected. They go to the play; they read novels; they are in touch with the opinions that are expressed from day to day in the newspapers; but sometimes they feel a little of sadness when they let their eyes wander along the old shelves in the library, and they reflect upon the years that have gone since they read through or even in part any serious work of philosophy or history, or such other as required diligence of the mind, and whose chief function was not to amuse. Some day, they say, they will make a change in their habits, and the classics shall have full attention then. There are postponements, and more; but at last, when a new holiday is being begun, the resolve comes to fruition. Off from the shelves come some volumes of those dusty classics. Yes, *Evelyn's Diary* shall be carefully examined to begin with, and an agreeable alternative study shall be the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. The lyrical dramas of Æschylus shall be put in the bag, and it is considered that it will be excellent to grapple with the maze of argument in Plato's *Republic*. It is a point as to whether the *Breakfast Table* series and Lord Chesterfield's *Letters* are not really too light for such an occasion as this; but they just win their places in the holiday course on the careful understanding that they are for Sundays only. And so this routine of reading is prepared. It is followed for a day or two, perhaps not that. The man then buys a paper-backed novel for fourpence halfpenny, and for the remainder of his stay is engaged in a luckless contest with his own weakness, feeling each morning the irksomeness of the task that is before him, and experiencing each night a sense of shame as resulting from unkept resolutions. In a measure the holiday is marred, and only a little self-respect is restored near to the end of it, when the schemes are finally abandoned, by the definite understanding being arrived at that on the return home a grander course of serious reading than ever could have been devised for holiday purposes shall be fully and faithfully completed. It is a good thing, as the wise men will tell us, to make no resolutions concerning tasks—pleasant, intellectual, or otherwise—for holidays, to forswear no pleasures or indulgences, to act only as the spirit moves us, and generally to fall to listless repose. The easiest thing to do in the world is to do nothing, and the best holiday is the easiest—so they say.

* * *

The other day we were speaking of the origin of some of the more famous parliamentary phrases, and we are just reminded that one of the best and simplest of them, 'His Majesty's Opposition,' was coined by Lord Broughton, who was John Cam Hobhouse; reminded because a book made up of some of the recollections of his which he wrote down, and some extracts from his diary—the whole edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester, and got out under the title of *Recollections of a Long Life*—is one of the books of the lighter serious kind that are most and best discussed during the present season. There is, of course, no need to dilate at the present time of day upon the strength and interest of the character of this Whig democrat of a bygone age, the man who was the earnest advocate of all reform measures, the champion of oppressed nationalities, the enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon (at the mere sight of whom his eyes would moisten), the most intimate friend of Byron, and an active member of the London Greek Committee. The period covered by these diaries is only one of thirteen years, from 1809 to 1822; and though by such a selection the political side of Hobhouse's career has to be neglected, we are furnished with many most interesting notes about some of the other matters in which he was most concerned.

* * *

There was the friendship with Byron, about whom Hobhouse did always seem to have certain

underlying doubts, despite his exceeding fondness for him. After making a study of *Don Juan* in the manuscript or proof, Hobhouse was greatly alarmed, fearing that publication would do his friend much more harm than good, and therefore he did his utmost to prevent such publication, and conferred with his friends as to how that might be done. Byron, however, was determined in the matter, and just before the poem was published Hobhouse wrote: 'I do not think it so bad or so good as I did, not so indecent or so clever;' while a fortnight afterwards he went a point farther to the statement, 'I really do not think it clever.' In one place in his diary Hobhouse will refer to his friend as 'Dearest Byron,' and in another to 'this singular man.' At the end of their Continental tour we have Hobhouse saying how he and Byron had divided a bunch of flowers at parting, and Hobhouse in a despondent mood gives himself to think that that is the last thing that they two friends ever would divide together. Yet we have them together again not long afterwards, with Hobhouse declaring that he loves Byron more and more every day, and telling how they had sat up together until one o'clock in the morning dividing between themselves a new club—which is to say that they were making the rules of a club of which they only were to be the members. Still, we are not told some of the things about the Byron marriage failure that we are most anxious to know, and which Hobhouse probably knew about as few others did. In his notes upon the matter he treats posterity with scant favour and maintains the most absolute discretion. He was groomsman at the wedding, and he does tell us that he never knew a lover so little in a hurry as was his friend when journeying north for the marriage. Hobhouse thought the bride was 'most attractive,' and when he wished her happiness at the end of the ceremony she expressed to him her belief that if she were not happy 'it would at all events be her own fault.' Hobhouse knew before any other that there was trouble in the new home, for only two or three months had elapsed before Byron wrote to him advising him not to marry, although guardedly adding a not uncommon clause in such recommendations that he himself had 'the best of wives.' Three or four more months, and Byron writes to say that he and his lady had begun a little snubbing on money matters; before that year was out a daughter was born, and a month later Lady Byron left her husband's house for ever.

* * *

Now, as to Napoleon, it is recorded that as soon as ever Hobhouse heard that his hero had made his escape from Elba he hurried over to Paris specially to look at him, and rejoiced to be so near to him at a review as to be enabled to note that his watch had a gold face; and it was on this occasion that the excess of emotion led the tear-drops to dim his eyes at the sight of what he termed 'the world's wonder.' Hobhouse heard that Napoleon had said to a midshipman on board the *Undaunted*, the vessel that carried him to Elba, that 'the world was under a great mistake in thinking him a clever man; he was just like everybody else.' When Hobhouse left Paris before Waterloo he reflected that he could not help wishing that the French might meet with as much success as would not compromise the military character of their own countrymen. But as an Englishman he would not be a witness to their triumphs; as a lover of liberty he would not be a spectator of their reverses.

* * *

Apart from these two principal themes there are in these volumes of Hobhouse memories some most excellent tales concerning notabilities and others. Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald told him once of a guest at Lord Carrick's who was shown up to bed by the butler, who considerately laid a horsewhip on the bed, saying, 'Your honour need give only one crack, and they'll all run away'—the reference being to rats! Miss Bayley told Hobhouse that Mr Phipps the oculist told a gentleman, who told her, a rich anecdote of the Duchess of Devonshire, who was then the most recently deceased. The Duchess sent for Mr Phipps to come to Chatsworth to operate upon her eye. He stayed there for some time, and on his departure received from the Duke one thousand pounds as fee. Just before he stepped into his carriage a message was brought to him from the Duchess, as the result of which he returned to her chamber. She expressed the hope that the Duke had done what was handsome to Mr Phipps. The gentleman protested, 'Yes, and more than handsome.' 'It is an awkward thing,' continued her grace, 'to ask; but really I am *at this moment* in immediate want of such a sum, and if you *could*, Mr Phipps'—— What was the oculist to do? He produced his thousand pounds, took his leave, and, in the words of the narrator, 'has never heard of his money from that day to this.' Great folks had some odd diversions in those happy times. Some one told Hobhouse of a 'dressing-match' that took place, in which the Emperor Alexander and a certain Countess Wierbord were the competitors. They met, and by a signal left a common room. The Countess returned fresh-dressed in one minute and twenty-five seconds, while the Emperor took one minute and fifty seconds.

* * *

There is something that has been happening in recent days which has almost certainly brought a question to the minds of those among us who are least contemplative upon the wonders and mysteries of nature, but who for some odd hours do move away from the crowds and traffic of streets to places where there is green grass and open skies, even though the aspect be no more rural than it is upon a golf-course. The reader may be reminded that each year he has looked upwards to some few of the migratory birds that were hovering round in a

seeming mood of unsettlement, and reflected with a touch of sadness that the summer-time was ending, and that these feathered creatures were making for their departure; and thereupon he has marvelled once again upon that mysterious gift of instinct which leads those which had but recently learned to fly to travel, undirected by others of experience, unerringly to those distant parts where they all assemble and live through the months until May brings back the warmth to this country. Such reflections generally are brief, because the mysteries seem unfathomable; but they have a value for that they may sometimes bring minds that are affected with materialism or constant indifference to a realisation of the magnificent working of the higher forces. Where do they go, and how do they get there? With what splendid courage are these tiny scraps of flesh and feathers endowed that they face the storms on oceans which often enough do bring sad tragedies upon their families! Even yet you will find some of the humbler folk of the country who firmly refuse to believe that this annual migration is carried out at all, and they will tell you that the swallows house themselves and hide themselves until the spring comes again, and that some other birds change their character and appearance and feathered clothing so that they are adapted to the trials of winter; one particular of these beliefs being that the cuckoo never leaves us, but that in winter it is either the sparrow-hawk or the kestrel. Gilbert White, in one of his letters from Selborne, gave expression to his suspicion that some of the martins never went far away from his village, but that in some sheltered nook they slumbered out the uncomfortable months of winter. But though the investigations that he made gave no result that was favourable to his idea, they yielded an item of experience which served to increase the wonderment even in the mind of such an old observer. For even while he was searching for the supposed hiding-place of the swallows in a very early week of spring, when not one had so far been seen, there flew down the village the very first of the season, and without any hesitation or wandering it darted straight to an old nest, stayed there for a while, and then, as being satisfied, made some apparently casual flights about the houses, renewing its acquaintance with the familiar scenes of the homeland. Not for several days afterwards did others arrive. It will sometimes occur to the human traveller how complete and wonderful is our system of things when a man may wander for a season over the other side of the globe and return by land and water over thousands of miles so that he could place his finger on a pin-point that he touched when starting; yet what we do with the assistance of a multiplicity of conveniences these little birds do as surely and more quickly with the aid only of their wings and their instinct. One of the greatest of these mysteries of migration is as to how some of the birds that have never flown away from the locality in which they were hatched only a few weeks previously find their way alone to those places in the South where their experienced elders had departed earlier. It happens constantly that the young ones are unable or indisposed to make their start for their winter quarters so soon as the others. For instance, the veteran swallows are away by the first or second week in August; but some may be seen hovering about until September is far advanced, and these are of the same season's late-hatched broods, entirely ignorant of the ways of their kind. Yet, with no one to lead them away, they fly when the chills of the autumnal season become pronounced, and by their instinct they discover the others in those far-distant parts. A strange feature of these migrations is that though all these birds when in summer or winter quarters retire to their nests at sunset, yet they make the Channel passage at night invariably. Why is this? White tells of another curious circumstance that he once noted in connection with the winter migrations of the swifts from Selborne. In that year all the swifts withdrew about the beginning of August except one pair, which very soon was reduced to a single bird. White suspected that the late and lonely sojourn of this individual was occasioned by the strongest of motives, that of an attachment to her young, and he watched her, therefore, until the third week in the month, when he found that two young ones were putting out their white chins from a crevice under the eaves of the church where the nest was. These remained for three more days, gaining in strength and knowledge all the time, and apparently longing to be on the wing; and then all at once they were missing, and were not even noticed circling about outside, being taught by their mother the art of aviation as is generally the case. Then the eaves were searched, and there was found in the nest only two callow, dead, stinking swifts, over whose bodies a second nest had been formed, in which there was full evidence of young ones having been lately in occupation. It was clear that the first attempt at raising the season's family had been a failure, and that the pair, desperate for a better success, had remained behind after the proper time, one of them leaving the other to finish the business when it was seen that all was progressing well. Two broods in a season are very exceptional with these birds.

VANESSA.

CHAPTER V.

TIME passed, week upon week, and never again did Vanessa speak to me in words on what was in our hearts; but when we met there was a magnetic sympathy which each of us felt to be a blessing to giver and receiver, for true sympathy has all the qualities of mercy. Vanessa had too much character for the 'worm i' the bud' to cause her smile to lose its brightness or her hearty energy to fail her. But she needed sympathy, and I felt that, silent as it was, it reached and refreshed her, and so did not fail to make opportunity to meet her often.

In my own mind I often wondered about *him*, and whether all I had dreamed was but a dream, never to crystallise into form. But, do what I could, it was impossible for me to think so, and his disappearance after the trial, which others might have thought savoured of indifference, impressed me in quite an opposite sense. I felt that to wait was the only right thing to do, and that to manœuvre to bring them together was a thing not to be thought of. I wondered and did nothing, but I felt and knew that Vanessa's life was fixed. She was not one of those who could change. When she knew her own heart I believed of her that she could wait for years, and be bravely resigned if the only companionship that could content her spirit were denied to her. Where her treasure lay, there would be her heart—unchangeable while life should last. I knew she was waiting, and I waited with her. Perhaps it was a useful and a chastening time—the holding back of life's blossom by the March wind of life that the afterfruit of life's summer might be more full and satisfying.

But, oh, how that time made its softening influence felt, so that I could see that the Vanessa who had been to me a thing of perfection could still gain a something more of the graces that most adorn! Mother and I often spoke of her when alone, she with that refined reserve that even a woman can exhibit despite of all men's ignorant assertions about female curiosity, and I with that loyalty to Vanessa's secret confidence which restrained all disclosure of the truth. And yet I think mother knew even then. One day she stood in front of my work, looking from the clay to the pastel and back again, and then she slipped her arm into mine, and, kissing my cheek, said, 'Mary, it is wonderful; she is the same Vanessa I met three months ago, but refined, matured, and elevated, and you have got all the change there. What has done it all?' I said, 'Mother dear, if you don't know I can't tell you;' and our eyes met. She said very quietly, 'I rather think I do know;' and, patting my arm, she made a clever exit, arranging a petal or two of a flower as she passed along the conservatory and out on to the lawn.

A run in Vanessa's car was becoming a common occurrence, and mother confessed that she had entered a new and fascinating realm of enjoyment, of the delights of which she had not till then a conception. I could not but desire that in our drives we should visit Uncle Goodman's neighbourhood, feeling sure, as I did, that although the vision of Vanessa had awakened sad memories, there must ultimately be joy to him, who so loved the young, to become intimate with one who could give to his old age something of a reflection of the charm which had thrown a spell upon his manhood. Therefore I wished that they should meet, but not as if by intention. Consequently I was from time to time influencing Vanessa to drive to his part of the county, a long distance from Larkhall.

'Why do you fancy this drive so much?' said she one day.

The question came so suddenly that in a moment the cat was out of the bag. 'Well,' I said, 'that old magistrate fell in love with you, I think, and this is his corner of the county.'

'I should like to meet him, he seemed such a dear old man,' she replied.

Our meeting with him was to be something very different from what we had expected. Driving one day in that direction, and when coming to a cross-road, we saw a riderless horse standing a few yards up the side-road, with his bridle hanging down. Vanessa slowed and stopped the car, and we alighted, wondering what had happened. When the horse saw us approaching he gave a loud whinny, and, turning round, trotted up the road, looking round once or twice and repeating his plaintive neigh. Then we saw him stop, and he whinnied again. As we hurried up we saw him with his head down over a prostrate figure on the road. It was the dear old squire lying pale and motionless, with blood upon his temple. I nearly turned sick, and for a moment was giddy at the sight, but a word from Vanessa made me pull myself together. She was pale, but lost not a moment. Down on the ground she went and took the silvery head into her lap, while she stanched the blood oozing from a wound, and said to the motor-man, 'Run to the car for the pail and fill it with water from the rill at the side of the wood;' and then she said to me, 'Find his handkerchief and tear it into strips to make a bandage.' In a few minutes she had the wound washed clean and bound, and the pale face bathed with cold water. The accident had happened only a few miles from Starleyhall, his home, and Vanessa had sent the motor-man to bring the car up, into which we succeeded in lifting the sufferer, Vanessa supporting him, while her man drove us in quietly.

It was most touching to see the dear horse following, with his head over the side of the car like a chief-mourner.

He was carried in and laid on a sofa, while the car was despatched for the doctor, who arrived very quickly. After examination, he declared that there was no fracture, but that the squire had suffered a very severe shock; that the injury on his head might involve his eye; and that his shoulder, although not dislocated, had sustained a wrench and was badly bruised. He said that, of course, he must have a trained nurse, and that he would go and bring one.

'You need not do that,' said Vanessa. 'I will nurse him.'

'You, dear lady! I fear that will not do. We must have a trained nurse, you understand.'

'Yes; but I am a certificated nurse. I had a year in hospital in London.'

'Oh, but'——

'Please let me do as I wish. I should love to do it, and you will find me quite competent, I assure you.'

Nobody could withstand when Vanessa pleaded and had the tears in her eyes, and the doctor yielded.

'Well, be it so; only it is my duty to see a nurse's certificate, if she is a stranger to me, before trusting such a serious case as this to her care. Pardon my appearing to doubt, for I do not—your bandaging was a model of skill—but duty is duty.'

'Oh, certainly, that is plainly right.'

She at once wrote a note, and despatched it by the car, and her man returned in about two hours with her things.

'I am afraid, Barnes,' she said, 'that you have been exceeding the legal limit.'

'Well, miss, yes; but it was salvage duty, and I thought I would risk it. You aren't angry, miss?'

'Not very,' said Vanessa, smiling, and followed her things to the room she was to occupy beside the invalid's.

About half-an-hour later the doctor returned, and I knocked at her door and told her.

'All right, Mitey; just coming,' she replied. The door opened and out stepped a nurse. I could scarcely believe my eyes. There, in her snowy cap, collar, and cuffs, setting off her blue-gray gown that fitted her lovely figure like a glove, stood Vanessa holding a paper in her hand. She came forward to the doctor and handed him the paper, saying, 'My certificate, sir,' her face as quiet and demure as if she had never worn any other costume. The young doctor held out his hand mechanically for the certificate, while he gazed at her with unconcealed admiration. Then reading it over, he refolded it slowly and handed it back, saying in a low tone which my quick ear caught, 'Incomparable,' and it struck me from his look that the word included much more than the certificate.

Vanessa took his directions, and asked more than one highly intelligent question. He said that there was nothing to be done by us but to wait for a return of consciousness, and he left us, promising to return at short intervals.

Vanessa being thus brought into direct contact with Uncle Goodman compelled me to consider what should be done. I knew that to attempt to persuade her to hand over the nursing to some one else would be futile. What she undertook to do in kindness to others had to be gone through, and nothing would turn her from her purpose. What a blessed thing it is when strength of character goes out in such a way, and not in selfishness! As regarded the nursing, I knew that she had spent some time at a hospital in London after she came back from Frau Deckerschenk's; but that she—a lady and an heiress—had worked so hard to qualify herself and obtain such a certificate had never entered my mind. Indeed, in corresponding with her when she had gone from Larkhall to the hospital, I treated the matter as a huge joke, and she never undeceived me. Now, here she was with a business-like air already arranging the room for an invalid, and laying out bandages and dressings.

'Don't look at me like that, Mitey,' she said, 'as if I were a martyr. This is real happiness to me, and I hope it will be real help to your dear old friend.'

The tears welled up in my eyes, and I took her in my arms and kissed her fondly, thinking hard the while what I should do, for it was plain to me that if her patient was to come back to consciousness soon no time was to be lost. But the difficulty was that all was not clear. How was it that he himself seemed dubious, and had not suggested in his talk with me that he knew that his friends had a child, and if he knew it, that apparently he had never made any inquiry? I was puzzled and doubtful how to act. But all mystery was to be cleared up sooner than I expected.

The squire had an old soldier-servant who had attended him for many years, but who on the day of the accident was absent on a message for his master in the neighbourhood. When he returned and heard what had happened his affection was clearly shown by his manner, and one felt sure that the invalid would be well tended between Vanessa and the faithful Stocks, whom I knew well.

He seemed struck all of a heap when he first caught sight of Vanessa, and I saw him look at his master and then at her in a strange way. But the old-soldier discipline soon reasserted itself, and he pulled himself together and evidently stifled his excitement and concentrated all his attention on his duties.

It was noticeable how Vanessa at once took the lead, and how submissively the old soldier accepted her directions and carried them out. In all she did she inspired confidence that the best would be done for his master, whom he sat and looked at steadily like a faithful St Bernard, patient and watchful.

The squire, after lying for some hours motionless,

began to show signs of returning consciousness; and the doctor arriving, he and Stocks got the remainder of his clothing removed and replaced by night-gear, and himself comfortably ensconced in bed. Seeing that the shock to his system and the injury near his eye made him intolerant of light, the doctor bandaged his eyes, and forbade the removal of the bandage until he should see him again.

Presently Uncle Goodman began to speak, and said, 'Where am I?' and as I knew him so well I went forward and spoke to him, and told him how he had been found. He said, 'Ah yes, I remember. Batman put his foot into a drain that had fallen in. I remember that, and then all is blank.'

'Well, Uncle Goodman,' I said, 'you were badly hurt and cut, and you must be kept quiet, so please be good.' He had been trying to rise on his elbow, and Vanessa had firmly but gently held him down.

'Yes, Mary dear, I will.'

'We have got a skilled nurse for you, and you must be very obedient to her, won't you?'

'Yes, indeed, we old people find it much easier to be obedient than you young folks, eh, Mary?' and he smiled.

'Well, then, the nurse is here, and she would like to know whether you want anything.'

'A little water, please.'

'Yes, sir,' said Vanessa; and bringing the water, and deftly passing her arm below his head, she raised him and brought the glass to his lips. I saw Stocks looking at her with the same bewildered expression that I had noticed before, and heard him say under his breath, 'It do beat everything!'

Vanessa brought a moist sponge and gently smoothed her patient's hands and wrists with it, which appeared to soothe him, and he dozed off into what seemed a quiet and natural sleep. I motioned to Stocks to leave the room with me, so that there might be absolute quiet. When we were outside he said in an abrupt kind of way, 'Beg pardon, miss, but wot am I to call the nurse?'

'Nurse King,' I said, with a sudden feeling that the crisis was coming.

'I knew it—I knew it! She's a lady, ain't she?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'Then it's the same. Wasn't she born in India?'

'I believe so.' I was getting more and more excited.

'And her father was Captain King, who used to be in the Grenadiers?'

'Yes.'

'Well, miss, he was master's great friend, and master was his groomsman at his marriage. I was there.'

The whole matter was now clear and beyond doubt; but I made up my mind to keep my own counsel for a little, and enjoined Stocks to do the same until his master should be stronger. I intended at the first opportunity to enlighten Vanessa, and see if with her aid one or two obscure points could be cleared up.

Uncle Goodman progressed, if not rapidly (which at his age was hardly to be expected), at least steadily. He chafed rather at having his eyes kept bandaged; but Vanessa was firm, and said to him that Stocks would tell him that she was the commanding officer at present, at which he laughed. She watched his every wish, and the sound of her voice was evidently as sweet music to him, it being his great delight to hear her read to him. Indeed, he would not have any one else; and once, when he did not know that I was in the room, and when she proposed that I should take a turn at the reading, said that he would rather do without for the present, if she could not do it. 'Mary,' he said, 'does gabble so, while you are always soothing to me, my dear. I must be getting into delusions, I am afraid, for when I hear your voice reading I get saying to myself, "Surely that is a voice I know," and then I foolishly fancy that you are the lady I tried at Chipley.'

I saw I must intervene, and, coming forward, said, 'I don't think you are having any delusions, uncle dear. You will understand presently; but you must keep quiet, and not think, and do what nurse says.'

'Yes, yes, of course.'

'Yes,' said Vanessa, with whom I exchanged a glance, 'it is time for your sleep;' and, tenderly putting her arms round him so as to save his bruised shoulders, she turned him, gave him a little pat, and said, 'There,' as to a child.

We left him with the faithful Stocks, whose nursing was as tender as a woman's, but who, with his soldierly instinct, would never allow himself to take command, but appealed to Vanessa whenever obedience by the patient was called for.

He had cleared up many things to us, telling us how his master had been overwhelmed with grief when he saw a notice of the death of Vanessa's mother in a short paragraph copied from an Indian paper, and how he had sent off a letter to his friend, and had at once left home, and spent some years in South America, distracting his mind by hunting big game far away from civilisation, and supplying no address by which he could be found except to his bankers, under strict injunctions of secrecy. He told us how he only returned home when the duty of attending to the family property fell upon him by the death of his brother, and that it was on his return that he learned that his friend, Vanessa's father, had been killed when on a military Hill expedition not long after her mother's death. He said he was quite certain that his master had never come to know that Vanessa's parents had left an orphan child.

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

ALL who are in any way interested in the literature and journalism of the nineteenth century are likely to know the two volumes published by Bentley in 1888, and now by Macmillan, entitled *John Francis, Publisher of the 'Athenæum:' a Literary Chronicle of Half-a-Century*, compiled by his son, John Francis. It furnishes leaves from literary history covered by the active life of this publisher, and it is crowded with material of compelling interest. Mr John Collins Francis has continued his subject in a new volume, *Notes by the Way* (T. Fisher Unwin), which also comes as a souvenir of that useful periodical *Notes and Queries*, from which much of the material is drawn. The book is similar in binding also to that of *Notes and Queries*, whose motto, 'When found make a note of,' from Captain Cuttle, is an admirable one to put intelligently into practice. The book is enriched by loving tributes to W. J. Thoms, first editor of *Notes and Queries;* to Joseph Knight, dramatic critic and editor from 1883 to 1907; as well as to the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth. Sandwiched between is much interesting information regarding literary jubilees and celebrations; the publishing firms of Bentley, Blackwood, and W. & R. Chambers, with a record of *Chambers's Journal* and other periodicals; the *Globe*, *Saturday Review*, and *City Press;* also something of trade dinners and auction sales.

Rather than characterise such a richly varied volume further, it may be better for us to concentrate on one of the biographies, that of the varied and interesting career of the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth, who in later life maintained a warm friendship with Mr Francis and wrote him a weekly letter, closely written, and containing much pungent and pertinent criticism on the literature of the day. At his death all Ebsworth's manuscripts passed into the hands of Mr Francis as his executor, including the four water-colour pictures of Edinburgh done from the top of the Scott Monument. Should Mr Francis see fit to bestow them, these pictures would surely find a fitting home in the Edinburgh Municipal Museum or the National Art Gallery.

Ebsworth's father and mother were remarkable people. Joseph Ebsworth, senior, was a clever London watchmaker, with musical and dramatic talents, who became a member of an operatic company at Covent Garden, and afterwards turned to dramatic authorship. He removed to Edinburgh after 1826, when his son was two years of age, and became actor and prompter with his friend W. H. Murray of the Theatre Royal. On accepting a position as leader of the choir of St Stephen's Church he abandoned the theatre, and undertook the teaching of music in several educational institutions. Assisted by his wife, he continued to write or translate many successful dramas, and also published a collection of tunes. Ebsworth opened at Elm Row, Leith Walk, an 'English and Foreign Dramatic Library and Caricature Repository,' which became also a centre for periodical literature. Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson were frequent callers; and young Ebsworth remembered being patted kindly on the head by Scott. Very memorable to the youth also was the first purchase and reading of Scott's works, and that of Tyas's edition of Shakespeare. He remembered the Reform agitation of 1832, O'Connell's visit to Edinburgh, and the first visit of Queen Victoria to Scotland in 1842. Young Ebsworth had some instruction in art under Charles Heath Wilson, Sir William Allan, and David Scott, whose early death was a great personal loss to him. Four large water-colour drawings of Edinburgh, looking north, south, east, and west, taken from the top of the Scott Monument, two hundred feet above Princes Street, were exhibited at the Scottish Royal Academy in 1849. Of these only one, that looking to the north, was ever engraved. Ebsworth says of them: 'In that narrow and windy nook, whatever weather prevailed, unflinchingly against cold, but sometimes baffled by rain, these were wrought out in 1845, totally unaided by spy-glass or photo. In fact the public photography of portraits at that very epoch, in a singularly primitive manner, is shown at Howie's studio on the housetops, without any shelter or glasshouse, in the north view. Nobody ever helped me with them; they were drawn to give pleasure to my dear father. I never touched them apart from the gallery of the Scott Monument.' Hugh Miller noticed Ebsworth's pictures favourably in the *Witness;* and a later critic, commenting on the one published picture, praised the marvellous patience shown by the artist, and his remarkable skill with brush and graver. He drew with precision, engraved crisply, and had a rare sense of light and shade.

Ebsworth was for a time a lithographic artist in Manchester, and afterwards went to Glasgow, where he had further training in the School of Design. His pen was busy also, and he contributed regularly to the *Dumfries Herald*, then edited by Thomas Aird. Like Bayard Taylor, Ebsworth had a tramp through Italy and across the Continent, and his ample journalisings, along with other manuscripts, are now with Mr Francis. On his return, he was in Edinburgh until 1860, when he went to Cambridge to carry through a regular curriculum of study, was ordained in 1864, and from 1871 until 1894 was vicar of Molash, near Ashford, and recognised as the 'good, kind vicar of Molash, and friend of all.' Before settling here Ebsworth had some curious experiences as curate of Market Weighton, where he did not get on well with the vicar, but very well, as he says, 'with poachers and smugglers and other

vagabonds,' with whom he had some 'native affinity.' 'My long pedestrianism in Bohemia, Moravia, and other out-of-the-way places in the heart of Europe, my acquisition of the Tchek [Czech] language, and much of the Romany lingo, gathered from Borrow and others, made me free of every gipsy tent wherever I roved.' At Molash he wrote his *Cavalier Lyrics*, found time to write to *Notes and Queries*, and made those researches into ballad history which constituted him an authority on the subject. He completed the editing of *The Roxburghe Ballads* begun by William Chappell, and published for private circulation his *Cavalier Lyrics* in 1887; and his list of works connected with ballad history is a long one. The end came calmly as, 'seated in his garden at Ashford, Kent, looking to the lovely meadows beyond, so often described in his letters, in the sweet quiet of a Sunday afternoon, conversing with those of his own household, he passed away without a sigh,' 7th June 1908. This from an epitaph written by himself is truly characteristic:

> Others strove for power or wealth,
> He prized study, calm, and health:
> Slipt through life as though by stealth.
> Thus, good hap, was known by few,
> Never once was seen by you,
> For he was not oft in view.
> Bards and critics nowadays
> Haunt too much the public ways.
> While the crowds, with gossip, gaze,
> He made choice to lonely tread
> His shy paths, with flowrets spread,
> Half-forgotten, 'live or dead.

Mr Francis concludes: 'As we think of him we are amazed at the variety of his talents. What he painted shows the promise of a great artist; his charming woodblocks are, I do not think it is too much to say, equal to those of Bewick. . . . To his special study, the collection of ballads, he devoted years of labour—labour freely and cheerfully given, with the result that he has formed a Ballad History of England, which should cause his name to be remembered by his countrymen for all time.'

FIELD-GUNS—BY THE 'GOLDEN CRESCENT.'

CHAPTER II.

HERIOT, left to himself, jogged along, tired but contented. His present mission had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. The commission which he held for the future was even more lucrative. All he wished for at the present moment was to get back on board his ship and have a good sleep, as he had, with the exception of about an hour and a half, during which he had been conversing with the magnate who had sent for him, been in the saddle all night. He was clear of the foothills now, riding down a sloping road which wound in sinuous fashion through a boulder-strewn plain; huge masses of rock here and there bordered the track, casting black shadows across the path in the now gathering light, which was momentarily growing stronger. Behind him the mountain-tops were changing from gray to violet and purple, and then to a rosy pink. Heriot was half-asleep on his sure-footed cob, and had reached a point hardly a mile from whence he had started, where a line of white posts marked the frontier between Monteblanco and the empire of Teutonobia. His horse, wearied like himself, had dropped into a walk, when suddenly from the shadow of one of the great rocks mentioned three men sprang out. One seized the bridle of his horse; a second pointed a revolver at his head; a third levelled a fixed bayonet at the lowest button of his waistcoat. He had just crossed the dividing line and was in the territory of Teutonobia.

His assailants all wore uniform; the man with the revolver was evidently an officer, the others obviously privates. 'You will dismount,' said the officer in perfect English.

Heriot was wide awake now with a vengeance, and his quick wits were working. Resistance was impossible. 'If,' he replied coolly, 'you will tell your man to take that toasting-fork of his out of the pit of my stomach I will do so.' The officer gave a sharp, guttural command, and the man ordered arms. The sailor dropped his reins, flung one leg over his horse's neck, and slid to ground.

There was a further order, and the man holding the horse wheeled it round in the direction from which it had come, then, picking up his rifle, pricked it so sharply in the flank that the blood spurted out.

'A perfectly unnecessary piece of cruelty,' said Heriot, as his mount galloped madly away. 'And now what is the meaning of this outrage?'

The keen blue eye behind the revolver never wavered; the hand that held it was steady as a rock. Another command, and the two privates, leaning their rifles against the rock by the roadside, advanced and searched the prisoner in a manner which showed that they were experts at such work. The man on Heriot's right plunged his hand into that gentleman's jacket-pocket and produced his revolver; at a word from the officer he first jerked the cartridges out on to the road and then flung the weapon itself into a pool of water at the roadside. The sailor's pocket-handkerchief, his compass, his penknife, his pipe and tobacco-pouch, and a handful of loose silver were all that his captors could find; the penknife followed the revolver into the pool; the remainder of his property was restored whence it came. Then one of his captors produced a length of thin, tough cord and proceeded to bind his hands behind his back.

Heriot turned to the officer. 'You speak English. This is quite unnecessary; you are three armed men to one unarmed. I give you my word that I will not attempt to escape for the present.'

The officer gave an order, and the man desisted.

'Will you give me no explanation of your extraordinary conduct?' demanded Heriot.

'I shall conduct my examination yonder.'

He pointed with his revolver to a whitewashed building with a slate roof some half-mile to the northward of where they stood. 'You will be good enough to march in that direction.'

The men picked up their rifles, unfixed their bayonets, and throwing open the breach, showed the prisoner that their rifles were loaded. They then stepped out, keeping their prisoner half a pace in front of them; the officer, with his revolver in his hand, bringing up the rear. In this fashion they covered the intervening space to the building, Heriot thinking hard all the while.

Arrived at their destination, the sailor saw immediately that it was the guardhouse of a frontier post; a massive door opening outwards gave entrance to a big, bare chamber, in which he counted the bedding of six men neatly disposed along the walls each in a tight roll; six wooden chairs, a big wooden table on which stood a paraffin lamp, a stove, and some cooking utensils completed the furnishing. Opposite to the outer door was another massive oaken one secured by a heavy lock and two massive bolts.

The officer bade one of his men give Heriot a chair, and took another himself on the opposite side of the table. In the course of his walk to the guardhouse the sailor had taken counsel with himself and decided that it would be to his advantage to speak these men fair; he could gain nothing by resistance—at present.

'Your name?' demanded the officer.

'William Graham.'

'Nationality?'

'English.'

'Where is your passport?'

'I do not possess such a thing. They are quite unnecessary in a civilised country in the present day.'

'Your business in Tuetonobia?'

'I am travelling.'

'Commercially?'

'No; for pleasure.'

'Whither bound?'

Heriot mentioned the name of the nearest great town.

The officer smiled unpleasantly. 'You are, at all events, likely to go there,' was his comment. He sat bolt-upright in his hard, wooden chair, his fine, nervous hand playing with the pistol, of which he had never relaxed his grip. 'Listen,' he said. 'You are an Englishman—yes; but William Graham—no. Who you are, and what you are, and what your business is we shall presently discover, for I have been sent down here owing to certain information which I have not yet been able to verify. The men of this post have been sent upon a fool's errand. You know that,' he rapped out sharply.

Heriot, with a perfectly unmoved countenance, made no reply.

'In the meanwhile,' went on his interlocutor, 'my men and I are worn out; we want food and sleep.'

'For the matter of that,' said Heriot pleasantly, 'so do I.'

'You shall have both,' replied the officer. 'When we are all refreshed I shall continue my examination, which, should it not prove more satisfactory than it has done up to the present, will oblige me to hand you over to my superior, as something has taken place in this neighbourhood during the last twenty-four hours which will have to be explained. At present I do not know what it is; you, my friend, do. We shall await your information with much interest.'

The door of the inner room was then flung open, and Heriot was thrust into it. He immediately recognised that it was the lock-up of the guardhouse. A truckle-bed with a straw mattress stood in one corner; the walls were immensely thick; high up in one corner was a small window heavily latticed with iron bars; the door was four inches thick. He recognised at once that escape from here was indeed impossible.

In the outer room there were sounds of a fire being lighted, and very soon a by no means unpleasant smell of cooking assailed his nostrils, and he remembered that he had had no food for fifteen hours. At the expiration of some three-quarters of an hour the door was opened, and a tray containing a sufficient meal, with a bottle of very passable wine, was thrust in by one of the soldiers.

By the time Heriot had finished this and smoked a pipe it was nearly eleven o'clock in the forenoon. All the time he had been thinking hard, but so far no solution of his difficulties had occurred to him. From the outer room there came the sound of snoring. He had noticed how wearied his captors had appeared to be, and recognised that this was very much his own state also. Pulling off his boots, he flung himself upon the bed and was asleep in a moment. It was late when he awoke, and the room was so dark and gloomy that he could only just see by his watch that it was nearly 6 P.M. In the outer room silence still reigned.

He sat up on the edge of the bed and lighted a pipe, and his fancy wandered idly for a few moments. He saw Hawkins stretched on his back, and laughed softly as he thought of that tremendous upper cut by which he had 'knocked him out;' then he considered his present situation and the bearing which the instruction he had received from the ex-gunner bore upon it. If he was to get out it must be by a surprise attack. So far he had conducted himself so meekly and humbly that that blue-eyed, fair-moustached officer would not suspect

him of sudden violence. Of course, should he receive him pistol in hand his chance was nil; if not—— Well, he could only wait and see. In any case, he remembered that the door opened outwards; and, best of all, he had noticed when they came in that one of the soldiers had unlocked the door and left the key outside. If he could get outside and lock his captors in the trick was done; if not, he was trapped, and, in his own vernacular, he must stand the racket.

An hour passed, and there were sounds of the men stirring; then he heard the scrape of a match, and a pencil of light shining under the door told him the lamp had been lighted. Then he heard the voice of the officer, and the sound of the key grinding in the lock and the noise of the bolts being shot back. He was ordered to come out, and stepped into the light of the lamp. Secretly he swung his right hand lightly behind him; every nerve in his body was tense, his brain alert for instant action. His first glance was at the door; the key was still on the outside. The two men were evidently still half-asleep, their eyes were heavy, and one yawned prodigiously. Not so the officer; he stood erect and composed in front of the table upon which was the lamp, and, best of all, his pistol.

Heriot advanced to meet him. His mind was made up, and he measured his distance to a hair's-breadth.

'You will be good enough to take that chair while I'—— began the officer; but the sentence was not destined to be finished. Up and forward swung that terrible right hand, meeting the very point of that finely moulded chin with a smack like that of a pavior's hammer on a curb-stone. The recipient of this awful and totally unexpected blow was lifted clean off his feet and flung against the table, which crashed to the ground beneath him, bringing with it the lamp, which broke and left the room in total darkness. Recovering himself with the quickness of lightning, Heriot flung out his left backhanded, meeting the soldier on his left full on the point of the nose with the back of his fist; then he sprang for the outer door, opened and closed it, and turned the key in the lock. He was free, and he knew that pursuit was impossible for the present.

Darkness had fallen, but his matches and his pocket-compass had not been taken away from him. West and a little south he knew that he should strike the landing-place, which was but a little over a mile away; but when he got there how was he to get off to his ship? The launch would not have waited for him all this time.

However, he must try, and about half-an-hour found him at the place where he had disembarked the evening before. The launch was not there. Heriot peered about him in the gloom, and at last discovered a small dingy rubbing softly against the side with the gentle lift of the sea. Had she oars? Next moment he was in the boat. She had both rowlocks and sculls. He cast off the painter and rowed thoughtfully seaward. 'I must chance it,' he reflected. 'Thompson will be on the lookout; but I don't like the look of the weather.' His seaman's instinct had not deceived him, as ragged masses of cloud were racing overhead, a thin strip of a crescent moon showing itself from time to time, 'sitting upon its back.' Very soon Heriot recognised that he had gone too far to get back, and was inclined to curse himself for his rashness. The sea was getting up momentarily; the wind was blowing him dead off shore. He now found his sculls useless, and it was, in seaman's parlance, blowing half a gale. The boat's painter was spliced into an iron ring in the cut-water, and the occupant of the dingy had no knife. However, he managed to pull out the splice, and luckily for him the painter was long enough for his purpose. Pulling up the bottom-boards, he unshipped the rudder, and then bound sculls, rudder, and bottom-boards together, and flung them overboard, keeping the inboard end of the painter secured to the bows; he was thus 'riding to a sea-anchor,' and had done all that was possible in the difficult and dangerous circumstances in which he found himself. All night he lay in the bottom of the dingy baling out with a small piggin the water which continually found its way inboard. Overhead the clouds flew before the keen easterly gale, and the cockle-shell climbed laboriously to the summit of one foam-crested monster wave, to drop like a stone into the hollow between it and the one following. Drenched to the skin, bitterly cold, and tormented by thirst, Heriot stuck doggedly to his baling; but ever the wind rose and the seas mounted higher and higher.

Gray dawn crept into the sky, and the sun flashed an angry, ugly yellow light over the waste of tossing waters; the cramped, shivering figure sat up in the bottom of his floating little prison and thought regretfully of his stone one ashore. 'Well, here's the end of Ralph Heriot,' he muttered miserably to himself. He dashed the salt water from his eyes and looked around. As he rose on the crest of the next wave his heart suddenly stood still, for he saw—a ship! For a long time he could not, in his blinded and dazed condition, make her out; but gradually the conviction deepened into certainty that it was not only a ship, but his ship, the *Golden Crescent*. Then he tried to wave a handkerchief, and failed; to shout, but the riot of the gale blew his voice back down his throat. He could only wait and watch. He saw the keen cut-water rise and fall, he marked the crash of the sea around her bows, and then—and then—no—yes, they had seen him; they were coming towards him. He crouched in the bottom of the dingy once more, with a lump in his throat, it is true, but every faculty keen and alert.

Thompson brought her down before the wind full split; then he eased his engines, and crammed his helm hard a-starboard till he lay broadside to the dingy; he started a full bucket of oil over the side to leeward, and bent a grass-line to a breaker, which

he floated down to the dingy in the temporary calm caused by the oil. Heriot was all alive now, fatigue, thirst, cold, all forgotten. Very skilfully they drew the small craft alongside, and in less time than it takes to tell the captain once more trod the deck of the *Golden Crescent*.

. . . . . .

When the trouble did break out in the mountains there was remarkably good shooting made by two batteries of mountain guns. A blue-eyed, fair-moustached officer of infantry in the army of Teutonobia was asked by a comrade, 'Where did they get them? How was it that we did not know they had anything so up-to-date?' The first man fingered his chin very tenderly. 'No,' he answered, 'we do not know. I think the only man who does, except the enemy, was that English rascal who escaped from the guardhouse and nearly broke my neck.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HOUSEHOLD CLEANING BY VACUUM.

THE subjugation of dust, that bogey of the household, is a matter of complexity. Within the past few years numerous devices have been placed on the market for dealing with this fiend by mechanical agency, the idea being not only its more successful elimination, but the achievement of that object with less physical exertion and in a much shorter time. The basis of these devices is suction through the creation of a vacuum in the machine. Unfortunately, however, many of these appliances lack reliability, and, far from being a friend, are a nuisance. This result is due to the fact that bellows are resorted to for the production of the requisite vacuum, and such a system is totally unadapted to the rough, hard usage to which the appliance must necessarily be subjected. Recently, however, a notable improvement has been made which should have the result of popularising this form of dust-collector, inasmuch as not only is it strongly constructed and simple to work, but the possibility of its breaking down or becoming inefficient in operation has been reduced to the minimum. Instead of using the bellows, the vacuum is produced by means of a small, powerful rotary pump, driven by a small electric motor, the current for which can be drawn from the ordinary lighting installation in the house by the insertion of a plug and flexible connection in the lamp-holder or wall-fitting. The pump, though small, is capable of producing a vacuum of twenty-two inches at the filter-box, and this is sufficient to draw the dust either buried in or underlying any decorative fabric in the house, from a heavy pile carpet to curtains, without injuring the textiles in the slightest. The dirt is withdrawn and deposited in a box, which can easily be emptied as required. Some idea of the withdrawing-power of the apparatus may be gathered from recent tests, in which flour sprinkled on a floor and covered by a thick, heavy pile carpet was easily drawn through the latter. The machine, moreover, is particularly adapted to the cleaning of books in libraries, for which purpose one or two slight modifications in the design are necessary.

NEW METHOD OF PACKING FISH.

A recent development in the preservation of fish, the object of which is to deliver the article to the customer with all that bloom and freshness so strikingly observable when the member of the finny tribe is withdrawn from its native element, should arouse attention. Many efforts have been made to overcome the existent drawbacks to the present methods of packing fresh fish for lengthy transit; but it has been found that the water arising from the melting of the packing ice soddens the fish, and produces an unappetising, flabby appearance, while at the same time the flavour is seriously deteriorated. The new method which has been evolved by Captain Solling consists in cleaning and draining the fish in the usual manner immediately it is caught, and then wrapping it completely in specially prepared paper, the characteristic of which is that it is impervious to water. Consequently fish so treated and then packed in the ice-boxes do not become affected by the melting ice, and when unpacked hundreds of miles away from the scene of their capture are as fresh and solid as if just drawn from the sea, besides possessing the attractive bloom.

BRITISH *v.* AMERICAN RAILWAY METHODS.

Great interest has been aroused by the achievement of an American railway in the handling of a record goods train. The company in question has for years past been engaged in overhauling their lines, easing banks, and straightening curves. To determine the advantages arising from this, and what train-weight actually could be handled upon this modernised railway by a single engine under ordinary conditions, a goods train consisting of eighty-five trucks laden with four thousand four hundred and fifty-one tons of coal was hauled over a distance of one hundred and twenty-four miles by one of the most powerful goods engines in service. The train's total weight was six thousand one hundred and fifty-one tons, and its length from end to end practically three-fifths of a mile. To cover the distance occupied seven and a quarter hours, representing a speed of about seventeen miles per hour. No doubt this is a remarkable achieve-

ment, and represents a great advance on the general type of 'freighter' upon the American railways, which, crawling along at a walking-pace, constitutes such a source of amusement to the English traveller. The latter recalls the fine goods trains which ply between the north and south of these islands at a speed in excess of that of the greater proportion of the passenger expresses on the other side of the Atlantic. The celerity with which British railways handle freight is an eye-opener to American railwaymen visiting this country. True, train-weights are not so great here, but the consignee can form a tolerably precise idea as to when goods he has ordered in London are likely to reach him in the north of Scotland, and that is more than the tradesman on the other side can do. A journey of over four hundred miles—for instance, from London to Edinburgh—would take the Americans at least twenty-six hours on the above basis; the British railway does it in less than half the time. In the matter of the conveyance of goods the American displays an indifference which is strangely at variance with his usual character. It is no uncommon circumstance for goods purchased in New York, destined for San Francisco, shipped from the former port to the Atlantic terminal of the Mexican transcontinental railway, transported across the latter to its Pacific port, and again shipped to San Francisco, to reach the latter point in less time than if despatched by train straight across the American continent from New York.

MUNICIPAL SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

One development which is of far-reaching significance to the welfare of the community might very advantageously be extended in this country. This is the public abattoir system, which has undergone such widespread extension on the Continent. When the doubtful conditions pervading slaughter-house methods in these islands—conditions which are widely divorced from the rudiments of hygiene, coupled with the perfunctory inspection arrangements—are recalled, the room for improvement is conspicuously observable. On the Continent, on the other hand, the tendency is more towards the municipal slaughter-house. Paris has one of the finest establishments of this character in the world, covering about one hundred and five acres, and handling some two and a quarter millions of animals every year. So successful did the experiment prove—for the meat so prepared for human consumption is above suspicion owing to the adoption of scientific and hygienic principles, combined with complete inspection—that Germany followed suit. In the latter country these abattoirs are an excellent investment for the ratepayers, for they have proved financial successes. The establishments are of the most elaborate character, and are equipped with the last word in slaughter-house machinery. Not only have the populace benefited from relief of rates and by more wholesome meat, but the price of the latter has also decreased. In America the movement has been taken up on an extensive scale recently; but in this case the motive has been rather to render the people independent of the machinations and arbitrary manipulations of the Meat Trust. In these islands but little advance has been made. Scattered throughout the country are public abattoirs, but with few exceptions they are neither comprehensive nor modern in character. What is required is legislation to compel the despatch of animals and the treatment of carcasses for food under a properly constituted and efficient authority. Then there would be less possibility of diseased meat being placed on sale, and those prosecutions for imperilling the health of the people which constitute such a disagreeable feature of our daily life would disappear. But under the circumstances, absence of legislative action might be supplanted by a little more municipal enterprise, seeing that in Germany the system is so financially successful; and if so there, why not here? The enhanced feeling of security offered would lead to widespread public support.

TINOL: A SOLDERING PASTE.

What amateur has not essayed soldering and experienced the difficulties attending the cleaning of the respective surfaces to be sealed together, the manipulation of the heated copper tool, and the eccentricities of the solder; and who upon surveying his unsightly success has not become convinced that it is an operation which, though absurdly simple, is one calling for no little skill? But the expert workman is not always available, and even that worthy admits that the operation is antiquated. To reduce these difficulties, a combined solder and flux in the form of a metallic paste has recently been placed on the market. Its composition is of powdered tin and lead in certain proportions, treated with deoxidising agents such as ammonium chloride or chloride of zinc, and made into a paste by combination with inert fluids having a high boiling-point. All that is necessary is to cover the joint with this paste, which works fairly easily, and then to apply the requisite heat. Such a composition as this tinol—as it is called—is one of those preparations which help to lessen the little worries of life.

FRUIT PRESERVATION BY VACUUM.

In times of glut, when luscious fruit is obtainable at absurd prices, the good housewife's instincts naturally turn to the preservation of the edible for use in periods of famine or when it is out of season. Hitherto, however, the only means of fulfilling this desire has been to preserve the fresh fruit in the form of jam; but its preparation is a tedious, speculative, and anxious task. Moreover, in the conversion to jam much of the natural flavour is lost. But the advent of the vacuum preserving process has completely changed all that. By its means the most inviting fruits can be served out of season with all their pristine flavour and appearance. The process is

simple and cheap. There is an outer vessel substantially made of metal, in which is placed a cruet-like holder carrying a number of bottles or jars. These jars are filled with the fresh fruit, vegetables, or whatever it is desired to preserve, the lids being attached and held firmly in place by means of springs. The boiler is then charged with cold water until the jars are completely covered therewith. The outer lid is then placed in position, together with a thermometer. The whole is then put on the stove, and the heat of the water raised to the desired temperature as shown by the thermometer, and kept thereat for the necessary time. Upon completion of this operation the carrying stand is withdrawn and left to cool slowly, the clipping springs securing the bottle-lids in position being retained until the jars are quite cold. The outer atmospheric pressure keeps the lid tightly pressed down upon the sealing ring of the jar, so that the entrance of outer air is quite impossible. When the contents are required, all that is necessary to be done is to pull the rubber sealing-ring slightly outwards to admit air, and the cover can then be easily withdrawn. If the whole contents are not required, the bottle can be resealed by submitting it to the sterilising process once more. So easy and simple is the whole process that twelve pounds of fruit can be preserved in an hour, and without any of those dangers of burning and spoiling the contents which prevail in jam-making. It is thoroughly reliable, and fruits, vegetables, or liquids so treated will keep indefinitely. No preservative or chemical being employed, the true flavour of the article is retained, and its dietetic value is not impaired in any way. For milk sterilisation the system is eminently useful. The acquisition of such a handy and inexpensive contrivance as this will offer a complete solution to many of the problems in this line that at present perplex domestic circles.

SOMETHING NEW IN CONVEYERS.

A difficulty of varying proportions in open mining operations is the economical removal of the top soil or callow, to expose the ore-beds below. This preliminary operation must be so carried out as to be not only efficient, but at the same time as inexpensive as possible, since it contributes by just so much to the cost of obtaining the ore. Moreover, in some districts where land is valuable it is essential that the soil should be dumped in such a manner that the pile will possess an even surface, so that when the land is turned to some useful purpose, such as agriculture, no initial heavy expense is incurred in levelling. These ends are ingeniously met by the new conveyer which has been evolved by a mining engineer, Mr R. A. Grossmith. This apparatus is entirely new in design, and possesses many ingenious features. In appearance it resembles a huge bicycle-wheel, being built up in the same manner, with a rim secured to a hub by wire spokes disposed tangent fashion. The wheel has a diameter of eighty feet. It is carried horizontally, and is supported upon a beam or cantilever arm on roller-bearings. Round the rim extends a flat, circular table forty-two inches wide, upon which the earth when excavated is dumped from a special revolving feeding-hopper, carried round and discharged at the opposite side or behind the machine. So beautifully is the conveyer-wheel balanced that although it weighs six tons it can be readily turned round by hand. The steam-shovel drops its load into the hopper, which in turn thrusts it in a steady, uniform stream upon the revolving wheel, and it is carried over the cutting in which the machine works and is shot off the table in the same steady stream by means of a fixed plough stretched diagonally across the table. As the conveyer travels up and down the cutting side by side with the excavator, the hill as it is cut away on one side is built up again on the other; and so easily can the discharge movements be controlled that the dump-heap has a perfectly even and smooth surface. The wheel is driven by a small steam-engine, as is also its pedestal support mounted upon a wheeled truck travelling on rails, and can deal with some five hundred cubic yards of earth per hour at six revolutions per minute; while the wheel can be inclined as much as 25 per cent. from the horizontal without any fear of the earth falling off. The machine has undergone prolonged and severe tests in the ironstone ore districts of Northampton with eminent success. Its recommendatory features are low cost in the first place, high efficiency, insignificant maintenance expense, and applicability to any description of excavated material without the possibility of fouling or blocking, as well as depositing the soil immediately in its rear as it travels to and fro. It marks a great advance upon the methods of handling such material at present practised in mining operations, and cuts down the labour bill by a significant amount.

MAKING MINERAL WATERS AT HOME.

A short time ago, in the course of referring to the food-value of mineral waters, we drew attention to the simple method now available of making aerated waters at home whenever desired, by the discharge of pure CO_2 into a special type of siphon from a small bulb or cartridge which is charged with the gas. The advantage of such a system is obvious, for there can be no suspicion as to the purity of the water used or of the carbonic acid gas by means of which aeration is secured, as may be possibly entertained in the purchase of siphons of aerated water. Again, the process is cheaper, for a siphon of aerated water of the usual size can be made for about one penny, which is from 60 to 80 per cent. cheaper than the usual article. The simplicity of the system has led to many widespread developments. Not only has demand resulted in the marketing of a new size double that of the ordinary vessel, enabling aerated water to be produced at about twopence per quart, but the invention has been applied

to suit the convenience of travel either in the form of a cane-covered bottle or traveller's flask. These two latter developments are especially ingenious and handy. Often it is required to make a still wine sparkling, or to aerate without dilution for improved dietetic purposes such liquids as milk or beef-tea, or alcoholic liquors, which are not adapted to siphoning owing to the excessive frothing that would result from such manipulation, and this is the only means by which this end can be achieved. Similarly, it offers an efficacious method of rejuvenating champagne which has lost its sparkle, the re-aeration restoring all the former excellent qualities of this wine. By means of small tablets similar to those rendered so familiar by tabloid medicines, effervescing and soluble salts can be added to the water before aeration. Consequently at the table one can produce potash, lithia, Vichy, Carlsbad, and so forth at will, and in a few moments. Even fruit crystals can be added, and their respective flavourings be available, or an invigorating pick-me-up composed of a certain proportion of phosphates of iron and quinine brought within immediate reach. There is no doubt but that the perfection of this ingenious invention, with its wide range of uses, efficiency, purity, and cheapness, has popularised the consumption of aerated water, to the ultimate benefit of the digestive organs.

CALCIUM CHLORIDE AS A DUST-LAYER.

A series of interesting experiments recently carried out at Ashford, Middlesex, serve to demonstrate the possibilities of calcium chloride as a dust-layer, and thereby overcoming one of the greatest prejudices against swiftly moving, self-propelled traffic. A mile of typical road of dry macadam, presenting a very dusty surface, was selected for the experiments. The dust-layer is a white granular powder, and is a product of the alkali industries. It was sprinkled over the surface of the road in a dry condition, and in a short time, in liquefying, formed a kind of skin or envelope to the road-surface, binding down beneath all the particles of dust arising from the disintegration of the road-metal. Twenty-four hours after the first application another sprinkling was applied so as to ensure the road-surface becoming thoroughly saturated therewith. After treatment, the effect of passing motor-traffic was observed. When the swiftly moving vehicle passed over the dressed road-surface there was a conspicuous absence of dust, but directly it reached an untreated stretch clouds of thick dust arose in its wake. The advantages of this treatment are that watering is unnecessary, for the simple reason that calcium chloride is hygroscopic, and readily absorbs the requisite moisture from the atmosphere to bring about liquefaction. Being a neutral salt, it is harmless. It is estimated that the cost of dressing a road with this material averages about one-sixth that of watering the same area, and that the relief is more permanent and the road-surface hardened. If the duration of the effect or life of a single dressing should come up to the estimates, and the cost of the raw material plus that of application is within reasonable bounds, it should prove useful in solving one of the most difficult problems at present engaging the attention of road engineers and the public at large.

FIGHTING TROPICAL DISEASE.

Thanks to the stern front that science is offering to the ravages of many of those virulent diseases incidental to the tropics, many countries which were formerly nothing more than 'cemeteries' are being rendered as habitable as the British Isles. An important part in this momentous battle is being taken by the Livingstone College at Leyton, Essex—work of that serious, practical character so essential to success in determining the causes of those terrible maladies and how they may be best overcome. It is due to such work as is here accomplished that the veil is being lifted from many of the worst spots in Africa—places where the sleeping sickness has reigned supreme—so that the stigma of the 'White Man's Grave' is being surely wiped out. The sleeping sickness disease has been most assiduously attacked by science, and the onslaught is already being attended with material success, as a perusal of the Proceedings of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine and the Proceedings of the Society of Tropical Medicine conclusively shows. It might be thought that the ignorance of the unsophisticated native would be an obstructing factor, but such is not the case. The native, like the civilised white man, is by no means stupid when his own interests are at stake. In many parts of tropical Africa the native is well aware that if his cattle are attacked by the tsetse fly certain death awaits them, and it only remains to educate him to the knowledge that the methods of the white man are to his own personal advantage. In this campaign of education all Europeans are lending valuable assistance, explaining the means whereby the man himself can avoid the disease, by giving wide berth to those places where the malady is notoriously rampant and resorting to the prophylactics that have been evolved as a result of scientific research as a precaution against the bite of this fly. It is an uphill fight, paralleled by the instruction of our own community in the efficacy of Jenner's vaccine against smallpox, and in India to-day by the application of Haffkine's serum for the prevention of plague.

THE SCIENTIFIC EXTERMINATION OF RABBITS.

The rabbit, like the poor, is always with the Australian, especially throughout southern Victoria, Queensland, and the west part of the continent. Like the rat, this animal is remarkably prolific, and having been left undisturbed in the Antipodean colony for a few years, it has multiplied at such a rapid rate that now it has become a pest. Various expedients for exterminating, or at any rate mitigating, the nuisance have been made, from virus to

crude distribution of poisons, but with little effect. One Australian, however, has hit upon what may be best described as the most efficient exterminating system that has yet been suggested, since it is in consonance with the fundamental laws of nature. As is known, the rabbit's instincts are essentially polygamous; but if the balance were reversed, and a state of polyandry produced, in a short space of time, the perpetuation of species being rendered impossible, complete disappearance of the plague would ensue. Such briefly is the solution advocated by Mr P. W. Rodier, and it is one with which every raiser of stock is perfectly familiar. It is the buck rabbit which is so ruthlessly slaughtered, the result being that the females preponderating in the rabbit-population produce young at an alarming rate, so that the last stage is worse than the first. No stock-raiser ever thinks of creating a position in which the proportion of one to the other is equivalent, or nearly so, since he knows that the increase in the resultant population will be either an insignificant quantity or probably none at all; whereas, on the other hand, if a condition of polygamy is provided, the numbers of his flock, herd, &c. multiply rapidly, and he takes care that such a polygamous state is always maintained. It is obvious that if polyandry is practised the males will persecute the females to death, while even any young that are produced are quickly killed, so that multiplication is absolutely arrested. After the medium of perpetuation has succumbed only the males are left, and these in due course either fall a victim to their predatory foes or die off, so that eventually the race will completely disappear. Mr Rodier naturally argues that all bucks caught should be released, and only the does despatched; but to the ignorant mind this seems such a suicidal proceeding that no one has the courage to support it. This, too, in face of the fact that he has proved the certainty of his suggestion upon a small scale. The remedy is so absolutely simple as to appear ludicrous, but is perfectly apparent to those who have only the most elementary knowledge of science or physiology. The sceptical, however, practise the antithesis simply to avert this very contingency.

DURABILITY OF IRON VESSELS.

Admiral Douglas, speaking recently on the navy at Sheffield, alluded regretfully to the comparative durability of the former wooden walls of England compared with modern ironclads. Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar was sixty years old, and yet the *Victory* was considered one of the finest men-of-war in that great battle. 'Where should we be to-day with battleships sixty years old?' asked the Admiral. Modern war-vessels undoubtedly become obsolete with ruinous rapidity; but this results more from outclassing in guns, armour, and machinery than from decay of the metal hulls. The mercantile marine shows many instances of iron vessels now in regular service at ages rivalling those of the ancient timber fabrics. Readers will recall the disastrous wreck of the New Zealand Union Company's steamer *Penguin* on Cape Terawhiti in February; but it will surprise many to learn that this vessel was built on the Clyde as far back as 1864 by Tod & MacGregor, the historic builders of Jules Verne's famous blockade-runner. The same year saw the graceful *Iona*, still accounted a model craft, take the water from J. & G. Thomson's yard. In 1853 the *Lough Foyle* was launched by J. Barr, Glasgow, in 1846 the *Mary Jane* by Tod & MacGregor, and in 1844 the *Edinburgh Castle* by Smith & Rodger. These packets, under other and well-known names, are still in active service, and are to all appearance as stanch now as when they were launched over half a century ago, though the firms who built them have long since disappeared. The boats named vary in length from about one hundred and sixty feet to two hundred and sixty feet, and are all paddle-steamers constructed of iron plates about a quarter-inch thick. Steel vessels have yet to prove their relative durability, as the oldest example now running is probably the comparatively youthful and popular Royal Mail steamer *Columba*, built in 1878 of mild steel from the mills of the Steel Company of Scotland.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

'REST-AND-BE-THANKFUL,' AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE.

The path through sombre vale we long ascend,
Until at last is reached the wished-for height,
Where carved on stone a simple call we sight:
Rest ye not, Thankful! Whether cheered by friend,
Or by the unseen eagle's notes, which blend
In chorus wild o'er sky-born streams that shine
Resplendent, or with showering spray define
Their course down yonder mountain's rugged bend.
Now, while we rest, o'er lake and stream and mead
Is silence, save for the breeze of autumnal day,
Whose voice, inconstant, murmuring dies away.
Here in this sinuous vale my soul took heed,
Through faith, as if some angel spoke again,
Proclaiming, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men!'

REGINALD ROGERS.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE KING'S HUNTING-HORN.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

CHAPTER I.

LATE on a fine afternoon of early spring in the year 1464 Sir Jeffery Aylmer, a young knight of Northamptonshire, rode home through the forest of Whittlebury to his manor-house of Wappenham. Sir Jeffery's fresh and extremely handsome face wore an air of seriousness and even of gloom very unusual to it. For, in sooth, his affairs, which of late years had been none too prosperous, were just now going very much awry. He was grandson of Sir John Aylmer, a warrior and diplomatist, who had fought at Agincourt and in the French wars of Henry VI., and had added largely to his estates under the Lancastrian kings. But his father, fighting against the Yorkists at Northampton, had been slain and the greater part of his estates—those in Huntingdonshire and Suffolk — confiscated. Sir Jeffery, who had fought and been severely wounded at his father's side, had, in consideration of his youth, been pardoned by the Duke of York, and now lived on the remnant of his ancestral property, an estate of some four thousand acres lying beyond the bounds of Whittlebury. Northampton fight was four years since, three years of which the young knight had spent in France. Since his return home he had lived in retirement at his stone manor-house at Wappenham, having by good fortune missed the fatal Lancastrian disaster of Towton, and so kept his head and his land in times the most perilous to subjects known in English history.

But it was not the remembrance of his father's death—his mother, the heiress of Wappenham, had died young—and of the family disasters which just now clouded the young knight's good-looking face. He was but twenty-three, and his spirits were ordinarily high enough. He was on his way back from Grafton, where lived one of the fairest ladies in all England, Elizabeth, Lady Grey, between whom and Sir Jeffery a very tender friendship had sprung up within the last twelve months. The Lady Grey was the widow, at an absurdly youthful age, of Sir John Grey, who had been slain in the second battle of St Albans. Her husband's estates had been seized by the Yorkists, and with her young children she had taken refuge with her father and mother at Grafton, nine miles distant from Sir Jeffery's seat. Her mother was a great lady, Jaqueline of Luxembourg, who had wedded the Duke of Bedford, and who, on her widowhood, had condescended to a match with the knight Sir Richard Woodville.

This day all the young man's dreams of the future had been smitten suddenly and without warning to the ground. At Grafton, where for a twelvemonth past he had been received in the most friendly manner and admitted to close intercourse with the beautiful widow, he had been to-day met with the coldest civility. He had, upon some absurd pretext, been denied access to the Lady Grey, whose face he longed to see; and upon seeking explanation of her mother, the Duchess of Bedford had assumed her haughtiest airs, and in her broken English had informed him that she and her husband had other views now for their daughter than a match with a knight of small estate. Sir Richard Woodville, to whom Sir Jeffery had spoken privily as he left the house, had, indeed, in a somewhat shamefaced manner, half-apologised to the young man. They had been good friends, and had had many a merry day in the field together hunting deer and boar or watching a flight with their falcons.

'Prithee ask me no more questions, Sir Jeffery,' he had said. 'Things have happened that might never have been expected, and we have plans for the welfare of Elizabeth which I durst not break to thy ears. I am right sorry for thee, lad; but—well, thou must e'en go thy way and forget thy friendship. There's no other road for thee.'

And in this enigmatical manner Sir Richard had

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

bowed him out to the courtyard and his attendants, and said farewell.

On his ride home by the forest road, Sir Jeffery's esquire, Thomas Cowper, had somewhat lifted the veil from before his master's eyes.

'These be passing strange tidings, Sir Jeffery,' he said; for he had always the privilege of speaking freely to his master, and was just now bursting with information.

'What news?' returned the young knight gloomily, brooding on his own cares. 'I heard nothing.'

'Why, that his Grace King Edward, who lies just now at Stony Stratford for hunting, hath twice been at Grafton in these last four days, and doth manifest great and wonderful admiration for the Lady Grey. They be all talking of it—squires, grooms, varlets, and all.'

The young knight turned sharply in his saddle, and with a face some degrees paler than its wont, stared hard at his esquire. 'Is this, in very sooth, true,' he queried, 'or mere idle gossip?'

'I am convinced it is very truth indeed, Sir Jeffery,' returned Cowper quietly.

'This, then, accounts for all,' muttered the young man to himself. 'I might have guessed something of the kind.'

They cantered on steadily for some time, no word passing between them. Presently they drew rein at a hill and walked their horses again. They were now in one of the wildest parts of the great forest of Whittlebury, which in those days covered a large portion of South Northamptonshire and North Bucks.

Suddenly Aylmer halted. 'Hark!' he said, 'I hear hounds and a horn. List! list!' he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper and holding up a warning hand. 'Ah!'

Two hundred yards away, across a broad clearing in the woodland, there ran a great red-deer stag, dark with water and sweat, and now labouring in his gait. He was to windward, and as the two men reined their horses, motionless as statues, he espied them not. Plunging into a thick brake of fern and gorse, the stag bent his proud head, and with his antlers struck fiercely at something in front of him. On the instant there leaped from the bracken another stag, somewhat younger and less bulky, which, thus driven rudely forth, cleared the covert in two or three magnificent bounds and made away through the forest.

The deep voices of hounds busily hunting the line came nearer, and in three or four minutes appeared the pack—massive, long-eared, deep-flewed, light-coloured hounds of the heavy type then used in English hunting. They drove past the crouching stag, and took the line of the younger deer just driven from its resting-place. Three or four of the older hounds, however, threw up their heads and gazed about them, as if not satisfied that the line was the right one. At that moment there galloped up to the spot three or four mounted hunters. The foremost of them was a tall young man, very handsomely apparelled. He was flushed with hard riding, and as he drew rein for a moment and cast his eye on the doubting hounds, he looked about him.

Sir Jeffery's hunting instincts had by this time utterly overcome his low spirits. He cantered up, and pointing to the brake of fern, cried, 'Fair sir, your stag lies there couched. He hath put out a young stag, and the main body of your hounds hunt at fault.'

The hunter darted a quick, keen look at his informant, and instantly put to his lips a magnificent hunting-horn, and blew loudly two or three recheats to call back the errant hounds.

'I thank thee, sir,' he said simply when he had dropped his horn. Then turning to two prickers who rode near him, 'Away with you, Jasper!—Away, Simon! Call off the pack, and bring them back hither at your utmost speed.—Do you, Philip, couple up yonder hounds,' pointing to the old hounds now nosing about for the right line, but manifestly at fault, 'and hold them up till the main body be recovered.'

While this was doing, Sir Jeffery had leisure to look again and more curiously at the leader of the chase. He was a young and very tall man, but so nobly proportioned that his great height was not apparent until he got off his horse and stood for a few minutes talking to three or four of his hunting companions who had now ridden up. Then Sir Aylmer could see that he stood some inches over six feet. His face was extraordinarily handsome. He had a fair skin somewhat embrowned by exposure, a straight nose, a strong chin, keen blue eyes, and golden-brown hair, which was cut short in front, and behind hung as far as the base of his neck. He wore a green felt hat with a round, rolled brim, decorated at the back with a single eagle's feather held in its place by a jewelled brooch. His tunic of rich green cloth was trimmed at top and bottom with sable fur and belted at the waist. To this belt was attached a short hunting-sword, hung in a handsome, jewelled sheath. Beneath his tunic he wore a long-sleeved vest of purple silk, fastened well up at the throat. His nether limbs were clad in cloth tights, striped lengthwise in green and purple. He wore buff leather hunting-boots pointed at the toes, and long silver spurs, and upon his hands were leather gauntlets. At his left side hung a magnificent hunting-horn, which at once attracted Sir Jeffery's attention. It was like no other hunting-horn he had ever seen.

Something in the bold, imperious air of the huntsman made a deep impression on Sir Jeffery Aylmer as he gazed at the noble figure before him.

A gentleman who was near walked his horse towards him. 'Know you, sir,' he said quietly, 'that it is the King's Grace yonder who hath dismounted?'

'Nay, I knew not it was King Edward,' replied the young knight in some confusion, instantly

alighting from his horse and taking off his cap. 'It hath not been my fortune hitherto to set eyes upon his Grace.'

In the young man's secret soul King Henry VI. was still his true liege lord. But though that unfortunate monarch was yet, in the eyes of his adherents, *de jure* lord of the realm of England, Edward of York now ruled the country by right of conquest. In any case, he was of the blood-royal of England; and, as Sir Jeffery's instincts warned him, this most commanding personage, victor already of many stricken fields, was now known to men as King Edward IV., and was no man to be trifled with. Nor could the knight's secret soul deny that the splendid prince standing before him, in the full flush of youth and vigour, was in outward semblance the most magnificent of all the long line of Plantagenets.

Meanwhile the errant hounds had been whipped off from the faulty chase, and were in a few moments brought back by the prickers. The King motioned that Sir Jeffery Aylmer should be brought to him. Leading his horse, the young man went forward, and, on nearing the King, bent on one knee and made his obeisance.

'Now, sir,' said the King genially, 'rise and show where our hunted stag hath taken lair.'

So saying, he swung himself lightly to the saddle, and all followed suit. Sir Jeffery led the way, and within thirty paces of the couching stag halted and pointed to the King the exact spot.

'Uncouple the hounds!' called Edward to the huntsmen, who held up the old hounds in leash. Then, in a wonderfully clear and melodious voice, he cried, 'Hyke, Cæsar! Hyke, Bowman! To him, Music! Good brache! To him, Blueman!'

With this encouragement and a wave of the hand, he threw them into the fern-brake. Busily the hounds worked the covert while one might count twenty seconds. Then, upon a sudden, from under the very nose of the red bitch Music, there leapt to its feet the hunted stag and was away.

'There he goeth! there he goeth! That's he! that's he!' cried the King ecstatically. 'To him, boys! to him!' And with several kindling blasts of the horn away went the chase again full cry, the whole pack following madly, with deep, resounding chorus, through the forest as the deer sped away into its depths.

For the space of another half-hour the hunted stag still held his own before hounds and hunters. As the lengthening shadows fell among the woodland, and the day drew in, the good hounds gained perceptibly on their quarry, and their glorious clamour increased; and finally, running from scent to view, they set up their stag in front of a grand old oak. Here, with his back to the tree, the beast still maintained his proud front, facing the baying pack, and occasionally dealing a stroke with his forelines at any hound that presumed to approach him too closely. Six or seven hunters, who had survived the long chase, galloped up, and the King, throwing himself from his sweating and now leg-weary horse, drew his short hunting-sword, ran swiftly behind the oak, and approaching the stag from the rear, dealt him a fatal stroke behind the shoulder. Then followed the mort, much blowing of horns, the paunching of the quarry, and the due rewarding of hounds.

Darkness closed in apace, and the King asked where he was and how far from Stony Stratford. Sir Jeffery informed him that he was thirteen or fourteen miles from that place, and was now but two miles from his house at Wappenham, where he offered refreshment to the royal party. It was against the grain, but there was nothing else for it. The King not only accepted the young knight's hospitality, but expressed his intention of taking up his quarters there for the night and hunting again on the following day. Meanwhile his prickers were despatched to Stony Stratford for fresh horses and hounds, to be brought out at daybreak.

That evening King Edward, with the half-dozen lords and gentlemen who were hunting with him, supped heartily on the good fare set before him, and drank deep of the excellent wine which the ancient cellars at Wappenham still held. His Grace deigned to invite his host to be one of the party; and although the young man could scarce hope to keep pace with such hard drinkers as his guests, he played his part respectably, and engaged in as much conversation as might be with men between whom and himself there could be but little real sympathy.

The Lancastrians were now beaten from the field and destined to be quiescent for some years after the recent defeats of Queen Margaret in the north at Hedgley Moor and Hexham, following on the dread slaughter of Towton; but thoughts of revenge still flowed in the secret currents of their souls.

But that evening neither the woes of the Lancastrians nor the triumph of the Yorkists ran much in the mind of Sir Jeffery Aylmer. Something else riveted his attention, fascinated him. It was a strange and wonderful thing to watch there, sitting at his own board, exchanging jokes, hunting-stories, and adventures with his chosen companions, Edward of York, that ruthless and most masterful youth and hard fighter, the victor in many grievous battles, who already at the age of twenty-three had waded through seas of blood to the English throne. What fascinated Sir Jeffery was not so much the King as the King's hunting-horn. The young man had noted it on his first sight of Edward. He had held it in his hands as the King divested himself of it on entering Wappenham, and it now reposed on the great oak buffet against the wall, in the centre of the hall, in full view of the supper-party. It was in truth a wonderful horn, and the curious thing was that Sir Jeffery Aylmer knew and recognised it the instant the King had placed it in his hands.

'That is the prince of hunting-horns, your Grace,' he ventured to remark as it was delivered to him to put away. 'I never set eyes on its fellow.'

'Ay,' had returned the King carelessly, ''tis a fine horn, in sooth. I got it from a Jew merchant in London, from whom I buy jewels and rare curiosities. He knew nothing of its history save that it had come from Allemain or Muscovy, and that he had paid a great price for it. And, by'r Lady, he charged me sorely for my fancy. Nathless, 'tis a choicely good horn and a rare one to wind a note upon. I have never known a better, nor ever shall, though I live to be a hundred.'

As the young knight took it from the King and carried it reverently to the buffet, he gazed at the horn long and closely. He knew now its whole history. When, two years since, he had been at the Court of France, where his father and grandfather had been well known and he himself was welcome, he had met a young Lithuanian count, between whom and himself a great friendship had sprung up. Stephen Janusz was wandering about Europe for the completion of his education and for the purpose of seeing service in foreign armies; but he was charged also with a mission from his King, Casimir IV. of Poland, from whom had been stolen a celebrated family hunting-horn which had descended to him from his ancestor, Casimir the Great.

Young Stephen Janusz had told him that the King of Poland set so great a store by the horn that he would endow the finder and restorer of it with great rewards. And the count himself hoped to be the lucky man. He had shown the English knight a fair drawing of it, and the moment that Sir Jeffery set eyes on King Edward's hunting-horn he believed—he knew—that here, indeed, was the lost trophy. It was made, as Count Janusz had told him, from the horn of a wild Lithuanian bison, mounted in gold, and most beautifully chased and inlaid in the same precious metal with hunting scenes depicting the pursuit of the wild beast from whose shaggy front it had been taken.

Again and again that evening Sir Jeffery's eyes stole to the hunting-horn as it rested upon the buffet, and much he pondered upon its singular history. Little could he then understand the strange influence it would have upon his fortunes!

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENTS.

By An Ex-Intelligence Officer.

ALTHOUGH from time to time the British public hears a good deal about the uses of 'intelligence' in connection with naval and military operations, and it is a matter of common knowledge that most countries spend a good deal of money in acquiring information about the naval and military resources of their neighbours, the actual methods pursued are known to comparatively few.

As there is nothing at all secret about the system, as distinct from the results attained, a brief sketch of the means which a military Intelligence Department commonly adopts in order to keep *au courant* with developments among possible enemies may be interesting and help to dispel some foolish fallacies. In particular, it may serve to discount any notion that the prime duty of Intelligence Departments is mere espionage. Of course all countries who desire to know their neighbours' secrets have to resort more or less to agents who are sometimes nothing but spies pure and simple, if indeed purity and simplicity can be mentioned in any such connection. But the everyday work of an up-to-date Intelligence Department is of a much less thrilling and more business-like character than it possibly would be if conducted on the lines of a private inquiry office. It is the more successful for the reason that military intelligence, to be really useful, should be, as a rule, derived from a variety of sources, some of them, at least, more trustworthy than those with which occasional revelations of espionage of the baser sort have rendered all the world familiar.

Of course different countries have different systems and organisations. In the German army, for instance, the whole General Staff is, practically speaking, one vast Intelligence Department, and in time, no doubt, our own newly created General Staff may have similar functions. But in most cases, our own included, the definite duty of collecting, collating, and compiling information regarding foreign countries is entrusted in peace-time to a comparatively small body of selected officers, with a highly organised clerical establishment, and an associated topographical branch for the preparation of special maps and plans. With us, intelligence work is directly supervised by a Director of Military Operations, who in his turn is subordinated to the Chief of the General Staff. The Indian army has a separate Intelligence Branch which is similarly controlled. In time of war it is usual to appoint a Director of Military Intelligence, who remains with headquarters, while a number of other selected officers carry on intelligence work either under his direct control or in association with the various divisional staffs. Intelligence duties in the field are, however, outside the scope of the present sketch. They are naturally more concentrated and less comprehensive than the work of an Intelligence Department in time of peace; and sometimes, if the work has been thoroughly well done, are largely confined to collect-

ing and recording minor details likely to be useful in future campaigns.

System naturally plays an all-important part in the everyday procedure of an Intelligence Department. The scope of the department's operations being more or less accurately defined, certain countries are allotted to certain sections, the whole work thus at the outset being conveniently decentralised. Without going into details, it may be taken for granted that the collection, collation, and compilation of the right sort of military information concerning even a small foreign country is a matter requiring infinite pains, considerable capacity, and a very careful sense of proportion. It happens that from time to time our own Intelligence Departments both at home and in India have issued to the outside public compilations—from which, of course, all confidential and secret items have been eliminated—and some of these to an observant student will afford a pretty clear indication of the process pursued, which is fairly uniform, at any rate as regards the more important publications.

Let us suppose that all of a sudden the kingdom of, say, Ruritania, hitherto completely obscure and unimportant, sprang into such military prominence that special attention to its resources, topography, and indeed to every circumstance in connection with it, became desirable. The procedure of all up-to-date Intelligence Departments, whether in this country or on the Continent, would probably be on much the same lines, and essentially as follows. Ruritania, being already allotted geographically to a certain Section, would become to that Section a matter of urgent concern, and orders would go forth for a report or compilation to be put in hand at once. The officer selected would naturally, in the first instance, have recourse to the fine library of the Department, and if any recent books on the subject of Ruritania had appeared these would be procured forthwith and their contents collated under the ordered subject-headings which the Department considers to be most convenient for the purpose. Simultaneously, special attention would be paid to the abstraction of all references, pictorial as well as literary, to Ruritania in the very numerous newspapers and magazines, home and foreign, with which the Department is kept supplied. In this way alone an astonishing amount of information may be collected and rearranged in a convenient form within a very few weeks; and it is surprising how valuable even a compilation in which there is not a trace of confidential information can be rendered by a competent hand working on an intelligent system.

So far, the Department will only have done what any private individual could do with a well-filled purse to draw from. But naturally it has other and special means at its disposal. In the first place, there may be papers relating to Ruritania in the archives of the Foreign Office or of some other great State department, and these of course are promptly available. Also, in one of the larger countries adjacent to Ruritania there may be an Embassy on the establishment of which there is a Military Attaché. Now, a Military Attaché, more especially a British Military Attaché, must jealously preserve the good name of his country and army by abstaining from taking undue advantage of his peculiar and very honourable position. But of course his business is to keep his eyes and ears open, and the Military Attaché at the Court of the country nearest to Ruritania would certainly, in the circumstances suggested, receive a hint to send along any odds and ends of information locally procurable as to that now interesting little State. It is even conceivable that the Attaché, wearied by the constant social calls of the gay capital in which his Embassy is located, may think fit to go shooting or fishing among the Ruritanians, with whom his knowledge of the language, his good sportsmanship, and his perfect tact and knowledge of the world will probably render him vastly popular. On his return to his Embassy, the letter-bag of the latter may shortly carry home some observations on Ruritania which have curiously little reference to its birds, beasts, or fishes.

In cases where such a proceeding on the part of a Military Attaché would be objectionable, either a foreign agent or an officer of the Department might be deputed to visit Ruritania, not exactly as a spy, but on what may be termed a sort of private reconnaissance, such as can be correctly undertaken by any one, and very advantageously undertaken by a man of trained intelligence and faculty of observation. Of course it is essential that he should speak the language perfectly, and the British army is none too well supplied with linguists. Still, a fair number of officers have qualified as interpreters in all the principal languages, and the interpreters' test is extremely exacting.

Lastly, of course it is possible that the service of regular spies may have to be requisitioned, and information obtained by methods which unfortunately are almost imperative in certain extreme cases. It is not desirable here to go into the ethics of espionage, and without any pharisaical self-righteousness it may be surmised that of all civilised nations we probably pay the least for information of that particularly vile sort which traitors of all countries have for sale. But that English gold should be sometimes paid for knowledge thus, in the first instance, communicated is in any case unavoidable, since any service of confidential information must include agents into whose individual methods it is impossible to inquire too closely. As a matter of fact, of all 'intelligence,' that which is procured directly or indirectly from corrupt sources is probably the least satisfactory. In this connection it is worth while recalling the cynical observation of a Russian officer of high rank, who remarked to a foreign military friend, 'What a pity it is your country and mine cannot be more open with one another! We should each save a lot of money, for neither of us has a military secret

worth having which the other has not bought and paid heavily for.'

It is not difficult to imagine that, with all these various means at its command, an Intelligence Department can soon get together a most useful selection of details concerning the military resources, topography, and so forth of any part of the world. To cast these details into shape is a very ordinary piece of book-making; and if there is any near prospect of trouble in regard to the country in question, the precaution may be taken of having the report, or whatever is the form of the publication decided upon, set up in type and a number of copies confidentially printed for distribution to General and Staff Officers proceeding on field-service.

Of course there are interesting matters connected with Intelligence Departments which it is not altogether expedient to discuss. But the foregoing brief sketch will serve to show that, apart from its more secret operations, a modern Intelligence Department is essentially a concern for collecting and compiling information, enjoying special advantages of course, but conducted on a simple and business-like system which might be, and perhaps occasionally is, applied to quite private literary and other enterprises.

VANESSA.

A MOTOR IDYLL.

By Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD asked Vanessa, whenever I began to be sure of my ground with the aid of Stocks's information, whether she had any papers that would tend to clear matters up. She told me she had been a ward of Chancery from her infancy, and that it was possible there might be some documents in the Chancery Office. She sat down at once and wrote a note which she brought to me. It said:

'DEAR LORD CHANCELLOR,—I am one of your wards, and I am now grown-up. If there are any private papers of my father and mother, may I have them? I think I ought to have them. I know so little about my parents, and I want to know.—Believe me your most obedient ward,

'VANESSA KING.'

I said to her, 'But surely, Vanessa, it should be some head-clerk, or secretary, or somebody, you ought to have written to, and not to the great man himself?'

'I don't agree with you, Mitey,' she replied. 'When a lady writes she should always go to headquarters. What would be a cool proceeding from a man may be looked on as compliment from her. Besides, he knows me. I had to be taken to him, as he wished to see me about my desire to have hospital training, and he is a dear old thing, and was most kind.'

I felt that his knowing Vanessa made a great difference, as he could not but take an interest in her. And she was right. A kind little note came, franked to her through the post, and a registered packet followed the day after. I saw the tears running down her cheeks as she turned over the contents, and came here and there upon something that enabled her to see into the past—the loving letters that had passed between her parents on the few occasions when military duty had parted them, and the sweet little trifles that each had treasured as tokens of life's devotion. But there was one unaddressed envelope, in which she found an unfinished letter, on looking at which all mystery was cleared away. It was written by her mother, and had evidently been got ready so far for despatch so as not to run the risk of missing a mail. Vanessa had not read more than the first few lines when she looked up eagerly, and beckoned me to sit beside her, and we read it together. Its first words were: 'Dearest Friend,' and every line showed that it was intended for Uncle Goodman, telling him of her hope of soon being a mother, and saying that she and her 'Jack' wished that he should be its godfather. It said, 'He or she shall be named after you, dear Van; and should the day come when our little one needs a loving help we know what you will be.'

'Ah dear, that was not sent,' I said, 'for your mother was never able to send it, and so there it has lain undelivered all these years.' Vanessa laid her head on my shoulder and wept aloud.

I waited a little, and when she was calmer I patted the dear head, and said in as playful a tone as I could muster, 'So I need not wonder any more at your name.'

'What do you mean, Mite?'

'Don't you see, "Dear Van," that was their short for Vandeleur; and so, as you could not be Vandeleur, they made you Vanessa?'

It was all clear now, and it made me very happy, for if nothing was to come of my great thoughts this new interest in life would be a help to my darling, and would bring, I felt sure, great happiness to the declining years of my dear old friend.

The day came when the doctor said, 'In the evening, when the light is waning and not shining into the room, you may remove the bandage off his eyes.'

While he had been in darkness the tender care

of Vanessa and the sweet sound of her voice had awakened in the dear old man an affection which found expression in every word and gesture when she was beside him and in his eagerness for her return when she was absent. We had thought it wiser, in consultation with Stocks, not to tell the patient of our discovery until there were unmistakable signs of convalescence; and when we got the sanction of the doctor it was arranged with Stocks that he should give the first hint of what was coming. This he did quite cleverly. He began to fumble at the bandage, saying, 'The horders are this is to come hoff now, sir; and please, sir, you're agoin' to 'ave a heye-opener that you will enjoy, sir.'

'And what is that, Stocks?'

'Oh well, sir, beg parding, sir, nurse will tell you that, sir, she's 'ere, sir'—and off came the bandage.

Vanessa stood looking down on him, the great eyes beaming with love, and waited a few seconds until his eyes got accustomed to the light, which was soon evidenced by the bright look that came into them as he looked up at her. Then her lips pursed sweetly, and, bending down, she said with a warbling tremor in her voice, 'May I kiss you?'

What a smile lighted up his face, as his unhurt arm went round Vanessa's neck, pressing her to him as she brought her lips to his cheek, murmuring as she kissed him again and again, 'Godfather, dear, dear godfather!'

The squire started as she raised her head, and she nodded bewitchingly, saying, 'Yes, it is true, your nurse is the daughter of your dear friends; and, although you did not know it, I am your godchild.'

He seemed dazed for a moment, but her smile could not fail, and the truth seemed to flood him suddenly, his face becoming transfigured with a joy that was delightful to look upon, as he brought the bright head down on to his shoulder, and returned her kiss, saying, 'Thank God! thank God!'

What an evening that was! I suppose no four people ever shared a sacred and a chastened happiness as did Uncle Goodman, we two girls, and the faithful Stocks. Vanessa sat beside the bed with her godfather's hand between her own; and when he was quite calm she said to him, 'Would you like to have a letter that never reached you, that was written before I was born?'

'A letter?'

'Yes, here it is; you will know the handwriting. Don't read it just now, it tells you what you have just heard. So, dear godfather, it was no delusion when you were so surprised at the trial.'

He took the letter, looked at it, and with tears in his eyes passed his hand with it out of sight, and a sob shook him. Vanessa put one hand on his shoulder, and smoothed his forehead with the other, and a reaction of quiet set in after the excitement of the last few minutes, and presently the squire was able to talk in his usual way. He told us how ever since the case at Stickleton he had carried with him a vague but not to be dissipated feeling that something new was coming into his life, "as it has now so charmingly,' he added, patting Vanessa's hand. And then, brightening up, he added with a twinkle of his ordinary fun in his eye, 'Why did you take an *alias* when you were summoned?'

'An *alias*?'

'Yes, I got your name and took it down "Fanny Sarkey." It sounded odd.'

'Oh,' I broke in, 'I can explain that to you. The constable jerked out "Wanisarking" all in one, and you got it wrong. You see, Uncle Goodman, your goddaughter is called Vanessa after you—that is what made us sure about it all.'

'Ah, so that was it, was it? I know I am deafish; but, my child, I always hear what you say,' he said to Vanessa.

'Yes,' I said, laughing. 'She is not like Mary. Mary does gabble so.' And we all laughed.

When the doctor came next day he was astonished to find his patient so revived and bright, and praised Vanessa, saying to me, 'You see what a nurse that is really a nurse can do. I never expected to see him as he is so soon.' I told him how Vanessa was more to him than a nurse, and when he heard the story he said, 'Well, it has plainly given him new life. I can see that there is little need for doctors here now. The sooner he is taken away to have a change the better.'

He named a sanatorium in Yorkshire, which he said was attended by an old college chum of his own who was a specialist in nervous shock cases, and could be trusted to bring the squire round to his normal health, with the aid of fine air and change of scene. 'And' he added, 'if Miss King will go with him I should not wonder to see him on his horse again in a month.'

Two days later, Uncle Goodman was carried to the carriage, beside which, at Vanessa's suggestion, stood Batman, led by a groom. Batman, when he saw his master, exhibited the keenest delight, and thrust his head over the side of the carriage, where it was fondled by the squire with keen pleasure. 'It wasn't your fault, dear old boy,' he said as he stroked him.

At Vanessa's request I went with them for a few days to help them to settle down in a new place, and I was glad to go. I wished to give Vanessa a little more liberty after the strain of nursing, as it had been impossible to make her spare herself, and no one would the squire have to turn or move him but Vanessa, her skill in saving him pain being wonderful. Stocks, on one occasion when his offered help was rejected, said to me half-pathetically, half-comically, 'If it wasn't Miss Vanessa, I think I sh'u'd be jealus.'

Our new abode was upon high ground not far from a well-known town which is the shrine whither the gouty hobble for a cure. The air was invigorating and the views splendid. On the day after our arrival I bought a map of the district to study it for drives, and putting down my finger on the spot where we were, I gave a sudden start, for there, just above my finger, was the word 'Oldsborough.' Not a sign did I make as I folded up the map and put it in my pocket, resolved that no one else should see it. But from that day my planning of drives had a strange tendency to put us on the Oldsborough road either going or returning.

And so it came about that on the fourth or fifth day of our excursions, when we were returning by Oldsborough—of which I had evaded giving the name—sitting opposite Vanessa and the squire I suddenly saw the blood mantle over her face, and then at once recede, leaving her pale. For a moment her eyes looked straight before her, and she seemed to desire to remain immovable, but she could not. The man's hand had lain in hers with her consent, and to cut him was impossible. As he passed on his horse her eyes looked towards him for a single moment, and the graceful head drooped ever so slightly, the lips taking that indescribable gentleness of curve which was her most potent charm. Thus encouraged, his hat was raised gallantly, while his look was a study in astonishment as he saw the face framed in the nurse's veil. As on the former occasion, his hat did not return to his head, and he reined up and gazed after the carriage till a bend in the road hid us from view. I carefully avoided looking at Vanessa, who began busying herself about the plaid that was on Uncle Goodman's shoulders, notwithstanding his emphatic asseverations that he was quite comfortable: 'Indeed I am, dear.'

Of course I had bowed also when my hero passed, and the squire inquired when Vanessa stopped her plaid-settling, 'Who is your friend?'

'Oh,' said Vanessa jerkily, and with a badly put-on assumption of want of interest, 'didn't you recognise him. That is Mr Oldsborough, who was a witness at the trial.'

'Yes, now I remember him. He said he came from Yorkshire.'

Vanessa was very voluble all the way home, talking about anything and everything, and saying 'Don't you think this?' and 'Don't you think that?' and breaking into little laughs, all to my intense amusement and the squire's astonishment.

'Dear child,' he said, 'this fine air seems to be acting on you like champagne.'

She blushed, and putting her head down near his shoulder, she said, 'I am not the only person it is doing good to—eh, godfather.'

'You first, and the air afterwards,' said he, looking up lovingly into her eyes.

When we reached home I went straight to Vanessa's room to wait for her while she presided over Uncle Goodman's transfer from the carriage to his sofa. In a short time she joined me, and, putting my hands on her shoulders, I looked straight into her eyes, which simply shone.

'Well?' said I.

'Well?' said she, and, turning aside from my look, she pulled her nurse's bonnet-strings and threw the bonnet on to the bed.

I felt that now that they had come in contact again it was impossible for me to leave her in ignorance any longer, and I said, 'You told a fib without knowing it to-day.'

'What do you mean, Mitey?'

'You told Uncle Goodman that it was Mr Oldsborough we met to-day.'

'And so it was.'

'No, dear, it was not.'

'Mite, don't! Mite, don't tease me. Do you think I would not know him among a thousand?' She spoke almost fiercely.

I put my arm round her, saying, 'You know I would not tease you, dearest; but indeed it was not Mr Oldsborough for all that.'

I was going on, but she broke in, 'What do you mean? Oh, I can't bear it, I can't, I can't!' speaking almost passionately.

I patted her gently, and said, 'Dearest, there is nothing wrong. His name is Oldsborough, but Mr is wrong; he is a marquis.' And pointing out at the window, 'That great castle, that you can just see the top of there, is his.'

She turned round, and a blank look spread over her face. 'A marquis?' she said.

I nodded, saying, 'Indeed it is true.'

'Oh Mitey, Mitey!' she exclaimed, and, breaking from me, she threw herself down upon the sofa and buried her head in her hands, saying, 'Pity me, dear; pity me, only a poor hospital nurse.'

'Pity you!' I cried, 'not until there is some better cause for it. Just now I don't pity you one little bit. Things don't happen by accident. Here we are, and I venture to believe that it will not be long before this hospital nurse'—smoothing her hair—'will be singing—

> But how can a great lord like you, sir,
> Think on a puir lassie like me?'

'Mitey, don't put things into my head; don't please, don't turn my head and make me foolish.'

'I won't make you anything that you don't like, darling; but Mitey thinks she knows.'

I bent down my head and whispered into her ear, 'I believe Mitey can say she is sure.'

She looked down and stroked over her nurse's bag and chatelaine with her hand, and said quite low, 'Sure of what?'

I raised her chin with my finger, and pointed with my other hand to the castle, and said, 'Of that.'

She leaned forward and kissed me, and walking over to the window, she threw it up, and spreading

her hands across the frame, stood gazing out. I felt she should be alone, and slipped noiselessly out, passing into the room where the squire was lying on the sofa.

'Where is my dear child?' he asked.

'She is occupied about something,' I said. 'I will take care of you till she can come.'

It was a good hour before she left her room, and when she came to the squire's side she seemed to be her old self again, and all signs of agitation had disappeared. She was once more the sweet and ministering angel filling the sickroom with the sunshine of her presence.

(To be continued.)

THE REAWAKENING OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN ITALY.

By Salvatore Cortesi.

THERE is now in Italy a most remarkable revival of interest in all branches of archæology, so that excavations, researches, and the creation of museums are taking place very generally in Latium, while only a few years ago, once outside of Rome—with the exception of Ostia, Corneto, Veii, and a few other spots—the whole country remained undisturbed, much in the same condition as it was left by the ancient barbarians and the more barbaric destroyers of the Middle Ages.

The present blossoming of love for the past is due in part to the more cultivated condition of the people; in part, strange as it may seem, to the influence of the motor-car, which opens up regions hitherto inaccessible; and, finally, to the efforts of some scholars who have encouraged and spurred local initiative by awakening an interest in antiquities. Most prominent among these is Professor Dante Vaglieri, who has gone over Latium inch by inch, and who has organised the already flourishing museums of Terracina, the ancient Volscian Anzur, Palestrina, the original Præneste, Velletri, the Volscian Velitræ, Marino (the old town in the Alban Hills), and Civita Vecchia, which stands on the site of the ancient Centum Cellæ, known later under the name of Port of Trajan.

Most important excavations are being carried out at Palestrina, that exceedingly interesting but unfortunate town in which, for over twenty-five centuries man seems to have done his best to destroy and deface the glorious monuments of religion, art, and history which it contained. The Romans were the first, under Cincinnatus, to conquer the town and inflict ruin upon it, as we find recorded in the inscription on the statue of Jupiter Imperator brought from Præneste to Rome. The Lombards continued the work of the Romans, which the Popes carried on, Boniface VIII. reaching the apex in the orgy of destruction by ordering that Palestrina, with the exception of the Cathedral, should be razed to the ground. These instructions were savagely executed, and the plough made its furrows over the Temple of Fortune, of which Cicero spoke with admiration, and over the shrine to the Oracle of the Sortes Prænestinæ. The town sprang up again; but the cruel Giovanni Vitelleschi, Bishop of Recanati, a century and a half later, emulated Boniface VIII., and, after having conquered the place, ravaged it for forty days with fire and sword, this time even the Cathedral not escaping. Only ten years after, the House of Colonna, against whom the Pope and the bishop had been fighting, had the authorisation from Nicholas V. to again rebuild it; but modern vandals have been not less dangerous than the ancient, as, up to the present interest in archæology, the grotto containing the remains of the Temple of Fortune was used as a cellar, and casks of wine concealed the beautiful mosaics, representing fish and water, in the cavern where the shrine of the oracle stood. The excavations have especially been continued where the Necropolis was known to have existed, important discoveries being made, including a fine large staircase in travertin stone, several beautiful heads, other fragments of statues and architectural ornaments, painted vases, arms, mirrors, an interesting collection of weights, inscriptions, &c.

At Marino researches on local initiative led to the discovery of some prehistoric tombs and of remains which at first were supposed to belong to Roman villas; but as they extend for miles a more accurate study has convinced the archæologists that they are the ruins of the antique Castrimonium. Pliny says that Castrimonium was a colony, and contained one of the fifty-three peoples of Latium, having princes, patrons, and decurions of its own, and was later assigned by Nero to the tribunes and the soldiers. The many inscriptions found confirm all this. The Latin colony of the town of Castrimonium disappeared after Antoninus Pius, so that historians have not been sure about the exact spot where it stood, only knowing that it was near Marino, a village the name of which appears between the tenth and eleventh centuries.

Marino's history begins with that of the famous Roman family of Orsini. The first we hear of it is that Rainaldo, a son of Orso (Bear), took refuge there in 1265 to fight Enrico, Senator of Rome. Orso, who had come from Germany to Rome with five children, known as the Orsini (Little Bears), occupied the famous Theatre of Marcellus (inside which still stands the Orsini Palace), the Castle of St Angelo, the hill called Monte Giordano, and (outside of Rome) Nettuno and Marino. Through the present

discoveries it is ascertained that the site of Castrimonium occupied the slope of Monte Crescenzo, standing out from the cluster of Alban Hills above the valley towards Rome, which can be seen in the distance, with the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. A slight fall in the ground separates it from Castel Gandolfo (Castrum Gandulphi), which took its name from the Gandolfi family of Genoa, but is supposed to have been built by Cardinal Scarampi, Bishop of Albano, on and with the remains of Alba Longa, the most ancient town in Latium.

The excavations, however, which attract most attention are those of Ostia, which are carried on under the personal direction of Professor Vaglieri, he having discovered miles of ancient roads (showing the vastness of the town, which constituted the port of Rome), and has brought to light also tombs, sarcophagi, fragments of statues, columns, capitals, &c., a large part of which have gone to enrich the collection kept in the fine mediæval castle built at modern Ostia by Sangallo. Mr Gavin Hamilton and Mr Fagan (the one time British Consul in Rome), who were the first to undertake regular excavations at Ostia, would be astonished and gratified if they could have seen the care and scientific manner with which the work is now conducted.

The Road of the Sepulchres has been thoroughly excavated, bringing to light shops and private dwellings, and joins the Forum of Ceres (the scene of many early Christian martyrdoms) to the Mithræum, which stood on the land granted by Commodus for the worship of Mithras. Besides, a road has been found which from that of the Sepulchres joined another, now in course of excavation, which leads to the entrance to the Theatre. On the left are remains having the character of a Mithræum with mithraic reliefs, a circular depression in the centre for the blood of the sacrificial victims, and podiums at each side. However, as the inscriptions found here do not refer to Mithras, but to Jupiter and the Numen Cæleste, probably it was a small temple dedicated to both these Oriental divinities. A long portico has been found which originally had pillars, of which up to the present twenty-one have been unearthed, many half-destroyed, as it must be remembered that the magnificent buildings of Ostia during four or five centuries gave the marble which was turned into lime. Once, it is recorded, when Cosimo de' Medici and the historian Poggio Bracciolini visited the place they found an entire temple being burned into lime. Behind the pillars was the long portico into which the Tabernæ opened, and also an access to the baths constructed by Antoninus Pius. This portico, opening on a broad road, is most imposing, and is perhaps the most important discovery at Ostia, with the exception of the great temple dedicated to Vulcan, the fine columns of granite with their capitals having been overthrown into the middle of the road.

Another road which is also being excavated goes to a second entrance to the baths, which leads to the great hall containing the well-known and fine mosaic of Sea-Horses driven by Triton, son of Neptune. Among the fragments of sculpture, one of the most interesting is a trunk of Bacchus, and a bas-relief with a Satyr, while among the inscriptions one to Mithras deserves notice. Altogether, the ruins of the ancient town seem to go from modern Ostia to Portus, the harbour built by Claudius, from where that emperor started the expedition to Britain.

A very important discovery has been made in the ancient Formiæ which stood on both sides of the Appian Way, precisely to the west of the modern city of that name. It consists of a funeral monument, fragments of which were used in the first centuries of Christianity for the construction of the antique Church of Santa Aurea, itself now in ruins. The monument was dedicated to Aufillia, of the celebrated Mamurra family, to which belonged the Mamurra mentioned by Pliny, Cicero, and Suetonius, and violently attacked by Catullus in his poems, who called him Decoctor Formianus. He was the Præfectus Fabrum, or commander of the Engineers, in Cæsar's army in Gaul, and amassed great riches, became celebrated for his refined elegance, and was the first Roman to cover all the walls of his house with layers of marble and to have really solid marble columns. The monument dates from the end of the first century of the Empire.

In the same territory was found a little marble statue without a head, which represents a young Satyr, having on his shoulders the leopard skin, plainly taken from an original by Praxiteles. A little farther on was a small Amor, a beautiful work of art. The whole weight of the body lies on the right leg, causing a most graceful line of the hip, the little figure being in an attitude of abandon, with the head reclining, crowned with flowers and leaves, and with a short mantle on his shoulders. On the left is a cippus, ornamented with festoons and surmounted by a tiny female figure, which serves as a support for the Amor. A life-size Venus was also found which is on the lines of the Capitoline Venus, although the work has, especially in the modelling, evident defects, and must thus be attributed to an epoch in which art was showing traces of decadence.

Passing from Latium to Rome, the excavations which at present are attracting most attention are those of the Villa Mills, constructed on the ground which covered the ruins of what in the Middle Ages was called the Palatium, that marvellous palace of Augustus which he built during his old age, just on the top of the hill where he was born, and from where his extraordinary fortune sprang. The palace of Augustus was not only a magnificent residence, as the emperor built within its walls a temple to Apollo, which in its turn contained a Greek and Latin library and a temple to Vesta. Ovid, speaking of these wonders, says that only a third-part of the palace was retained for the emperor

personally, the other two parts being consecrated to the two above-mentioned deities.

These marvellous edifices, of which the historians Suetonius and Propertius describe the incomparable beauties, are buried just under the Villa Mills, the demolition of which is being carried on with the prudence and care necessary for excavations of such extraordinary importance. A discovery has already rewarded the workers. In a room of the villa, and more precisely in the refectory of the nuns who vacated the premises, there came to light a wall in the middle of which was hollowed out a little apse, where there were traces of frescos which when cleaned showed a sacred representation, but unfortunately they were so damaged as to be in many parts nearly unrecognisable. It was then remembered that some memories gathered in the *Liber Pontificalis* narrated that the Emperor Valentinianus had brought from Terracina to Rome the relics of the martyr St Cæsarius, and had deposited them in a cubiculum of the Imperial Palace, turned into an oratory, and that in this very old church two Popes were consecrated—St Sergius I. (in 687) and Eugenius III. (in 1145), and that the antique cubiculum of the Palace of Augustus had become a real Capella Palatina (Palatine Chapel). When a new emperor was elected at Byzantium his image was exposed at St Cæsarius in Palatio in the very oratory part of which has now come to light in the Villa Mills. The church, to which a convent was annexed in the eighth or ninth century, was later abandoned, for what reason is unknown, and the ruins are now being sought. So far, an antique altar has been discovered in a subterranean part of the villa, which leads to the almost sure conclusion that this spot has great surprises in store for the lovers of antiquity.

A very important find, interesting the whole Christian world, has just been made in one of the most ancient churches of Rome, that of San Marcello. It consists of a pagan altar which served as the basis for a Christian one, and formed the sepulchrum or urn containing the bodies of the martyrs, which, according to the custom of the early Church, were put inside the altars and worshipped. The pagan altar is profusely adorned with the glorious military ensigns of the Roman Empire, and is supposed to be the first altar which St Marcellus, the Pope of the Christian triumph, dedicated in the church which afterwards took his name, and which stood in the largest hall of the palace of the Matron Lucina. This altar can, therefore, be considered as the triumphal monument of the final victory of Christianity over paganism after two hundred and fifty years of bloody persecution. It was erected near the triumphal arch of Diocletian and Maximian, who, together with Emperor Galerian, had decreed and conducted the last persecution with the object of annihilating the religion of Christ.

On another of the historic seven hills excavating is going on with magnificent results. While digging for the foundations of some houses in the Viale Glorioso on the Janiculum, a statue of Bacchus was found, showing copious traces of gilding. The statue is certainly the work of a Roman artist of the best period, and a copy of a Greek work of the fourth century B.C., the original unfortunately being lost, but of which some copies are well known. The god is completely nude, his right hand holding the cantharus, while the left arm is lifted and bent over the shoulder, the hand evidently having held the thyrsus. Also on the Janiculum other discoveries of considerable importance have lately been made by a French archæologist, almost by accident. He brought to light the shrine and a small statue of an unknown goddess, which have put the experts in a quandary, as each attributes and explains them differently. The goddess is evidently from the Orient. Her entire body is wound about by a serpent, the head of the reptile coming above her forehead, and when found the statue was lying on its back, with a real egg in each of the coils of the serpent, the eggs, it is said, being in a perfect state of preservation. Here, then, was unmistakably the shrine of one of those foreign deities admitted to worship during the decadence. The niches for the gods in the shrine are still quite recognisable, as is the inner shrine, which could only have been for secret rites, while there is a row of amphoræ as yet not entirely unearthed. This spot ranks after the Roman Forum and Palatine in interest, with regard to further discoveries even more so than the first, which has now been pretty thoroughly explored.

As a summing up of this reawakening of archæological work it has been decided that the principal feature of the festivities with which the Eternal City will celebrate, in 1911, the jubilee of its proclamation as capital of United Italy, will be the redemption of the Baths of Diocletian, now in part degraded by wine and coal shops and other extraneous offices. These undesirable tenants will be turned out, and the beautiful Thermæ, which were the double in area of the perhaps better known Baths of Caracalla, and could accommodate three thousand bathers daily, will be transformed into a museum for an exhibition of Roman antiquities lent by all the regions of the ancient Roman Empire. Greece will contribute a steamer full of important remains, such as statues and fragments of statues, household utensils, vessels from the ancient temples, &c. Many objects are also announced from the United Kingdom, including a most precious map of ancient Rome preserved at Liverpool. To demonstrate that the exhibition will be a success it is sufficient to say that its organisation has been entrusted to Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, the well-known archæologist and scholar of ancient topography, whose four hundred and thirty-six archæological and historical publications are known throughout the world.

AN OLD LOVE-AFFAIR.

By Lady C. Milne Gaskell.

THEY had been engaged for many years. He was poor, very poor, and now knew he could never be rich. She knew that youth had gone, and that if she ever married that it would mean the direst economy—in fact, an hourly pinch for bread and cheese. Freddie Gilmour was thirty-five and Hugh Halston fifty.

Years and years ago they had had a love-affair, and had become engaged; and then, because Captain and Mrs Gilmour had opposed the marriage tooth and nail, and had screamed, and in the language of schoolboys cursed and been in a bait, the lovers had stuck to it—in fact, it had become the religion of their two dull lives.

Freddie had been rather pretty when quite young. She had had a rose-like complexion, and her eyes had been blue and clear. Now her pretty looks had disappeared, streaks of early gray had come into the once attractive auburn hair, the gold had gone, and her eyes had grown too prominent and watery on cold days. The lisp remained, it is true, but who cares for a lisp after the first blush of youth?

And Hugh had changed too. He was bald in places, and had become pompous and long-winded, and had grown bitter with failure. He still worked in a Government office; but he realised that nothing bright or gay lay before him. He had given up parties, given up society, drove in motor-busses, and now came down regularly every fortnight to see his fiancée. Mrs Gilmour, a petulant old lady, for the last seven years had allowed this.

It was never likely to be anything but an engagement. Of course it was a folly, but for peace's sake the engagement was acknowledged. There had been war, persecution, and parental fury; now these were past, and as the captain was dead there was nothing else to be said but that it was foolish, and had been foolish since the year one, and would remain foolish until the end of time.

Freddie lived with her mother in a cottage outside Richmond Park. The modest residence had been left Mrs Gilmour by an aunt. The means of mother and daughter were small, for Harding Court and the town-house had both been left to Charlie, the only son; but the two women lived in a careful way, gave a few tea-parties it is true in the year to friends, and occasionally received a few relations from London; but otherwise saw little of the world and knew few of their neighbours.

It was one gloomy day in November that the lovers took a walk. The rotten leaves lay thick upon the ground in Richmond Park; alone a few chrysanthemums glimmered in soaking parterres in the gardens with sodden cobwebs hanging round them.

'It's miserable being out,' said Freddie drearily to Hugh, as he walked beside her.

Hugh did not attend to his fiancée—in fact, he hardly heard her. He had grown rather deaf, was preoccupied, and was talking loudly of some old grievances—a quarrel with his chief, the preferment of a younger man, and his neglected appeal for higher pay.

Without a word, Freddie walked on in silence by his side. It struck her that Hugh's voice was harsh and unmelodious, and she noticed that his hair was quite gray. Then suddenly she became aware that he pushed against her almost roughly as he walked, that his manner and bearing were careless, to say the least.

She suggested that they should keep to a higher path on account of the moisture underfoot. 'I have thin boots,' she pleaded; but Hugh took no notice.

Then Freddie repeated her remark as they plunged down a sodden walk, and the wet from the trees fell upon them in showers as they moved; but Hugh was immersed in his grievances, and took no heed of his love's discomforts. He talked unceasingly, bitterly, repeated himself, and gave her no time to answer.

What a bore anybody can become who recounts their sorrow for the hundredth time! And Hugh's was a stupid sorrow at best. A fresh grief is well enough, but an old sorrow hammered out is like a hackneyed quotation or the echoes of the opera on a worn gramophone—intolerable. Yes, it was very tiresome. Freddie remembered the quarrel between Hugh and his chief. It was ten years old at least. How it had fired her in old days! How she had gone through it point by point! She recalled it wearily: the letter to an M.P., the Minister's courteous but guarded answer, the abuse, the ridicule, and then the oblivion. They were all familiar to her. Now they all belonged to the last century, and decent burial was all she begged for them. Certainly men had no tact. It was with sopping feet and a bespattered skirt that Freddie regained her mother's house.

'Had a pleasant walk?' asked the invalid with malice. 'It is one of the things at least that I can be thankful for in growing old, I need not go out on wet days.'

Freddie sat down and tried to cheer her mother, but Mrs Gilmour was in the dumps. 'My dear, it is all very well for you,' she said; 'you have a lover, and then I suppose the sun always shines. Now I'——

But Freddie would not hear more, she took up a novel and began to read to her mother aloud. After five minutes Mrs Gilmour yawned.

'I cannot stand these modern books that you get down from the library. Love in small print,

doubts, and women's aspirations, that is what you call it now, I think;' and Mrs Gilmour laughed spitefully. Freddie did not answer, but went on reading. A little later Mrs Gilmour's head fell back upon some cushions. In a little time she was asleep.

Freddie would have gone on reading, but Hugh strode across the room. 'My dear, read this,' he said authoritatively. 'I am stating my case to Henderson. You know he is in our office now.'

'Had you not better leave matters alone, Hugh?' said Freddie gently. 'Mr Henderson never was a friend of yours.'

'What has that to do with it? So like a woman to mix up friendship and public business!' exclaimed Hugh impatiently.

'I do not think that he will do anything for you.'

'I don't want favour; I want recognition.'

'You forget, Hugh, that Mr Henderson has only just been appointed.'

Then Hugh got excited. He abused his chief, abused the office, called his colleagues names; and at last, in a fit of temper, told Freddie that she did not care for him, that she took no interest in his concerns, and all the while he got crimson in the face, and looked, it must be confessed, little short of ridiculous.

Hugh's loud tones at last awoke Mrs Gilmour. 'What is all this?' she asked.

'Hugh's grievance,' said Freddie wearily.

'Then I wish he would keep it to himself. I am quite tired of Hugh's grievance. He never seems to me to have anything else.'

Freddie at any other time would have let the matter pass, knowing that her mother was difficult, and hating war; but to-day she was angry too with her lover, and she too turned and fizzed, as children say. 'Cannot you leave things alone, Hugh? You will only stir up old disagreeables for nothing, and get into fresh hot-water.'

'I will let Henderson know what I think of that beast Jackson.'

'Mamma must have her nap before dinner,' said Freddie, and got up. At this Hugh glared and then went off, banging the door behind him.

It was after tea, when Mrs Gilmour had gone off to her bedroom, that Freddie and Hugh, in schoolboy parlance, had it out.

She told him that it was a mistake not to let sleeping dogs lie, that no good would come by stirring up the mud of the past. But he would not take her advice. He was angry—riled, to use his own expression—that she had ceased to sympathise with him, or, as he called it, took no interest in his concerns. And she was tired, bored, and longed to be free. The French have a bitter old saying, *que tout casse même la loyauté;* and Freddie felt that her love was worn-out, that her old engagement was a mistake, and at last her patience gave way. 'I can't bear it any longer,' she said. 'It must all end. Our engagement has been foolish.'

At this Hugh caught fire, abused her roundly, said that he might have done much better, that there was a widow with means, and that he had lost everything by caring for her.

Then they parted. He fled from the house by the first train on the following morning. And Freddie cried; but then came peace, for her old love really seemed dead. At first she missed his letters and the occupation of answering his letters, but after a little while she threw herself into church work—mothered orphans, arranged the flowers in a church on Saturdays, embroidered banners, and the recollection of Hugh faded.

A little later there came a widower, a retired banker with a big house near, and the possessor of four little fat dogs, and he gradually acquired an influence over her. Mr Sanderson took to coming to tea, and after a while the church work ended, and the orphans mothered themselves, and somebody arranged the flowers for the church, whilst Freddie took to washing and combing the little fluffy dogs instead, and suddenly developed an interest in a rockery, and began to talk of plants two inches high by their Latin names.

Then suddenly one day, when her old life and her old engagement with Hugh Halston had become a thing of the past, Freddie got a letter from her former lover. It ran: 'I have been very, very ill. For the love of God, dear, do come, see me, and forgive me;' and it was signed feebly, blurred by a blot. And that was all.

When Freddie showed Mrs Gilmour the letter her mother begged her not to go. 'You had much better write Hugh a nice little letter, and send him some papers; but don't go. You yourself said that your engagement was a mistake. You have given him up. You must now be firm. Remember that if you go it will all be over with Mr Sanderson.'

Freddie shook her head.

'You don't think it will, but I am sure of it. Remember, if anything happens to me, what your income will be.'

Freddie did remember, but she determined to go all the same; and she went, although her mother said she was a perfect goose for doing so, and declared that nobody could expect her to do more than send some hothouse grapes, but that she might send a tin of turtle from the stores if she wished.

Freddie went up and found her lover very feeble, much aged, and so weak that he could hardly walk across the room to meet her. Later, she called upon his sister Fanny Delaport, who, after scolding her well, fell a crying, and the two women wept together.

At last, when Freddie could get in a word, she said between her sobs, 'I want to marry Hugh.'

'Marry him! But he is too ill.'

'But I would be his nurse. Only help me, Fanny, and then I would do everything for him.'

And Fanny, who was romantic, and her friends said not too wise, got a clergyman to come, and a special license, and the two were married.

After this Freddie declared herself rapturously happy. Night and day she nursed Hugh, and at last got him on his legs again.

And now she tells all her friends that she was in love all her life with her husband. She has quite forgotten the interlude of coldness—in fact, if you told or reminded her of it she would say you were misinformed, and believe that she was speaking the truth. And when Mr Sanderson offered to give her a fluffy puppy she scornfully refused it, and declared that some people's impudence knew no bounds. Hugh Halston has now become her passion; and though he has only two stories in the world, she never fails to laugh at the right place in each; and as to the old grievance, she has canonised that by moist eyes every time she hears it recounted.

PRODUCTS OF KASHMIR.

By MADAME L. M. BOURBEL.

PART I.

SHAWL-WORK.

FROM the remotest antiquity Kashmir has been famous for its shawls, of which the beauty of texture, the delicacy of colour, and the intricacy of design have rendered them valuable in almost every country in the world. It is said that every curve, and every colour in one of these shawls is a colour or curve found in the beauty of this, one of the most beautiful places in the world.

The designers of these shawls are said to have lain flat on their faces, with half-closed eyes, as they drew their patterns from the intricate curves of the Jhelum, the towering masses of the Himalayas, the blossoms and fruit of the almond, the glorious cup of the lotus, and quaint forms of the zingara; whilst the exquisite colours were those of the flowers that cover this lovely valley at all seasons of the year.

History is supposed to record that when Dhritarâstra received Krishna, sent to the Court of the Kurus as a delegate from the Pandus, his present to Krishna was said to include ten thousand shawls of Kashmir. It is also claimed that the 'divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides,' mentioned in the fifth chapter of the book of Judges, verse 30, were Kashmir shawls; and that the embroidered work brought by merchants in chests, and rich apparel bound with cords and packed in cedar, referred to in Ezekiel, were also these same shawls.

In the time of Akbar, however, there are authentic records of a very large trade in shawls. In the *Ayeen Akbari* of Abdul Fazal, he says: 'His Majesty is very fond of shawls. By the attention of his Majesty the manufacture of shawls is in a very flourishing condition.' Bernier, the great French traveller, in 1665, speaks of them as 'the staple commodity which particularly promotes the trade of the country and fills it with wealth.'

The two principal kinds of shawls are the loom and the hand made; but of these there are several varieties. The loom-shawls, it is said, were first made in the reign of Zain-ul-Abdin, the result of a weaver, Naked Beg by name, cutting his finger, from which the drops of blood fell on the thread, producing a red-and-white pattern, which suggested to him the idea of using dyes. The first shawl manufactured from the dyed wool was shown to Zain-ul-Abdin, which so charmed him that he immediately ordered the manufacture of loom-shawls. From this time forward they were in great demand, especially in Persia, to which country they were exported in thousands annually.

With the advent of the Moguls the trade grew immensely, and a further powerful impetus was given during the Afghan rule in Kashmir, when the annual income from shawls was over forty thousand pounds.

During the earlier part of the Sikh rule the trade was in a most flourishing condition; but an awful famine in the latter part of that time gave a crushing blow to the industry for several years, though Moorcroft, in 1822, says: 'The whole value of shawl-goods manufactured in Kashmir may be estimated at about thirty-five thousand lakhs of rupees per annum.' The lakh at that time was ten thousand pounds. It revived again in the reign of the Maharajah Golab Singh, in 1846-69, when the income from the shawl-trade again rose to about seventy thousand pounds annually.

Just about this time came an enormous demand from Europe for these beautiful fabrics, and the revenue from shawls rose in the later part of the reign of Maharajah Golab Singh and the beginning of that of Maharajah Rambir Singh to two hundred and eighty thousand pounds. The Franco-German war in 1870-71 inflicted an almost mortal injury to the trade, which received its death-blow by the famines of 1878 and 1879, although the Maharajah advanced one hundred thousand pounds to the weavers and manufacturers; but the trade never recovered from the shock. Some few of the finest shawls were, however, made between the years 1865 and 1872.

The wool used for these shawls is that of the Tibetan goat, a soft sort of down growing under the long hair, and called *pusm*. There is another and coarser kind called *asli tous*. The Mogul merchants imported *pusm* in very large quantities, and exchanged it for shawls and *pushmina*, for which the demand in Russia was enormous. The

name *pushmina* is used for all fabrics made from the *puem* wool, which in the earlier days was never any colour but white or natural shades of grays or browns called *khudrung*.

The weaving of loom-shawls is very interesting, and the marvellous dexterity of quite small boys in handling the sticks of different coloured wools is astonishing. The warp being fixed in the loom, the sticks of coloured wools are placed in a basket alongside, and the shawl begun. The shawls are made in quite small pieces, from a bit an inch square to a foot square. It takes at least two people for each tiny portion—the weaver and the *ustâd*, or dictator, who sits in front of the weaver, and dictates the colours: 'lift two, use red;' or 'lift one, use green.' This dictation is called *talim*. When all the bits are made (and there are sometimes one thousand five hundred in one shawl), the portions are joined together by very fine needlework, much as a patchwork quilt is made.

Now comes the process of washing. No one seeing it before this operation would have the faintest notion of the beauty, quality, or colour of the work. The spot chosen for the washing is generally a green bank by some clear stream, where there are plenty of stones—and these large ones. No soap is used, but the shawls are beaten on these stones, pressed, kneaded, stamped upon by the feet, until, watching the scene, you would imagine nothing of the beautiful fabric could possibly remain. It is then shaken out and held for some time in the running water. After this it is dried, and taken to the *dagshawl*, or shawl-marking department, where the Government stamp is affixed, and thence to the tailor's hands, who does any finishing, after which the merchant claims it.

Every portion of the shawl has a separate name. The border—which may be single, double, or treble—is called the *hashia;* the main field of the shawl, or running ornament, is the *dhour;* the decorated ground, *under* the running pattern, is named *mutum;* the embroidery at the ends of a scarf-shawl, *pulla;* the clusters of flowers or cones in the four corners, *koonj*. If the row of cones be double it is called *dokund;* if more than two up to five, *sekud;* and anything above five *tukadur*.

Dr Mitra, the curator of the museum in Srinagar, who has given the whole history of these shawls in a most interesting booklet he has published says, 'Some believe the cone-pattern is really an elaboration of the Egyptian coccus of ancient origin.'

In the *toshkhana* (or treasure-house) of H.H. the Maharajah of Jummoo and Kashmir are some exquisite shawls showing different colours and even different designs on both sides. The other sort of shawl called the *amli* or *topa kom* is needlework, and very beautiful it is.

Unfortunately, the importation of European wool, aniline dyes, and the execrable taste of the thousand-and-one people who think their horrible requests for cresta, monograms, or so-called 'art' patterns are an improvement on the taste of these, the most artistic people in the world, are ruining the shawl manufacture. The imported European wool, mixed with a little cotton, is now woven into a stuff called *raffle*, very much cheaper than the beautiful *pushmina*, but often sold to the unwary as *pushmina*. The latter is marvellously soft, pliant, and delicious in texture, the *raffle*, on the contrary, is rough, and does not fall into the beautiful folds that *pushmina* takes; but *raffle* at two shillings and eightpence a yard is within the reach of many to whom the price of costly *pushmina*, varying from ten shillings and sixpence to thirty shillings a yard, would be prohibitory.

About thirty years ago the shawl-trade gave employment to no less than thirty-eight thousand people annually; the census of 1901, however, registered only five thousand and thirty-seven, and these now work mostly on shawls for exportation to Persia and Armenia. Many of the weavers have migrated to Lahore and Amritsur, where their descendants carry on a trade in so-called loom and *pushmina* shawls of a quality basely inferior to the beautiful productions of Kashmir.

For a trade to have been so great as it undoubtedly was there must have been honesty in work and honesty in dealing amongst the Kashmiris. In both these matters their reputation is of the worst now; at the same time it is possible that were the trade revived they might be taught to understand and perhaps act on the proverb 'Honesty is the best policy;' for as matters now stand it would be impossible to have any business dealings on a large scale with people so reckless alike of time, compacts, or fair dealing as the present race.

TEXTILE FABRICS AND EMBROIDERIES.

The textile fabrics of Kashmir, though not many in number, are very good of their kind. Of the *pushminas*, or materials made from *puem* (the soft down of the Tibetan goat), I have already spoken in 'Shawl-Work;' but the hair and rougher wool of this goat are utilised in other materials.

The *louis* (or blanket), used by all Kashmiris, is a very warm and useful article. It is generally about four and a half yards long, and very narrow, seldom exceeding twenty-seven inches in width. When used thus it is called *ekbari* (one-width); but to be of real service two widths are generally sewn together, when it is called *dobare* (two-width). It is very seldom that these are made in any colour except *khudrung* (natural colour). No coolie is without one of these blankets; the people live in them by day, use them as coverings by night, and in bad weather they gather one end up, tie it tightly round with a grass rope, and then, placing the knotted portion on their heads, draw the rest of the blanket round their persons, thus turning it into a very good mantle against inclement or rainy weather. If they have loads to carry, the blanket

is used as a sack in which the load is tied up; and one often sees it utilised as a tent, stretched across two upright sticks, whilst the owner lies asleep in its shade! The *louie* being so universally used, it is not surprising to find its annual addition to the income of the State amounted in 1907 to one hundred and seventy-six thousand nine hundred and nineteen rupees.

The *puttoo* is a kind of homespun woven in almost every village. This is made from sheeps' wool, and is made in many patterns, striped and checked, strongly resembling Scotch tweeds. *Soot-puttoo*, woven from a mixture of cotton and wool, is much in demand in India, especially since the Swadeshi movement was started some two years ago. Merchants came up in hundreds to buy all and every kind of material they could, with the result that men's shooting-suits, coats, caps, &c., suddenly sprung up in price from ten rupees eight annas to thirty rupees, or a rise of twenty-six shillings a suit. Fortunately, however, this did not last. The Kashmiri being a gentleman who under no circumstances knows the word 'moderation,' immediately refused making suits at anything but these prices, firmly convinced that if in February they cost thirty rupees March would see them costing at least fifty rupees. Great, therefore, was his surprise when, instead, he found the place flooded with cheap European suits, and prompt and decisive was his climb down.

Of *raffle* I have already spoken. It is a material of firmer structure than *soot-puttoo;* but Dr Mitra accounts it a most despicable production deserving wholesale annihilation.

The cotton cloth used by villagers is mostly woven in the villages on looms of the most primitive pattern, from both Kashmir cotton, wool, and imported twist and yarn. When made it is brought into Srinagar to be dyed the various colours the villagers fancy, and is used for almost every purpose, from wedding garments to dish-cloths.

Of late years, however, imported cotton goods are finding favour amongst the people, and the brighter and more gorgeous in colour the better are they pleased; the beautiful rich mellow crimsons and purples, the light of the exquisite real saffron-dyed cloths, which used to rejoice the eye of the traveller, giving place to hideous aniline-dyed cloths in appalling shades of magenta, pink, gas-green, or sky-blue. In the villages one sometimes still sees the glorious colours of vegetable dyes; but in Srinagar the people mostly use imported cotton clothing or get themselves up in a grotesque imitation of European dress. To the traveller who gets sufficiently far away from the region of civilisation, the evening hour, when the women come out to fetch water to cook the evening meal, is a feast of unadulterated joy in exquisite colour, for the aniline dyes have not yet found their way into the mountains. Consequently, the eye is delighted with glorious crimsons, gold, and purple against sunset skies of the most gorgeous fire, surrounded by the deep-blues, the purples of the mighty hills, and the dusky greens and indigos of pines. In all these outlying villages, also, a great deal of the beautiful embroidery for which Kashmir is famous is done. The most exquisite work is produced on almost any material, the four special styles being *amli*, a sort of darning; *chikan*, minute satin-stitch; *doori*, knot-stitch; and *irena*. These stitches, which originally were used entirely for shawl-work, are now being utilised for all sorts of things, such as table-centres, counterpanes, neck-ties, handkerchiefs, &c.; and the hundreds of visitors who yearly spend the summer months in Kashmir unfortunately too often insist on having their own choice of colours used, instead of leaving it to the taste of these most artistic people, the consequence being that one sees crowds of natives going round showing all sorts of the most fearful productions which in many instances go by the names of the artists who have given them forth—as 'Jones sahib's pattern,' 'Smith sahib's colour,' &c.

Really beautiful felt druggets covered with the most exquisite embroidery can be bought for quite a small sum, prices ranging from seven shillings to eighteen shillings, according to size; the embroidery being a sort of chain-stitch closely worked. Other druggets, again, are made of appliqué work on *louies*, serge, felt, or drill; the various coloured cloths applied being all embroidered round the edges with various stitches. Really beautiful curtains are made in *doori* (knot-stitch) with coloured or white yarns on *louies* or drill. About three thousand people are now engaged in the production of these particular kinds of embroidery, people who formerly devoted their whole talent to shawl-making. It is interesting to talk to them and hear their views on the decadence of work in Kashmir, when, as one old man remarked, 'In the old days, mem sahib, it took a whole family a lifetime to make a shawl, but it lasted for ever. Now it takes a whole family two years to make this'—holding up a very fine muslin curtain—'and the first time it is washed, behold it is no more!'

THE COMEDIAN.

If, when I die, you are my friend, then say,
'Let us not weep, for ever he loved mirth.
Come, friends, draw close, and laugh this pain away,
Of choice conceits surely there is no dearth.
Say! It is night—then there has been a day;
The goodly ring that binds this crowded earth
Is welded so that ever death joins birth.

'Our lives are mines whose dross is toil and pain,
But which hide gems of laughter everywhere.
Guard well the jewels that he strove to gain
And gladly handed to our friendly care.
What matter if a little sleep detain
The toiler who worked with us? Rest is fair!
So let remembrance only gladness bear.'

NEVILL ELIOT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE MEANING OF MONEY.

By WILLIAM GRAHAM, Author of *The One Pound Note in Scotland*, &c.

WHEN such a writer as Mr Hartley Withers, City Editor of the *Times*, emerges from his anonymity to address 'the average reader'—as he does in a popular work entitled *The Meaning of Money* (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.)—he is in every way entitled to a respectful hearing. 'The average reader' may, however, be excused a sigh as he learns from Mr Withers's opening paragraph that 'the object of this volume is to explain a matter of plain, positive, practical fact which is very important, very dull, and very little understood.' This is not thrilling for a beginning; but the reader may take courage, for the author does not in vain adopt on his title-page Goethe's lines from *Faust*:

> Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie
> Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

If the green and gold of Life's Tree are not so obvious in this work on London finance, we must remember it is Mephistopheles who so traduces Theory, and it is not the grayness of death which sets forth Theory in Mr Withers's pages. Rather it is the 'silver point' of a masterhand, content to place in graphic outline the leading features of an important theme, which, though 'caviare to the general,' is here treated with an attractiveness which brings the greatest money-market of the world within the view of every reader. Indeed, it is not 'gray old theory' but solid fact which stands soberly forth, and the threatened dullness disappears with the first page.

'The meaning of money' is a question on which economists have wrangled since the days of Aristotle; but the wisdom of centuries has not improved on his definition, 'Money is the measure of values.' John Locke's definition of 1691, 'Money is the measure of commerce,' is more popular but less exact. To add to these definitions that 'money is a medium of exchange,' or to adopt any of the inventions of modern economists, is merely to amplify or mystify the perfect dictum of one whom even Dante calls 'the master of those who know.'

The derivation of the word 'money' illustrates with what solemnity the Romans regarded the issue of their public coined money. The root lies in the Latin *monere*, to warn; whence also 'monition,' 'admonition,' &c. Livy tells how, in the old days of Rome, Juno Moneta (the Adviser) was the patroness of the city finances, and in her temple, built by Camillus in 384 B.C. on the Arx or northern peak of the Capitoline Hill, was the official Mint of Rome. From *moneta* came 'mint' and 'money.' Dull as the subject may seem to the uninterested, none can even briefly consider the history of money in its relations to human life without amusement at the truth of Hood's odd lines:

> Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold! . . .
> How widely thy agencies vary:
> To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
> As even thy minted coins express,
> Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
> And now with a Bloody Mary.

We need not pass the shores of Britain for evidences of the widespread misery caused by the crimes of rulers in the issue of money. Debasement of the currency was the favourite resort of every royal rogue whose extravagance compelled him to find some 'new way of paying old debts.' England's two greatest sinners were Edward I. and Henry VIII. The Emperor Charles V. set an example for Henry in 1529 by arbitrarily increasing the value of his gold coins, without any increase of their gold weight. His silver coins were debased in 1542 by an increased proportion of alloy, which his subjects were commanded to accept at the former value. The irritation ensuing in the busy cities of the Netherlands was one of the later causes of the great Rebellion and Eighty Years' War, so graphically portrayed in *The Rise and History of The Dutch Republic*. Henry VIII., most wasteful of kings, excelled Charles to an extent which may be studied in Mr Thorold Rogers's delightful *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*. Briefly, he and his son Edward VI. increased the alloy in the silver coins six times between 1543 and 1551. In the former year the alloy bore the proportion of nine-tenths of an ounce of alloy in twelve ounces

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

of metal. This was coined into forty-five shillings. In 1551 the base metal had risen to eight ounces, and the fine silver had sunk to four ounces; and from this vile mixture forty-eight shillings were coined, a total degradation of 66 per cent., the royal bankrupt thus paying his creditors six shillings and eightpence per pound. The latter in turn passed on their coins to the lower strata of the population, from whom none willingly accepted them in return save at actual silver value. Thus the poorest and most ignorant were the sufferers from this common crime of kings. Though Henry's debasements were corrected in sixteen years by his daughter Elizabeth, their influence for evil affected the long record of labour and wages for two centuries. His son Edward continued his wicked practices. Mary burned as heretics any who refused to contribute relief to the sufferers from her father's crimes; but doing nothing to remove the cause of the suffering, she lives in history as 'Bloody Mary.' Her sister and successor at once set to work to restore the coinage, and perhaps to this as much as to her later policy and character she may be indebted for the name of 'Good Queen Bess,' by which the poor of her people remembered her. 'The Royal Wild Beast' Henry—according to a tradition the origin of which is uncertain—is said to have his Tudor ancestry and his public thefts commemorated in the well-known lines:

> Taffy was a Welshman,
> Taffy was a thief.

Thus the poor have their revenges in the epithets of history and the verdict of posterity. In England the pound sterling of silver has been reduced to one-third of the original *pondo* or *libra*. Scotland's financial miseries have been twelvefold greater, so that by 1601 the Scots pound was worth only one shilling and eightpence sterling. In France, how few recognise in the *franc* (value ninepence halfpenny) the probable successor, through the French *livre* and Venetian *mark*, of the ancient Roman *libra*, the first constituent of £ s. *d.*, still recalled by the *lira* of modern Italy. The years of low prices and distress caused over the whole world by the demonetisation of silver and the largely increased supplies of that metal, after 1871, afford a reminder of the suffering caused to the human race during long centuries by debasements of coined money.

If the suffering has been such from an abuse of metallic money, the distress arising from the misuse of paper or representative money has been vastly greater. Although these substitutes for money have existed for ages from China westward, as witness in England the leather moneys of King Edgar of Wessex (959–75), and of King John in 1215, yet those early examples are insignificant compared with the prodigious issues of paper money during the last two centuries, since the founding of the Bank of England, the growth of modern banking, and the opening of the western hemisphere to the vices of civilisation. The story of paper money is, however, a world in itself, and we are less concerned to deal with it here, as the question of representative money is not one of the principal themes of Mr Withers's work. The money he writes of is not so much the tangible gold, silver, or paper of our coins or bank-notes, as that incorporeal thing called money of the London money-market, which can be borrowed or lent for a day or a week or a month. 'The loan of money,' says Mr Withers, 'is the sense in which the word [money] is used when we speak of a money-market or a price of money, phrases which are wholly incomprehensible to those to whom this difference of meaning is not made clear. . . The money-market is the place in which money down is exchanged for the promise of money some day. And as the borrower (the man who wants money down) must obviously offer the lender an inducement to let him have it, it will always be found that the amount of money promised some day by the borrower is bigger than the amount of money paid down by the lender. The difference between the two figures is the rate of interest, which is often loosely and confusingly described as the price of money.'

It is then shown how monetary transactions may be divided into three main divisions: (1) Those in which money is exchanged for any kind of commodity or service; ordinary buying or selling. (2) Those in which time is a consideration, as where 'money down' is exchanged for the promise of 'money some day;' these include all kinds of loan operations, from the discounting of a bill due sixty days hence to an issue of a War Loan by the British Government. (3) Those where money is transferred from one place to another under what are called 'exchange operations,' simply exemplified by the purchase of a postal order in Edinburgh for payment of a debt in London; leading up to such operations as converting sovereigns into Shanghai *taels*, or into the deeper mysteries of the value of payments expressed in an inconvertible paper money at a huge discount, as in some of the South American republics, the most complicated kind of monetary business. In all these operations there appears one constant factor, 'money here and now, or cash;' and the proportion which the abundance or scarcity of this 'constant' bears to the demand or absence of demands for its use rules the amount or price of money, high or low, which is exacted by the lender or offered by the borrower for such use.

In writing of the transition from barter to the use of coined or other moneys Mr Withers refers to the use of cattle as money, and says 'the prevalence of beasts was sufficient to lead etymologists to consider at one time that the Latin word for a beast, *pecus*, had been enshrined in the name for money, *pecunia*, which has come down in English in its negative form, "impecunious." This derivation is now abandoned, comparative philology having decided that *pecunia* is the same word as the English "fee." Mr Withers might have noted the positive form of 'pecuniary' still current, and his further contention

is not borne out by either the *Century Dictionary* or by Dr Murray's colossal work, both of which prefer the derivation from *pecus*—'cattle,' not 'beast'—in the great majority of its uses. Both works also admit the affinity of *pecus* with 'fee' through the well-known rule of Grimm's law, by which the *p* of the Latin *pecus* becomes the *f* or *ph* sound of the Gothic *faihu* ('cattle'), whence the English 'fee.' Both *pecus* and 'fee' have their root in the Sanskrit *paç*, a thing bound up—a head of cattle; whence also 'pack,' 'package,' 'pact'—things fastened or bound.

In dealing with the precious metals, especially gold, as the best available basis for monetary operations, the author has some suggestive paragraphs: 'It is doubtless a mere convention that gives gold its commanding position, and it may be contended that it would be much simpler, cheaper, and more civilised to conduct exchanges by means of pieces of paper secured on national property, as the French Revolutionists tried to do with their *assignats*, or to abolish all need for mediums of exchange and help ourselves to whatever we want, rendering honest service in exchange by the impulse of our own consciences. But we are not concerned at present with any theoretical questions of an ideal currency or absence of currency. The only currency that is of practical and everyday importance is that which is endowed with the virtue of universal acceptability. . . . And the fact cannot be gainsaid that gold is the one commodity which is universally and at all times acceptable in all civilised communities, and that all forms of promise to pay, or paper money, are acceptable in proportion to the readiness with which they can be turned into gold. Consequently we shall find, when we come to deal with the more interesting problems of the manufacture of credit, that the convertibility of credit into gold is a matter that its manufacturers always have to consider and allow for carefully.'

Owing to its comparative indestructibility, its great value, and the immense quantity in existence, gold maintains a fairly even value; and this is as great a recommendation for its use as a measure of values as equality of weight or bulk is in measures of weight or quantity. The fact that British law compels the Mint to coin all gold offered to it into sovereigns at the rate of three pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny per ounce troy is often assumed as a proof that gold does not vary in price; but its real exchange value varies, as that of every commodity does, in the proportion which its supply or demand bears to that of other commodities. Being a measure, however, and so fixed by law, its alterations are not apparent, because all other things are measured and move in price in relation to it. In addition to such slight though hidden fluctuations, there occur sometimes movements stretching over a long course of years, when a special scarcity or abundance of gold may gradually effect vast economic changes for better or worse to mankind. Or perhaps man and not nature is at fault—as, for example, during the eighteenth century, when, through an error in the bi-metallic tie between gold and silver, the latter was slightly undervalued. It was regularly bought up by merchants for export abroad, where its true market-value was got. The Governments of the period disgracefully neglected the issue of silver coins to replace those exported, and a famine of silver currency ensued, causing a distress and inconvenience scarcely credible in modern days. To supply the deficiency, many corporations and shopkeepers issued metal tokens or paper money for the most trifling sums; tradesmen promised to pay so much value in their craft on demand, or alternatively so much money. Though there was no real scarcity of the precious metals abroad, the evil in Britain was not remedied until the Government renewed the coinage in 1816 on the basis upon which it is now regulated—free coinage of gold only, silver to be legal tender for sums not exceeding two pounds, and bronze for sums not exceeding one shilling.

Having thus laid a foundation for monetary transactions in coined cash, Mr Withers carries his readers into the mysteries of paper cash or bank-notes based on mutual confidence and indebtedness, dealing with its regulation, and Sir Robert Peel's Bank Act of 1844. Our author scarcely sufficiently accentuates the evil influence which the Bank of England's monopoly exercised on the growth of English banking. It is customary to blame the character of early English bankers, but the law of Queen Anne (1708) effectually prevented any strong banks from coming into existence. To secure the Bank in its monopoly, the Act of that year prohibited any body—other than the Bank of England—exceeding the number of six persons from issuing notes on demand. As the prevailing idea down to 1830 regarded joint-stock banking to be impossible apart from note-issuing, the above law prevented the formation of such large joint-stock banks as have been so successful in Scotland for two centuries, or such as those gigantic institutions which have revolutionised English banking in the last quarter of a century.

Under joint-stock banking the expansion of paper cash or bank-notes has been vastly exceeded by cheque money, or use of cheques in payment of debt, which in Britain and America has multiplied paper credit a millionfold. The cheque system is yet in its infancy in many Continental countries, and its extension there would do much to relieve the precious metals from the drudgery of currency, and would also reduce the currency in bank-notes. The Bank of France, for example, has upwards of two hundred million pounds of its notes in the hands of the nation as currency, as compared with the Bank of England's thirty million pounds.

From cheque money Mr Withers leads on to bills of exchange as a form of cash or money, covering those operations of internal or foreign trade where money at a different place or some other day is distinguished from the 'money down' of the cheque system. The bill of exchange, according to Sir J. B. Byles, is of

'immemorial antiquity,' and the present author quotes Cicero asking Atticus whether the monetary requirements of his son at Athens could be provided by 'exchange operations'; which, if not absolute proof that such writs were then extant, affords a safe assumption that the quick-witted Greeks exchanged credits against the goods bought and sold in their cities. Mr Del Mar, in his *History of Monetary Systems*, gives a great antiquity to bills of exchange, asserting that 'there are examples of their use in India and China to remote historical eras, in ancient Babylon, in Pontus during the fourth century B.C.' There is nothing improbable in an assumption of their use in the earliest ages soon after the art of writing became general, as the basis of a bill of exchange is simply a letter by one person asking a second person to pay a sum of money to a third person.

Thus treating of the various forms of money in turn, Mr Withers surveys and describes coined money, paper money of cheques and bills, bank credits, all as the tools of the financial trade as used by the various workmen of the craft; the keen bill-broker (with his small profits, quick returns, and large turnover), the sagacious and experienced banker, the great bill-accepting houses for foreign trade, the invading foreign banks—each as seen daily in the mighty workshop, the money-market of London, the hub of the world's finance.

Even a hub, however, has a central point around which it revolves, and this to an Englishman is the Bank of England, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street; for shortness and *par excellence*, 'The Bank,' The Keeper of the Nation's Balances, The Bankers' Bank. At once a private company and a State Bank, with the freedom of the former and the strength of the latter, it is yet controlled with a sobriety and an independence which have made it the admiration of England and the envy of the foreigner. For two hundred and fifteen years it has stood the brunt of time and chance, of evil and good report. What floods of criticism it has endured and neglected! and it stands to-day a monument to English character. Mr Withers's closing chapters are devoted to its position; and none who may wish to be conducted intelligently through that great institution can do better than accept his guidance. It is no mere tramp through bullion-vaults at the heels of a hasty porter. The reader is taken into the directors' room, and realises something of the responsibilities which lie on those who guide its destinies. The difference between the minimum rate charged by the Bank as announced every Thursday and the open market rate, the methods adopted to bring the latter into line with the former in times of pressure, the increased difficulty of doing so caused by the growth around the Bank of so many immense joint-stock banks, the necessity for mutual agreement amongst these great banks on the lines of that so well maintained amongst Scottish banks, the Bank's Weekly Return and what it means, the gold reserve of the country and its adequacy or inadequacy, suggestions for its enlargement or for other reserves—are all taken up in turn and discussed with a lucidity which encourages the lay reader to fear less an excursion into the realms of finance when he has its features thus set forth in his own language with a clearness that is as commendable as it is rare.

VANESSA.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the next morning a most magnificent basket of flowers arrived, addressed to the squire, with a note which said:

'DEAR SIR,—I understand you have had a bad accident, and are still much confined. Will you kindly accept some flowers for your room? I feel that I may take the liberty of sending them, my late father, Colonel Blount, having been a brother-officer of yours in the Guards, and in my boyhood I often heard him speak of you with affection, so that I shall consider myself honoured in being allowed to pay you any slight attention, and I hope to be permitted to call on you.—Believe me, yours truly, OLDSBOROUGH.'

Vanessa had gone down to the town for some bandages, and on her return found me with a mass of flowers in front of me, which I was arranging.

'Oh how lovely!' she exclaimed; 'where did they come from?' I noticed that her colour heightened.

The squire replied, 'From Oldsborough.'

'For me,' she cried, and instantly seeing her blunder, and the colour rising still more, she hastily added, 'Oh no, of course not. I was forgetting I am only a nurse here.'

I handed her the note, and as I did so I made my lips almost silently express to her, 'They were for you, all the same,' and she shook her head in a sort of deprecating negative, but I could see that she was pleased.

The squire asked her, as his arm was still painful when he used his fingers, to write a note of thanks for him, and she put together this:

'DEAR LORD OLDSBOROUGH,—Accept my warm thanks for the beautiful flowers you sent to me, and which have made my sickroom so bright. It will be a great pleasure to me to see the son of my old friend, whom I have always remembered with affectionate regard.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

'(Signed for Major Sargood) NURSE VANESSA.'

She handed the note to me with a curious half-humorous, half-inquiring expression about the

corners of her mouth; and having got my imprimatur, she read it to the squire, and sent it off by the faithful Stocks.

Vanessa assisted me in arranging the flowers, carrying a small handful of the most sweet-scented blossoms to the squire that he might inhale their fragrance. We made the room look delightful, and as we were finishing our work I saw Vanessa pick up the blossoms she had laid down after taking them to the squire, and carry them from the room. When she returned they were nestling in a fold of her dress. I went towards her, stooped down and drew in the scent, and as I rose again our eyes met just for a moment, and the glance meant something to each of us, undefined, nebulous, but to friendship intelligible.

She said to me, 'I must not be there when he calls. What do you think, Mitey?'

'Well, perhaps I would say yes to that.'

'Mitey, it is going to be all very difficult. I feel sure I shall do something *gauche* and foolish, and perhaps be rude because I would fain be the opposite. You must help me, dear.'

'Of course I will, Vanessa; but how?'

'I am going to do what you tell me, because for once I don't want to be a wilful Vanessa. That lady has lost all confidence in herself for the time, and must lean, and not try to stand alone.'

'Dearest, that will be indeed a change of rôles; but you know I will do anything for you, only, as you say, it is difficult. But I will take courage, and be all I can to you.'

We were expecting mother, as I, having a sort of feeling that the course of events might call for the protecting wings of a chaperon more fitted for what was on hand than an old bachelor like Uncle Goodman, had written to her begging her to come and join us, pleading that I could not leave our patient till he was well, and that Vanessa would not let me go. I took our hired carriage to the station to meet her, and as I passed through the booking-office towards the platform came suddenly face to face with my hero. Conventional stand-offishness was impossible. I held out my hand, and he took it heartily with anything but the reverential gentleness of his handclasp with Vanessa on the road. Somehow we seemed both to feel instinctively that there need be no embarrassment about introductions between us, that our mutual good offices to Vanessa had made us friends. I told him that I had come to meet my mother, who would I knew be glad to make his acquaintance. He returned with me to the platform, and we had no time for conversation, as the train steamed up almost immediately. When mother and I had embraced, I turned to him, and said, 'Let me introduce Lord Oldsborough, who is a son of Major Sargood's old colonel, and has just been sending some lovely flowers for his sickroom.'

Mother was a person of wonderful self-command, and greeted him kindly, saying, 'It was very good of you to come to our friend's trial.'

'You are kind to say so,' he replied, and insisted on relieving her of her bag and seeing her luggage put upon the carriage.

'When are you coming to see the invalid?' I asked as we were about to leave the station.

'If I may I will call this afternoon,' he said, raising his hat as we drove off.

Mother looked at me, and said, 'Oh Mary, Mary, are you plotting?'

'No, mother dear,' I replied, 'it has all happened of itself. The marquis' place, Oldsborough, is close to where we are living.'

'Marquis?'

'Yes, mother, real live marquis,' I said laughing. 'You must forgive me, for I knew it all along, but I had reasons for saying nothing.'

Mother shook her head at me with a merry frown as we drove up to the door, to find Vanessa waiting on the steps, where they embraced fondly, heedless of the astonished sanatorians lolling in deck-chairs under the veranda, to whom Vanessa had been a puzzle, supplying a topic for much gossiping conversation and speculation, the one sex expressing their admiration with many a 'stunnin'' and 'rippin',' and the other with varying expressions and shrugs giving vent to a good deal of insinuation and disparagement, only a few joining with the men in kindly appreciation.

About four o'clock a splendidly appointed car drove up, with my hero at the wheel. Mother and I were sitting in the veranda, and greeted him. After we had shaken hands, I asked him to wait, while I went up in the lift, saying that I would send down a message when the Major was ready to receive him. I wished to make sure that Vanessa was out of the way, as that seemed on the whole wisest. For myself, I do not think that I should have objected to their meeting at once; but, on the other hand, I could not help feeling in my own mind that where a lady's friends have a desire to bring about a happy issue of a love affair the proverb that 'the course of true love never did run smooth' called for consideration in aspects not often thought of. One way of bringing about roughness on the road is for friends to be too obtrusive in smoothing the way, and thus tempting human perversity to contemn what is being won too easily. Another and a better way is for friendship to make the proverb true by strewing a few obstacles in the path of love's progress, and so to reveal to a lover's soul the intensity of its own eager longing to reach the goal.

All I did was, on entering the doorway, to give a tiny motion of the head to Vanessa, who at once rose and passed into her room at the side, while I went forward and said, 'The marquis is here. Shall I have him brought up?' and, receiving an assent, I told Stocks to go down for him. The meeting was most cordial, and I left them together and joined Vanessa, finding her standing and gazing out of the window. I passed my hand through her arm and twined my fingers in hers, and so we stood

silent for a few minutes. But I think that, *ohne Worte*, we spoke to one another in a language that we both understood.

Suddenly we were awakened from our reverie. Vanessa had insisted on the squire having a bell on the table beside him, so that he could summon her at any hour of the day or night, and now we both gave a start as we heard its *ting*. I was loosening my fingers to go in, but Vanessa held me firm.

'No,' she said, 'I will go. I am the nurse.' She had the look which told me that it was no use remonstrating.

'Very well,' I said, and our hands relaxed, she saying as she turned to go, 'Come in, dear, in a little,' and she passed into the sitting-room, leaving the door open.

'This is my goddaughter Vanessa,' said Uncle Goodman in his simple, straightforward way; 'and this is Lord Oldsborough, the son of my oldest friend in the Guards.'

I could not see, but I knew exactly how she was looking into his face as their ungloved hands met for the first time in their lives, while the squire went on, 'She has been more than a daughter to me for three weeks, for she has taken advantage of her starched cap and ruled me with an iron hand, so that I am getting well fast.' I knew how she would be leaning over him as I heard her say laughingly, 'Iron hand, indeed! There has not been much call for that, godfather; you have been a very good boy; but you are naughty now, trying to make Lord Oldsborough think that I am a termagant.'

'Well, child,' he said, patting her hand, 'it was in a wonderfully soft velvet glove.'

At this point I stepped in, and the picture was charming to my artist's eye—Vanessa caressing the old man's head with her hand, her neck gracefully bent forward, and her look half-playful, half-pathetic, and the unmistakable lover taking it all in with eager eyes. Instinctively I felt that there might follow an awkward moment when she must turn, and the man and the woman come face to face, and have to hide what was in the heart under a cloud of ill-acted social banalities. I was about to try to create a diversion by getting conversationally between the two, when the door on the landing opened, and my ever-tactful mother appeared, followed by a servant with a tea-tray. This was a diversion indeed, and enabled us all to come to ease. Nothing is such a relief to a man when in circumstances that tend to self-consciousness than to have something to occupy his hands, and to enable him to move about, even if it be only teacups and cakes. Oh, those hands! is it because they so often are traitors to their owners, and tell too much, that they must be thrust down in pockets or hid behind backs—anything to get them out of sight? Mother, with her cups and her cake-dishes, relieved the situation, and we fell into conventional afternoon-tea manners, and our marquis shortly took his leave, cordially inviting us all to make ourselves free of the Oldsborough demesne. I was not surprised at the abruptness of his departure; but I thought Vanessa was, and was not sure what it meant. I knew he felt that he must either risk embarrassing her by too marked attention, or put on an air of looking past her, which would be impossible for him to attempt. I went down to the door with him on the plea that I wished to have a better look at his car, and he expressed the hope that mother and I would join him on another day in a drive on it, which I said I was sure she would gladly do. He did not mention Vanessa, at which I was not surprised; but as we shook hands and parted he looked me full in the face, and I felt he was saying, 'I know you are my friend.'

Vanessa was in a strange mood when I joined her. She had thrown off her cap, and sunk deep into an armchair, with her hands resting listlessly at her sides. She did not look up when I entered, but took my hand when I came near, and said quietly, 'How did I behave?'

I bent down and said, 'The only way you could, dear.'

'I hope so,' she said with a sigh, and, raising herself up, she suddenly changed her mood and laughed outright.

'It is all very funny, and I sometimes wonder whether it is all a dream out of which I shall awake presently;' and then after a pause she sank back again, and murmured low, 'I would not like to wake.'

I sat down on the arm of the chair, and, bending down to her ear, I whispered, 'I don't think, dearest, that there is much dreaming going on; dreams generally go too quickly.' Then I thought it wise to change the subject, and asked her why she did not have her motor-car brought from home, telling her that mother had confided to me that she was longing for some runs over the lovely moors.

'A happy thought,' said Vanessa; 'but what has a poor nurse to do with the luxuries of motoring?' and she laughed.

'Oh well,' I said, 'your nursing is nearly over now, and you can't escape from coming out in your true colours soon.'

So the car was sent for; and Tommy, who now had the dignity of seventeen and a driver's license, undertook to drive it up, bringing Mrs Marsden with him. 'For,' said Vanessa, 'I know that the dear old thing would stay on alone at Larkhall without a murmur; but it will be nice to have her, and a change will do her good.'

Tommy drove the two hundred and fifty miles in two days, and Mrs Marsden gave him a good character for carefulness on the road. 'He is a dear boy,' she said, 'when you are alone with him and he has no one to tempt him. He is one of those that can have a feeling for the old.' Tommy had evidently appreciated that he would be responsible to Vanessa for the credit of her car, and had driven with consideration both for Mrs Marsden's nerves

and for the other users of the road. As he said, 'I knew Van would make it hot for me if she heard that I had been making the dust fly, and that if I dropped into a trap she might choke me off altogether.'

Vanessa joined us at the door, having heard the car coming up, and her duenna flushed all over her face with pleasure at her sweet greeting. Tommy's face was a study when he caught sight of Vanessa. She was going to kiss him in the old boy-and-girl way, but he with the dignity of his seventeen-year manhood was not going to be seen kissing girls, and the way in which he held her off in shaking hands with her was masterly.

'Hallo,' he said, 'what's all this,' taking hold of her cap-streamer; 'is it going to be a fancy parade?'

'No, jackanapes,' said she smiling, 'it isn't.'

'Well, you do look stunnin', anyhow. Oh I say, look here, hang me if we didn't meet that chap you grovelled to on the road, and I think he knew me, at least he knew the car, for I saw him looking round; and I say, hang it all again, here he is,' he went on, as the marquis in his car swept round to the door.

After he had shaken hands with us, and been introduced to Mrs Marsden, Vanessa said as she presented Tommy, 'Do you remember my cousin, who was with us that day on the car?'

'Yes indeed,' said the marquis, shaking his hand heartily. '"Beastly cheek," wasn't it, my stopping you?' and he laughed pleasantly. 'Oh don't apologise; you were quite right from your point of view at the time;' and then he added, 'I hope we shall have some runs together.'

'All right,' said Tommy. 'I'll back Van's car against yours for a fiver.'

'Tommy!' said Vanessa, with just a *soupçon* in look and tone of Bellona, and the swagger faded out of him in a moment. He shrank back, and made believe to be very busy at something about the car's bonnet.

The presence of young Tommy seemed, however, to have a wonderful effect on the relations of the two in whom I was so deeply interested. Strange it is, but true, that one still almost a child in years will often unconsciously help to give wings to love's chariot. The breezy unconventionality of youthfulness seems sometimes by its presence to change the atmosphere from the chokiness of social etiquette to a more free-breath tone. Many a love has begun to flow swiftly in a ten minutes' romp with a child which had been till then stemmed back in two breasts, unable to find outrun when they were alone together. Although there is much truth in the saying that 'two is company and three is none,' yet not unfrequently a young creature has an unconscious magnetic power drawing two hearts to sacred union that were at the time hovering in alternate attraction and repulsion, just as the lines of force in the ether surrounding a charged body may draw into contact other bodies coming within their influence. It is always as a child that we think of Cupid.

Mary, Mary, this won't do; you are wandering into a physiological lecture, and mixing your metaphors. Stick to facts, my dear, stick to facts, and let the reader do his own imagining as to how things come about.

(To be continued.)

TREASURE-SEEKERS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By Oswald H. Evans, F.G.S.

A STRIKING analogy may be drawn in comparing the condition of the Spanish-American countries to-day with that of Egypt during the Middle Ages. In both regions we find an alien people dwelling among the ruins of a departed civilisation of which they know little and care less. The ruined buildings are used as convenient quarries from which the materials for the construction of wretched huts may be readily drawn; the great public works of a nobler age have been allowed to sink through neglect into utter inutility. As a result of allowing the splendid aqueducts to fall into ruin, Peru to-day has barren wildernesses where, under the wise rule of the Incas, the valley slopes were made beautiful with fields of maize and cotton. Shiftless treasure-seekers haunt the ruined cities and desolate burial-places, finding little but destroying much.

If we may correlate the dominant classes of Spanish blood with the Arab rulers of Egypt, the miserable fellaheen may not inaptly be compared with the unhappy and degraded descendants of the conquered Indians. Free and equal as they may now be considered under the republican law, long centuries of oppression have ground them to the dust. It would seem that the more sensitive and intellectual part of the population have yielded to the strain and died out, whilst only those of duller temperament have survived, to become brutalised by slavery and alcohol. How different are the faces of the natives who gaze at one with heavy-eyed sullenness from those of the gladsome, gesticulating race whose features we see depicted on the ancient Peruvian portrait-pottery! I have often wondered what thoughts and emotions lie hidden behind the stolid, expressionless, mask-like countenances of the *cholos* (the Indian labourers). Do they remember the past glories of their people? Do they await the advent of some Indian Messiah, or did the last gleam die out when Tupac Amaru's insurrection was crushed so terribly in 1781?

A day will come—indeed, it is already dawning—when, as in Egypt, organised scientific investigation

will penetrate every quarter of Spanish America, and add many fresh pages to our knowledge of the world's history. The republics are slowly waking up to their duty in this matter, and the future is full of hope. With what regret must we contemplate the havoc wrought among the pathetic relics of a vanished people by mere human ignorance and greed! However wide the field still remaining to be investigated, it represents but a tithe of that irrecoverably lost to science.

We do not greatly wonder that to a people such as the Spanish-Americans—in whom, with honourable exceptions, no great zeal for the advancement of science has manifested itself—the presence of innumerable remains of a former civilisation, credited by common tradition with the possession of immense riches, has acted, and still acts, as a powerful stimulus to the pursuit of hidden treasure. In its fullest development it is a mania closely akin to the gambling spirit which is a prominent characteristic of the Latin nations. In every country men are to be found who prefer to work hard in a dubious speculation rather than expend half the labour in obtaining an honest livelihood. The Peruvian treasure-seeker has at least the excuse of precedent. His forefathers came to the land to win unearned gold; shall their descendant be blamed for following, however humbly, in the steps of Balboa, Cortes, and Pizarro?

The west coast of South America has been well described as one huge cemetery. Along almost its entire length the endless line of Pacific surf washes forgotten Indian graves, the lowly burial-place of the Chilian or Patagonian savage, and the vast, well-peopled cities of Peruvian dead, where every gale strips the sand from rags and tatters of humanity. An extract from old Surgeon Lionel Wafer gives a good idea of one of these strange places in 1680.

'We put ashore,' he writes, 'at Vermejo, in ten degrees south latitude. I was one of those who landed to seek for water. We marched about four miles up a sandy bay, which we found all covered with the bodies of men, women, and children. These bodies, to appearance, seemed as if they had not been a week dead; but if touched, they seemed dry and light as a sponge or piece of cork. We were told by an old Spanish-Indian whom we met that in his father's time the soil there, which now yielded nothing, was well cultivated and fruitful; that the city had been so numerously inhabited by Indians that they could have handed a fish from hand to hand till it reached the Inca; but that when the Spaniards came and laid siege to their city, the Indians, rather than yield to their mercy, dug holes in the sand and buried themselves alive. The men, as they lie now, have by them their broken bows, and the women their spinning-wheels and distaffs, with cotton yarn upon them.'

From this account we must take away the spinning-wheels, unless the old traveller used the term to mean 'spindle-whorls.' It is highly probable that the sand-dried mummies he describes antedated by many centuries the coming of the Spaniards, for the interments vary greatly in the periods to which they belong. The curious idea as to the self-immolation of the Indians must be widely current among the present natives, for I have heard it advanced on two occasions by Chilians in order to account for the numerous graves found on every headland along the desert coast of Atacama.

Such cemeteries as this, and more especially the ruins of ancient towns, palaces, and temples, are the happy hunting-grounds of the treasure-seeker. There can be no doubt that instances have occurred, even within the last few years, of a lucky discovery conferring wealth upon some diligent excavator. In the meantime, the amount of damage done is out of all proportion to the value of the finds, from every point of view save that of the treasure-hunter. Squier remarks, in his work on Peru, of the *huaca* or pyramid of Toledo: 'It has been so worked upon and into in the course of three centuries as to have lost all shapeliness, and it now stands a great uncouth mass, honeycombed and pierced in all directions by shafts, passages, and adits, some quite recent, that must have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to excavate.' Elsewhere he says: 'The ancient monuments of the country have suffered vastly more from the hands of treasure-seekers than from fanatic violence, time, and the elements combined. The work of destruction has been going on for three hundred years, and still actively continues.'

In the years following the conquest of Peru it was not infrequently found that to acquire the deserted palaces and temples of the conquered Indians as house-property proved to be an unusually profitable speculation. A good many cases are on record of immense treasures being found in or about such premises. Take for example the good fortune of Hernando de Segovia. This gentleman purchased from Pedro del Barca half the former convent of the Virgins of the Sun, which the latter, one of the Conquistadors, had received as a portion of his share of the spoil. Soon after the property changed hands, the new owner found hidden under the paving of the courtyard a treasure of golden vessels amounting in value to seventy-two thousand ducats. After hundreds of years have passed, one can still feel a certain sympathy for the less fortunate Don Pedro. Antonio Altomirano, again, seems to have found antiquarian research well worthy of attention. Under the *patio* of the palace of the Inca Huayna Capac he discovered, among other objects of price, a great golden jar for brewing the royal *chicha* (maize beer), weighing well over two hundred pounds, the entire *tapada* being valued at eighty thousand ducats. Well-authenticated stories of this nature, which in England would be listened to with the proverbial 'grain of salt,' are still very interesting to the impecunious and none too energetic Spanish-American. The traditional 'treasure lore' of the Pacific coast would be well worth collecting; but, like all oral tradition, it is

far from easy to obtain. I have only known one avowed treasure-seeker, a man who wasted a long life in wildgoose-chases, only to find that the pot of gold was still buried at the foot of the rainbow. Ragged old '*tapada* Gomez' had none the less many a good tale to tell, for he was in spirit a true descendant of the adventurers after El Dorado.

When Don Pedro Cieza de Leon was collecting information for his projected great work on Peru, he showed wisdom in availing himself of the conversation of those members of the old aristocracy who still dwelt in diminished splendour under the half-contemptuous protection of their Spanish conquerors. On one occasion, he tells us, he chatted with the Christianised Inca Paullo, like a true Spaniard, about the reputed treasures of the former dynasty. Said Inca Paullo, 'If all the treasures hidden in the *huacas* (burial-places) were collected together, that which the Spaniards have already taken would appear very small, as it were one drop taken out of a large vase full of water.' To render his illustration more striking, he took a measure of maize and dropped one grain of it. 'That much represents the Spanish spoil; as for the rest, it is so well hidden that we ourselves do not know the place of it.' It is, of course, very possible that Inca Paullo was drawing the long-bow for the benefit of his Spanish friend; but it is evident that his hearer accepted the startling statement in good faith. The idea is widely current, and is in great favour with contemporary novelists, that the Indians know more about the hidden wealth of their race than they can be persuaded to divulge, even under torture, and that there may even yet exist in one of the still unknown forests of Central America or the Amazon some city wherein the white man's foot has never trodden, and where the old gods still receive acceptable sacrifices from the summits of unpolluted altars.

Perhaps some reader may recall the interest taken in this strange tale by Stephens, as described by him in his *Travels in Yucatan*. It was, indeed, an enthralling story that the *padre* told him in his little mission-house, buried away in the depths of the primeval forest, of how he had climbed to the summit of the distant Cordillera, and seen afar off, gleaming white in the sunset, the walls and *teocallis* of the mysterious Indian city. As year by year passes, however, and exploration presses on in the van of commerce, the unknown area grows more and more circumscribed, and many a golden dream is proved to be but an illusion.

One of the best South American treasure-stories is buried in a footnote in Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. Quoting from a Spanish author, he says: 'It is a well-authenticated report, and generally received, that there is a secret hall in the fortress of Cuzco, where an immense treasure is concealed, consisting of the statues of all the Incas, wrought in gold. A lady is still living, Doña Maria de Esquivel, the wife of the last Inca, who has visited this hall, and I have heard her relate the way in which she was carried to see it. Don Carlos, the lady's husband, did not maintain a style of living becoming his high rank. Doña Maria reproached him, declaring that she had been deceived into marrying a poor Indian under the lofty title of Lord or Inca. She said this so frequently that one night Don Carlos exclaimed, "Lady, do you wish to know whether I am rich or poor? You shall see that no lord nor king in the world has a larger treasure than I have." Then, covering her eyes with a handkerchief, he made her turn round two or three times, and taking her by the hand, led her a short distance before he removed the bandage. On opening her eyes what was her amazement! She had not gone more than two hundred paces, and descended a short flight of steps, and she now found herself in a large quadrangular hall, where, ranged on benches round the walls, she beheld the statues of the Incas, each of the size of a boy twelve years old, all of massive gold. She also saw many vessels of gold and silver. "In fact," she said, "it was one of the most magnificent treasures in the whole world."'

The name of the little Lake of Urcos, not far from Cuzco, may have a familiar sound to some of my readers. In this lake, you must know, the great chain of gold was thrown on the approach of the Spaniards. This was the chain from which Inca Huascar took his name; its links were thicker than a man's wrist, it was hundreds of feet in length, and required the united efforts of a small army of sturdy warriors to lift it from the ground. Even in Garcilasso de la Vega's time attempts were made to drain the lake in the hope of disclosing its hidden wealth, for a company of merchants of Cuzco drove a tunnel to carry off the water, abandoning their enterprise, however, when they came to a rock-mass so hard that the tools of their workmen 'struck out more fire than stone.' Since this early speculative company failed to effect its object, the attempt has more than once been renewed, or at all events the American newspapers have published circumstantial accounts of such operations. I am inclined to think that this lake occupies the same place in American journalism as the giant gooseberry does in our own 'silly season.' Notwithstanding this, I must admit myself to be a believer in Huascar's chain. Peru is still the headquarters of romance so far as I am concerned.

Journeying southwards into Chili, we find the treasure-hunters still active, even though they have by no means so favourable an environment in which to carry on their hobby. When wandering over the bare deforested hills behind Valparaiso, one not infrequently comes upon the marks of recent excavation, here a solitary hole of a foot or two in depth, there the mounds and hollows of quite extensive operations. Many a time I had passed these over without much attention, assuming that they represented the work of prospecters, since the valley-gravels are known to contain gold, and mineral veins occur in the massive rocks. At a later date a friend informed me that the diggers of

these holes had other game to follow—nothing less, in fact, than *tapada del Inca* (the Inca's treasure). The story goes that Chili, as a conquered dependency of Peru, yielded annually a huge tribute of gold and silver.

Don Vicuña Mackenna, a voluminous writer on Chilian politics and history, quotes an early author in support of the statement that this tribute was reckoned in hundredweights of the precious metals. It is curious that the mines whence this wealth was drawn have not since been discovered. It has been conjectured, not without reason, that the great aggregate amount of the tribute was made up of small individual values from many minor sources scattered over the country. Ancient mining implements, such as stone hammers and bone scoops, have occasionally been met with associated with early mine-workings in localities where gold-mines are at present under development. According to the tale, as it was told to me, the tribute-bearers were jogging along on the road to Cuzco, probably bearing the aforesaid hundredweights of gold and silver in litters on the shoulders of Indians, furnished in relays by each community they passed through on their journey. At that time Chili possessed no beast of burden, for the Peruvian llama does not range so far south, and the wild guanaco has not been domesticated. At some unknown point they were met by the swift Peruvian post-runner, who brought the almost incredible tidings of the landing of Pizarro and the murder of their sacred Inca. The leader of the escort, it is said, decided to bury the treasure and await the further development of the situation before proceeding on his journey. This was done by night, and it is reported, as usual, that the eternal silence of the assistants was ensured in the customary manner.

Making due allowance for the element of exaggeration that has probably greatly enhanced the value of the tribute, there is nothing impossible in this tradition, which undoubtedly exists. Such dislocations of the customary tribute caravans must have taken place on the road from every province of the empire when the Spaniards fell like a thunderbolt on the wealthy and populous, but comparatively feeble and war-exhausted, Indian race. The difficulty arises, where was the tribute buried? The treasure-hunter has well over a thousand miles of mountain, valley, and desert to search in without a clue.

The province of Chiriqui, in Central America, has long been a noted hunting-ground for the treasure-seeker. So frequently were objects of gold buried by the aborigines with their dead that even in 1642, according to Holmes, the Spaniards 'passed a law claiming all the gold found in the burial-places, the whole matter being treated merely as a means of revenue.' There is no evidence of the former existence in Chiriqui and its immediate neighbourhood of a civilisation at all comparable with that of Yucatan or Peru, and the origin of the peculiar gold-work of the district remains a mystery, the very method of its manufacture being still to some extent uncertain.

The treasure-seekers of Chiriqui trouble themselves but little with the conflicting theories of ethnologists. Armed with long iron rods they probe the ground in likely spots, for the graves present no external features to attract the eye, and are, moreover, sometimes hidden among dense tropical vegetation. Long experience has taught the 'antiquaries' to discriminate by touch alone between disturbed earth and natural soil. I have seen the same plan adopted with success on rocky ground in Northern Chili. In Central America it would seem that the gentry with the iron rods are occasionally well repaid for their untoward exertions. Holmes, in his monograph on the antiquities of Chiriqui, mentions the fact that one cemetery gave up in one month one hundred and thirty pounds' weight of gold figures alloyed with copper, whilst from an area of only twelve acres treasure to the value of fifty thousand dollars was extracted.

Needless to say, by far the greater portion of these remarkable finds is for ever lost to science. In every land the State takes some cognisance of 'treasure-trove,' and very rightly does so; but the law no doubt frequently shortens the journey of the articles found from their hiding-place to the melting-pot. The genuine treasure-hunter is a very vandal. Beauty and quaint ugliness are the same to him, the weight and intrinsic value of the material of his find alone appeal to that greed of unearned gain which is his strongest characteristic.

THE KING'S HUNTING-HORN.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, soon after sunrise, all were stirring at Wappenham. Fresh horses and hounds arrived by seven, and the King was already arraying himself for the chase. Sir Jeffery went down to the hall to see that everything was prepared. Thence he ascended to the gallery by a short flight of stairs, and thrusting aside a curtain of arras, opened up a cupboard for the purpose of getting out a pair of spurs for the day's hunting. As he did so the door of the King's chamber opened, footsteps approached, and the King, speaking earnestly to some one with him, came to the deep bay of a window which overlooked the garden. The first impulse of the young knight was to issue from his place of concealment and announce his presence. He hesitated, and the next minute he was not sorry he had done so.

The king was speaking to Robert Knevett, who had ridden that morning from Stony Stratford, and, as Sir Jeffery knew, had been straightway shown up to the royal bedroom. Knevett was squire and body-servant to Edward, and, as all Lancastrians well knew, was one of his most trusted spies and informers. The two now stood within twelve feet of the knight's elbow, and Knevett was answering some searching questions.

'The Duchess of Bedford and Sir Richard Woodville desire their humble duty to your Grace,' he said, 'and will take great joy in entertaining your Grace at Grafton to-night.'

'And of the Lady Grey,' pursued the King, 'what tidings?'

'She is rarely well, your Grace,' replied Knevett, 'and presenteth her loving duty to your Grace with this reply to your letter.'

The King took a scroll from Knevett.

'And what further have you learned about her ladyship?' demanded the King. 'Hath she had any affairs of love since the death of Sir John Grey, her late husband? It behoveth me to be well acquainted with any such matters.'

'None, your Grace,' answered Knevett, 'save'——

'Save what?' pressed the King in a harsher tone.

'Save that, your Grace,' pursued Knevett in a somewhat lower voice, 'there have been certain passages betwixt her ladyship and the young knight here, Sir Jeffery Aylmer, who hath indubitably a great affection for her. Before the coming of your Grace it seemed that a match was like to have been made between these twain, the lady and her father, Sir John Woodville, being not unwilling.'

'God's blood!' said the King quickly, 'I will take order upon this right soon. The young cockerel's comb is easily clipped. I will have none dangling about the Lady Grey but myself. She is the one woman in all broad England meet to be a Queen, and Queen she shall be. None—not Clarence, nor Warwick, nor Montacute, nor the rest of them—shall dare to say me nay. As for this springald Sir Jeffery, he may hunt with us to-day—'twill keep him in our purview. To-night, when he returns hither, do you arrest him and take him by Stony Stratford to London. There lodge him in the Tower. His father and grandfather were traitors to my House, and for the present he is better under bolt and bar. Ride to Stony Stratford after you have broken fast, take a dozen men, and come back hither on this duty. Now, return with me to my chamber and I will write you due warrant for your task.'

The two men moved off again.

During these few pregnant sentences Sir Jeffery, behind his place of concealment, had stood like a statue, not daring to move a limb. The blood had rushed swiftly back to his heart, and his ruddy cheek had paled. But he was none the less resolved. No sooner had the door of the King's chamber closed than he went swiftly to his own room, unlocked a strong coffer, and took from it a flat leather belt filled with gold pieces. This he put on next to his skin. He filled his outer pouch with more gold; and sending for his squire, Thomas Cowper, provided him also with a secret belt containing as many gold nobles as he himself carried. He gave him, also, due warning of what had passed; and directed him to take, about noon, two of the best and freshest horses in his stable and ride towards Grafton, and there await his master in a certain piece of deep woodland known to them both. In the days of the Roses men of rank and position were in constant jeopardy of their lives, and had to be prepared for sudden emergencies such as the present. Thus it was that the store of gold, belted on by the two men, had lain ready to Sir Jeffery's hand. Under the ruthless Edward, as the young knight well knew, imprisonment in the Tower meant long immurement, probably death and deprivation of his estate. He intended to escape that fate if by any human possibility it might be accomplished. How to evade the King's hunting-party during the day was the problem that lay before him.

They rode forth soon after breakfast, a small but gay and gallant band—all, save Sir Jeffery, as light-hearted as the glorious March morning and the prospect of sport might warrant. The young knight showed no trace of his anxieties, but rode just behind the King, exchanging cheery jest and hunting converse with his companions.

Edward, always a consummate actor, showed no hint of what had passed between himself and Knevett at Wappenham; but occasionally turned to Sir Jeffery, and in the courteous manner which none knew better how to assume than himself, asked him various questions connected with hunting and the country through which they rode.

Aylmer's head-forester had a warrantable stag harboured for him on the verge of the forest; and after three miles of riding they approached, and the deer, a great stag of twelve, was roused and the pack laid on. Then ensued a long and stirring chase—one of the greatest runs, as King Edward was long after heard to avow, that he had ever taken part in. Quitting the woodlands, after a turn or two, the great stag led the hunt by Plumpton and Moreton Pinkney to Canons Ashby, whence, swinging left-handed, it passed Culworth, Sulgrave, and Marston St Lawrence. Then, soiling in the stream that runs below Helmdon, it gained the hill and reached the forest of Whittlebury once more, having described a wide circle and covered something like eighteen miles of country. They passed close to Wappenham Manor; and, by great good fortune, the King and Sir Jeffery, who had far outstripped the rest of the field, were able to replace their tired horses with fresh ones. They galloped on another mile or two, still alone with the pack, which now hunted steadily through the vast woodlands with a magnificent cry.

Presently, in descending a deep and well-bushed hollow, the King's horse, ridden somewhat reck-

lessly in the heat of chase, stumbled and rolled to the bottom, the King being violently thrown. Sir Jeffery, who was not far behind, expressed his concern and proffered help. But Edward was uninjured, and, active as a marten, sprang to his feet again, caught his horse by the bridle, swung himself into the saddle, and with a 'Nay, I am nothing hurt!' was away again.

The next instant the gleam of metal caught the eye of the young knight as he descended the hollow. It was the King's hunting-horn, which, torn from its owner's shoulder, now hung suspended from a stout branch in the midst of the thicket. The leather baldric still retained one end of the instrument, but at the other end the rivet had been torn from the bison-horn into which it was fastened. In his fall the King had not noticed its disruption, and was now speeding through the forest all ignorant of his loss.

The sight of the wonderful trophy before him instantly changed the current of Sir Jeffery's thoughts. He was as devoted a sportsman as the King himself and as bold a rider. In the heat and hurry of the wonderful chase the stag had set before them he had well-nigh forgotten the pressing matter of his escape, the nearness of the danger that encompassed him. He was alone, and the hunting-horn was his for the having. To-night, or to-morrow at the latest, he would be a prisoner. That wonderful horn was not King Edward's; its rightful owner was Casimir of Poland. He owed neither service nor thanks to Edward, but in sooth stood in imminent peril of his life and liberty from him. With that horn he might seek Poland, restore the trophy to King Casimir, and perchance obtain favour from that monarch. England was no place for him, for the present at any rate.

These thoughts ran swiftly through the young knight's brain as he halted there amid the blackthorn and briar. His mind was instantly made up. He alighted from his horse, picked up the horn, thrust it into the breast of his hunting-tunic, remounted, and rode off eastward in an exactly contrary direction to that taken by the King. He was alone and unperceived; the hue-and-cry would not be raised for him for some hours; he would make the best use of his time.

It was now noon, and after riding three or four miles Sir Jeffery took meat and bread from a wallet that hung from his saddle and stayed his hunger. Then, after a drink from a clear stream, he went on his way.

His thoughts, as he cantered through the forest by a path that led towards Grafton Regis, ran much upon the Lady Grey. If, indeed, she had cast aside all further thought of him, how could he blame her? What woman could refuse a King, and a King so handsome, so resistless, so bold and unrelenting as Edward, whose will not the strongest and bravest man in the whole realm durst now oppose? But, if he could, the young knight meant to have one more glimpse of Elizabeth Grey before he quitted England—meant to have speech with her, if possible. He knew that she often rode in the afternoon, after the noontide meal at Grafton, through a certain piece of secluded woodland, where he had frequently met her in the happy days of the last six months. Before taking flight he would make an effort to see her once more, even if in doing so he exposed himself to some risk of capture.

Cantering along briskly on his fresh horse, therefore, he accomplished another five or six miles, and, rather more than an hour after noon, reached the place he had in his mind. It was a wonderfully sequestered glade, set among forest-trees and carpeted with short grass. Everywhere around pale primroses starred the earth, and the wild hyacinths, now bursting into flower, were already casting their shimmering spell of bloom far and wide through the ancient woodlands. Arrived at this fair and lonely spot, Aylmer dismounted and prepared with moody impatience to wait there for the next hour, during which at any moment the Lady Grey might ride that way.

Fate willed, singularly enough, that he should not be kept long in suspense. In a quarter of an hour his keen ear distinguished the tramp of horses and the jingle of a bit. Drawing with his horse behind a stout oak, he waited. Something within him told him that he would not be disappointed. It was even as he had wished and hoped; and in a few minutes Lady Grey, accompanied by Anthony Blackford, the discreet and faithful groom, who always attended her on these occasions, rode into the clearing. Sir Jeffery instantly quitted his place of concealment, led his horse forward, and doffing his cap, bowed low. The colour ran swiftly to the cheek of the lady as she recognised the young man in front of her. She reined in her pony and returned his salutation.

'Can I have speech with your ladyship for a brief space?' he asked.

She glanced with some apprehension round about the glade. Then her courage came to the rescue, her eye brightened, and her resolve was made.

'Anthony,' she said to her groom, 'do you wait here while I go forward with Sir Jeffery for a brief space. I would wish him farewell.' The groom was in most of Lady Grey's secrets; she knew she could trust him with her life.

He saluted and replied, 'An' it please your ladyship.'

The lady rode forward fifty paces into the woodland, the young knight walking by her side, and beyond the bole of a giant beech-tree they halted. They were a goodly couple, in truth, as they communed there. Elizabeth Grey, as queen of Edward IV., was reckoned the most beautiful princess in Christendom. Never, thought Aylmer, had her wondrous fairness, her tender blue-gray eyes, her thick, shining hair, more become her than to-day, when he was to lose her. And he, though Edward the King might overtop him in stature and commanding magnificence, was, with his slim,

athletic figure, broad shoulders, dark hair, sparkling brown eyes, and clear complexion, every inch a man. Theirs was but a brief interview. Sir Jeffery, knowing now all the facts, had not the heart to upbraid her upon whom he had staked his happiness. The temptation to match with a King was too splendid for any woman, and moreover there was no yea or nay in the matter. The King, her mother the Duchess of Bedford, her father, and all the Woodville kinsfolk were forces that were not to be resisted.

'Tell me, Elizabeth,' he said at length, after mutual explanation, 'had it been any other than King Edward should I have been put aside?'

'Indeed, Jeffery,' she said softly, 'not by me. Before this shadow of the throne fell across my path I had been content—nay, more than content—with thee, and would have joined my poor lot with thine, as thou knowest well. Prithee, put me from thy mind and forget me as swiftly as may be. Nothing can alter, nothing mend, this discomfiture of thine save time alone. Now, fare thee well. Kiss me once, in token of forgiveness, and let us part. I do risk much in thus meeting thee. Farewell, and think not too harshly of me.' The tears stood in her eyes and fell upon her soft cheeks.

Sir Jeffery raised his arms to the lady as she bent towards him from her saddle, and clasping them round her neck, kissed her upon the cheek and lips. 'Farewell, my sweet!' he said simply. 'Though I lose thee, thine image, as thou art to-day, will ever be in my heart.'

'Where goest thou now?' she asked.

'I ride this night for the coast,' he said, 'thence to take ship for France. But that is my secret and thine. King Edward hath designed me for the Tower, and perchance worse things, and I am already in flight.'

'Oh!' she gasped; 'I never dreamed there was danger for thee, Jeffery!'

At that moment there came from far away in the forest the deep, melodious baying of hounds in full cry.

Sir Jeffery sprang to his horse and gathered up his reins. His eyes now sparkled with the light of action. 'There come the royal hounds!' he exclaimed; 'and behind them rides your King, but not mine. Farewell, sweet; I must ride instantly!' With a last look at the lady's face and a wave of his hand, he plunged into the woodland and was gone.

Sir Jeffery Aylmer found his squire, Thomas Cowper, at the trysting-place, as he had expected. In wallets slung on either horse, Cowper had provided his master and himself with a change of raiment, and various small articles which he judged Sir Jeffery might require. That night they rode eastwards through the shires of Bedford and Cambridge, and after three hours' sleep at a quiet inn, continued their journey through Suffolk till, late at night, they reached the little fishing-hamlet of Walberswick on the River Blythe, near Southwold.

Sir Jeffery chose this tiny port for two reasons. First, he believed, when the hue-and-cry came, that he would be sought at King's Lynn, the nearest sea-town from Northamptonshire; secondly, at Walberswick there dwelt an old tenant of his father's, a fisherman, with whom he hoped to get passage to France or Flanders.

All turned out as he had hoped. The good fisherman, Sim Duncombe, was delighted to welcome the son of his old master, and to assist him every way possible. He had a large hoy; and in the vessel he could carry, not only Sir Jeffery and his squire, but, with a little contriving, their three horses.

Next morning, then, by noon, they put to sea; and, making with a west wind for Flanders, the young knight was put ashore at Ostend, and from there reached Bruges. It fell out as Sir Jeffery had expected. The hue-and-cry was not raised after him until the morning after the day of the King's hunting from Wappenham. Thanks to the precautions he had taken, his route to Suffolk was unnoticed, and the pursuit presently died down.

More than two months after landing in Flanders Sir Jeffery and his esquire, after devious wanderings through Germany, reached Poland, at that time and for long after well described as the Heaven of Nobles, the Paradise of Clerics, the Gold-mine of Foreigners, and the Hell of Peasants. Pushing their way through a barbarous and uncouth country, much of it wild and interminable forest, they reached at length, after many adventures, Warsaw. Here, while they rested for a few days and renewed their equipment—for they were very wayworn—they learned that the King was at Troki, a royal hunting-castle near Wilno, in Lithuania. Thither they directed their footsteps, and after more rough travelling, presently reached their destination.

Sir Jeffery, who, as a knight from England charged with important news for the Polish King, was hospitably welcomed by the castellan of Troki, was presented next morning.

Casimir IV., King of Poland, was of mixed Polish and Lithuanian blood, his mother, the beautiful Queen Jadwiga, greatniece of the famous warrior Casimir III., surnamed the Great, having married Ladislaus Jagiello, Prince of Lithuania, and thus united that principality with her own kingdom. Casimir was in stature somewhat above the middle height, with a long, lean face, resembling much, as Sir Jeffery long afterwards remembered, that of Henry VII. He spoke with a curious lisp.

The young English knight was duly presented in a great timbered hall, in which much magnificence of a somewhat barbaric kind was everywhere displayed.

The King spoke no French, and Sir Jeffery had not yet acquired sufficient Polish to make himself understood in that language. The interview was, therefore, conducted by a noble who was familiar with French, and acted as interpreter.

Sir Jeffery, having knelt and kissed the King's hand, and been questioned courteously concerning his journey, was asked to declare his mission. The hunting-horn lay within the breast of his handsome purple tunic. On the previous night he had taken it from the soft leather covering in which he had long kept it sewn for safety, and had carefully cleaned and polished it, so that, as he drew it forth, it shone resplendent. With both hands he now held it forth to King Casimir. 'Sire,' he said, 'I have come oversea from England and travelled far through Europe to deliver to thee this horn, which I believe to be thine own.'

No sooner had Casimir set eyes on his long-lost treasure than he sprang from his chair, held up both arms, and with an expression of mingled joy and fervour, exclaimed, 'By the Splendour of God! my lost hunting-horn! Mother of Jesus! I thank thee this day!'

Then, taking the trophy into both hands and kissing it, he blew on it three noble blasts, which rang loudly among the dark roof-beams of the great hall. Thereafter, breaking into a mighty laugh, he clapped the young English knight heartily on the shoulder and said, 'Thou hast done well indeed, Sir Knight. That ancient horn is worth to me a king's ransom; and if Casimir of Poland can make return to thee at any time for the great thing thou hast done for him, never look to him in vain. Now, tell me thy story, and how thou knewest the horn and of my loss!'

So Sir Jeffery told him all his story, omitting not a single detail of which the reader has cognisance.

King Casimir was as good as his word. He took Sir Jeffery into his service, bestowed upon him a title and an estate, and to the end of his life never failed in favour to him and his children.

Sir Jeffery Aylmer fought in the King's wars against the Teutonic Knights, and after the peace of Thorn, having performed much good service, was endowed with further favour and possessions. Some years after his entry into Poland he married, at the King's suggestion, a daughter of one of the great Polish nobles, and by her had children.

After the death of Edward IV., Sir Jeffery, who had long been in communication with the Lancastrian party, journeyed to Brittany and had audience of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. He became one of the Earl's devoted adherents, and advanced him money for his descent upon England in 1485.

When Henry Tudor crossed the sea and defeated the usurper, Richard III., at Bosworth Field, Sir Jeffery was by his side and took part in that famous victory. Thereafter, by favour of Henry VII., he was restored to all his English estates, to which his eldest son subsequently succeeded. To his second son, upon his death, he bequeathed his Polish and Lithuanian possessions. It is perhaps worth recording that, although the lineal descendants of Sir Jeffery Aylmer have died out in England, to this day you may find, in what is now the south-west of Russia and Northern Prussia, direct representatives of the young English knight who had the good fortune to become the restorer of the King's hunting-horn to its rightful owner.

THE END.

PENGUIN-EGG COLLECTING.

YING off the south-western corner of Cape Colony, and a little to the north of Capetown, are a group of islands of which Dassen, Jutten, and Malagassen Islands are the largest and most prominent. They appear nothing more than rocky islets, whose jagged rocks projecting above the level of the sea offer an emphatic warning to the navigator not to venture too closely. Should the passing vessel approach sufficiently near, the traveller will observe the islands to be crowded with birds, and probably will dismiss them from his mind with the thought that they are merely the isolated and well-nigh inaccessible strongholds of the sea-fowl clustering on their barren sides.

Such, however, is far from being the case. Although the three above-named islands, which constitute the largest and most important of the group, do not cover in the aggregate more than from twenty to thirty acres of ground, yet they are the centre of two flourishing industries. The islands are the property of the Government, and their sanctity is carefully preserved. No one is allowed to intrude upon their shores without express permission. They are as closely protected as a hoard of treasure, and upon each island is stationed a resident official or ranger, for whom comfortable quarters are provided, and who on behalf of his employers maintains a practically autocratic sway. Though one might probably search in vain for traces of precious metals or gems, the existence of which might be suggested by the thoroughness of the reservation, yet they yield two articles of commercial value which repsent a satisfactory revenue to the Colonial Government. The first of these is guano, of which huge deposits are to be found on these sea-girt rocks; the other is penguin-eggs.

The last-named industry is becoming of more importance every year, and a decided stimulus has been imparted to the trade by the recent successful introduction of the eggs into Britain. In South Africa the edible is as common as the ordinary hen's egg, and is a favourite addition to the breakfast-table. In fact, owing to its peculiarly easy digestible qualities, combined with an appetising flavour, it is greatly preferred to the smaller product

of the domestic fowl; while the fact that it is considerably larger renders it a good square meal in itself.

In general appearance the egg resembles somewhat that of the goose, to which it also approximates in size. A peculiarity in cooking, however, is that the white or albumen never becomes solidified and white, as is the case with the hen's egg, but preserves its jelly-like consistency of a very pale-blue colour. No matter how long cooking may be prolonged, it will always retain this character, though the yolk itself will become set in the usual manner. It is owing to this peculiarity that the albumen of the penguin's egg is so easily digestible and constitutes such a valuable dietetic for invalids. In view of the fact that the bird depends for its sustenance upon fish, it might be conceived that the egg will necessarily have a fishy flavour; but such a conclusion would be quite fallacious.

Upon these islands the penguins thrive in their thousands, or it might truthfully be said in their millions, for they jostle and fight one another for their very existence. Being under severe protection, they multiply exceedingly, and although their nests are remorselessly robbed of their contents during a certain season of the year, their ranks suffer no diminution. Among their native haunts the birds are very tame, and will allow the visitor to walk among them without being molested. In fact, to wend your path over the beach is a somewhat difficult matter, since, owing to their great numbers, they stand shoulder to shoulder, and refuse to budge an inch to make room for you to pass. Should, therefore, one be in your way, to effect progress without injuring it you must unceremoniously push it on one side, an unprovoked summary assault which the bird will often immediately resent by attacking its neighbour. Such tameness is somewhat extraordinary, since those that occasionally become cast up on the mainland, which is only a few miles away, by unfavourable currents, exhibit extreme timidity, and immediately beat a retreat to a safe refuge upon man's approach. So densely are the islands covered by these birds that the quarters of the Government rangers have to be surrounded with low walls to keep them from flocking into the private precincts of the dwelling.

Under the peculiar conditions prevailing, the islands offer unique advantages for studying the habits and movements of these birds at close range, and from the results of such privileged investigations our knowledge concerning these interesting birds has been considerably extended. They are a well-ordered community, and carry out the law of self-preservation to the letter. They have a code of laws to which they adhere very closely, and woe betide the venturesome one who should dare to exceed its limits. In the first place, each bird selects its own particular site for its nest, which is the crudest structure it is possible to conceive, existing in many cases in name only. Upon its return from a foraging or other expedition a bird will immediately return to its home, and although one is as like another as two peas it never makes a mistake. At the same time, the bird is rather fond of embellishing its rude home with any odds and ends which it may find. It may be the rim of a discarded piece of headgear, a scrap of iron, a nail, or a screw. This it bears triumphantly to its home, lays it in the desired position, and then stands guard over it. Possibly other birds, jealous of such decoration, attempt to take forcible possession of the trophy, or will perhaps resort to surreptitious theft during the owner's absence. In any event the upshot is the same. A terrific combat ensues between rightful owner and purloiner, the other birds observing the battle-royal with the utmost unconcern.

As the penguins, from their peculiar build, must necessarily live on the strip of land fringing the sea, other winged inhabitants must take up their abode beyond the limits of their settlement. Should one inadvertently settle in the penguins' domain, the latter make an attack in force and the intruder is either despatched right away or beats a hurried retreat. The result is that a state of civil war is eternally raging on the islands between the various kinds of birds. This is illustrated more strikingly on Malagassen Island, where the internal districts constitute the abode of the indigenous goose. There is an understood frontier-line dividing the colonies of the two species, and should one or the other trespass over that invisible line of demarcation a general mêlée ensues. Hordes of each community hurry up to the scene of action, and a conflict all along the line is waged, the contest being maintained for hours. The two colonies of birds are thus in a constant state of suspicion and suppressed warfare, but so long as either side keeps religiously to its own preserves peace prevails.

At the same time, however, the birds show a highly developed intelligence in the art of warfare. In some instances, when the penguins wish to land upon another island already indisputably tenanted by some other representative of the winged tribe, they do not make individual sallies at various points, but select a suitable landing-place. Then they assume a wedge formation and make a combined attack, literally forcing their way through their opponents' ranks, viciously fighting inch by inch. It might be thought that, being unable to fly, the penguins are at a great disadvantage, but this is by no means the case. They are veritable Spartans in warfare, and each member will fight until he drops, when another is immediately available to fill his place. The result is that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the efforts of the penguins prove successful, and they cut their way through the forces of the defenders until they reach a suitable spot, where they will assume possession and defy to the bitter end any efforts to dislodge them. Under such strategic circumstances the penguins invariably remain the victors.

These birds are most prolific layers, and the

collection of the eggs is attended with a certain amount of excitement. The collecting period is prescribed by the Government, and falls into the months of March, April, and May. The egg-gathering is systematically set about. Upon a certain day the whole of the nests will be cleared, and then a few days allowed to elapse before another similar wholesale raid is made. The right to exploit the islands is allotted by contract, and about seven men are despatched from the mainland with the requisite instructions, to be carried out under the supervision of the resident ranger.

The collectors protect their legs with some stout material to preserve them from the snapping bites of the birds, and are equipped with a short stick having an iron crook at the end. Naturally, the birds resent such robbery of their homes, and vigorously contest the depredations. They cannot be frightened from their nests, and sit over their eggs in sullen obstinacy. To attempt to remove a bird from its position by hand would be to invite a savage snap, so the collector unceremoniously inserts his crook beneath the bird, scoops the eggs out, and then picks them up.

The eggs when collected are packed in boxes and despatched to the mainland at frequent intervals during the season. On the last day of this ordained period the collectors make a final onslaught upon the nests, and pick up every egg they can find, so that not one is left. From this time onwards, however, the penguins are permitted to continue the even tenor of their way without fear of molestation. During the whole of the breeding-season the rangers maintain an unceasing vigilance to protect the penguins from any disturbance. Owing to the thorough character of this preservation the ranks of the birds suffer no depletion from sportsmen or other visitors to the islands bent on securing the plumes of the neck and head, which are of commercial value for tippets and other forms of feminine decoration. Similarly, during the guano-season, which is similarly officially prescribed, the birds suffer no untoward interference.

Some idea of the extent of the penguin-egg industry and the value of these isolated rocks to the revenue coffers of the Government may be gathered from the fact that on the average some five million eggs are annually collected. They find a ready market in South Africa, and, as already stated, constitute appreciated comestibles. Lately, in the search for a new market, the Cape Colonial Government despatched a consignment to Britain. Britishers who had already become familiar with the digestive and nourishing qualities of the penguin-egg while in South Africa rapidly availed themselves of the opportunity to renew their acquaintance therewith, and, as their characteristics were soon recognised in other quarters, a certain steady demand was produced. At first, however, they rather constituted an addition to the table of the epicure, being sold on the average at about six shillings a dozen; but as the supply has since been increased the market price has fallen by over 50 per cent., and in a short time the eggs will be brought within the reach of all.

As in domestic circles, the penguin has his marital and matrimonial troubles. The fancies of a male bird will be centred upon some fascinating member of the opposite sex. The chances are that he will find within a short time that the latter's admiration has already been bestowed upon another, or she has been already mated. Having no court of law to appeal to for redress, the intended or husband promptly takes the matter into his own hands, and proceeds to administer timely castigation to the impertinently amorous one. A savage conflict takes place, invariably in the presence of the cause of the controversy, who stolidly stands by or maintains occupation of her nest, regarding the combat with complete indifference. Such battles are often maintained for several hours on end, until the rival is vanquished, when the conqueror returns to the company of his lady-love.

TO A DREAM.

While yet the world was gray,
Ere the hot glories of the nascent day
Had set the skies aflame,
Swift to my slumber-weighted soul you came,
And swiftly passed away.

The wind blew cool and sweet
Across a sandy beach, that stretched to meet
Ocean and azure sky;
And white-capped waves caressed unceasingly
The pebbles at my feet.

Afar, dark pine-trees bent
To give the perfumed air a drowsier scent;
And shadowy hills arose,
Pale in the splendour of untrodden snows,
Toward the firmament.

And by the water clear
A woman stood, whom once I held most dear,
With starry eyes that shone
Even as they had done in days bygone,
Ere envious Death drew near.

She smiled. It was as rain
On the parched earth wherein my heart had lain;
She bent her lips to mine,
And through my veins there ran the fiery wine
Of Youth and Hope again.

So stood we for a space,
Till a strange darkness hid her radiant face.
It passed. A throstle broke
Into wild melody, and I awoke
From my dream trysting-place.

I ask no more than this
Of the great gods who grant such transient bliss:
That, waking, I may keep
One jewelled moment from the crown of sleep—
The memory of Her kiss!

William Freeman.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE AIR-SHIP IN GERMANY.

By RICHARD THIRSK.

THE problem of conquering the air has exercised the imagination of man ever since the creation of flying things. Long years before he had any command over the sea, while its extent was still unknown to him, he was ambitious to soar up into the third element, and to wander literally among the clouds.

In the myths and sagas of most countries, even of distant Mongolia, we find some reference to the fascinating problem of flying. It was not, however, until the discovery of the buoyancy of hot air, and later of gas, that anything practical was possible. In the interval the idea of flying had undergone a curious change. Instead of perpetuating tradition and fashioning wings like a bird, ambitious aeronauts constructed air-ships in the form of fishes. The first invention of this kind ascended in France in 1784, and flew a distance of some twelve miles. Exactly one year prior to this the famous balloonist Montgolfier, the propounder of a scheme to land troops on Gibraltar in hot-air balloons in order to wrest it from the English, made his first successful balloon ascent.

Little more than six years later an 'aeronautic fish' made its appearance in England. The object of its inventor, a Mr Assgil, of Wooler, in Northumberland, was to make it swim against the air-current in much the same manner as a fish swims against the stream. That there was something practical in the device is proved by the fact that he managed to remain in the air for nearly half-an-hour; and although at the end of that time something went wrong with the machinery, he was able to return to his starting-place.

As this was practically the first air-ship which was under the control of its conductor, the following report, taken from an old chronicle, is of more than passing interest. The writer says: 'Its interior machinery, which served the double purpose of setting the wings and sails in motion, also made it possible to alter considerably the shape of the fish. When I arrived the fish was just being filled with gas, and after everything was in readiness it rose into the air with ease. The monster animal, wriggling through the air and moving its tail with all the appearance of nature, was indeed a wonderful sight.'

Experts have found that a bottle-nosed bow and a sharp-pointed stern offer least resistance to the air, and such air-ships can therefore not only travel faster, but balance better and are consequently more reliable. For this reason most air-ships are now constructed in the shape of a huge cigar—a form first adopted by French inventors, and dating from the 9th of August 1884, exactly a quarter of a century ago. On that date the brothers Renard stayed in the air for twenty-five minutes, returning safely at the end of that time to the place from whence they started. Since then the French have done much to further the science of aeronautics, and Bleriot's crossing of the Channel in his aeroplane on 25th July excited world-wide applause.

As an earnest of the diligence with which the task is being prosecuted, it need only be mentioned that the universities of most progressive nations are founding chairs of aeronautics. In this respect Germany, where its practicability has been conclusively proved, is leading the way. Already there is a large army of professors and workers in connection with the universities and technical high-schools, and their number is being constantly increased. These men are paid for devoting their time entirely to the subject of aerial navigation and for instructing students in its theory and practice. Attached to all these institutions are suitable places for experimenting on an extensive scale; and the importance of the work being done in this way is amply proved by what Germany has already accomplished. It is to the healthy competition among these diligent workers, and to the business-like way in which they have grappled with and overcome the most disheartening difficulties, that Germany owes the great advance it has made in this regard compared with other nations.

Considering that the present type of air-ship is

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

now twenty-five years old, it must be admitted that progress has been somewhat slow. Many reasons are given for this, chief of which has been the difficulty of obtaining suitable driving-power and of inventing sufficiently light motors. Yet there is nothing so very discouraging in this, especially when we bear in mind the long and tedious process through which the steamship had to pass before it evolved into its present stage of perfection. Another point that must not be lost sight of is, that until the flights accomplished a little over a year ago public opinion was antagonistic to air-ships, and the pioneers were looked upon as being crack-brained idiots who courted death. Now that they have been able to prove that there is some method in their madness people are beginning to take them more seriously, and to encourage them with the necessary financial support, which has enabled them to make such astounding progress.

To the residents of Berlin air-ships manœuvring overhead have become an everyday sight, and any one who has watched them carrying out their evolutions over the housetops with as much ease and certainty as a ship on the sea can no longer doubt that the air-ship has come to stay, and is fast becoming a recognised institution. It requires no prophet to predict that in less than a decade people will be stepping into the car of an air-ship and travelling from place to place with as little thought as they to-day board a steamer. The former will be looked upon as being as much a part of everyday life as the latter, and will excite less wonder than did the first voyage round the world.

Already the Kaiser and a number of royal personages have travelled in air-ships, and arrangements are being completed for the inauguration of a passenger service between Hamburg in the north and Lucerne in the south. In connection with this line of air-ships, halls or stations are being built in a number of the more important towns on the Rhine lying within the line of route. It is freely mooted that Berlin and Munich will also be linked up with this system. The Hamburg-Switzerland line is to be opened next spring, and the estimated cost of the whole journey for one passenger is twenty-five pounds. Between twenty-five and thirty passengers are to be carried at a time, for whom adequate arrangements are to be made for eating and sleeping during the journey. This undertaking is being financed by the Zeppelin Air-Ship Company, whose latest scheme, in which the Kaiser is taking a great interest, is to make some air-ship explorations in the polar regions next spring. According to the official programme, numerous voyages are to be made northward from Franz-Josef Land and Spitsbergen. There are reasons for believing that this programme is somewhat misleading, and has been made public so that in the event of failure the reputation of the company may not suffer. It will be remembered that a similar course was adopted in connection with Graf Zeppelin's famous Whitsuntide tour. When he left Friedrichshaven he was officially announced to be merely making a trial trip, whereas the real intention was to reach Berlin if possible. Although the company has denied it, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the object of going into the Arctic regions is to make a dash for the North Pole. An interesting feature of this journey is that the air-ship is to travel all the way from Germany to the north, through Norway, without any assistance whatever.

It is not, however, the object of this article to deal with future plans and schemes, but with accomplished facts. In this regard it must be admitted that, as far as Germany is concerned, nearly all the work on air-ships has been done by army officers, most of them supported by the military authorities. When private individuals or companies have constructed independently, it has always been on the strict understanding that their air-ships, if successful, would be bought by the German Government. The reason for this is not far to seek. The authorities are convinced that the air-ship is destined to become a very important branch of both services, and is likely entirely to revolutionise modern warfare. A similar idea actuates the inventors themselves, for Graf Zeppelin explained that he strove 'to invent a means of travelling that will make it possible to connect naval stations with an army by the shortest possible route; which will be able to carry persons, despatches, and the like; also, for observing an enemy's fleet, and for discovering strategetical advantages in a hostile country, such as the arming of fortresses, collecting and movements of troops, such information being sent to headquarters by means of pigeon-post or signals. The only possibility for such a means of travelling is through the air.'

Ever since Montgolfier's scheme, to which reference has already been made, and Napoleon's famous plan for landing his troops in England by means of balloons, the subject has continued to make a strong appeal to military men. History records to what practical use balloons were put during the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-71. During those five eventful months sixty-five balloons left the besieged city, carrying in them important despatches to the French army scattered throughout the country. As nearly all of them had carrier-pigeons on board, communication was thus established between the besieged and their friends outside. Although the Germans knew this, and also that the Dictator Gambetta had managed to make good his escape by this means, they were powerless to prevent it. Their cannon-balls failed to reach the floating targets in the air, and only some four or five of the balloons fell into their hands.

Graf Zeppelin, who previously had some experience in military ballooning during the American Civil War, having made his first ascent in a captive balloon at St Paul, in Canada, was an eyewitness of these siege balloons, and was so impressed with their great possibilities in time of

war that immediately on retiring from the army he began those experiments which have made his name famous.

After practising with air-propellers for driving small boats on Lake Constance, he built his first air-ship. The initial trials were only partially successful, and had to be given up entirely in October 1900 through lack of funds. For an interval of five years nothing was heard of it until, on again making its appearance, the air-ship fouled the tug-boat used for bringing it out of its hall, resulting in serious damage, and necessitating its return to the repairing shed. On the 17th January 1906 it rose to a height of four hundred and fifty metres. Suddenly the motors stopped working, and the air-ship was driven inland, where during a storm it was almost completely wrecked.

Nothing daunted, the plucky inventor set to work again. He had received pecuniary assistance from the Government, and on 30th September a new air-ship was completed, in which he made an eight hours' journey. In the same dirigible he voyaged into Switzerland and back on the 1st July of the next year, remaining in the air twelve hours. Encouraged by this success, he set out on the 4th of the following month, with twelve passengers on board, to attempt the long-distance test required by the Government before buying his invention. Soon after the start one of the motors broke down, and after five hours a landing had to be effected to discharge ballast and five of the passengers. The defect was temporarily repaired, but the motor stopped again on the morning of the 5th. A strong wind was blowing, against which it was impossible to make progress with only one motor, necessitating a second landing. In the course of twenty-one hours a distance of six hundred and fifty kilometres had been covered. Unfortunately a violent thunderstorm arose before the motor could be put in order, and the air-ship was driven from its anchorage before the wind on to some fruit-trees. The force of the impact and the electricity generated by the friction ignited the gas collected between the inner balloons and the outer covering, causing a terrific explosion, and in a few seconds the whole structure was totally destroyed.

Disheartening as the disaster proved, ruining the patient toil of many years, it was nevertheless accompanied by good. It proved the turning-point in the fortunes of the inventor, for the sympathy of the nation went out to him, and the financial support of which he stood so much in need was immediately forthcoming. On receiving official information of what had happened, the Government telegraphed to the Graf twenty-five thousand pounds, a public subscription was opened without delay which realised over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and a limited company for the building of air-ships of the Zeppelin type was formed, having a capital of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Out of the public funds the *Zeppelin I.* was built. While it was still making its trials the Kaiser and various members of the Imperial House went for lengthy trips, and expressed their great satisfaction at the ease with which it could be manœuvred in the air. Later it performed the journey from Lake Constance to Munich and back, and has now passed into the possession of the military authorities to do service at the fortress of Metz, under the charge of the air-ship battalion.

From the wreckage of the exploded air-ship was constructed the *Zeppelin II.*, in which the journey from Friedrichshaven to Berlin and back was undertaken. Though unfavourable weather conditions prevented the capital being reached, and an accident on landing to take in a fresh supply of benzine almost ended in disaster the career of *Zeppelin II.*, this remains the record performance up till now accomplished in any dirigible balloon. It was in the air for no less than thirty-nine hours, during which it travelled in a given direction close upon seven hundred kilometres.

Meantime *Zeppelin III.* has appeared, and promises to do better than all its predecessors, and prove a great advance in the science of aeronautics. Work in connection with other Zeppelin air-ships is so far advanced that as soon as the halls, or harbours, as they are called, are ready it will only be necessary to put the parts together. As one of the bylaws of the Zeppelin Company forbids the use of their air-ships outside of Germany, and as all air-ships are placed unreservedly at the disposal of the military authorities in the event of war, it can readily be understood that in a short time the nation will be in possession of a large air-ship fleet.

In appearance the Zeppelin air-ship resembles a huge, sharp-pointed, sixteen-cornered column, one hundred and thirty-six metres long and thirteen metres broad, floating horizontally in the air. Hollowed aluminium tubes form the ribs, which are held together by cross-beams and steel wires, so that on our looking into the interior it resembles the spokes in a cycle wheel. By this means the interior is divided into eighteen parts, each of which contains a separate gas-balloon. Hence it is possible that in warfare a bullet may enter one of the balloons, causing the gas to escape, and still not bring the air-ship down or put it out of action, since the remaining seventeen balloons would most probably remain intact. Over the whole framework is stretched a waterproof covering of specially prepared cotton-wool, having a silvery sheen and polished to offer less resistance in the air.

Underneath is a long carrier, like a ship's keel, for strengthening the structure and supporting the two aluminium cars, one fore and the other aft. Connecting these is a covered-in way, along which a little truck runs on rails for carrying the tools and implements necessary when travelling. As the weight in the truck is very considerable, it is employed as moving ballast, and plays a most important part in ascending and descending. When the truck is near to the aft cage the bow naturally

rises, and when the truck is pushed forward the bow dips, shaping the course downward.

This middle way is a special feature of the Zeppelin air-ship, and is fitted out more comfortably and luxuriously than a first-class railway carriage. It has celluloid windows at the side and in the floor, through which one may look down upon the moving panorama beneath. Both ends are closed by revolving celluloid doors against the cold wind, and the interior can be electrically heated and lighted at night. On either side are upholstered seats and collapsible dining and writing tables. Swung from the roof are hammocks in which the crew may sleep between watches.

In each car is a Daimler benzine motor of one hundred and five effective horse-power. The front motor drives two air-propellers, port and starboard of the bow, while the rear motor turns the propellers situated right and left of the stern. The steering and working, the regulating of the air-flaps, gas-valves, and distributing of the water-ballast—no sand-ballast is used—are all managed from the fore car. In it are also found the charts and compass, and a number of sensitive instruments for measuring speed, wind velocity, and such like, together with a barometer for showing automatically the varying heights at which the air-ship is travelling.

Jutting out from the bow and stern are fin-like projections for balancing and giving stability to the air-ship. Together with these are the vertical and horizontal rudders; the latter for ascending and descending, the former for steering the course. These are mounted on light frames covered with stout canvas.

This is by far the most comfortable of the three distinct types of air-ships in Germany, which are the Zeppelin, or rigid type; the Gross, or semi-rigid; and the Parsefal, or flexible. Though the first, which is the largest and most expensive, is the most popular, experts are divided in their opinions concerning its merits or advantages over the others. Experience seems to prove that each type has its own advantages, and the likelihood is that when air-ship fleets come to be composed after the manner of naval fleets all three systems will be employed; the Zeppelin being the battleships of the air, the Gross resembling cruisers, and the Parsefal resembling torpedo-boats for scouting and reconnaissance. This last is the cheapest; next to it comes the Gross, costing ten thousand pounds; while a Zeppelin amounts to seventeen thousand pounds. According to this computation, something like two hundred and fifty air-ships can be built for the price of one first-class battleship, which means that an almost limitless air-fleet could be kept up at a fraction of the present naval outlay.

The Gross air-ship is called after its inventor, the commander of the air-ship detachment of the German army. It contains four thousand five hundred cubic metres of gas, and is propelled by two motors. Under the cigar-shaped body is a light framework to which the cage is hung. This framework holds the balloon firm; hence its name—semi-rigid. The collapsible Parsefal can be transported in carts when emptied of its six thousand seven hundred cubic metres of gas. In shape it resembles a sausage, and the cage, in which ten people can be accommodated, is hung on to the balloon by broad bands. A distinct novelty of this system is the method of ascending and descending. In the bow and in the stern are small balloons which can be filled with air from the cage and emptied at will. On filling the stern balloon, that part of the body is made heavier, and in consequence the bow rises, pointing upward, in which direction the air-ship is driven by the motors. For landing, the reverse process takes place; and for balancing on high, both air-balloons are emptied.

Both the Gross and the Parsefal may be seen almost any day over Berlin, where they are stationed. They have been tested at army manœuvres, and have given the greatest satisfaction in scouting, reconnoitring, and carrying despatches. Quite recently the Gross was supplied with a special system of wireless telegraphy, by means of which it is hoped to establish constant communication with headquarters and also with other air-ships of the fleet.

At present this airship fleet consists of three Zeppelins, three Parsefals, and two Gross dirigibles. To these must be added a number of air-ships built or building by private companies. Most important among these is the monster measuring one hundred and thirty-five metres long by sixty metres wide now being built at Mannheim. Nineteen thousand cubic metres of gas will be required to fill it, and the four motors of between five hundred and six hundred horse-power are intended to drive it at a speed of fifty to sixty kilometres an hour. This air-ship is to be ready in the autumn of this year, and, according to the model, is to be a combination of all the three systems, though it will be lighter than the Zeppelin, which weighs as heavy as the sleeping-car of a corridor train.

Another air-ship promised for the autumn, of which great things are expected, is the Siemens-Schuckert, on which a staff of engineers has been employed for the last two years. It is of the Parsefal type, measuring one hundred and twenty-five metres long by thirteen metres broad, and having a gas-holding capacity of thirteen thousand cubic metres, divided between two gas-bags made of specially prepared three-ply cotton-wool. In the fore cage there are two Daimler motors of one hundred and twenty-five horse-power each, and another pair of the same strength in the aft cage. In the middle of the body is a third cage for the steering-gear and aeronautic instruments. Particular interest attaches to this dirigible, as it is expected to decide the dispute regarding the merits of the rigid and collapsible types. Experts fear the increased danger of having so much gas in one balloon, and also draw attention to the great wastage

Yet it is a remarkable fact that all inventors add to the size and gas-holding capacity of every new air-ship they build, also to its motor-power.

As has already been pointed out, it is as an instrument of war that the air-ship is regarded in Germany. All the construction going on in the country is partially financed by the Government on condition that the naval or military authorities shall have the first offer of purchasing after the initial trials.

Since its establishment in 1884, the air-ship detachment of the German army has continued to increase in importance until now it has become a recognised branch of the service, consisting of several battalions, to which large drafts of officers and men are commanded for certain fixed periods of theoretical and practical training. Hence the number of competent men is not limited to those serving at the depôts for air-ships, and a strong reserve is always at hand to man each new dirigible that passes into the possession of the authorities.

Extensive practice is carried out in dropping dynamite torpedoes on targets; photographing forts and positions of troops, and sending the films by means of pigeon-post to be developed and printed at headquarters; and in signalling by means of a number of balls hung over the side on a rod, especially employed in connection with artillery target-practice.

In this the navy also takes part. Flights are made from Heligoland and Kiel, and it is suspected that the *Parsefal I.* and *Gross I.*, both of which disappeared mysteriously from Berlin some months ago, are now used for this purpose. Naturally, the greatest secrecy is observed in all these preparations, and much of the experimental work is conducted under cover of the night; yet it is clear to all who have had occasion to study the subject even from a distance that those responsible for the services of the army and navy air-ships are doing all in their power to make them as perfect instruments of war as human invention can contrive.

VANESSA.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next fortnight passed in a delightful manner. The marquis and the squire became great friends, and his lordship insisted on sending daily to the sanatorium a comfortably springed, low-set phaeton which his uncle, to whom he succeeded in the title, had built for his wife's convalescence after a bad hunting-accident, and which had been unused for years. In this Uncle Goodman drove daily through the Oldsborough woods, sometimes with one of us and sometimes with another, but never with Vanessa, who pretended that she must recreate in her car after the confinement of nursing, of which up to this time she had made light.

'You don't mind, godfather, do you?' she asked; and he, with an amused look in his eye, acquiesced.

He said to me when we were driving one day, 'Mary, does Vanessa ever come into these grounds in her car?'

'I don't think so, uncle.'

'I suppose she does not want to appear as if she were taking possession already, eh?'

'I think, dear, she is quite right,' I said. 'If ever she comes here it will not be in nurse's uniform.'

'No, I don't suppose it will; but something tells me that the pleasures of this lovely place admit of being enhanced to me, and to more than me,' he said dreamily.

I put my hand on his and pressed it, saying, 'It is all the place needs to make it perfect to us, isn't it?' And he smiled and nodded.

Vanessa told me that same day that when she had the car out one of her driving chains had snapped at a link and come off, and that while she and Tommy were looking ruefully at it lying like a serpent in the road, 'he'—she always called him 'he' to me now—came up on horseback, and finding out their dilemma, had sent Tommy on the horse to fetch his motorman and a new chain—fortunately both cars were fitted with Brampton chains.

'And what do you think he said to me?'

'What?'

'He said, with his own smile, "My dear Miss King, if I had the charge of you, you would not be out in your car without a spare chain in your locker."'

'And what did you reply to that?'

'I don't know,' she said quickly. 'What should I have said, miss?'

'Well,' I said laughing, 'you might have told him that you did not know yet what it was to go about always with a chain.'

'Indeed! Well, that was not what I said, so there. I will tell you what I said.'

'I thought I heard you say just this moment that you did not know what you said?'

'Mitey, don't be nasty! What I did say was, "You see I am only a woman."'

'Oh, and I know how you looked when you said it!'

'Do you? Well, I think I was really meek for once in my life. I had a feeling of being mastered.'

'And what did he say?'

'Oh, well, he didn't say anything; he looked, and I felt that our eyes spoke. And then he suddenly changed the subject, and said, "But you have some tools." And in a trice he had the locker open, and, picking out a spanner, set to work at

something underneath—I don't know what. I could not bear the silence, and I said, stooping down to look, "What is that you are working at?" And he said, "A male and female screw."

'"A what?" I asked, going down on my knees that I might see better. "A male and female screw. I suppose they call it that because sometimes they fit so close that there is no separating them, and sometimes it is difficult to get them to join at all." "Oh indeed! That is a joke, is it?" "No, indeed, it's often no joke by any means."

'I was getting nettled, and on the point of giving a sharp reply, feeling that my sex was being attacked; but Tommy arrived on the scene in *his* car, and with the motorman and the new chain, and *he* immediately began to put it on.

'"Had you not better let your man do it? You will get so dirty and tired," I said. He looked up at me, and all the banter was out of his face, and he said, "If you knew what a pleasure it is to me to do anything for you, you would let me do it." And, Mitey, I felt he meant it, and wished me to feel that he did, and I must have blushed, for as I raised myself up Tommy made a little grimace and grinned, so that I could willingly have boxed his ears.

'We were soon off again, and he insisted on coming to the gate in case the chain required any adjustment.

'"May I thank you?" I said as we parted. "Please do not," said he; "why should I be thanked for half-an-hour that has been one of the happiest I ever spent?" Mitey, that half-hour was the first I ever passed alone with him, and it was impossible to see his face and to doubt. I wonder what he saw in mine. I could not pretend. I hope he did not see more than—more than'——

'Never mind what "more than,"' I broke in. 'Your Mitey understands perfectly, and knows exactly what he saw, and that it was what he ought to have seen, and no more.'

'You are a helpful dear!' was all she said, as she passed into the squire's room.

Next day, when mother and I were in the sitting-room alone, I told of this adventure on the road, and had only done so when a waiter came in with a card on a tray. The name on it was Mrs Saxilby. When mother had read the name aloud she said, 'Show the lady up.'

While we were waiting I said, 'That is the lady whom I have dubbed "The Dame of the Fifty Crests," as the harness on her great horses is like a silversmith's window. I wonder why she is calling on us.'

'Oh, it is good-natured of her to think of it,' said mother, who always believes the best of people if she can.

We heard the *frou-frou* of heavy silks coming along the corridor, and the German waiter announced 'Misteress Saxeelbee.'

Mother and I rose, and there entered a severely bonnected, broad, and heavily cloaked person, to whom mother said, 'It is most kind of you to call,' and asked her to sit down. Whereupon she spread herself out upon the sofa like a great hen having a hatching on; but we soon found that there was more of the cockatrice about her than the baradeor fowl.

'Oh ma'am,' she said, fiddling with her reticule, 'it is, I regret to say, not a society call I am making. It is with regard to certain painful matters which have come under my observation that I desire to speak. Being the wife of the mayor here, I have a duty to do.' She hesitated and then said, 'I would prefer that we were alone,' with a gesture towards me.

I rose to leave the room, but mother said, 'No; please stay, Mary.' And then to her visitor, 'My daughter and I have no secrets from one another, and I would rather that she should remain. You cannot have come to say anything she should not hear.'

It seemed to me that mother preferred to have a witness, scenting already something unpleasantly offensive in the air.

'Very well, ma'am—very well, if you compel me to speak in the young lady's presence,' said my lady, waving her fat hands outwards and again back into her capacious lap, 'of course you must take the blame yourself.'

'I do not know what you mean by blame,' said mother very quietly. 'You had better proceed with what you came to say.'

The mayoress seemed rather disconcerted at mother's well-bred quietness of tone, and said, 'I would have preferred not to come on this mission.'

'Mission! Pardon me, but if you come from some one else I should like to know who it is before you go further.'

She looked embarrassed, and picked at the arm of the sofa with her fingers, saying, 'Oh, well, when I said "mission" I did not exactly mean—but you understand, don't you?'

'No, I am afraid I don't.'

'Well, I have come because I have a mission as the wife of the mayor to maintain the "*convenances*," as the French say, don't you know?'

'Oh, do they?' said mother, without moving a muscle. 'Pray proceed.'

'I shall perhaps surprise you?'

'I do not think you will do so more than you have done already.'

'It is about the nurse who is with your party. I do not suppose you can be aware of what is going on.'

She paused, but mother looked straight at her and said nothing. My fists clenched, but I kept still.

'It is really very difficult. I do not know how to begin.'

'I am afraid I cannot help you.'

'Are you aware that she takes out a motor-car and drives it herself?'

'Yes, I am quite aware of it.'

'Well, it is my duty to tell you that, passing along the road this morning, I saw her and a gentleman of position in this neighbourhood crouching behind the car at the side of the road, so intently occupied with one another that they did not even notice my carriage as it passed.'

I leaned forward, bursting with anger, and was about to speak, when mother with a gesture stopped me, and said, 'And, pray, is that all you wish to tell me?'

'All! I should think it is quite enough.'

'*Quite* enough.—Mary, ring the bell.'

'But, madam'——

'Excuse me, I do not desire to hear anything more.'

At this moment Stocks appeared, and mother rose and said, 'Please show this lady down.'

Her ladyship fairly gasped. 'Do you mean to turn me out?'

'I understood you had said all you had to say; and, if so, you will not wish to intrude any longer.'

Stocks discreetly went outside the door. My lady rose and raked us both with what was doubtless intended to be a withering glance, but which almost made me laugh, and she fired a parting shot: 'It is plain to me that you two are in league with this designing woman to entrap the marquis, but he shall be warned.' And she swept out of the room with an air that was intended to represent the dignity of outraged decorum as she rustled through the doorway.

Mother looked up at me, and her shoulders gave an almost imperceptible shrug. 'Mary,' she said, 'keep your own counsel about this, and leave me to deal with it. I am glad I was able to keep calm.'

'I was amazed that you could,' I replied. 'I should have liked to take her by the shoulders and push her out.'

'Yes; but that would have been coming down to her level.' And then mother gave a little laugh, and said, 'I should like very much to see the scene between her and the marquis, if it ever comes off.'

At this point we were interrupted by a visit of a very different kind. Another card was brought up, and a lady, Mrs Arthur De Burgh, was shown in. Mother was, I thought for the moment, suspicious; but a first glance was enough to show how different a person we had to deal with from the mayoress. Dear reader, has it not been your lot once at least in life to meet one of whom it would be flattery to say that she had one good feature from the beauty-show point of view, and yet the face with its glowing, healthy complexion, and its eager, honest eyes, had an irresistible attraction, every glance and flickering dimple speaking for the cheerful, kindly, glad soul within, capable of only one selfishness—the personal greed of making others happy? Such was neat, sweet, dainty Mrs De Burgh. It was like a sudden glow of sunshine after the dirty cloudiness of the other visit. And with her came a picture of a child some ten years old, which reflected all the mother's sweet charm from a face of real beauty. It was impossible not to be at ease from the first. Frank, hearty conversation made itself at once, and the little one slid into the arm that mother held out to her, and stood beside mother's knee; and Mrs De Burgh, instead of the usual stupid 'Don't bother, Mrs Bellair, dear,' said, smiling, 'I see you like children;' to which mother only replied by pressing the little one closer and kissing her, to her mamma's evident pleasure.

'And now,' said she, with an eager look, 'I must tell you really what I have come about. Our Automobile Club in this Riding is organising a fête, and Lord Oldsborough has kindly given us the use of his grounds. We have noticed that your party has a car here, and the ladies' committee have asked me—I am secretary—to invite you to join us. I thought it would be less stiff if instead of sending a formal note I came to see you first, and your kind reception of me shows that I was right.'

'Kind!' said mother; 'it is you that are kind. But the car does not belong to me; it belongs to our friend.'

'Oh, does it? That is the lady we see in nurse's dress. Of course any one can see that she is a lady.'

Mother told her how Vanessa had gone through a hospital course for the love of it, and that her godfather had had a bad accident, and she, desiring to attend him, had, on the doctor insisting on having a trained nurse, overwhelmed his objections by exhibiting her first-class certificate.

'I certainly think, if I may say so,' said Mrs De Burgh, 'that the very sight of her must be much to a patient. She is delightful to look upon. Then, may I ask, is she a friend of yours?' And seeing eager assent in our faces, she added, 'I should like much if you would introduce me to her.'

'With great pleasure,' said mother; and, leaving the room, she returned almost immediately, followed by Vanessa, whom she introduced with a smile as Nurse Vanessa, adding, 'When she is at home we call her Miss King.'

Mrs De Burgh and she were on happy terms at once, and we all discussed the coming fête. It was to include a decorated car and costume procession down a splendid green avenue in the Oldsborough grounds, weather permitting; and if not, then in the great riding-school that the former marquis had built for his regiment of Yeomanry. When I heard this, it recalled to me at once how I had seen *him* lost to his surroundings as he gazed at my Britannia in the conservatory at home, and I registered a secret vow that he should see the living Britannia on the day of the fête. I said nothing at the moment, but I had it all planned out as mother and Mrs De Burgh and Vanessa chatted pleasantly by themselves, while I went to the writing-table and made out a telegram to my faithful Lily, bidding her strip my lay-figure of helmet and cuirass and robes, and send them with the trident and shield by the first possible train.

(*To be continued.*)

PRODUCTS OF KASHMIR.

PART II.

CARPETS.

PERHAPS the industry which is likely to become one of the most important of all in Kashmir is carpet-making. Pile carpets have been manufactured in Kashmir for several centuries, being made both in Persia and Kashmir from the same wool of which the shawls are made. Many of them are of quaint and some of very beautiful design. The former often represent mosques, wild animals, fish, &c.; some, again, depict the chase, where a tiger such as never breathed on earth is being hunted by beings apparently from the nether world, and is swallowing a whole stag, *en passant*, as he flies through the jungle, a cobra hanging on to his tail, whilst a parrot with outstretched wings and open beak appears to be shrieking overhead. The colours, however, are exquisite, so softly blended, so delicate yet brilliant, that it is a real joy to possess one. There are amongst the really beautiful old carpets many the groundwork of which runs through the gamut of the warm shades of purples, madders, and crimsons. On this underground is, again, tracery in slightly lighter shades, the main design being pine-cones, pine-apples, or the conventional rendering of the lotus flower in bud. Sometimes the zingara-nut—a water-nut which constitutes the food of a vast majority of the poorer classes during one part of the year—forms the leading design.

Dr Mitra, the curator of the museum in Srinagar, says: 'The carpets of Kashmir, however, soon deteriorated. Twenty years ago no decent carpet was made in Kashmir; the modern craze for cheapness spoiled this as other works of art. The quality of the material was not equal to that of the past, the workmen lost the large conception of their ancestors, the patterns lacked repose, and there was not the time nor the inclination to produce the bold and highly conventional design on a ground of extreme closeness of stitch. But the greatest evil was wrought by the importation of aniline dyes. In place of the cool harmony of colour, bright magenta appeared. The old Persian test of dropping a piece of live charcoal on to the pile to see if any traces of the injury remained after brushing away the singed top is one we should hesitate to apply to a modern carpet.'

Sir George Birdwood, writing in 1880, said: 'As a striking illustration of the corruption of native designs under European influence, it is only necessary to compare the two old Cashmere carpets lent to the Indian Museum by Mr Vincent Robinson with the large Cashmere Durbar-carpet exhibited by him at Paris in 1878. The two former carpets were probably made early in the last century. The ground in one is pale yellow, and in the other rose of varying shades, and the floral pattern decorating it is in half-tones of a variety of colours. The borders are weak, as in all Cashmere carpets, not being sufficiently distinguished from the centre; but the colouring and general effect are so serene and pleasing that this does not really appear as a defect. The Cashmere Durbar-carpet exhibited by Mr Vincent Robinson at Paris was a typical illustration of the modern manufacture of Srinagar. The large scroll laid about its borders in such agonised contortions had evidently been copied from the shawl-patterns introduced by the French houses into Cashmere about ten years ago. The wool of these modern Srinagar carpets is good, and the texture of the carpets themselves is not bad, but it is hardly possible that they can ever again be made to satisfy a critical taste. The colours introduced are not suited for the floor of a room, particularly the green, even if they were harmoniously blended. The floor of a furnished room, in which the great need is to see the furniture distinctly, can scarcely be too grave in tone, and it is evident that the Cashmere dyes are fitted only for shawls and portières and tapestries for walls, where it is a pleasure to the eye to be attracted by lively colour.'

This criticism was passed nearly thirty years ago; but I take the liberty of entirely disagreeing with Sir George Birdwood when he says 'it is hardly possible that they can ever again be made to satisfy a critical taste.' Because a bad influence is brought to bear on a naturally artistic people, because their very existence compels them to meet the demands of execrable taste, that does not mean that the soul panting to give forth only the beautiful will not immediately blossom into rich being so soon as the undue pressure and influences are removed. Such has been the case in the present instance. Since the time of which Sir G. Birdwood writes a great impetus has been given to carpet-making, and some very beautiful carpets have been produced, the colours used being vegetable dyes only, and silk and *pusm* being freely introduced to carry out both design and colouring, just as the Persian weavers used to give their carpets the beautiful density and pliancy so much admired.

The Ardabil carpet in the Victoria and Albert Museum has been recently reproduced in exquisite finish of workmanship. Herati carpets have also been produced, and the old designs of the Tree of Life, the Swastica, and the Trisula.

A magnificent carpet made in Kashmir two hundred and fifty years ago was sent from Bijapore

to the Delhi Exhibition, and made many of the workmen from Kashmir who visited the Exhibition realise how great had been the backward step Kashmir had taken in the last half-century. Even in the last three years the extraordinary progress made alike in design and colour is very remarkable; but it is because the higher class of manufacturers are refusing absolutely to look at so-called 'art' designs, and are seeking from Mother Nature only their inspiration.

The celebrated Ardabil carpet, so named from a Persian town in Azerbaijan, is thus described: 'The main design comprises a large central medallion in pale yellow, surrounded by cartouches of various colours disposed on a dark-blue ground, diapered with floral tracery. Each of the corners is filled with a section of a large medallion surrounded by cartouches. The border is composed of long and circular panels alternating with lobel outlines on a brown ground covered with floral embellishments, while at the summit of the carpet is a panel bearing a devout inscription tending to the inference that the carpet was originally used as a veil or curtain for a porch, and that it was the work of the slave "of the Holy Place, Maksoud of Kashan, in the year of Hegira 946," corresponding with A.D. 1540. Now, Kashan, on the high-road between Teheran and Ispahan, was founded by Zobeide, the favourite wife of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. It has been destroyed once or twice by earthquakes, but it is at present a flourishing town, adorned by a palace for the Shah, many large and beautiful mosques, and a number of caravansaries and public baths. At Kashan many manufactories of carpets, shawls, brocades, and silk fabrics are still carried on; but in 1540, when Maksoud, the slave "of the Holy Place," executed this marvellous work, admirable alike for its fineness of texture, its beauty of colour, and symmetry of design, Kashan, with the rest of Persia, was under the sway of the Sophi dynasty, and the town is alleged to have contained no fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.'

There is small doubt that the manufacture of carpets has a very great future before it, but it must be conducted by people of taste and knowledge. Dr Mitra tells us the State would greatly help in this if a really prohibitive duty were imposed on the importation of aniline dyes. The present ruler, Maharajah Pratap Singh, is most anxious to raise in every way the industries of this beautiful land and artistic people; but he is unwilling to help the production of work which will throw discredit on the earlier and most beautiful products of his country, and very justly so. Large quantities of hideous and common carpets are made by the smaller manufacturers in the city, in which the aniline dyes only are used. These carpets find a ready sale in India, where, going by the name of Kashmir carpets, they throw discredit on the really lovely work of the country. To give a faint idea of the mischief done to this great and beautiful industry by the aniline dyes, I may mention the following statistics. The import of dyeing materials into Kashmir in one year was: Indigo, fourteen maunds, or one thousand one hundred and twenty pounds, value one thousand one hundred and eighty-six rupees; madder, eight maunds, or six hundred and forty pounds, value four hundred and twenty-one rupees; other kinds, chiefly aniline dyes, one thousand three hundred and thirty-nine maunds, or one hundred and ten thousand five hundred and ten pounds, value twenty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six rupees. These figures, alas! speak too plainly to be disregarded.

METAL-WORK AND PAPIER-MÂCHÉ IN KASHMIR.

To the traveller, perhaps one of the most attractive industries of Kashmir is the metal-work, in which Kashmiris excel; but here again the European visitors have done all in their power to ruin the true art of the country; they will send to England or Calcutta for an illustrated list from some jeweller, and hand this over, ordering a Queen Anne tea-service, a James the Second milk-jug, or a Georgian claret-jug, utterly regardless of the result of asking such things from a native silversmith. What is the result? Mr Jones likes the plain, solid shape of the Queen Anne. Mr Smith does not, and thinks he will improve upon it according to his fancy; so he orders the Queen Anne shape, with its fluted lower portion, and a marvellous design of shawl-pattern all over the upper portion, leaving a lozenge or diamond for an elaborate crest. This monstrosity is produced, and much admired by Mr Smith's equally inartistic friends, with the result that Suffia Joo walks off with a preternaturally grave expression, which expands into a broad grin as he meets his comrades; and ten days afterwards he reappears with twelve or fourteen of these abortions of Smith sahib's brain, which he holds up for approbation, telling you, 'Latest fashion, mem sahib; very fine teapot him. Esmit sahib's pattern.' If you have any artistic perception you mentally consign 'Esmit sahib' to the nethermost depths of the sea!

The shapes of the old Kashmir silver things are really very beautiful, graceful, delicate, and light; and the pattern, which consists of fine tracery and engraving, is done in many designs, such as shawl, double-shawl, Bokhara, Kashgar, &c. All these designs are strikingly different, but equally all spring from some form, curve, flower, or leaf in nature. The art is said to have been imported into Kashmir by the Moguls; but here again the natural taste of the people has shown itself in the elaboration and adaptation of nature to conventional design, keeping in almost everything to the beautiful curves and lines one sees around. The lotus vases and candlesticks, taking their shapes from the flower, their stems from the long, curving stem of the lotus, and their stands being represented by the large, flat, undulating leaf, are most attractive. There are

other very beautiful and quaint shapes, such as the Bokhara vase, the Kangri, the Zarkand vase, Lhassa bowls, and the Aftaba—all absolutely Oriental and certainly quite unlike anything one sees anywhere else.

Engraving on copper is also done, but as the metal tarnishes very quickly it is not satisfactory.

Another form of metal-work is wonderfully attractive. It is said to be Turkoman, introduced into Kashmir. Deep engraving is made on copper, of any design the worker chooses. On this tin is then soldered, and all the interstices filled in with a sort of black lac. This makes a dark background, from which the design stands out almost like silver. The natives constantly use samovars of this work for their tea. It is very pretty and effective, but the tin soon loses its brightness and is difficult to clean. Specimens taken to England have been tinned, but the delicacy of outline is lost, as the retinning sometimes runs into the lac.

Enamelling on silver, brass, and copper is done, and for large articles is very effective; but it will not stand comparison with the exquisite enamels of European manufacture.

One other kind of work deserves mention as being quaint and in some instances rather effective—namely, lacquer-work on brass and copper. The designs are nothing to speak of, but the laying on of the lacquer in red, black, and green on the glowing colour of copper is very taking and satisfying.

The cleaning of all these forms of metal-work is most interesting. The native makes a stew of dried wild apricots. When the fruit is reduced to a pulp the articles are thrown in, stirred about for a moment or two, then scrubbed with brass-wire brushes, plunged into fresh-water, and dried by artificial heat.

In reference to the silver-work, Dr Mitra has again tried very hard to make these people understand how foolish they are in their penny-wise and pound-foolish mode of conducting business. All his efforts to introduce the silver and metal work of Kashmir to the general public have been frustrated by their hopeless dishonesty. The alloy in the silver sometimes amounts to as much as 50 per cent., with the result that his efforts to introduce the work to European firms failed. He says that it will be absolutely necessary to protect all honest work by a system of hall-marking, and the honest workers are most anxious that this should be done.

The papier-mâché work of Kashmir was at one time in great demand, and some of the old specimens to be seen are very beautiful. In the thirties and forties, when the shawls of Kashmir were in special demand in Europe, they used to be sent over packed, each shawl separately, in large, shallow papier-mâché boxes. It is very interesting to see the papier-mâché made. The paper, reduced to pulp and in an absolutely sodden condition, is laid layer on layer in a mould of the desired shape. When sufficiently dry to be removed from this mould it is covered with glue, and one fold of muslin laid over the whole surface, outside and inside. This again receives another coat of glue, and when dry is ready for painting. Now comes a coating of the ground-tone of the design, which may be anything brown, red, blue, gold, &c. When this is quite dry the work of the decorator comes in, the patterns being drawn with very fine brushes in water-colour. Some of the effects are very charming, one especially where the ground-tone is a beautiful shade of ultramarine, the pattern being in gold outlined with a hairline of lake or deep crimson. The result is most rich and subdued, and almost gives the impression of metal. When the colours have all been laid on and are quite dry, the whole is varnished with a thin wash of copal varnish dissolved in turpentine. Some of the specimens of this work that one occasionally sees are wonderful in their richness of tone and colour, as, for instance, an old circular box about sixteen inches long, and one and a half inches in diameter, used to contain a petition for presentation to one in authority. The petition-paper inside is a long scroll very much resembling parchment in appearance, but really only paper, decorated at the top for about five inches in depth in the same style, and the rest of the scroll covered with a lovely floral design in gold, on which the petition used to be written in ink. Koran covers also were made in this work, as well as bowls for holding dry stores of various sorts.

Dr Mitra says there exists in the family of Pundit Vashkak a copy of the *Bhagavat Gita*, written in a beautiful hand, every page ornamented with different designs, and copiously illustrated by pictures most beautifully painted. He says the work is priceless. From his description, one is led to believe it must be very like some of the ancient illuminated missals to be seen in the British Museum.

THE BLACK FLAG.

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND PRISON.

By F. C. V. Harcourt.

CHAPTER I.

THE black flag was floating from the highest point on Portland Island. The prison was in a state of frenzied excitement; gangs were being hurriedly marched into the safe seclusion of the cells; warders were rushing from one landing to another, double-locking the iron doors preparatory to starting out in a body to engage in a 'man-hunt.' The fishermen and hunkersliders on the Chesil Bank were all alive with excitement and speculation. The signal-gun had boomed out the intelligence far and near that a convict had escaped, and the black flag told them he was still at large.

Fierce and fiery, the sun was sinking into the dense cloudbank that seemed to rest on the distant sealine. Cold and keen as the edge of a scimitar, the north wind swept over the white-crested waves, as in savage merriment they chased each other shoreward till they broke with a muffled roar on the shingled strand. In another hour darkness would come to the fugitive's assistance, and the work of recapture be rendered tenfold more difficult.

So the whole island was busy as a beehive, for, except in the case of a wreck, the Portlander enjoys nothing better than a 'man-hunt;' and the reward of five pounds given for the recapture of a runaway convict is sufficient inducement to make almost every man, woman, and child on the rock turn out to take part in the chase.

The fiat had gone forth from the Governor's office that Dick Darrell, known on the prison register as Convict 31, was to be recaptured and brought back to the prison alive or dead; if dead, so much the better—a dangerous character would have ceased from troubling, the Governor's mind would be at rest, and a stormy career would end with a coroner's inquest.

Dick Darrell was in Warder Gunter's gang, and Warder Gunter was as choice a specimen of official ruffianism as the convict service could produce; and its capacity for changing men, whether officials or offenders, into something lower and more savage than brutes is truly marvellous. For downright ferocity of disposition and a keen relish for human suffering it would have been hard to find Gunter's equal anywhere or in anything wearing the outward semblance of humanity. His personal appearance was in exact conformity with his mental and moral configuration, combining the chief characteristics of the head-hunting Dyak of Borneo with the hideous facial peculiarities of an Andaman Islander.

It may well be imagined, therefore, that under such a man Darrell's life was scarcely one of Eden-like happiness or unbroken peace of mind. To him Warder Gunter was a very fiend incarnate; and to the warder, Darrell was the embodiment of all that nature held in the shape of evil.

On the afternoon in question Warder Gunter's conduct had produced an effect upon the tempers of his men similar to that occasioned by a swarm of mosquitoes on a naked body. He had exhausted his whole vocabulary of vituperation, compiled and completed as it had been in the academic seclusion of a barrack-room. He had worried and bullied his miserable victims till he had thoroughly tired himself out, and, unable to swear and swagger any longer, stood in scowling silence waiting for the prison bell to ring out its welcome relief alike to tyrant and to slave.

The last huge block of stone was being hoisted out of the quarries for the night, when suddenly it slipped out of its slings and came thundering down into the workings, as if it resented being torn from its parent bed where it had lain through the long slumber of untold ages. There was heard the crash of splintered rock as it bounded from one level to another, a warning shout from many voices, and then a stifled scream, followed by a silence, which, though only momentary, seemed to press upon the heart with the weight of centuries. The stone had reached the bottom of the quarry, but under it lay the mangled and unrecognisable remains of what a few seconds before had been a living, suffering, sin-defaced image of the Creator.

For a few moments after the accident all was hurry and excitement; for even to minds hardened by brutal treatment and degrading associations, even to hearts habituated to the daily exercise of severity, the swift and sudden blotting out of a human life must seem appalling. It startled even Warder Gunter, and he peered nervously over the edge of the quarry to swear some direction to the convicts below. That momentary relaxation of vigilance, however, was just the chance for which Dick Darrell had been waiting. Dropping his pick-axe and stooping down, he ran along the whole length of a line of roughly squared stones which concealed him from observation, and was a good two hundred yards away before Gunter noticed his flight. In an instant the rifle which he carried was at his shoulder, and rock and ravine echoed to its sharp report. The bullet struck a boulder not a yard distant from the fugitive, who, regardless of danger, continued his headlong flight, dashing over the uneven ground like a hunted wolf. Another bullet followed, but again wide of the mark. Finding it impossible to stop the runaway, Gunter was forced to give the alarm and collect his men together, till assistance arrived from other gangs, and they were marched inside the prison, leaving their dead com-

rade sleeping under his rocky tomb, and their still living one to enjoy the exhilaration of being hunted down as though he were a man-eating tiger.

Soon the signal-gun boomed abroad the intelligence; the black flag, its frayed edges looking like the fringe on a funeral pall, fluttered forth the news; and then sick and maimed, and those whose business prevented them from joining in the hunt, waited in eager anticipation for the result, anxious to know who would be the lucky individual to earn the coveted five pounds.

But the sun sank in the west, and from out the east the friendly darkness came with swift and silent footsteps to aid the fugitive. Half a mile away from the quarry a beetling crag overhung the sea, which chafed and fretted at its base two hundred feet below. Towards the edge of this precipice the desperate man directed his course, the pursuit losing sight of him owing to the inequalities of the ground. When they reached as near to the edge of the cliff as they deemed it prudent to venture, their quarry had disappeared, only his cap and jacket being found where he had thrown them before making his terrible leap. No one was so madly daring as to follow him, for death alone could be the result of such an act, and that prisoner '31' was dead and done for no one for a momont doubted. So, dispirited and disappointed, the search-party returned to the prison to report the death of the runaway.

But Dick Darrell was not dead; in fact, it had never entered into even his reckless, hope-forsaken heart to attempt so desperate a feat as to leap over a cliff two hundred feet high on a mere chance of striking the water alive, and then seeking safety by swimming. The fact was that, unknown to the prison officials, Dick Darrell was well acquainted with that part of the island. He had been a sailor, and years before had served on the guardship stationed in the bay.

On one occasion, when he and some of his companions were ashore on leave, in a freak of half-drunken bravado he had attempted to scale the face of that identical cliff. Up its jagged and perpendicular front he had mounted till within twenty feet of the top, when farther progress was rendered impossible by the gnarled and twisted branches of an old thorn-tree that had taken root in a crevice of the limestone rock to which it hung, and had extended its tough, elastic branches in a tangled and matted growth eight or ten feet out from the face of the cliff. This had formed an insuperable barrier to the daring climber, but it had also saved his life; for, when exhausted with his efforts, and unable to return, it was amongst its friendly branches that he found rest and shelter. He had remained there, suspended between sea and sky, until his comrades, by means of a rope let down to him from above, rescued him from his perilous position. In the handshaking that ensued the rope was forgotten, and having been allowed to dangle at the edge of the cliff, it gradually slipped over and lodged upon the branches of the tree.

'31's' plan, though desperate, was not altogether a hopeless one; only, the hope was so faint and intangible that none but a despairing wretch, wearied with the burden of a barren existence, could see in it a reason for attempting a feat almost unparalleled in the annals of human daring.

Making for a point a few yards above the well-remembered spot, he hastily divested himself of cap and jacket, which he threw on the ground. Then, running along the very edge of the precipice, he paused and peered over into the fearful void beyond. Sheer down twenty feet below him, his view was intercepted by the projecting, but now leafless, branches of the still hardy and stubborn bush. With beating heart and nerves strung almost to the tension of madness, he closed his eyes, stepped forward out on to nothing—out into space!

In one brief second of time he seemed to have traversed a distance equal to that which separates the earth from the stars. Then came a crash, a sudden upheaval as if from a score of earthquakes, and his downward course was arrested. There was a motion of swaying up and down in the cold evening air, a motion which gradually subsided, till it seemed like the gentle undulation one experiences in a boat out on a calm sea. He was clutching something with both hands, clutching it tenaciously for dear life, as a drowning man clutches at the floating spar when the ship has gone down under him and he is alone amidst the waters, with death tugging at him from below. His senses came slowly back to him. He was in a perpendicular position, supported under both arms by a sinewy branch; in fact, he had fallen plumb between the fork of the two strongest boughs which sprang from the parent stem.

His weight and the impetus of his descent had strained the sturdy old plant almost to breaking-point, but it had driven its powerful tendons into every crevice and cranny where it could find or make an opening; and though scarcely noticed from beneath, and never seen from above owing to the danger of approaching so near the edge of the cliff, it really formed a sort of fibrous platform quite capable of supporting the weight of a man.

Here, all the livelong night, half-frozen by the biting wind, afraid almost to move for fear of losing the support of the friendly branches, the escaped criminal waited and watched for the return of that blessed light which, only a few hours before, he had prayed might fade quickly out so that darkness with her dusky mantle should cover his almost hopeless flight. Fortunately for him, the wind veered round a few points to the west, and he was sheltered from its icy attentions by a rock which jutted out to his right. At last darkness slowly melted into dawn, and soft wavelets of amber light came slowly rippling up the sky.

Stiff with cold as well as from his cramped position, which he had been compelled to maintain through so many long hours, and almost famished from hunger, '31' began to survey his airy position

and wonder how he was going to extricate himself from it. By gradually working himself nearer to the face of the cliff he was able to plant his foot on a narrow ledge of rock immediately below him. This relieved the pressure on his arms and set them free for use. The opportunity for exercising them soon occurred, for presently a large gannet, quite oblivious to the close proximity of a human being, came and perched itself on one of the branches within reach of the convict's hand. To seize it, drag it to him, and wring its neck was the work of an instant; and Dick breakfasted on the raw flesh with as much gusto as if he were eating a trussed turkey.

Strengthened and refreshed by his meal, his next concern was how to reach the foot of the cliff without breaking his neck. As the morning advanced he saw one of the harbour-boats approaching from the side of the breakwater. It was full of warders, and he knew they were in quest of his dead body, which they doubtless expected to find on the narrow strip of beach at the foot of the cliff—for it was not low-water—or amongst the rocks farther out to sea. They searched carefully everywhere, but of course without success. About four hundred yards from the shore lay the hull of an old wreck long since stranded. This also was carefully but unavailingly scrutinised; and an hour later Dick saw the boat round the point towards the harbour and disappear from view, the warders fully impressed with the conviction that '31' had at last gone where the wicked cease from troubling.

Then began the consideration of the all-important problem: how and by what means was that terrible descent to be effected? And what was to be done afterwards, supposing the bottom of the cliff could be reached without a broken neck or some less fatal injury? The tide was on the turn, and a few hours later it would make a difference of at least twenty or twenty-five feet. He looked down, and, steady as his head was, it grew dizzy as his eye measured the distance between the two points. As he turned his gaze away to prevent himself from yielding to the awful impulse of springing out into empty space, his astonished glance rested on an object that made his heart give one sudden bound and almost caught away his breath. There, within reach of his grasp, and resting between the thick and interlaced branches of the old thorn-tree, was the identical rope which years before had been let down to rescue him from a similarly dangerous position. Yes, there it was, looped and twisted and lying in a bundle like a coiled snake, wet and weather-stained, but to all appearance with every strand as strong as when his nervous fingers grasped it eight years ago.

Praying was not much in '31's' line, but at the sight of this unlooked-for aid a rough but fervent 'Thank God!' escaped his lips; and for the first time, perhaps, in his life, he felt his heart swell with a throb of true gratitude to Divine Providence.

Bending forward, with one hand outstretched and the other clinging for dear life to the swaying branch, he drew the rope towards him. Then, having secured the end and fastened it near him, he slightly shifted his position so as to get both legs twined round the largest branch, and, with both hands at liberty, managed to test its strength in places where he thought it showed signs of weakness. The hemp, however, was good, and the dressing of Stockholm tar it had originally received in the Navy Dockyard had preserved it from time and weather. It was a good thirty feet in length, and would bring him at high-tide within forty or fifty feet of the water. And then? He shut his eyes, and tried to think what lay beyond that terrible 'then.' He was a splendid swimmer. But if, after his fifty-foot plunge, he succeeded in coming to the surface, and if his strength and skill enabled him to battle with the fierce currents that swept round the island, and which might easily carry him into the seething vortex of the terrible 'Portland Race,' where he would be sucked down by the treacherous under-current, only to be cast up with the next tide on the Chesil Bank, a naked, battered, unrecognised corpse—yes, if he escaped all these dangers, seen and unseen, and succeeded, spent and exhausted, in reaching the shore of the mainland, what then?

Wretched, hopeless, fraught with deadly peril as his present position was, it was a very heaven compared to the hell from which he had but lately escaped. The cold wind kissed his dirt and blood begrimed cheek with no unkindly touch; the scream of the startled sea-mew as it circled round him was music in comparison with the harsh voices of the prison warders; the very death that might await him at the foot of that beetling crag seemed sweet contrasted with the prison infirmary, its soul-depressing silence, and its rigid, lifeless routine.

He watched the rising tide as it slowly obliterated the strip of glistening shingle at the foot of the cliff. Slowly it crept up, lapping round the black hull of the battered old wreck, and leaping over her torn and riven sides in playful glee. The sun shone high in the cold but cloudless heavens, and its rays imparted some warmth to his chilled and emaciated frame. A slight breeze had by this time sprung up and broke the surface of the ocean into crisp, white-crested wavelets.

Suddenly a loose plank that had for some time been swaying up and down in the rise and fall of the sea became detached from the hulk's side, and came floating shorewards to the very foot of the cliff. The incident was not much in itself; but to the escaped convict it came fraught with all the possibilities of hope, of freedom, of life. From his airy conning-tower he could see other planks in the old hull that a slight additional force would wrench away. With three such shreds of timber he could construct a raft on which he would not fear to entrust himself to the mercy of the waves. If he could only reach the wreck quickly, by the time darkness set in his raft could be ready and, with the ebbing tide, would be well out to sea, where he

might stand a good chance of being picked up by some passing vessel.

He could see some frayed and tattered cordage flapping loosely over the side of the old hulk, and a closer inspection of his position showed him that right below him was a rough ledge sloping downward on one side till it reached another ledge not more than fifteen feet above the water. That position must be gained at any risk, though a slip might easily precipitate him on to those jagged spikes of rock, whose sharp points barely showed above the fast-encroaching waters.

Seizing the rope, he rapidly untwisted one of the strands about twelve feet, making a rough but secure splice; then took soundings, and discovered, to his joy, that should the separated strand only bear his weight his feet would just rest on the ledge below. Fastening the strongest end of the rope round the largest branch of his 'nest,' he took a rapid survey of his position; and, seeing everything favourable for his attempt, with a half-muttered prayer—the first he had uttered since he knelt at his mother's knee—he swung himself out into space. The old tree bent and swayed and creaked as he hung over that awful abyss, and the boom of the waves below came up to him like the sound of a muffled dirge.

Swiftly the desperate man slid down the straining cord till he reached the place where he had effected the splice, and there he realised the danger of his descent was about to begin. Should the slenderer length give way, he knew what his fate must be. Closing his eyes, as if to shut out the peril that was only too apparent, he reluctantly trusted himself to these few fragile threads, and glided through what to his overwrought imagination seemed immeasurable depths, till at last his feet came into contact with some resisting substance. He opened his eyes and looked down. Thank God, he was safe for the present at least! He stood on the rocky pinnacle of that sloping ledge, and there beneath him, almost within reach of his grasp, bobbed and butted against its base the plank which he had seen severed from the vessel's side.

A moment's breathing-time to steady his nerves and to think, and '31' was in the water clinging to that floating plank with the strength of a newborn hope. The tide was coming fast, and the coast-current swept him gradually in a direction that brought him nearer to the old hulk. At last he managed to reach her battered side, and by the aid of some cordage soon mounted to her deck.

It was no easy matter to retain a footing, for every now and then a wave would break over her, sweeping her from stem to stern. Just abaft the main hatchway was a great gap where the deck had been torn up by the compressed air in her hold after she had struck, and a number of loose planks were at once detached by the convict and formed into a rudely constructed raft.

Fortunately he discovered an old axe jammed between the deck and the broken stump of the bowsprit, with which he was able to cut asunder some of the tattered halyards, and with them to fasten the various parts of his raft together. By the time this work was accomplished hunger and exhaustion began to tell upon him, and the cold and salt water to benumb and excoriate his limbs. Still, he worked on for dear life, and a kind Providence rewarded his efforts. He managed to penetrate into the forecastle of the ship, and here, on a shelf over one of the seamen's bunks, he found a bottle half-full of Hollands gin, a piece of pigtail tobacco, and a ship's biscuit. These articles were a veritable treasure-trove, and for a brief moment he enjoyed a faint glimpse of the sensualist's heaven. The weevily biscuit allayed the fierce hunger-pain that was gnawing at his vitals; while the genial spirit warmed his frozen limbs, imparted fresh energy to his sinking heart, and made him forget for a brief period that he was a fugitive criminal, and that in a few hours he might be lying either in the dark and silent cell of the neighbouring prison or at the bottom of the dark and silent sea.

So the hours passed slowly but not unpleasantly along till the sun sank low in the west, and the strange, sobbing sound of the waves as they coursed and swirled and eddied round the old hulk told that the tide had turned. Reluctantly—as a fond woman leaves the man she loves—the receding waters left the shore, and on their briny breast rocked that fragile raft to which the convict had securely lashed himself, away from the side of the old ark in which he had found shelter, away from the land, away from the prison with its clanking chains—out into the measureless ocean, God only knows where!

The sun went down and the wind arose, and the babble of the billows all around him sounded like strange spirit-voices, telling of mysteries about which his rude, untutored soul had never before dreamed. The darkness came on, and the stars one by one came out, gazing down upon him like angel eyes full of pity and of love—alone upon the waters with Nature and Death and God all around, beneath and above him!

It is in such circumstances that the soul has the fact of its immortality forced in upon it with awful certainty. It is at such moments that we become aware of the dawn of a new light, the birth of a fresh power, a subtle something rising within us—a something with which baffled reason vainly strives to grapple, but which eludes her futile grasp and mocks at all her efforts to comprehend.

So it was with poor '31' during the terrible hours that he passed after casting off from the side of the old wreck. What penal servitude could not accomplish, what the prison warder and the prison chaplain had failed to achieve, solitude and the perils of his lonely position, speaking as God's interpreters, told him of: a love so great that it could save him even in the hour of his extremest

need. He was at the mercy of the waves, but he looked to Him who can rule the storm and who holds the waters in the hollow of His hands so to direct their course that they might drift him at last to freedom. And the raft sped away out to sea on the roughening breast of the ebbing tide, and the low muttering of the distant storm-fiend boomed along the labouring deep, and the stars were blotted out as the 'night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown' out of the north-east.

Now and again, as the raft rose on the crest of a wave, he could see the beam from the breakwater lighthouse flashing its welcome rays far over the waters. Now and then, too, he fancied he could perceive the twinkling light from the masthead of some passing vessel, and his hopes would rise at the thought that if he could only hold on till daylight some outward-bounder would be sure to cross his track and come to his rescue.

The wind, however, was rising fast, and the sea becoming more rough and choppy. The four or five planks which stood between him and death could scarcely keep together if the weather freshened into a gale. It was, moreover, intensely cold. His limbs were becoming numbed and his senses paralysed. Would the blessed daylight never break?

Little by little the torpor which is the precursor of death stole over him, and his weakened brain played strange, fantastic tricks. At times he would fancy himself a child again, romping about in cowslip-spangled fields or listening to the babble of running streams. Anon he would be sitting in the back-pew of the dear old parish church beside his mother, listening to the organ pealing forth its sacred harmonies or joining in the responses. A smile would flicker like the shimmer of summer lightning over the ghastly face, and the cracked lips would murmur the name of some long-ago dead and buried comrade. Then the smile died away; the voice was no longer audible; the raft rolled and tossed and tumbled on the rising waves. But it was all the same to 'Convict 31.' The dark angel was flapping his raven wings above, and the moaning waters seemed chanting a funeral dirge around; but he saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing.

(To be continued.)

A WHITE WOMAN IN WEST AFRICA.

By MARY GAUNT, Author of *Fools Rush in*, &c.

A WHITE woman feels rather a valuable commodity in West Africa, and, like many valuable commodities, she is also something of a care. The menfolk feel responsible for her. She must not be left alone. If she travels, some one in authority must go with her; if it is by train, a white man must travel in that train—she must not be at the mercy of a black driver and guard; if she goes by boat, all endeavours are made to make that boat as comfortable as possible.

But Africa holds out no lures to a woman. The very landing is a difficulty. My remembrance all along three thousand miles of coastline is of struggles to get off the ship into a surf-boat, to get from the surf-boat to the shore. Sometimes the sky wept passionate tears as if it would never stop, and sometimes the sun blazed down so that the glare from the water smote you in the eyes, and in any case an umbrella seemed a necessity. But how get down an accommodation-ladder into a surf-boat at least five feet deep with an umbrella up? I gave up the umbrella generally, and hoped to keep my skirts clear of the dirty water that invariably, wet or fine, was in the bottom of the boat. Even that was out of the question if the sea was at all rough. Then I jumped, and prayed devoutly that I might not break my ankle; and when I was there I hoped that I might not be seasick (it is so undignified in company), and then that I should not be upset and drowned; and, finally, when we had shipped enough water to make me dripping wet, I counted myself lucky that I was safe ashore, and gave no thought to my personal appearance, though I might be going to interview the Governor himself.

But once ashore all is new, whether you land in Freetown, Sierra Leone, where the black brother, a descendant of the slaves for whom the colony was bought over one hundred years ago, is specially objectionable; or in Elmina, where the ghosts of bygone days haunt the castle; or in Calabar, which is so lovely that one should be twenty-two and in love to enjoy it thoroughly. From Sierra Leone to San Paul de Loanda, from Ibadan and Kumasi to the dreaded bar at Lagos, it was all delightful.

I landed and found a hammock and bearers waiting for me. Sometimes I sat back as in a swing, sometimes I lay at full length and had some difficulty in seeing anything but the ridge-pole of the hammock over my head, and sometimes (if the bearers were not expert) I have been carried uphill feet foremost; but always I have felt an Eastern potentate. So might the Queen of Sheba herself have travelled. Besides, you cannot walk. The sun that blazes down from a cloudless sky, the heat that rises up from the earth, the steamy, enervating atmosphere, all forbid exercise; and even at night, when the moon and stars make a new and a fairer world, a world that sets one longing for the unattainable, you would a great deal rather be carried.

The two things that strike one most in Africa after the vivid green of the luxuriant foliage are perhaps the teeming population and the intense loneliness. A white man is often alone. Often he has but one or two companions; he sees the same white faces from one month's end to another, and if he wearies—well,

it has always been an argument against matrimony that a man might tire of seeing the same face opposite him every morning for the rest of his life. But of the black people there are always plenty: picturesque sometimes, when they appear draped in cloths, ludicrous when they ape the European. Their English and their clothes are alike ridiculous. Why a man should 'lib for dead' instead of being simply dead I cannot say any more than I know why a white woman is a 'white mammy,' or why the average native just come into touch with civilisation should wear a tourist cap of a violent check on the wool which for centuries has been protection enough from the sun. I wish some artistic Colonial Secretary would forbid the importation of the tourist cap into Africa. After all, though, if he were really artistic he might have to forbid a good many other things.

I have been borne to a surf-boat in the arms of a bronze statue clad simply and effectively in a dilapidated top-hat; but I prefer him to the black gentleman clad in frock-coat, stiff collar, gorgeous tie, and creaking brown boots. His wife perches on her wool a creation of artificial flowers, chiffon, and ribbon, and her arms and neck show purple through the open-work lace of her fashionable blouse. The effect is peculiar and somewhat comic. And yet beside her is that other coloured woman, clothed gracefully in a cloth, her beautifully modelled arms and bosom bare, her walk that of a queen, stately and dignified. In her youth the negro woman, though her face has no pretensions to beauty, is certainly good to look upon as a whole; but unfortunately her beauty does not last. She is either a bronze statue or a withered old hag, and I am sorry to say the withered old hag stage lasts the longer.

One thing you never find, and that is poverty. No black man is poor as the submerged tenth in this our civilised Britain are poor. I never saw a child whom it was not a pleasure to look at, a baby that I would not gladly take in my arms. They are generally clad simply in a string of coloured beads, their little bodies are soft and round, their skins are like velvet, their eyes are large and dark and a little pathetic, but their faces are laughing and their white teeth flash. Apart from certain customs enjoined by fetish, I do not suppose one ever heard of a case of deliberate cruelty to or neglect of a child in all the length and breadth of heathen Africa. On the West Coast, speaking generally, a son is desired, but a daughter is a valuable commodity, for she may be sold—she is as willing as the English girl is willing to marry—for much gold.

Going out, I met a small black boy, very consequential and very important, servant to a white man, and I thought that white man no better than a slave-owner. Before I had been in Africa a week I had a small boy of my own in attendance, and he was equally proud and consequential. He looked after me like a father, he maintained my supreme importance, he brought me my tea, he got my bath, he considered he had entire charge of my wardrobe, and when I unpacked my own boxes he stood by with an aggrieved countenance. He had his revenge, though. I was staying, the only woman in the place, in the fort in an up-country town that is just beginning to come under the influence of civilisation. I got up early in all the glory of a tropical morning to ride round the native town in a hammock, and when I had gone a little way a merciful Providence made me turn my head.

A sentry in khaki and red, rifle on shoulder, marched up and down at the gates of the fort maintaining the dignity of the Empire, a small company of the same soldiers were drilling in front of the fort, and from the veranda railings in the full glare of the sunlight hung my very feminine wardrobe. Nightgowns, petticoats, and stockings were all displayed, and when I rushed back to remonstrate with the over-officious Joseph he looked at me more in sorrow than in anger. 'That be ploper palaver,' said he; 'the sun be good for missis's clothes.'

I learned to value Joseph when I had lost him. Once at Cape Coast my entire wardrobe seemed to have taken unto itself wings. I searched wildly, but it was not forthcoming, and at last I called downstairs for the boy who waited upon me. I represented that my clothes were missing. He grinned affably, and jumping through a window, clambered on to a neighbouring roof, and there, spread out on the corrugated iron, I saw my clothes! And once again at Lagos, looking into the wardrobe when I went to dress for dinner, I found that my boy had hung on every peg a pocket-handkerchief, while my white lace evening-dress was stacked up with my boots in a corner of the room.

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!

Elm-trees by the river-edge
Showing gold among their green,
On the wild-rose in the hedge
Berries where the bloom has been.
Good-bye, Summer!
Leafy shade and lightsome sheen!

Harvest-fields, where stubble-gold
Trembles with the feet and wings
Of the hermits of the wold
And the timid woodland things—
Busy gleaners
That the bare September brings!

Bluebells out on every bank,
Nodding on their slender stems;
Rowans in a splendid rank,
Offering scarlet diadems;
Hills in shadow
Dim behind their purple hems!

Deeper mists on moor and glen,
Fiercer winds from out the west,
Wild-geese flying to the fen,
Swallows wheeling in unrest.
Good-bye, Summer!
Good-bye, flower, and song, and nest!

Will H. Ogilvie

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

IT is said by some that there is a crisis in the book trade, and that consequent upon it there is another one pending in the profession or calling of the writing of books. It is chiefly to works of fiction that reference is made when one speaks thus of books, but in a certain measure the production of general literature may be affected by this 'crisis.' The public are supposed to be greatly interested in it, but as a fact are not. They have always been able to obtain as good fiction reading as they wanted at a price they were able to pay, and it is questionable whether the enormous advantages conferred upon them by the publishers' enterprise in the matter of what have come to be known as the 'sevenpennies' is appreciated at its proper value. The publishers made the demand; it was not made before they took action. Perhaps some firms have done well from this new business, but it is a dangerous thing to spoil a public with too many rich things; and, indifferent as we have said the great body of readers are to this 'crisis,' it may nevertheless be realised that it will now be difficult to withdraw the cheap editions or not to continue the publication in cheap form of modern novels that only a season or two back were in demand at the established six shillings. In the meantime there are new experiments being made. One doubts from what can be gathered in circles intimate with the affairs of the book world whether a small reduction in the price of absolutely new novels will be appreciated by anybody, while it must surely cost publishers and authors something. Somehow, the British public maintain a very considerable belief in price values. If they see a thing marked at six shillings they believe absolutely that they are getting just the kind of thing that they mean to pay their six shillings for. The quality of the novel, if it is a novel, may be poor, and the effect upon the reader may be disappointing, but still he does not doubt that it was a six-shilling novel. Now offer him a far better novel at three or four shillings, representing some great risk and enterprise by author and publisher, and he is sometimes full of doubts and sceptical. He thinks this cannot be the thing he wants. It may not be a real six-shilling novel, and if he does buy it he enters upon his reading of it with considerable prejudice. The simple truth is that the modern reader is thoroughly accustomed to his six shillings (which generally he does not pay direct—his library pays it), and it will be difficult to convince some of those who are interested that there is any urgent demand for anything else in the way of new books. What would seem to many minds to be a most satisfactory arrangement would be the publication of new novels at six shillings, and a convention among authors and publishers not to let their works come down to the sixpenny or sevenpenny stage until two years after first publication. Of course no novel would come down to that even then unless it had given up the ghost as a six-shilling book. One can recall a number of the successes of recent seasons that are not yet sixpennies or sevenpennies, and are not likely to be for some years. There is particularly one beautiful story by a writer who is a great artist, and who has infused a wonderful atmosphere into his narrative. It is the fact that this book, now four or five years old, is still selling far better than even fairly successful works that have only been launched in the present season, and there is some reason for mutual congratulation in this state of affairs as showing that there is still a reward for good work, despite all the pessimists who say that literature is done for as a means of making a living. There is and always will be a demand for new fiction, written in the newest modern vein, just as there is for new plays. The public could not live on Dickens and Scott any more than they could get on with nothing but *Hamlet* and *The School for Scandal* as their nightly entertainments. But there is a feeling in many quarters that too many facilities are given to authors of no merit or promise for the production of their efforts, and also that there is too much

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

'booming' by advertisement, in the modern method, of books that without it would scarcely be successful, and that could not complain of failure. Thus it is concluded that if any one is damaging literature, and the authors and publishers with it, it is those publishers themselves, who should be brought to a proper sense of the enormity of their faults!

* * *

In the meantime one is impelled to compare some of the present pessimistic statements and prophecies concerning the novel market with a series of semi-official observations that were made by leading publishing firms only six years since. One of these was moved to say that 'there never was a time when the budding novelist had a better opportunity than he has at present;' and another that 'a good society novel with a really clever dialogue always finds a market.' A third firm stated that there always had been and always would be 'an enormous demand' for well-told stories of either love, adventure, humour, or of domestic interest, and that the demand for all these stories exists at the same time. Another would have it that anything out of the common, or above the ordinary run of novels as regards its literary merit, was almost certain to find a place. Times, if we are to believe some of the things that are said, do seem to have changed since then. There is much behind the scenes of authorship and publishing that the readers are seldom or never permitted to know; and in the present circumstances it is interesting to recall a little explanation, the details of a concrete instance of an average kind in modern publishing, that was given only a little while since by the head of a leading firm of publishers of fiction, who at the time was bewailing the advances that had to be made on account of royalties to modern authors, such advances, by the prevailing custom, never being returned, no matter what the measure of success attained by the book might be. This gentleman said that not long since he accepted and paid for a novel by a popular author, for which he paid the sum of three hundred pounds in advance and on account of a royalty of 20 per cent. of the nominal selling price, which was six shillings. 20 per cent. on six shillings came to nearly fifteenpence a copy, and on the special cheap colonial edition the royalty was threepence halfpenny a copy. The publisher printed five thousand copies of the book, and of this number he sold two thousand eight hundred and ninety-two of the six-shilling edition, and one thousand seven hundred and fifty of the cheap colonial edition. It cost him nearly two hundred and thirty pounds to produce and advertise the book, so that altogether he risked about five hundred and thirty pounds. His profit, without deducting office expenses, was forty-four pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence, while the author, who had no financial risk, made three hundred pounds. In the case of another novelist who was paid the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds in advance of a 20 per cent. royalty on the six-shilling edition of his book, and threepence per copy on the colonial edition, three thousand copies were printed, and of these one thousand three hundred and seventy-nine were sold in the six-shilling edition, and one thousand in the colonial, leaving six hundred and twenty-one unsold. The cost to the publisher to produce the complete edition was one hundred and twelve pounds, and over and above this amount he spent forty-eight pounds in advertisements. His profit was one pound seventeen shillings and eightpence, as against the author's one hundred and twenty, and he did not seem to think that this was a fair arrangement. But it might be urged against this complaint, which has been very general in recent times, that the publisher might and very often did produce fifty or even more such novels in the same time that the author was writing one, and that out of some of them he would make far greater profits than the author, and out of the sum-total of all of them, if he were a shrewd publisher, he would do far better than any of his authors could possibly do, and that without any great travail of mind or burning of the midnight oil such as is involved in the writing of good fiction. Complaints of one kind or other by authors and publishers have always been fairly general since fiction emerged from the green-backed part and the 'three-decker' stage, and one imagines that the circumstances of the case ensure a continuance of such for a long time to come. The reader's only complaint is that he is sometimes fooled into the belief that he ought to read a certain new novel, and is brought to realise afterwards that he ought to have done nothing of the kind.

* * *

It may reasonably be suspected that never in history before did the short and almost unpremeditated act of one individual accomplish such a change in the general conception of the possibilities and probabilities of the future of the world as did the cross-Channel flight of M. Blériot by an aeroplane at the dawn of a Sunday morning recently. It became clear at once that aerial flight would be not only a likely means of locomotion in the future, but a certain one, most extensively practised; and in less than one hour it seemed as if the most important feature of the map of the world was changed, or was in process of change. It was as if the English Channel no longer existed as a prime factor in regard to the arrangements of the world, and that Britain had lost that insularity which had been its safeguard since the establishment of the nation, and the thing that most confounded its enemies. It did not matter that it was generally expected that the feat would be accomplished before very long. Here it was done and was brilliantly successful, and there was all the enormous difference in the minds of the people between expectation and realisation. It was a fact of no consequence that the Channel had only been crossed in this way

once. It mattered much more that the aviator steered to a precise point and gained it without difficulty, and that he crossed from the one country to the other in thirty-seven minutes, which for the time being is beyond the possibilities of steam. And what had been done by one could well be done by thousands; and what had been done well for the first time would for certainty be done much better in the near future. Then it was seen that men who could navigate the air could have no regard for frontiers, and there was a more striking significance than was generally realised in the puzzlement of the Customs officials at Dover as to what they should do in regard to the machine and the aviator who had swept down upon them from France. They could only decide to do nothing.

* * *

There was something exceedingly dramatic in the circumstances surrounding the event, as well as those of it. It happened at a time when the nation, the resources of which had been severely drained in the provision of armaments, particularly battleships, was in a state of some agitation consequent upon proposals for new and increased taxation; and it happened only a few hours after the end of the week when in the river Thames a demonstration of the extent and power of the Navy which they had bought was given to the British people as it had never been given before. Now suddenly there loomed up the possibility of a navy of any kind being comparatively useless in the future, and of the necessity of air-power being established by us just as we have established sea-power, with an enormous increase in the difficulty of the new process. We were plainly at the beginning of a mighty revolution the consequence of which it was impossible to underrate, although there was some disposition at the outset to suggest that it was very easy to magnify the effect that the new achievement would have ultimately upon war operations. It was argued that aeroplanes were uncertain in performance, that they were quite useless until they could fly at a greater height, and that as no passenger had been carried nothing of real service had been demonstrated. Of what use would be an aeroplane, it was asked, when not for a second dare the one man it carried take his hands from the levers that controlled it? Such were the suggestions of men who were pessimists in the matter of progress but optimists concerning the future welfare of nations. All difficulties will be overcome, and at this time one inevitably recalls the circumstances of the first great trial-run of a number of motor-cars, which was from London to Brighton, and how badly the majority of the cars then did fare. It was a wonderful achievement in its way. It attracted enormous attention; but considered as the result of many decades of study and experimentation in the direction of automobilism it seemed to many minds to be somewhat disappointing, and there were not a few people who were ready to suggest that the motor-car would never be a really effective implement of commerce. Yet it is less than thirteen years since that event took place. The study of aeronautics is being pursued with not less intensity than was that of automobilism in recent times, and many of the points gained in the latter go directly to the assistance of the other, as, for instance, the enormous improvement that has been effected in the small motor. It cannot be doubted that man-flying will be a common thing in the future, and it is not to be overlooked that the first thing done by the inventor or his representatives after the feat was accomplished was the booking of numerous orders for aeroplanes, many of which are now being experimented with by British amateurs. The aeroplane industry is already a big and busy thing. In March of this year four companies associated directly with it were registered in this country; in May there were three more, and in June there were five. It is true that many of these concerns were and still are in a very quiescent state, waiting for the most part for inventors to do something, but their existence is evidence of the readiness of capital to back the inventors to the full. And in the meantime it is being just mentioned that something like five thousand aeroplanes that would really fly could be built for the price of one *Dreadnought*, and that one of the aeroplanes might in certain circumstances not by any means inconceivable be able to effect the most enormous damage to the battleship. Inventive ingenuity will now be directed with considerable power upon the construction of guns specially adapted for firing upwards and of night-lights for the searching of the air for these new instruments of the anxiety of nations which do not fail to exhaust every possible resource in armament.

* * *

It is the elementary reasoning of the general public that 'if things go on as they are doing,' meaning that if Germany insists upon a maintenance of her policy of constant increase in her navy and Britain replies always in the usual and necessary manner by building more ships than ever, there must eventually come a time when the resources of one nation or the other will be exhausted, and then there will be a stoppage to this competition, with in all probability a naval war provoked by the party that finds that the time for giving in has come at last and is not agreeable to abandon the great enterprise without a fight of some kind. This, as we say, is the simplest reasoning as to the probable outcome, and it is obviously to be complicated by a hundred considerations and circumstances which materially affect it. However, in the meantime we have been interested in our own domestic politics with such a battle on the Budget as had not been experienced by any of the present generation. At such a time it is a matter of particular concern to us to examine in what ways

Germany has just raised a total of twenty-five million pounds in new taxes which have become necessary to meet her constantly increasing liabilities. Some of these methods have no novelty for the people of this country, though even in such cases it is of interest to examine the amount that the rival nation raises from these different sources, while in the Fatherland some one or two substantial hauls are made from the taxpayer indirectly by methods which we do not practise. There are, for instance, the taxed matches; and any one who has done only a little of foreign travel, spent but a day or two in Boulogne or Paris, will always feel that there is a great joy in the British match, and will be unwilling that it should ever be tampered with in any way. Germany, however, raises a million and a quarter from her matches; and, again, she gets a million from incandescent gas-lamps and a million from her taxes on railway-tickets. Railways in this country are not generally doing so well that they could accept any new taxes on them, even such as could easily be reimposed on the passenger, with equanimity. From receipts for cheques Germany takes a million, from share coupons a little over a million and a third, from stamps on bonds and shares a quarter of a million less, and from bills of exchange a hundred thousand pounds. Her biggest gain is five millions from beer. Four millions are taken from spirits, a quarter of a million from champagne, and over two millions from tobacco. Two millions are secured from transfers of real estate, a million and three quarters from sugar, and about that amount from coffee and tea, while a million and a quarter is gathered in from an increase of the contributions of the federal states. It is an interesting list, but it was not made without a fierce struggle between contending parties. And now in the contemplation of Germany's resources we are reminded of some information that was furnished a little while since on the authority of the statistics that had been privately compiled by the Berlin bankers concerning Germany's holding of foreign obligations. It was said then that the value of these holdings reaches the enormous figure of eight hundred million pounds, which is four times the amount of the indemnity which Germany secured from France at the termination of the war. These figures were drawn forth at a time when it was being said that financial stress would restrain Germany from contemplating seriously a great war. It was observed by one of the leading financiers of Berlin that within twenty-four hours of the declaration of hostilities Germany could simply flood the bourses of the world with this paper torrent, and even though it brought about a shrinkage of seventy-five million pounds, the proceeds would provide a national war-chest of practically inexhaustible dimensions. The total includes huge holdings of Russian, Turkish, Spanish, Portuguese, Argentine, Brazilian, Mexican, and Japanese Government and private bonds.

VANESSA.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Vanessa and I were alone I told her of my scheme, and, to my surprise, she looked rather grave.

'Won't it make your Vanessa rather conspicuous?'

'No, dear. I heard some talk in the veranda about the fête, and there are other cars that are to be splendidly done up with great historical and mythological characters in them. Anyhow, this is going to be an artistic business; and Mitey, R.I.B.A., gold medallist, &c., is going to issue the orders, and the model has nothing to do with it but to pose and look splendid, as she is told. So there!'

We both laughed, and the matter was settled.

The time had now come when Uncle Goodman's nurse could be discharged, and one morning, when we had got the doctor's sanction, Vanessa told us all to come in and see the fun. She walked straight forward to where the squire was hid behind the *Times*, and said abruptly, 'Beg parding, sir.'

'Eh, what?' said he, lowering his newspaper.

She dropped a prim curtsey, and with a grave, demure face, said, 'If you please, sir, I wish to give up the sittuashion, sir.'

He entered into the joke at once, and said, 'This is very sudden. Does the place not please you, or is it a rise you want?'

'Oh, please sir, I lyke the plyce well enough, sir, but'——

'Well, but—— Speak out, woman.'

'There's no work to do, so please give me me wyges, an' let me go.'

She stooped over him, and he, with a beaming face, said, 'How much?'

'As many as you like to give me,' said Vanessa, as his arm went round her neck, and he kissed her fondly again and again. She took his head between her hands, and said in her own warble, 'I suppose there will be no difficulty about my character?'

'If I give you a character it will be that you are a witch, who can make a new man out of an old, smashed scarecrow.—Now, come you all and take leave of Nurse Vanessa.'

We all embraced her, and she ran from the room, while we crowded round the old man and congratulated him on his recovery, he assuring us that he knew whom he had to thank for it.

Presently she appeared, capless, in a lovely, soft-falling, creamy dress, with a few simple corn-flowers

at her throat and a belt of silver coins. She knelt down at his chair, and laying her head on his arm, said, 'May I exhibit the effects of my nursing by taking you for a run in the motor-car this afternoon?'

His look was comic as he said to me, 'Do you think I can trust her, Mary?'

'Well,' I said, 'ask mother.'

'Oh,' said she, '*I* do, and an old soldier must be as brave as an old woman.'

He laughed and patted Vanessa's head, saying, 'I suppose I dare not be a coward.'

So that afternoon there was a sensation at the veranda. Tommy drove up with the car, giving a vigorous *teuf, teuf*, and presently the squire appeared, leaning on Vanessa's arm, she in her Di Vernon motoring-coat and a ravishing three-corner hat with a white rose in it for a cockade—a compliment to Yorkshire. The loungers gazed in wonder, hall-porters and waiters and page-boys crowding to the door. She tucked the squire tenderly into the front seat, with a final familiar little pat on the shoulder as she asked smilingly if he were comfortable. Then, with a laughing remark to me in the tonneau, she slid behind the wheel and bade Tommy 'Start her away,' and in a few seconds we were gliding down the avenue, followed by the gaze of scores of eyes, as Mrs Marsden told me afterwards.

Vanessa drove us down through the town, and at my request stopped at the circulating library to get some books which I had promised mother to bring. I handed my order in, and the shopman had just brought me the books when I saw Mrs Saxilby coming from the back shop, and I stood aside to let her pass, which she did with her chin well in the air—at least that half of it which could be moved by her jaw. I followed her to the door. When she reached it and caught sight of Vanessa she staggered back and nearly fell into my arms. I said on impulse, 'I am afraid you are ill,' when she turned on me a look of fury, and hurried off as fast as mayoral dignity made permissible.

We had a delightful drive, and the dear old man evidently enjoyed it, Vanessa being very careful, and going along in a very different way from that of her runs with me. He seemed to be astonished at the ease with which she controlled the car both in speed and steering, and when we reached home was quite voluble to Mrs Marsden and mother about Vanessa's skill.

'It appears almost to have life under her hand,' he said. 'I quite got over my nervous feeling before I had been a quarter of an hour out.' And he added, speaking to me personally, 'Indeed, Mary, I am bound to confess that I began to feel as if we were going very slow, and was much tempted to ask her to drive a little faster.'

'Oh, uncle,' I said, 'blows the wind in that quarter?'

'Well, you know, she did that straight bit at a good pace, and when she came down to what she declared was twelve miles an hour I could not believe it, although her recording instrument showed it; it seemed like five.'

'All right, uncle; you are getting on. I shall tell Van what a slow-coach she is.'

'Oh no, please, leave her alone; she and I will get on all right, my child.'

'I declare, uncle dear, if things go on like this I shall get quite jealous,' said I, laughing, and left the room.

The preparations for the fête went on apace, and we had more than one interview about it with delightful little Mrs De Burgh. It was arranged that, as far as possible, the characters and the decorations were to be kept secret by the car-owners, so that the element of surprise might add to the enjoyments of the occasion.

I had enlisted Stocks's help, as he had served an apprenticeship as a joiner and cabinetmaker before entering the army; and with the aid of Tommy, who was good with his hands, prepared a light frame in boat-shape, going outside the wheels and projecting beyond the bonnet. A rock for Britannia was made up at the stern, which was painted by me, and not badly painted, although I say it that should not. A flag-pole leaned out from the stern, at which hung the Union-jack. Stocks took off the wheel, and made up a ship's upright wheel in the centre, of the true ship's steering style, and with the aid of Barnes, Vanessa's mechanic, fitted up an arrangement below, which he called a bevel something, by which the chains of the ship's wheel worked the steering. In front, on the top of the bonnet, we placed a compass borrowed from a yachting friend. With Mrs De Burgh's assistance, whose husband was in the navy, Tommy was rigged out correctly as a man-of-war's quartermaster, that he might take the wheel. Lastly, I persuaded her to allow her lovely little girl to be dressed up as a naval officer, to stand in the bow with a telescope, and give the orders for the course: 'Port,' 'Starboard,' 'Steady,' &c.; Tommy to respond in as gruff tones as his seventeen years admitted of.

Tommy and I were certain that we were safe for first prize.

The day came lovely and bright and warm, and all the cars that were to compete were marshalled in the riding-school, to have their decorations put on there, so that they might be seen for the first time in the procession. The fête was to be utilised to raise funds for a local object; and the public, who were freely invited by the marquis, were to decide the competition by their votes. Each person on entering received an envelope in which to place his or her contribution, and in it were three cards, red, white, and blue, marked, 'First,' 'Second,' and 'Third,' the printed directions requesting that the numbers of the cars which were thought to be best might be marked on the cards according to their degree of excellence, and these returned to the stewards with the contributions.

It was announced that the wife of the mayor would present the prizes to the competitors who

were successful, and this to mother and me promised some amusement, particularly if Vanessa should take a prize, as we were confident she would succeed in doing.

It was a very fine display. The marquis, who did not compete, had chosen Neptune as his character, and his car represented a magnificent opalescent shell, in which he sat with his trident, while from a great twisted shell on his wheel he blew vigorous blasts from time to time. And there were witches' cauldrons, and floral bowers, and Watteau groups, and comic wild beasts' cages, and a coronation carriage, and many others, as the papers say, 'too numerous to mention.' The marquis led the procession, and the stewards marshalled the cars, placing Britannia last, as a fitting close to the display.

The course, down the long, green avenue of lovely trees, ended in a great, oval space, which the former Yeomanry colonel had constructed with high, sloping sides all round, forming an amphitheatre, in which he had a great pride in showing off his corps at tent-pegging, lemon-slicing, Saracen's head-sticking, and musical rides. From the slopes the spectators, who numbered many thousands, had a perfect view. The various competing cars were greeted by their partisans with applause, and here and there one came in for special approval. But when, at the end of the long procession, Britannia came down the course, and at the shrill cry of 'Port' from the little officer swung to the right into the amphitheatre, and was steadied and starboarded to go round, he gazing through his telescope, there was first a murmur of admiration, and then an outburst of cheering which swelled louder and louder till Tommy, at the shout of 'Port,' had steered her into the course, and responded to the order to 'Steady.'

Then the procession went back down the course, and the stewards and their assistants collected the envelopes, which were brought back to the riding-school and examined, while some non-competing cars gave a demonstration of driving between posts and in and out of enclosures, and of rapid steering and stopping on dummy bodies being thrown unexpectedly in front of the drivers.

Our party were too excited to enjoy this display much. Uncle Goodman held me by the hand, and fidgeted a little; and mother and Mrs Marsden talked jerkily with little Mrs De Burgh, who was as eager for her little one to be on the winning car as we were to see Vanessa triumphant.

While we were waiting a distraction took place, which had its comic and its pleasant sides.

The mayoress, leaving her seat of honour, came across to mother, looking as pale as she could ever be expected to look, and said, 'I want to ask your pardon. May I sit down beside you? It will be less awkward for me.'

Mother, the most forgiving of souls, made room for her, and she sat down, saying as she did so, in a series of gaspy jerks, 'I am a foolish old woman. I made a great mistake. I thought I had a duty. I know the truth now. I *am* sorry.'

Mother put her hand in the mayoress's, and said, 'Please don't say any more; it shall be as if it had not been.'

'Oh, you are good!' burst from her. 'It makes me feel it all the more.' And then, with a curious and anxious look, almost comical in its anxiety, she said, 'Does Miss King know that I took her for an adventuress?'

To which mother replied, assuring her that not one word had been said to Vanessa.

She held up her hands, and exclaimed, gushing, 'Oh, *how* good of you! How I thank you! It is all a lesson to me.'

Then came the difficulty—the retreat. How was she to get away? She fidgeted, and suddenly showed a touch of genius. 'I have given her my vote already. I hope she will win;' and, rising, she shook hands with mother, and as she turned to go I held out my hand, which she took in both of hers, and with half a sob, said, 'You *are* good to me—you are!'

As she left us mother said to me quietly, 'I *am* glad! It only wanted that to make the day perfect.'

At this moment our attention, which had been diverted, was called back to the business of the hour by the loud toot of the marquis's shell-horn, and we looked down the course, to see Vanessa's car coming first, with little May De Burgh waving a golden banner embroidered with a figure 1, followed by two other cars with silver and bronze banners 2 and 3.

The band struck up 'Britannia the Pride of the Ocean' as the car sailed into the arena, and, followed by the whole procession, went round amid vociferous cheering.

Tommy's face was a study in stolidity, but the dear little officer was all smiles; and so kindly was the greeting that Vanessa was perforce led to relax her statuesque expression, and smile and gently incline her head in return.

After the procession had gone round, the cars were drawn up in line in front of the reserved seats, in the middle of which, at the orthodox red baize table, sat the mayor and mayoress.

Vanessa alighted, handing her trident and shield to Tommy. She then lifted little May De Burgh from the bow, and set the girl beside her. As she did so, Neptune, who had descended from his car, handed his trident to his motor-boy, who was most comically dressed as a seal, and, advancing to Vanessa, offered her his hand to lead her up to the dais. When she raised her left hand, my quick eye saw that both hands were trembling, but the tremor ceased as they met, and she gently inclined her head.

The spectators cheered with true, ringing, British cheers, which echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding woods, as Vanessa stood with her tiny Admiral by her side, her long draperies billow-

ing over the steps of the dais adding commanding height to the allegorical figure.

The first prize was the gift of the marquis; and as it could not be known whether each individual prize would fall to a lady or a gentleman, he had provided two cases, one containing a scarf-pin and the other a diamond hoop for the wrist—a simple and modest bracelet; but when I saw it sparkling in the sun I knew in my own mind that such diamonds would not have been selected if he had not hoped in his heart that it would fall to the woman he loved.

The mayoress was evidently a little flurried. I saw her hand shaking. She took up the wrong case, and was about to deliver the gentleman's scarf-pin to Vanessa, when the marquis checked her, and, opening the other case, handed her the bracelet. She, evidently having lost all memory of what she had intended to say, clasped it on to the beautiful arm, and laid her hand over it, saying, 'God bless you, my dear; and may every happiness be yours as long as you live to wear it!'

Mother and I exchanged glances, and her sweet look was a joy to see. There was a trace of a tear in her eye.

Vanessa, on whose wrist the fat hand rested with a sort of lingering caress, bent down and pressed her lips upon it, and a murmur of pleased appreciation of the gracious action ran through the crowd. One old lady near me exclaimed, 'Isn't she a dear, Maria?'

The other prizes were then delivered, and the stewards proceeded to marshal the cars for the final circuit and return to the riding-school. On this occasion Britannia was to head the procession; but, to our surprise, she did not at once take her place. Returning to the dais, with her trident in her hand, she again bowed low, and, with a smile all her own, said to the mayoress, 'May Britannia offer to take you on board?'

'Eh, what?' said the old lady, half-bewildered and half-pleased.

Vanessa stretched a hand across the table and took the mayoress's, saying, with her open, irresistible look, 'Come; it will please the mayor's people.' Then she looked to the mayor, and the mayoress made a mute appeal to him for orders. He gave a good Yorkshire guffaw. 'You'll take good care of the old woman, won't ye?' and the thing was settled, and the two ill-assorted figures were descending from the dais.

Vanessa ordered Tommy to her rock behind, and handing the mayoress into the front seat, took her place beside that lady, and, grasping the spokes of the ship's wheel, steered the car round the amphitheatre, amid vociferous cheers, the little Admiral giving the orders as before. Tommy with the trident was a sight to behold, as he held it up in a mock-heroic attitude. The old lady's expression was a curious blend of nervousness and pleasure, Vanessa looking round to her every now and again, giving encouragement with her own bewitching glance.

When we reached the riding-school—to which we had the entrée as the marquis's guests—we were just in time to see Vanessa lift the little Admiral from her perch and hold her up to the mayoress to be kissed, and to hear the mayoress say, 'I would like to kiss you, if I may,' and to see Vanessa bend down her face while the old lady clasped her in her arms. Then she turned and saw mother and me standing by, and came across to mother and took her hand in both of her own, saying, 'How good of you! How good, not to have told her!'

Mother returned the hand-clasp, and said, smiling, 'Of course I did not; but it would have been just the same if I had, the moment she knew that you were disabused and were kindly inclined to her. Hers is a true nobility of character.'

The little woman leaned forward and whispered, 'I may be a very foolish old woman, but I am not blind exactly. She will soon have nobility of name as well as of disposition. Yes, I am sure she will.' She smiled and we smiled, and just then Vanessa came up, having doffed her robes, appearing in a perfectly cut, simple coat and cape, with the three-cornered hat. She drove the mayoress home in the car, with no remains of Britannia's panoply except the upright wheel, which could not be altered on the spot, and, as she told me afterwards, met the cream of the bourgeoisie at afternoon-tea, and had 'a delightful time,' which I knew meant giving pleasure and doing what can be done in the odd moments of life to brighten the life of others.

'Vanessa,' I said, 'in these days of titled mayors, are you already taking lessons in mayoress's duties?'

She blushed and laughed. 'Are you so sure as all that?' she said, taking my face in her hands.

'I told you so before. I said I thought I knew; now I do know.'

(To be continued.)

THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

WHAT was probably the oldest route in the New World to be travelled by men was the Santa Fé Trail, as it still is called. Although not dating as far back as some of the Roman and other ancient highways of Europe, it was used by the traveller and explorer as early as the sixteenth century, and was probably a route over which the Indians of this part of America journeyed long before the first white man followed it.

There are no pavements, no walls, no ditches along the Santa Fé Trail. To the European it might not seem a roadway, but over it have gone thousands of trains of wagons bearing home-seekers, miners, and other adventurers from the country about the

Mississippi River, bound to the south-west. Many a wanderer has made the journey on horse or pony, and not a few have tried to make the long, weary trip on foot, though the majority of these have fallen by the way, victims to the hardship and suffering or to the hostile savages that in the earlier days often attacked the travellers to rob or perhaps to murder them. No, the Santa Fé is not marked by walls, nor has it a floor of stone like the Roman and other highways which traverse parts of Great Britain and the Continent; but for hundreds of miles one can follow it without losing one's way because of the bones which whiten the ground. Scattered over desert and prairie, in themselves they tell a tale of the past, for they are the remains of not only animals but men, even women and children. Where the country round about has been settled and civilisation has come, the victims of the savage tribes and famine and disease have had a Christian burial; but in the uninhabited country, through which much of the trail passes, the bones of oxen, horses, mules, and human beings are still bleaching in the sun. Some of them have been there over a century.

The trail stretches away from the banks of the Missouri River to the old Spanish town of Santa Fé in New Mexico, from which it takes its name. Since Coronado the Spanish explorer was guided over it by the Indians in 1541, parts of the route have been changed, but only for short distances, and the main 'road'—if it may be called such—extends through the valleys and plains of Kansas into the state of Colorado, where it reaches the great wall formed by the Rocky Mountains; then, turning southward, it follows this wall into New Mexico, going through a pass in the mountains to Santa Fé, a distance of seven hundred and seventy-five miles from the starting-point. Originally the trail led up the Arkansas River valley, where it turned south-westward. Later a shorter route was taken across the Cimarron desert. This route was without water for sixty miles; but time was the object, and it was used by the more venturesome. In this section, at the present time, there are no railroads and consequently few settlers, and so the prairie is in its primeval state. Here is the Grand Prairie of the Spanish period; and now, after the lapse of a generation since it was used, the trail is well defined, except rarely where it has been broken by the plough, all the way from the Arkansas to the Cimarron rivers. It is here that so much of the way is marked by the skeletons of those who have fallen, but on the smooth, hard surface time has also preserved even the marks of the vehicle-wheels.

Crossing the plains of south-western Kansas, the traveller comes to a broad and well-defined highway of ancient use. It is enclosed within wire fences, and is no longer used; but it is plain that it was made by hoofs and wheels. Four wagon-tracks run parallel in a width of one hundred feet, disclosing the ruts worn by the wheels, the paths of the oxen that drew the wagons, and the little ridges between. Straight as the bird flies it traverses the plains. From the very edge of the north-eastern skyline it may be traced with the naked eye, so light and dry is the atmosphere, and it is followed with the same distinctness in its course towards the south-west until it disappears over the rim of the horizon. Over this trail, or long sections of it, have travelled since Coronado's march in 1541 four races of men—the Indians, the Spanish, the French, the Americans. Relics still found on the prairie mark the successive stages: the flint arrow-heads of the early Indians and the steel tomahawk of later use, the Spanish pointed spur of the seventeenth century, a sword of French manufacture, and a quantity of grape-shot. The latter possibly was the contribution of American artillerymen returning from the Mexican war.

Farther west, in Kansas and Colorado, the country is a desert like the Sahara; but here again the way over which the pioneer white men toiled to reach the El Dorado which they thought lay west of the Rocky Mountains is all too plainly marked. Truly, the journey was fraught with danger and hardship, for the distance was long and the region traversed unknown, barren, and uncivilised. Many perished from thirst and exposure, and many more were killed by Indians, or, straying from the caravan, left to die of starvation upon the plains. In later years the dangers were lessened by the establishment of military posts; but these could not afford perfect security, and until 1870, when the Indians were captured and placed on reservations, life on the trail was not safe.

It was the custom to 'outfit'—get food and other supplies—at the town at the eastern end of the trail, the wagons travelling singly from there to the Cottonwood River in Kansas, where they would wait in camp for the others to come and form a train or caravan for the rest of the journey; for west of the Cottonwood the Indians lay in wait, and for their common safety the pioneers journeyed in companies. Sometimes there were two hundred men in one company. The wagons were of the same types as were used in the settlement of the states east of the Mississippi. Each was drawn by eight mules or oxen, and sometimes by horses. A wagon's capacity was five thousand pounds, and, except when crossing the streams, one team of eight animals easily pulled it. The wagons were canvas-covered, and they moved only about fifteen or twenty miles a day. They travelled four wagons abreast for better protection from surprise by Indians. The company, besides the wagon-men, included horsemen, whose duty it was to kill buffalo and antelope, for there was no other fresh meat along the route. Some parts of the country abounded with these beasts, and the chase was an exciting diversion from the monotony of a day's travel.

Far different was the march of Coronado along the route in the search for gold. This expedition marched by a circuitous route from the city of

Mexico to the western bank of the Missouri River, near where now stands the city of St Joseph, Missouri. In all, he journeyed three thousand two hundred and thirty miles to a province which the Indians call Quivira. In his journal he wrote: 'The province of Quivira is nine hundred and fifty leagues from Mexico. The place I have reached is in the fortieth degree of latitude. The earth is the best possible for all kinds of productions of Spain; for, while it is very strong and black, it is very well watered by brooks, springs, and rivers. I found prunes [wild plums] like those of Spain, some of which are black; also some excellent grapes and mulberries.' Quivira was a fertile part of Kansas. In an earlier entry he says he travelled 'mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth and wearisome, and bare of woods.' In another he writes the first authentic account of the buffalo, or bison, saying: 'All the way the plains are as full of crook-backed oxen as the Mountain Serena in Spain is of sheep.'

Centuries elapsed after Coronado's expedition before other white men ventured over any part of the trail. It was not until 1822, following the end of the Spanish dominion in Mexico and its northern provinces, that the trail became an established and beaten path of commerce; but so far back as 1763, when the province of Louisiana was a French possession, French traders from the Upper Mississippi region established a store where now is the site of Pueblo, Colorado. Prior to the enterprise of the French traders in 1763, eight of their countrymen from the Upper Mississippi settlements, in 1739, made the journey to Santa Fé, returning home the following year. What the mission, if any, of these adventurers was is not recorded. In 1720 the Spanish Government sent into the country a military force, which was destroyed by the Missouri Indians, a powerful and resentful tribe. In 1599 Don Juan de Onate, the conqueror of New Mexico, made an expedition into the 'Kansas region.'

Thus, long before the Santa Fé became a route for the trader and home-seeker white men had ventured upon it. Lieutenant Pike, an American naval officer and explorer, who discovered Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains, first mapped out the trail for the white-topped wagon-trains, and for many years goods were carried across the continent from east to west on it, while gold and silver were slowly hauled from the mines to the country east of the Mississippi, for it was the only route across the Great Plains. The first party of traders to journey over it were a little band of men who went to Santa Fé in search of horses and mules. They were nearly a year in going and returning.

For nearly fifty years the trains of wagons crossed and recrossed, bearing over a million pounds' worth of merchandise yearly. These were the caravans of the New World. But at last came the railroad-builders, who made a way of steel, and gradually the 'freighters' abandoned the trail, along which stretches one of the great American transcontinental railroads, partly named after the route it follows. And so this famous path of commerce passed from its usefulness. But, although unused, abandoned, and almost forgotten, it still marks the solitude of the plains. The wagon-ruts may be grass-grown, but they are still distinct; the roadside bears the scars of camp-fires long since quenched by the snows and rains of a third of a century; even evidences of the caches of the early voyageurs of the plains remain; but the towns which were founded and the settlements which grew and thrived upon the caravan traffic have disappeared. All the busy commerce of the plains is gone; but here and there pastures remain, and succeeding the Indian and the bison have come the peaceful American and his herds of domestic cattle.

THE BLACK FLAG.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR bells in the middle watch had struck on board H.M. gunboat *Merlin*, as under shortened sail and quarter-pressure steam she slowly forged ahead up-Channel on her return from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. On her larboard-bow the towering form of Portland Bill loomed through the murky darkness, and daylight would see her safely moored off Spithead. At least, so thought every one on board.

The lights had been freshly trimmed on bow and quarter. The lookout at each cathead had been changed, and the watch below in their hammocks were peacefully dreaming of the happy reunion which the morrow was to bring. Visions of mothers, wives, or sweethearts crowded with welcoming hands and beaming smiles around the canvas couches of the slumbering sea-dogs. On deck the watch collected in little groups, some under the lee of the masts, others under the shelter of the bridge or top-gallant forecastle, and spun yarns of past adventures or revelled in the anticipation of coming joys. Aloft, the rising gale piped through the straining cordage, and the closely reefed topsail bellied out as if it would burst from the bolt-ropes. The night was intensely dark, but every now and then the moon would burst through some rift in the piled-up masses of clouds, flooding for a brief moment the weird, wild scene with her silvery light.

It was Ned Trunnion's lookout, and he and his

messmate, young Maurice Kemp, who was keeping him company, were snugly ensconced in the hammock netting on the port-bow. Ned was a fine, weather-beaten tar of thirty-five, who had been at sea all his life, and had seen active service in every part of the world. His messmate was quite a youngster, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to keep lookout with Ned Trunnion, and listen to some of the thrilling stories he loved so well to narrate.

'It's going to be a rough four hours for the morning watch, I'm afraid, Ned,' remarked the youngster.

'Ay, lad, it be,' replied his companion. 'I fear it's going to be a rough four hours for both watches if the wind veers round a couple or three points more to nor'ards, as it threatens to do now. This is an ugly part o' the Channel, and Portland Race isn't the safest place for a craft to be wi' a stiff nor'-easter blowing in her teeth.'

'Is this a dangerous part of the coast, then, Ned?' inquired young Kemp.

'Ay,' replied the elder sailor. 'I know every yard on it, and I'd rather be waterlogged in the Bay o' Biscay than beat about off here wi' Portland Bill or the Chesil Bank for a lee-shore. There's a few rocks over there, look ye, that wi' a wind from the nor'-east would shred the iron plates o' the *Merlin* into pieces no larger than a lady's hairpin;' and he pointed in the direction of the reef where the old wreck lay stranded.

A few moments of silence ensued, during which Ned was closely scanning the faint outlines of the distant coast. 'Umph!' he at length ejaculated; 'and there's "Rattling Rock" over there, up which my old shipmate Dick Darrell tried to climb, and got stuck when he was more'n three-parts up; we had to draw him up wi' a rope from the top, or he would have stopped there till life's last "eight bells" had been rung. Poor Dick! he's over there on the isle now, perhaps in a worse plight than when he was stuck on the face o' the "Rattling Rock," or when the sharks nearly had him when the cap'in's cutter capsized at the mouth o' the Gambia.' And soft-hearted Ned Trunnion heaved a sympathetic sigh.

'What happened to him, Ned?' asked his companion, in the hope of hearing one of Ned's interesting reminiscences.

'That which might happen to any man,' replied Ned. 'Dick had a quick temper, and was too fond o' the purser's grog. He was allus getting into the black-list, though he was as good a sailor as ever handled a reef-point. Our present commander—he wor then only second luff—had taken a spite against Dick, and wor allus a-making him "toe the line." One day in Malta—it's near seven years or so now—Dick had been ashore on leave, and returned on board three sheets in the wind. The second luff spied him as he lumbered over the gangway singing:

> The ship that goes, and the wind that blows,
> And the lass that loves a sailor.

Poor Dick was wheeled to the quarter-deck, and the luff started to call him all sorts of unparliamentary names, and ordered the master-at-arms to confine him in irons in the fore-cockpit. The devil must have got into Dick at that moment, for, seizing an iron marlinespike which lay handy, he dealt his tormentor a terrible blow wi' it over the head that felled him like an ox. The result was a court-martial, and poor Dick was sentenced to penal servitude for life. I afterwards heard that he had been sent over yonder to the convict-prison on Portland Isle.'

Just then the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, and young Kemp's eyes suddenly rested on an object in the water, which caused him to utter a sharp cry. 'Look, Ned! look! What's that?' and he pointed to where a dark mass with something white lashed to it rose on the crest of a wave only a few yards from the ship.

Ned's quick eye likewise caught sight of it, and he exclaimed, 'Good gracious, lad, it's a raft with a man lashed to it!' Then the sailor's instinct rising within him, he shouted, 'Man on a raft on the port-bow!'

All was at once in a state of commotion on board the *Merlin*. The sailors metaphorically cut the threads of their respective yarns and rushed to the ship's side. The officer in charge satisfied himself by actual observation. A boat was lowered, and though the wind was strong and the sea running high, the raft was soon alongside the pinnace, the lashings cut, and the body—for it appeared nothing more than a body—quickly transferred to the deck of the gunboat.

By this time the doctor had arrived on the scene; and as the apparently lifeless form was hoisted over the gangway, Ned Trunnion, who was holding a deck-lantern to enable the doctor to examine if life was quite extinct or not, uttered an exclamation of mingled fear and surprise, and almost let the lantern fall from his grasp. The shirt and breeches which this poor waif of the sea had on were covered with the broad arrow, and the features, though pinched and ghastly from cold and privation, were the well-remembered features of the man whose history he had but now been relating—of his old messmate, Dick Darrell.

'Poor wretch!' said the doctor, taking in all the facts at a glance; 'I'm not sure but it would be more merciful to let him die. Take him below.' The order was immediately obeyed, and restoratives applied, and when Dick opened his eyes it was to see bending over him the rough, weather-stained, but kindly face of his old shipmate, Ned Trunnion.

. . . . . .

'All hands on deck to take in sail!'

The boatswain's voice, loud and resonant as a steam fog-horn, startled the sleepers from their dreams of home and friends. Overhead on deck

were heard the sounds of hurrying feet, and the short, sharp words of command, uttered in a voice which the resuscitated convict below remembered only too well. It was the voice of Commander Oliphant, who had come on deck, roused by the noise made by the lowering and rehoisting of the pinnace. He was every inch a sailor, somewhat of a martinet; but the red scar that ran half-way down his forehead had taught him to be just, and now no officer in the service bore a higher reputation for fairness and impartiality in the treatment of his crew. That red scar had been caused by the hand of the man who lay below, and who by this time knew that he was again at the mercy of his old enemy.

Presently Ned Trunnion was called away to take his place in the fore-top, and a marine was deputed to keep guard over the castaway. The gale had by this time increased to something like a storm, and the ship pitched and rolled heavily in the high cross-sea that was running. Every stitch of canvas was taken in, with the exception of a close-reefed fore-staysail, to steady her head and keep it to the wind. The huge engine laboured and throbbed like the breaking heart of some defeated giant. Louder and louder raved the storm in all its fateful fury. Closer and closer the doomed vessel hugged the treacherous lee-shore that stretched out its jagged, saw-like ridges seaward, like the tentacles of some monstrous octopus. Over her decks the great green waves rushed in liquid avalanches, sweeping everything into the hell of waters that seethed around her.

Soon one of the heavy guns broke loose from its lashings, and went crashing first against the fore-mast and then through the bulwarks and over her side into the sea. The mast quickly followed, and for a moment the vessel heeled over on her side as if about to capsize. Terror proved too much for the marine's sense of duty, and, leaving his charge to look after his own safety, he hurriedly made his way on deck. His example was followed by as many of the sick as could leave their hammocks, and Dick was left alone, with only one companion, a curly-headed boy of sixteen, who had been wounded in the attack on Alexandria and had lost a leg. The convict's first impulse was to rush on deck like the rest, thinking only of his own safety; but the pleading voice of the maimed boy restrained him. He was still weak and stiff from his long immersion in the water, but his splendid vitality enabled him to rally from an experience that would have killed any one with a less wire-woven constitution.

'Don't be afraid, my lad,' he said in kindly tones, and gently patted the white and wasted cheek. 'I'll not leave you, even if the worst comes to the worst. In the meantime, however, you'll be safer here than on deck. I'll just run up and see how matters stand there, and come back to you again.'

So saying, he made his way up the companion-ladder and on to the forecastle-deck. The mast and the cordage were being cut away rapidly, and, freed from their weight, the vessel righted herself again. But she was now completely at the mercy of the elements, and it was only a question of a few moments for the end to come.

'Hold on for your lives!' shouted the captain, as a great white-topped wall of water came rushing up at the *Merlin's* stern. Instinctively every one obeyed; and in an instant the deluge had swept over the decks, like the besom of destruction, men, spars, boats, everything and every one who could not cling on with the desperation of despair. The bridge had been carried away, and with it the captain. Dick, who had clutched hold of the fore-castle-windlass, caught sight of his ancient enemy as he was swirled, still clinging to a part of the bridge, over the starboard-bow. Quick as lightning he darted to the vessel's side, and, hanging on to a broken stanchion, waited for her to rise out of the trough of the wave. She did so; and at the same instant the broken part of the submerged bridge, the rail of which had got entangled in the fore-chains, rose also, the captain still clinging to it. To stretch out over the yawning chasm to grasp the drowning man by the collar of his coat and drag him on board was the work of a moment; and then captain and convict were face to face.

. . . . . .

The gray dawn broke over the heaving waste of waters, lighting up a scene as woeful as mortal eye ever gazed upon. The gallant *Merlin* was a total wreck. She had struck, and thirty men and boys, all that were left of a crew of fifty, were clinging to the stumps of her broken masts. The nearest lifeboat-station was eight miles away, and long ere relief could come the *Merlin* would be in pieces. On the rocks ashore the fisherfolk were making frantic efforts to effect a communication with the wreck, but all to no purpose.

'Is there a man left,' shouted the captain, 'who has courage enough and devotion enough to make the attempt to swim ashore with a line? My arm is broken, or I'd try it myself, though it is almost certain death.'

Every one looked from the place where he clung to the dark, towering cliffs that frowned in front, and at the white, tossing, tumbling maelstrom that lay between. The strongest swimmer could scarcely battle with that terrible under-suction, and, if he could, the cruel waves would dash him to pieces amongst those spike-like rocks.

Every one looked, but no one essayed an answer. At last a man who with one hand clung to the broken mast, while with the other he supported the half-dead form of a curly-headed lad—a man wearing a uniform that did not belong to the Queen's navy, and which was stamped with the hideous badge that told rather of the Queen's prison—this man, while all else remained silent, raised his voice and spoke.

'Captain, I will make the attempt. My life has been hitherto worthless to myself and useless to the world; its sacrifice will be no loss to its owner, and may save that of some better man. I only make one condition; and that is, if I succeed, this youngster shall be the first soul sent ashore.'

A hearty cheer greeted these words, and the desired promise was readily given. A line was procured, one end of which the daring criminal tied round his waist, while the other was made fast to a stout inch manilla hawser. Taking a strong splinter of wood between his teeth, he waited till a great roller came coursing shoreward, flung himself into it as it broke over the ship, and was carried on its crest a hundred yards towards the shore. Then he disappeared, drawn back by the terrible undertow.

But Dick was experienced in surf-swimming, and the piece of splintered wood which he carried between his teeth served a useful purpose. As soon as the roller broke and dashed him down against the rocks, he would whip the piece of wood from his mouth and jamb it down among the interstices of the rocks, holding on till the receding wave would leave him. Then, bruised and bleeding, he would struggle over their jagged points till he heard the roar of another wave behind him. Again would he wedge his splinter into the chinks and crannies of the soft limestone rocks, and lie like a limpet till it had passed over him.

At last, with the assistance of the people on shore, he lay, battered and bleeding but alive, on the beach, above and out of the reach of the waves. While the womenfolk dressed his wounds and administered restoratives, the men quickly dragged ashore and fixed the hawser. A cradle was speedily extemporised, and in less than two hours every man left of the *Merlin's* crew was saved; Frank Vincent, the wounded boy, being the first to be sent ashore.

Dick recovered. He received a free pardon and a reward for his bravery, and afterwards entered the service of his once enemy but now firm friend, Admiral Sir Jasper Oliphant.

On Sundays, in the quaint old church at Castle Oliphant, accompanied by his comely young wife, the sister of Frank Vincent, Dick Darrell, in his sonorous voice, might be heard singing the *Te Deum*:

> We praise Thee, O God!
> We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

As for Warder Gunter, he had to pay the full penalty of Darrell's evasion, was reduced to the lowest grade, deprived of all prospects of promotion, and subjected to a severe monetary fine. He became more morose, more malignant in his hatred against the men under his charge, and was finally killed by a miserable wretch whom his cruelty had driven to madness. Of him it might truly have been said that 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,' and that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

REACTION IN ARTISTIC HOUSE DECORATION.

FOR some considerable time past a brilliant, glossy white has been in most extensive vogue for the decoration of the house. Its recommendatory features were that it gave the rooms a lighter, brighter, and cooler appearance, was easy to clean, and consequently more hygienic. Certainly these advantages have been obtained, and to a certain extent nothing can compare with the *tout ensemble* of a pure, spotless white. But the very glossiness is inartistic, harsh, somewhat commercial and inexpensive in appearance, more especially when the materials employed are of doubtful quality and the application is crude as the result of hurried, cheap labour. Taken altogether, it cannot compare with the 'matte' appearance of the flatted enamel which is so extensively used in French decoration. That beautiful, characteristic, velvety, egg-shell enamel is highly artistic, restful to the eye, round, soft, yet solid in appearance. The charm of the high-class French decoration of this character has always been the subject of great admiration, and it would have been more extensively employed had it not been so expensive. The French work is the outcome of great labour and pains on the part of the artist, which is obviously impossible except in those rare instances where cost is a secondary consideration. Recent experiments on the part of our colour chemists and manufacturers have, however, resulted in the perfection of white flatted enamel, the 'Dodo,' which, though not requiring elaborate care in its application, produces an effect very similar to the French enamel, the surface being beautifully soft and smooth in appearance. The material is made from pure zinc white, so that there is no possibility of that ugly discoloration which attends the use of spurious substances that maintain their characteristics for only a short while; it possesses great flowing power, so that it finds its own level surface without any signs of those disconcerting ridges or brush-marks frequently observable; has great covering capacity; and will not crack or blister. If a soft tint should be preferred to a dead white, it can be easily obtained to any required gradation of tone without forfeiting any of the soft, velvety characteristics. At the same time, it is quite as hygienic as its glossy brother, being capable of ready cleaning by soap and water without any danger of rubbing off. It dries quickly

and becomes very hard. Moreover, it is inexpensive and can be applied upon any material—upon iron-work as readily as woodwork, upon walls as efficiently as upon stone.

AN INGENIOUS NIGHT READING-GLASS.

Who has not experienced the exasperation of waking up in the middle of the night, and, wishing to ascertain the time, of fumbling about in the darkness for the elusive matches to illuminate the watch or clock dial; or, should electric light be available, has not been dazzled by the sudden emergence from the darkness into brilliant light? An ingenious inventor has overcome this troublesome possibility in a very ingenious manner by the design of what he describes as a 'night eye,' or glass, which enables one to read the time or print in the darkness. The luminosity, which is a purplish glow, is not produced by phosphorus or a luminous combustible medium of any description, but by a chemical radio-active action. It is essentially intended for use in the darkness when the eyes are in their night condition. All that is necessary is to hold the luminous material near a light for some ten seconds before retiring, so as to set up the chemical radio-active action. Then it will glow steadily all night. It will be seen that such a system is capable of application to a variety of purposes, more especially as it is so simple and absolutely safe from all points of view, and will last for many years.

A LADIES' HAT-HOLDER.

The prevailing tendency towards large dimensions on the part of my lady's headgear presents innumerable difficulties in regard to its safe and economic accommodation in cloak-rooms of theatres and other public buildings, not to take into consideration the perplexity of housing it securely at home in bulky boxes. To hang it from a hat-peg upon orthodox lines is well-nigh impossible, at least without serious likelihood of damaging or deranging the trimming. An inventor has, however, endeavoured to meet the situation by ingenious means, in the shape of a nickel tube about four inches in length by half an inch in diameter, from the top of which projects a small, wire-meshed hemisphere. Up and down this tube slides a counterweight attached to a thin chain, the opposite end of which carries a corresponding wire-meshed hemisphere, so that when the two halves come together a perfect ball is formed. All that has to be done is to pull out the sliding section of the ball, withdraw the hat-pin from one side of the crown, and pass it through the meshing of the ball, and then through the opposite side of the crown again, the hat thus being freely suspended and in such a manner that the trimmings are not touched in any way. To detach the hat the pin has only to be withdrawn from the meshed ball, when the latter falls back into a closed position by means of its counterweight. The utilisation of such a device as this should successfully solve one of the most perplexing difficulties confronting cloak-room attendants, and do away with the present methods, which are often provocative of much complaint through a hat being crushed.

SELF-WINDING CLOCKS.

Considerable stir was recently made by the announcement of the perfection of a clock that would go for one thousand days with a single winding. At first sight this appears a remarkable horological achievement, but as a matter of fact there are clocks on the market which do not require any winding at all—that is, in the ordinary sense of the word—and will go for years without attention. These timepieces are electrically driven, and can be connected to the ordinary house-lighting system; or should such not be available, four-volt batteries are in every way as serviceable. The winding mechanism is very ingenious, and successfully guards against the possibility of overwinding or straining the mechanism by this operation, which is the general cause of timepieces stopping or becoming deranged. There is a small motor carried in the clock which is automatic in its action. When the clock runs down the current is switched on and the spring rewound up to a certain predetermined limit, when the current is switched off, this cycle of operations being repeated continuously and without any attention whatever. Even breakdowns in the electrical supply are provided against. Such contingencies, though now reduced to the minimum, are unavoidable even in the best-regulated electric generating works. When the current is drawn from the house-lighting system it first winds an auxiliary spring before winding up the clock-spring proper. Should an accident occur to the supply, this reserve spring is brought into action, and it is sufficient to drive the clock for forty-eight hours, which in the majority of cases is ample to tide over repair of a breakdown. With a battery system such a provision is unnecessary. The consumption of electrical energy is insignificant, a unit of energy, representing from fourpence to sixpence, being sufficient for a period of about ten years. The automatic winding system is distinctly advantageous, for it serves to keep the timepiece regulated to a very precise degree, and spring fatigue is not experienced. The system is applicable to small clocks with a dial of some three inches designed for the mantelpiece as efficiently as for clocks having a dial measuring several feet across.

IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT IN MOTOR-BOAT DESIGN.

The craze for speed in boats propelled by petrol or other explosion engines has brought about a remarkable development in the design of such craft which will probably be far-reaching in its results. Hitherto the general practice has been to crowd heavy, high-powered motors into as light and frail a boat as possible—mere egg-shells, in fact—and many have been the fiascos attending the racing of such freaks. Sir John I. Thornycroft, F.R.S., how-

ever, thought that the true solution of speed lay in the alteration of the design of the hull, and to determine this point carried out a series of elaborate experiments with small models following the lines of skimmers or hydroplanes. These proved highly valuable and aroused considerable attention in motor-boat and shipbuilding circles. He followed up these investigations with a full-sized motor-boat upon the lines of the model which gave the most promising results, and the preliminary trials with this craft have served to substantiate the points emphasised in the trials with the model. Above the water-line the boat does not differ materially in its appearance from the general craft of this type, except that it is whale-backed and somewhat broad, but beneath the water-line there is a very wide divergence from existing practice. Under the keel, at the prow, is a vertical fin plate carrying at right angles a horizontal plane. As the speed of the boat increases the prow rises, until at last, when a speed of twenty miles per hour is gained, the keel lifts clear of the water, being supported in front only by the plane which skims or glides along the surface of the water, while the stern, which is of special design, drops. In this manner the boat skims over the water with but little resistance from the latter, throwing only a little spray and scarcely any wash. The higher the speed the more steadily the boat rides, but in choppy water a quick, seesaw motion is observed, this being attributed to the extraordinary position of the centre of gravity. The speeds so far obtained, upwards of thirty miles per hour, have been marvellous, and could not be anywhere approached by a craft of the orthodox style with engines of the same power. Evidently we are on the dawn of a new era in motor-boat design, at least so far as racing vessels are concerned. In fact, if the speed were carried to a certain point, such a vessel would leave the water altogether and travel through the air.

A SPECIALIST IN GLOVES.

It is curious, and at the same time indicative of enterprise, to discover scattered here and there throughout the country specialists in certain phases of manufacture, the necessity of which does not at first sight appear. Among these is one who makes the design and manufacture of gloves for special purposes a prime study. When it is recollected that there are numerous occupations in which working with the naked hand or with the fingers protected by the usual type of glove is very injurious to health, or even impossible, the opportunities in this direction may be appreciated. And the demands upon such a specialist are as difficult as they are varied. For instance, the danger arising from the continued handling of the X-rays is provocative of dermatitis, the terrible effects of which have recently been brought home to the man in the street. Yet this specialist has succeeded in evolving a covering for the hand which extends complete protection to the digits. He has also evolved other coverings of a similar character for protecting the workman engaged in the handling of arsenic and other poisons, and as a precaution against anthrax while working with wool or hair, in which this insidious germ preferably lurks. Those fond of horse-riding and driving fully realise the difficulties of holding a steed in pouring rain, when the reins and gloves become as slippery as ice, and render gripping no easy task. Such will appreciate the benefit of a special glove that has been evolved. The glove-surface of the inside of the thumb and first finger, as well as the lower part of the third finger, is provided with a patent slip-in arrangement comprising a fine cord-netting, strong and durable. On a wet day the more slippery the reins become the tighter is the grip that can be obtained, and at the same time the leather fabric is given a very appreciably greater length of life. In fact, no matter for what a glove may be required, it can by this close observance of little details be provided, and will secure completely the protection desired.

CONVERTING NATURAL GAS INTO ALCOHOL.

An American industrial chemist has, according to a recent patent, evolved a process of converting natural gas into liquid alcohol, which should prove of some importance to those countries possessing abundance of this natural supply, for which some more remunerative industrial exploitation is sought. He points out that natural gas contains on the average 96 per cent. of methane, and this is transformed into alcohol by the action of limited portions of oxygen or air in the presence of a heat-absorbing fluid, such as steam, which prevents complete combustion. At the same time it keeps the temperature below the decomposing point of alcohol, the oxidation being induced and maintained by passing the gaseous ingredients through electrically heated gauze. The result is a direct conversion of the gas into alcohols and dehydrogenated alcohols, those which are known as wood alcohol (aldehyde of methane alcohol—i.e. formaldehyde). Consequently the product is a mixture of methyl alcohol and formaldehyde, but the latter can be easily separated. He points out that if the combustion is properly regulated and controlled, five thousand cubic feet of gas will produce approximately fifty gallons of alcohol. In the United States, where natural gas is readily obtainable at from twopence-halfpenny to fivepence per thousand feet, to produce a gallon of alcohol would entail an outlay of one farthing to one halfpenny for the raw material. The commercial practicability of such a process is obviously vitally dependent upon the cost of production.

METAL SHELVES FOR LIBRARIES.

During the past few years the employment of metal for shelves has undergone extensive development in connection with public libraries, not only on account of its greater protection against fire, but owing to its more economical qualities. There has been recently a still further develop-

ment, and one which is applicable to offices and warehouses as readily as to libraries. In this instance the shelves are made adjustable, and the arrangement lends itself to use in a variety of forms. It can be used in the centre of a room, transported from one part to the other, or placed against the wall with equal facility. It is light, absolutely indestructible, economical in occupation of space, and capable of indefinite extension. Moreover, it is built upon the interchangeable system, which appreciably improves its value. Another important feature is that a whole shelf with its contents can be removed bodily without interfering with or disturbing the rest. For this latter reason it has aroused attention in connection with offices and warehouses.

A NEW BY-PRODUCT.

Two French chemists have evolved a process which is now being exploited for the commercial production of a useful corn by-product. It is generically named 'Maisine,' and its perfection means that the albuminous portions of corn can be turned to valuable account. These investigators ascertained that corn-flour contains a gluten very closely allied to that of wheat, but differing from the latter inasmuch as it is soluble in alcohol, especially in amylic alcohol. Dissolved in alcohol and acetone solutions, the product thus produced, after evaporation, is a transparent, plastic substance. It can be combined with celluloid in varying proportions—20 to 75 per cent.—thereby lowering the cost and combustibility of this material. If the proportion exceeds 20 per cent., the resultant celluloid can be heated for three minutes to 155 degrees Centigrade without showing decomposition. Moreover, it can be associated with other substances with equal success, is available for food, and, like caseine, by combination with alkalies can be converted into glue and sizing substances. In the preparation of maisine the corn-flour is first dried, and all fatty matters removed by benzine. The corn-flour is then exhausted, and the resultant precipitate is filtered and dried. Maisine is yielded in a proportion of 13 per cent. from the corn-flour in this manner. Works have been established in France, and the material is being manufactured upon an industrial scale.

SEA-COW OIL AND BACON.

Apparently a new fishing industry has sprung up in Australasia in the hunting of the sea-cow—that curious, human-looking denizen of the deep, the appearance of which no doubt suggested the mermaid of tradition—for its oil and flesh are considered valuable prizes. The dugong, to quote its correct name, is mammalian, gregarious, and herbivorous, feeding on the rank grass and marine shrubs growing plentifully on the mud-banks and coral shores of North Queensland, which is its favourite haunt. The oil is worth from ten shillings per gallon upwards, and is stated to be of excellent medicinal value, especially for rheumatism; while its flesh, cured and salted, is a first-rate nutritious edible, especially for consumptives, owing to its heavy oil content, which renders it an excellent substitute for cod-liver oil. The sea-cow is caught with a net measuring one hundred and twenty yards in length and twelve feet wide, of two feet mesh, set, like the ordinary fishing-net, in the neighbourhood haunted by the mammal. The net is supported at either end by a heavy, wide plank, and by a plugged oil-drum in the centre. It is spread at night, and the sea-cow becoming entangled in its meshes is drowned. In the morning the fisherman can readily detect if he is in luck's way, since the white stomach of the trapped mammal floats high above the water. The prize is towed ashore, skinned—for the back sheathing is thick and hard in texture, rendering it useful for many purposes—the best sections of the flesh cut out, smoked, and salted, while the remainder is boiled down for the extraction of the oil. In the case of well-grown males, the value of the catch is further enhanced by the ivory of the two tusks, which run up to six inches in length by one inch in diameter. The equipment for the fishery is somewhat elaborate and costly, the net alone representing about forty pounds, while, in addition, there has to be retained a fleet of boats, as well as boiling and curing huts on shore. It is probably on account of the extent of this initial outlay that the fishery has not been extensively developed, but in view of the marketable value of the products, the dugong-fishery should be a new and promising Australian industry.

'MOTORING TO-DAY'—A CORRECTION.

Sir J. H. A. Macdonald requests us to express his regret that in an article on 'Motoring To-day' in *Chambers's* for June he stated that the Town-Clerk of Shrewsbury had not replied to letters written to him, as he is now informed that the letters were not received by the Town-Clerk.

AMERICAN EXCAVATION IN EGYPT.

In recent years Egypt—especially the valley of the Nile—has attracted unusual attention from Americans, because it has been included to such an extent in the routes for tourists from the United States. It is an interesting fact that American archæologists, also others interested in the excavation of antiquities, have taken part in this work more and more either through the donation of money to carry it out or personally going into the field. In a number of instances they have co-operated with such organisations as the Egyptian Exploration Fund, and it may be said that their work has been heartily appreciated. It is needless to say that the Department of Antiquities connected with the Egyptian Government has general charge of the excavations. It is under the direction of the noted savant M. Maspero, who has so long been an authority on this subject. In fact, the department is practically under French and German supervision. To secure permission to make

excavations it is necessary to have authority from this department. Some of the Americans who have taken an interest in the work have expressed the opinion that the present system of getting permission is too restricted, and that a broader policy should be shown by the authorities. For instance, it is the usual custom for an excavator not only to contribute one-half of the objects he secures to the museum at Cairo, but to allow them to be selected by the authorities of the Department of Antiquities. It has been asserted that they sometimes reserve the most valuable parts of the collection, which prevents museums elsewhere from obtaining the results of excavators from these countries. A feeling prevails in the United States that the work might be made more international in scope, since some of the individual projects have had such important results. An illustration of this fact is the discovery of the tomb of Queen Thiy in 1907, which was among the most valuable discoveries in the history of the excavation. The success was due almost entirely to the enterprise and liberality of Mr Theodore M. Davis, an American enthusiast in Egyptian archæology. Up to the time Mr Davis began excavations it had been impossible thoroughly to explore this region through lack of funds. At his own expense he had an electric light plant installed, so that work could be carried on night and day if desired. He paid for a corps of labourers, and employed noted experts in excavation. It is admitted that only by this method could the discovery have been made, and if others donated funds as liberally much greater results would be obtained from the Nile Valley than are now secured.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA FROM PEAT.

Probably there is no question that has so extensively occupied the mind of the chemist and the inventor as the commercial exploitation of the vast deposits of peat abounding on the surface of the globe. The objects of their investigations have varied from the production of fuel to obtaining chemical compounds for animal foodstuffs or other commodities. Success, however, has only been moderately achieved. The latest project, and one which incidentally appears to be assured of practical success, is the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia. This chemical compound, which has extremely high fertilising value, has been principally obtained heretofore as a by-product in gas and coke production, and the utilisation of a special process for the production of this article marks an important development in applied science. The invention has passed through the experimental stage, and a huge plant capable of turning out some five thousand tons of sulphate of ammonia per annum has been erected upon an Irish peat-bog, the exploiters having acquired some six square miles of the raw material. The value of the invention lies in the fact that peat containing as much as 75 per cent. of water can be used, and that distillation is effected by moist combustion. A special type of furnace has been evolved, and combustion is carried out by means of a blast of air charged with water at a regulated temperature. The resultant gases contain paraffin-tars, acetic acid, and ammonia, each of which is highly valuable. The ammonia-gas is conducted to an acid-tower, where, on its meeting a stream of hot sulphuric acid, sulphate of ammonia is formed. In the preliminary experiments it was found that five tons of the fertiliser could be extracted from one hundred tons of peat, exclusive of the other by-products, which in themselves are valuable. The process is remarkably novel, and, being economical, can be developed upon commercial lines with complete success, a ton of the sulphate of ammonia costing about six pounds to produce, while its market value is about twelve pounds, giving a gross profit of 100 per cent. Furthermore, owing to the remarkable fertilising value of this compound, the demand is far in excess of the supply; and, as this demand is increasing, the possibility of the product depreciating in its marketable value is very remote.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

NOCTURNE.

Out on the bar, the sea, with voice incessant,
Sings to the night above it stretching wide—
Throbbing with stars, but shorn of her young crescent—
The triumph-song of the returning tide.

The tide returns, but the still, narrow river
Flows to its meeting, dim, remote, and cool,
Holding faint starshine; brighter stars aquiver,
On its white beaches, sow each sandy pool.

Light which is yet not light is all around us,
Darkness that is not darkness fills the air;
In the soft, moonless gray all things that bound us
Are blurred and blended, magical and fair.

Only behind us lights are redly burning
On the long bridge, in tremulous lines below
Their rays reflected; and our path, in turning,
Before us shows the hillside lamps aglow.

Oh, summer night and distant tide-voice calling!
Your softness and your sounding fills my heart,
Making a dream for other nights' recalling,
When Memory holds the Past's dim gates apart.

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE TUTOR OF TYNDRACH.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS, Author of *A Romance of Ord*, &c.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE gentle trickle of the burn over its pebbly bed, the soft, fresh balm of the mountain air on her face, the luxurious ease of the couch of heather on which she lay, all had a soothing effect on Ann Graham. She was half-asleep, her eyes closed, the black hair loosened about her head, her arms stretched out, displaying the supple grace of her young figure, when a voice behind her made her start into a sitting posture.

As she opened her eyes the strong daylight dazzled her for a moment, while the abrupt return to consciousness perplexed her mind.

The man's figure before her seemed part of a dream, but the question, repeated for a second time, convinced her: 'Can you tell me how far it is to Inchie?'

There is a matter-of-fact sound about all such inquiries as to time and distance that discourages illusions. Ann rose agilely to her feet and faced the stranger.

'About a mile,' she said; 'that is, to the village. Were you going there?' Her eyes studied him disinterestedly as she was speaking.

He was struck by the contrast between their vivid blue and the almost coal-black hair waving on her forehead. There was a fine irregularity about her features, too, that interested him; and he forgave the freckles for the clear, healthy pallor of the skin beneath.

'My ultimate destination is the manse,' he said.

Ann caught her breath in surprise.

'You live there?' he surmised quickly.

She nodded. 'I have lived there all my life. The minister is my uncle.'

The coincidence evidently did not strike him as extraordinary. When one has had a certain experience of life it is not the coincidences that surprise, but the scarcity of them.

'It is the minister I want to see,' he said. 'My name is Selwyn. I am with Lord Maudsley at Tyndrach, as tutor to his sons. He is writing a book about this district—the legends, history, superstitions, &c.; and, hearing that your uncle was a great authority on local lore, he sent me over to try to glean what help I could from him.'

Ann smiled. 'Yes, my uncle can tell you everything,' she said with the assurance of perfect faith. 'If you come now we shall be just in time for tea.' She glanced round for the hat she had discarded as she spoke, and seeing it lying at some distance on the heather, made a dive for it, and thrust it carelessly on to her head.

While she was doing so Selwyn noticed that there was a modest pearl ring on the third finger of her left hand, and a vague curiosity as to the type of man who had appropriated this girl with the vivid eyes and the strong, sweet face made itself felt within him.

'Are you really going to show me the way?' he said, smiling involuntarily at her unself-conscious behaviour.

'Yes, of course. I can take you by a short cut, and it is time for me to be going home,' she said in her most business-like tone, but smiling at him with frank good-comradeship nevertheless.

He prepared to accompany her, congratulating himself inwardly on the prospect of her companionship. There was something delightfully fresh and stimulating about her personality, yet withal a suggestion of deeper possibilities hitherto unawakened. The man who married her would find himself faced with them some day, he reflected cynically. How would the discovery affect their mutual lives?

The path Ann chose was little more than a sheep-track through the heather, and led steeply downwards, so that it was impossible for them to walk abreast. But Selwyn was content to wait until a more propitious mode of progress presented itself. An exclamation of delight escaped his lips

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

as the first glimpse of Loch Inchie burst on their view.

'That is the road down there,' said Ann, half-turning to point to a narrow ribbon of white winding by the loch-shore, 'and those are the glebe-fields on the other side. You can't see the manse—it is hidden by the trees; but we will go across the fields; it is the shortest way.'

The manse cows were being driven in for their milking as the pair entered through the white gate into the glebe. The barefooted urchin at their heels stared curiously at the stranger by Ann's side as they passed.

'Jock's wondering where you came from,' she said, turning to her companion with frank amusement; but the expression of half-conscious interest and admiration in the tutor's eyes made her flush and avert her head quickly.

'He thinks I am some genius of the mountains,' said Mr Selwyn in his low, languid voice.

Ann realised suddenly that she was sorry the walk was so nearly at an end. Little had been said by either of them during the course of it, yet the novelty of the association with a stranger, and especially one of the type of Mr Selwyn, had lent it a peculiar charm.

They entered the house by a side-door and made straight for the dining-room. Tea was spread out on the table, and the minister was seated at one side, a book propped against the sugar-basin in front of him.

'Uncle Robert, this is Mr Selwyn,' said Ann, coming into the sombre room like a whirlwind. 'He has walked over from Tyndrach to see you.'

The minister started up from his place with a bewildered air. Visitors were few and far between at Inchie, and the treatise on *Ossian* in which he had just been immersed still held sway over his mind. But a few words from the tutor as to the real object of his mission soon brought him back to the present. His delight at finding an audience for his pet hobby was unbounded. For the first quarter of an hour he completely absorbed his guest, while Ann bustled to and fro making fresh tea and attending to the tutor's material wants.

'So his lordship is going to write a book?' said the old man at last, leaning back in his chair and surveying Selwyn quizzically over his glasses. 'I am thinking, sir, it will be you who will write it, and he who will sign his name.'

Selwyn hurriedly disclaimed the suggestion.

'Eh, but Malcolm would have been interested to meet you!' went on his host, turning significantly to Ann as he spoke.

The tutor, too, glanced at the girl, remembering his former curiosity as to the identity of her lover, and wondering if this could be he. But she only nodded her head in agreement.

'Malcolm's my nephew,' the old man continued in explanation. 'A minister too; his parish is near Golspie—a lonely part, but it is his first call. We are expecting him down to-morrow.'

So, perchance, Ann had gone up on the hillside that afternoon to dream about her lover's coming, reflected Selwyn cynically.

'I've only one grudge against him,' continued the minister—'that he is going to take away my niece here. We've put off the evil day as long as possible; but it's natural young people should be impatient.'

There was no mistaking the consternation on Ann's face now. 'Oh uncle, you know I'm not impatient!' she exclaimed hotly. 'I don't want to leave you at all, or Inchie. Malcolm knows that. I tell him so every time he comes.'

'Hoots, lassie, don't fly out like that!' said the minister with a sly glance at his guest. 'We'll say it's Malcolm, if you like. There's been a plaintive note about his letters lately. I don't blame him for wanting companionship.'

Ann pushed back her chair abruptly, and rose to her feet. 'I'm going into the garden,' she said.

Selwyn opened the door for her, but she carefully avoided his eyes.

'We'll follow you later, after we've finished our talk,' called the minister after her, still smiling.

The manse garden sloped to the loch. It was surrounded by high walls covered with ancient fruit-trees, and everything planted within its precincts seemed to grow and flourish miraculously.

By the time Ann had wandered twice up and down her favourite herbaceous walk she had begun to ask herself the reason for her sudden ebullition of feeling. Marriage with her cousin had long been an established fact in her calculations. The possibility of any other future had never even suggested itself to her. Her affections were equally divided between her uncle and her cousin, and marriage simply meant for her the passing from the guardianship of the one to the other.

These two men had up to this time been the only *dramatis personæ* in her life, and it was natural that she should have fallen in with their conclusions. But this evening for the first time she seemed to see the situation through the eyes of another—the quiet, self-possessed stranger who had walked suddenly into her life on the breezy hillside, bringing with him a whole world of hitherto undreamed-of possibilities.

What would he think of the future she contemplated, of the man who was to be her husband? She had an unwelcome connotation of certain attributes of her lover as these questions framed themselves in her mind—an habitual clumsiness of movement, a want of finish and control, a lack of reserve and strength—that offered a striking contrast to the subtle air of connoisseurship and experience that were the tutor's predominating characteristics. The next moment she was reproaching herself for her disloyalty.

Malcolm loved her—second at least to himself; of that she needed no proof. The making of a

home for her had been his first object ever since he set out on his career. If he had an undue opinion of his own powers and capabilities, she had always hitherto believed that his confidence was well founded. Of the stranger she knew nothing except that he had brought a new element into her life, and one, too, of discord.

'Ann! Ann!' The minister was calling her.

She turned back up the path she was traversing.

The two men had just entered the little door at the top of the garden, and were coming towards her.

She took in every detail of their appearance as they approached; her uncle's familiar figure, in its rusty black, the stooped shoulders, the shrunken face overgrown with gray whiskers, the kindly, preoccupied eyes behind their glasses; and beside him, cool and inscrutable, the stranger. At this distance he appeared almost boyish, with his slight figure and pale, smooth face; but on closer inspection Ann knew there were tell-tale lines about his eyes and round his lips that betrayed the maturity of the man. There was an indescribable something in his air, too, that inspired her with confidence—a sense of accumulated wisdom and knowledge of the world that made even her uncle, old as he was, appear simple and unsophisticated.

'I have ordered the gig, and am going to drive Mr Selwyn back part of the way,' called the minister as they approached. 'He has promised to walk over to service on Sunday and take dinner with us. I want him and Malcolm to meet.'

Ann felt the colour mount into her face. She knew the tutor's eyes were on her face, and knew too that he must inevitably gauge the secret of her discomfiture. Yet why should she object to a meeting between the two? She was about to force herself into a cordial confirmation of the invitation, when Selwyn's quiet voice interposed.

'I said if I could manage it, sir,' he said, turning to the minister with his easy smile. 'My time is not my own, you see. If I do not come you will understand that I have been prevented.'

Ann's heart sank as she listened. So he had truly interpreted her silence! A quick shame seized her; all the affection and loyalty she had ever felt towards her cousin rose up to reproach her.

'Do try to come!' she cried earnestly, her blue eyes fixed pleadingly, almost authoritatively, on his face. 'We shall be so disappointed if you do not manage it!'

'I will do my best,' he returned gravely. 'It will be my last chance of a conversation with your uncle. I am going to London next week.'

'To London!' echoed Ann quietly.

'I'm sorry to hear it,' put in the minister. 'But you'll be coming again to these parts?'

The tutor smiled curiously. 'Who knows?' he said with a light shrug. Then he held out his hand to Ann. '*Au revoir*, Miss Graham. Perhaps you will take me for a row on your beautiful loch on Sunday—if I come?'

'Yes,' said Ann, smiling back into his face, 'I will—if you come.'

(*To be continued.*)

ABOUT TEA AND COFFEE.

So great a part is played to-day by tea and coffee in the social life of most people that it is hard to realise that it is only within quite recent times that these beverages have taken the place they now hold. Though both were introduced into this country between two and three centuries ago, it is within the memory of men and women who still object to be reckoned 'old' when tea was looked upon as essentially a luxury. By the working classes it was indulged in only on high days and holidays, and used sparingly even by others higher in the social scale. The chief reason for this was, of course, its cost. If it is difficult to know how the place of these beverages was filled in those earlier times, it is harder still to imagine that they will ever be displaced. Indeed at present the tendency is all the other way, and the growth in consumption of both tea and coffee—whichever happens to be the national preference—is everywhere quite marked. Looked at broadly, this fact is one which may be viewed with entire satisfaction, though to many there is not wanting an element of regret.

It is not easy to find a definition of 'food' which will satisfy every one; but, as liquid of some sort is a necessity in the animal economy, anything which can fill the place without entailing prejudicial effects may fairly claim a kindly consideration. That tea and coffee have not only claimed that consideration but have received a favourable verdict goes without saying. That verdict, however, has not been absolutely unanimous, and both have constantly to defend themselves against the aspersions of a small but active minority. This opposition has an easy case when their fight is against tea as a constant and, very nearly, sole article of diet. The devotees have the teapot always on the hob, with the result that the tea is stewed, not infused; and thus, in addition to using it to an extent it is not intended to be used, they drink the decoction prepared in the most hurtful way. But as an accompaniment to solid food, or simply as a beverage when one is tired, what better or more delightful could be desired? And there is the added satisfaction of knowing that the stimulant is obtained without any after reaction. Whether, therefore, as an adjunct to the serious meal or for the delicate sipping of

the drawing-room or the tea-room balcony, there is no beverage which can compare with it.

Much of the hostility which does exist arises from the ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that there are teas *and* teas. We may get broadly at the difference by recalling to mind the two conflicting 'schools' in the matter of infusion. 'Never infuse longer than three minutes,' say the followers of the one. 'A three minutes' infusion was never heard of in the olden days,' retort the others, and then proceed to recommend fifteen or twenty minutes. Both are right, for, as we have just said, there are teas *and* teas. Two stories recur to us which will illustrate this point, and both have the merit of being true. An eminent medical man quite unintentionally made an experiment one evening. Some friends were being entertained, and at eight o'clock tea and coffee were served. At eleven o'clock, after the guests had left, his wife, with that curiosity inherited from our common mother, expressed a wish to try the tea. It had been standing infusing under a tea-cosy for three hours. Each had a cup; and the verdict of both was that they had never tasted anything like it—it was simply splendid! The other story is that of a commercial traveller who, in passing a certain order to his firm, advised them that it was useless to send *fine* tea, as all the people in the place to which it was going drank whisky and smoked Irish roll. Something was wanted which would grip their throats! If the good doctor and his lady had tried their experiment with the tea which *could* have been sent to such instructions, the verdict might again have been that they had never tasted anything like it—but they would have taken good care never to taste it again.

When people complain that they cannot take tea without after ill-effects, it simply means in nine cases out of ten—perhaps in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—that they do not know this broad distinction we have just made, or, knowing it, have failed to act upon their knowledge in the purchase of their tea. Those who suffer from dyspepsia need not fear tea if they intelligently select it; and those equally with delicate palates, who therefore can appreciate flavour, have not yet known the full pleasure of tea-drinking if they have been content with the plain or harsh sorts which are to be had in such abundance. Of course those who deliberately prefer the latter should undoubtedly hold by the short infusion. Perhaps for them a certain teapot which has been on the market for some years will have some interest. Its leading feature is that it can stand in two positions, and by putting it in the second the water is completely withdrawn from the leaves and the infusion is consequently checked. Teas that require such treatment, however, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the delicately flavoured, high-grown Indian teas or the choice, mild China teas.

Another supposed trump card which the adherents of the short infusion school are never tired of playing is that of tannin, and the larger quantity extracted from tea the longer the infusion continues. They are quite right as to the fact. We remember, however, a conversation between a well-known chemist and an equally well-known tea-dealer. The former was telling of some experiments he had been trying with the object of eliminating tannin from tea. 'What are you worrying yourself about tannin for?' asked the dealer. 'Doesn't the milk or cream neutralise it?' 'Of course it does,' said the chemist. 'I never thought of it.' And so tannin does not need to worry any one who drinks a good quality of tea and uses milk or cream. Some, however, do not use either, and what has just been said may induce them to do so now.

Is milk or cream, it may be asked, the better? We would certainly say milk if the tea is really fine, for milk does not hide or smother the flavour as cream does. In the case of some teas cream is certainly desirable, for the less of the flavour of the tea one feels the better!

It is noteworthy how, from the point of view of economy, really fine teas of the style indicated are an advantage. The longer infusion needed to extract their flavour and aroma calls for the use of actually less tea to secure a reasonable average strength of liquor. There is a danger by using too much of making the tea so strong as to give the impression of 'bitterness.' Then this same class of tea is better with milk than cream; and the town dwellers with mental visions of their dairy bills can see the advantage without further emphasis.

Another matter connected with the making of tea worthy of special mention is the teapot itself. Should it be of earthenware or metal? There is no doubt that on the tea-table a silver pot, with the service in keeping, is very attractive; but from the strictly practical point of view the humbler earthenware has the advantage. It should be of good quality and internally well glazed. Whenever the slightest flaw in this respect makes itself evident the pot should be discarded, as the tea is then an infusion of tea and clay. In one of the states of America it is, we believe, a legal offence to serve food in hotels and like places on earthenware which has become cracked. The object is quite a laudable one, though it might have been supposed that the objections of the patrons of these establishments would have secured the same result. Another point to be attended to is the absolute cleanness of the inside of the pot. How many of the ladies who read this can put their hand inside their teapots or have a brush that can sweep round every point of its inner surface? We remember a little experience told by a gentleman. His tea, day after day, had a most unpleasant taste. He puzzled himself as to what could be the cause. He at last lifted the teapot-lid, and, after smelling without getting a clue, he suddenly swept his finger round the inside, and the point came out black. His landlady had, doubtless, been rinsing out the pot

with hot water but had not been *cleaning* it, so that it had got badly 'furred.' Is it necessary to say that in cleaning the inside of a tea or coffee pot no soap or other such material must be used? An even more striking instance of what *can* happen is afforded by an experience of another gentleman. He too was having difficulty not only with the tea but with the teapot. The tea was bad and the pot was pouring badly. A friend chanced to call at tea-time, and, seeing the trouble, concluded that something had got into the spout. Careful examination revealed the fact that a piece of lead-pencil was sticking in it. At last the obstruction was extracted and found to be from an inch to two inches long. How it came there no one could tell. Perhaps it had been used to clear a previous block, and, slipping from the fingers of the operator, it had been allowed to remain!

The objection to metal is simply that there is a danger of giving the tea what is known as a 'metallic' taste. If, too, the pot is electroplated, the plating in course of time wears through with disastrous results. An example of this came some time ago to our knowledge, and the fact that in this case it was a coffee-pot does not affect the moral. A lady complained bitterly to her merchant of the coffee he was supplying. Nothing could be wrong with the making—she attended to that herself. The next morning the coffee was as bad as, perhaps worse than, ever. Calling a cab, she took coffee-pot and coffee to the dealer to let him see the wretched stuff for himself. It certainly was bad enough; the liquor was positively green. However, a fresh infusion in another pot was made on the premises from the coffee the lady had brought with her, with results entirely satisfactory. The coffee-pot itself was then examined, and with the discovery that the plating was much worn the mystery was solved.

Yet another point may be mentioned—the water. Its character is of infinite variety, some more, some less, suitable for tea; but at least we can see that it is freshly drawn, boiled on a brisk fire, and poured into the pot immediately it boils. It is no mere sense of the poetic beauty of the phrase that makes the Chinese say that the water should be taken from 'the rippling brook,' but rather their knowledge of the virtue of thorough aeration.

There are several causes, it will thus be evident, apart from bad tea which can give rise to legitimate dissatisfaction; but these are completely under the control of the individual user, and one or other may be suspected if anything goes wrong. For the rest, the old doggerel has at least sound sense, and its advice is commended to all whom it concerns:

> The kettle must boil,
> The teapot be hot,
> Or a cup of good tea
> Can never be got.

It might prove an interesting inquiry how it has come to pass that one nation has given tea and another coffee a leading place in its dietary. In our own country we consume over six pounds per head per annum of tea and barely three-quarters of a pound of coffee. In Holland and the United States the consumption of coffee is some eighteen and a half pounds and eleven pounds respectively, and tea in neither case one and a half pounds—in the United States, indeed, little over one and a quarter pounds. It is difficult to account for the very low place coffee takes with ourselves, unless it is due to the supposed extra trouble of making it and the undoubted extra cost, especially if one is to use real—that is, pure—coffee. For while the average price of a good coffee may be taken at one shilling and sixpence or one shilling and eightpence against, say, two shillings for tea, the larger quantity needed of the former for the same measure of liquor makes it distinctly more expensive. Another consideration which tends to discourage its use is the fact that once it is roasted, and, even more emphatically, once it is ground, it steadily deteriorates in quality, while tea retains its freshness and flavour for many months if kept in a close canister. This means that coffee must be bought where one can depend on getting it freshly roasted and ground—preferably roasted only, leaving the grinding to be done at home as required. Even then the purchases must be small and frequent—and how lazy people have become when this proves a burden not easy to be borne! After all, coffee is well worth some trouble, and lovers of the fragrant berry would fain see its use increase.

In this country we have nothing to fear on the score of quality, for, in spite of our limited consumption, the finest coffee grown comes to these shores. Why the Continent has got such a name for coffee it has always puzzled us to know. As a rule it is served stronger and blacker there than here. With us the emphasis is laid on the flavour, and it is held that the high roast which obtains abroad is *over*-roast, which tends to destroy the flavour. If, however, it is blackness of liquor and not brownness that is wanted, there should be no difficulty in meeting individual tastes—at any rate in the larger towns, where coffee roasting is to be seen every day in shop windows or is evidenced by the fragrant smell which meets one's nostrils in walking along the streets.

One advantage we certainly have over some other countries, and that is that the only adulteration allowed is chicory—a harmless and in some respects a beneficial article. It is used to give strength and thickness to the liquor, and also to cheapen the price. On the Continent and in the United States coffee is faked in numberless ways and to an extent which has only become publicly known through recent revelations. Some of the so-called French coffees sold here suggest a doubt as to whether the makers are aware of any distinction between coffee and chicory, so large a proportion of the latter obtains in them.

The latest claimant for public favour is a coffee freed from caffeine. It is quite a genuine coffee, and not to be thought of as a 'fake.' To read, however, of the terrible evils resulting from the

presence of caffeine, one wonders how any regular coffee-drinker can possibly survive. We fear these evils must be greatly exaggerated for advertising purposes; and we scarcely think that the new coffee will win many converts among the regular users of the standard article. It lacks a something—it may be simply quality—which the other has. On the other hand, it may secure a quite new clientele, just as cocoa has so successfully done.

We have hinted that the supposed trouble in making coffee accounts partly for its limited use. The making, however, is really as simple as that of tea. There are many elaborate machines, it is true, but their chief value is as table decorations. Coffee can be made as well in an earthenware jug as in the costliest and most elaborate *cafetière*, and the former has the advantage of being easily kept clean. How much good coffee is spoiled by a cloth strainer not being absolutely sweet or a metal part having got rusted it would be hard to tell. With the earthenware jug, on the other hand, every part is seen and easily got at, and it would be through almost unthinkable carelessness if anything went wrong in this respect. The day of coffee may still be to come in this country, though we think it unlikely that it will ever rival tea in popularity.

VANESSA.

A MOTOR IDYLL.

By Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

CHAPTER X.

WE were all engaged to dine at Oldsborough that night. Vanessa came from her room dressed in the simplest style, and with no jewellery but the diamond hoop, which shone upon her arm. I had never seen her before as she looked that evening when we were driving to the castle. Her gaze was inexpressibly far away, except that, when now and again her eyes and mine met, the curve and dimple of a smile would flit over lip and cheek for a moment.

It was not a large party. Dear little Mrs De Burgh was there, and was overwhelmed with congratulations on her tiny Admiral, who had been sent home laden with gifts which Vanessa and the mayoress, and even Tommy, had showered upon her after stopping at the town's bazaar. The marquis took my mother to dinner. He was alternately grave and jerkily gay, and mother seemed to manage the occasion with all her own gentle tact. Vanessa had fallen to a Guardsman, an old army comrade of our host, a keen sportsman and motorist, so their conversation was lively, although the look I had seen on her face did not come out altogether. I fell to a youthful cousin of the marquis, who had apparently not seen food for days, so eager was he in appetite, and, being somewhat bashful, caused conversation to lag, for which I was not sorry, as I was observing my doves with all a matchmaker's eagerness.

It was a lovely evening, and after dinner the long open windows tempted the ladies out on to the terrace. Vanessa and I found ourselves—*of course* by accident—separated from the rest, in two wicker chairs under the spreading branches of a great tree. We did not speak, but I held her hand, and little pressures said all we had to say.

When the gentlemen came out, which they did not delay long to do, the marquis came across—with what I could see was an affectation of leisureliness—to where we were seated. But the affectation lasted only until then, for, turning to Vanessa, he said, 'Come down the walk here. There is a lovely view in the twilight.' His tone was that of one who intended to be the master for the moment, whatever might be his fate later; at least, so it struck me.

She said not a word, rose slowly, and then said inquiringly, 'This way?' turning her hand towards the path. He inclined his head gently, and she went forward. He turned a glance towards me, and, seeing me lolling without a suggestion of a move, he said, 'You will forgive us?'

I could not help feeling a little happy malice, and shook my head, laughing, my lips forming the word 'Never.' Our eyes met, and he understood me, and in a moment passed from my sight. I closed my eyes, and my lips murmured a word that spoke of longing desire for these two whose fate I knew was about to be sealed for ever.

I sat in my secluded corner for about a quarter of an hour in happy anticipation, with just that tinge of uncertainty which tones all human hopes until realisation comes. I fell into reverie, and my artist's mind drew pictures of a future that seemed to me now to be my deepest interest in life.

I was brought back by a voice, her voice, silvery and sweet, 'Are you there, Mitey?'

In a moment I was on my feet and running down the path. As I ran I saw nothing, but was suddenly pulled up by the words, 'Here, darling!' and, turning sharply, I found myself in front of a great drooping ash, through the branches of which I saw the two standing facing me, her hand drooping over his shoulder, and his clasping it.

With a rush I went through the branches and stood in front of them. She brought down her hand, still holding his, and gently made him move a step forward. I held out my hand, and he held

out his; but, giving a little laugh, she moved his hand aside and said quietly, 'No, no; this is my dear sister.'

It was impossible to mistake her meaning, so there was nothing else for it. He leaned forward and I presented to him my cheek. He kissed me, saying, 'You have been a sister to me too, I know.'

It was so like Vanessa—always unselfishly eager to bring others into her happiness! I fell upon her with the ravenousness of a wild beast, and kissed her again and again, a great tear running down my cheek.

'I am glad, Mitey darling, that you are the first to know,' said Vanessa; and, turning to her lover, she said archly, 'What next, oh king?'

After conferring, we all agreed that no public announcement should be made that night, as the guests' carriages were all at the door, and it might make it awkward for them to appear to go away abruptly after such an announcement, and still more awkward for them to decide when to go if they did not go at once.

'Vanessa,' I said, 'go in and join mother, and I will bring this man in after a few minutes.'

When we came in I found mother and Vanessa on the sofa together, and mother looked at me with a glance which said plainly, 'I understand,' and rose to go.

The marquis accompanied us to the door, and assiduously helped mother and me with our cloaks, leaving Vanessa to be aided by Uncle Goodman, after she had carefully wrapped him up in his greatcoat. And so we passed out and entered the carriage.

We were a strangely silent party on the way back, and somehow I felt sure that the dear old man's thoughts were running parallel with ours, for once he leaned across and laid his hand on Vanessa's, she putting her other hand over his and returning the caress, while her eyes went down, and the tell-tale blood mantled over the sweet face, as he said, 'What a day, child! What a day!'

When we reached home I hurried mother away, so as to leave the dear old man to mount the stair on Vanessa's arm; and once, glancing back, I saw them on the landing, she with her head bowed down, and he with his hand upon it and his eyes looking upwards. I took mother into the sitting-room, thinking Vanessa would follow us when she had left the uncle at his room in charge of the faithful Stocks. But she did not come. I was just about to tell mother what had happened, when she said quietly, 'You need not tell me. I saw it in her eyes when she slipped in through the window. She came to me on the sofa, and spoke no word; but the joy of a new life was shining in the sweet face, and I knew, and I felt that she was certain of it, for when she was able to speak all she said was, "Dear Mrs Bellair," and she stopped as if there was no need for more words. In reply I only smiled a query smile, and she gave an almost imperceptible nod in answer, but it was quite enough.'

'Mother,' I said, 'I am almost too happy for words,' as I led her to her room. On reaching the door we found the lights turned on, and Vanessa standing on the hearthrug. She simply flew at mother and clasped the latter tightly in her arms, and there the two remained motionless for ever so long, until I came forward and laughingly pulled them asunder, saying, 'Do you want me to be jealous of you both at once?'

What a woman's chat we had that night, until mother suddenly assumed her hen-with-the-chickens tone, and ordered us off to bed—an order which we obeyed in the letter but not in the spirit, as Vanessa and I lay down together until we had had our talk out—that talk which no one can understand except the girls themselves, in which there are rapid changes of phase from little-child prattle and caresses to discussions on dress, wild opinions about persons, and lovingly expressed serious thoughts about present and future—full of confidences such as men never exchange.

'Vanessa,' I said, as I kissed her good-night and left her, 'this is your real spring; enjoy it, darling, for you can never have another. You may have a glorious summer and a golden autumn; but the bloom of spring is now, and only now. May your joy in it be unbounded!'

'Mitey,' she said, with her last kiss, 'you used to call me your angel. I know you are mine.'

And Mitey went to her room with a great rejoicing in her heart.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE INCANDESCENT GAS-MANTLE.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

THE Atlantic greyhound was bowling along merrily at twenty-five and something knots per hour. It was the last lap on the homeward run to Liverpool, and with pent-up enthusiasm, the excited passengers were leaning over the taffrail straining their eyes to catch in the fading twilight a glimpse of the first link with home—the Fastnet Light off the south-western corner of Ireland.

Presently a cry of 'There it is!' rang out, and across the horizon majestically swept a narrow spoke of white light which, although the daylight had not yet departed, was of striking brilliancy. As the steamer swept hurriedly onwards the beams became longer and more intense, and it was not

long before the lantern itself was descried on the skyline. When the beam came face to face with the observer on the deck, even at that great distance, the seven hundred and fifty thousand candle-power ray momentarily blinded one.

The intense brilliancy of the light, which was given full effect by the clearness of the atmosphere, inevitably provoked a discussion as to the origin of that penetrating beam. 'Electricity' was the general reply, for it seemed impossible that any other type of illuminant could be capable of shedding a flash of such searching power, possible of observation at twenty or more miles distant. Consequently, when the writer advanced the statement that it was gas generated from oil, in conjunction with the unpretentious incandescent burner and mantle, his remark was received with incredulity.

Yet such is the case. The new Fastnet Light, raised two or three years back beside that which had done satisfactory service so many years at this outpost of the British Isles, probably marks the crowning triumph of Baron Auer von Welsbach's remarkable invention. When the illuminant for the new structure came to be considered, vaporised oil in conjunction with the incandescent mantle proved to possess such overwhelming advantages from every point of view—maintenance, simplicity of control, definiteness, intensity, brilliant whiteness of light emitted, immunity from breakdown, and economy—that it was installed. To-day it is doubtful whether any other illuminant can offer such favourable all-round conditions, a fact testified by the numerous applications of this system of lighting to lighthouse engineering.

It is a moot point whether the eminent Austrian investigator, even when influenced by the inventor's natural feelings of superiority in the product of his brain, ever conceived such possibilities. True, it must be conceded that the results have been attained with the assistance of others in devising new subsidiary appliances for operation with the light-shedding medium to secure the desired effect; but fundamentally success rests with the mantle.

At the time the outcome of Baron von Welsbach's experiments was made known gas-lighting appeared to be doomed. The incandescent electric light had forced its way into popular favour, and beside it the old-fashioned gas-jet, consuming six or more feet of vapour per hour, and throwing a murky light of only two or three candle-power, appeared but like that of the farthing dip.

The advent of the mantle created a sensation second only to that of harnessing the lightning for lighting our dwellings and streets. The gas consumption was cut down by 50 per cent., and the lighting efficiency increased tenfold or more. Gas-lighting received a new lease of life, and many of those who had heralded the electric light with such unbounded enthusiasm reverted to their old love.

That was only twenty years ago. In that short span gas illumination has entered so extensively into our complex social and industrial life that we almost wonder how the old gas-flare could have been tolerated a quarter of a century ago. Demand for a new invention has probably never equalled that which ensued for this epoch-making mantle. But as with every new invention, the original device possessed many disadvantages, the most obvious of which was its extreme fragility, and scientific investigation was concentrated upon the elimination of these inherent defects. To-day, as a result of prolonged and ceaseless experiment, it has been found possible to produce a mantle which with normal care is in every way adapted to the rigours of everyday usage, and does not require that careful nursing which was vital to its existence when first introduced.

What is the secret of this remarkable revolution in lighting efficiency? It appears incredible that a thin gauze cone when placed over a gas-jet should be capable of changing the yellowish, dismal flare into a brilliant, searching, steady white light of one hundred candle-power or so! The secret of this remarkable result is entirely due to the presence of two rare minerals, thorium and cerium. Baron Auer von Welsbach found that if a cotton cone was soaked in a nitrate solution composed of ninety-nine parts of thorium and one part of cerium, and subsequently placed in a hot flame so as to burn out all impurities, converting the whole fabric into oxides of the above-mentioned two rare minerals, an intense, powerful light, which is now so familiar, was emitted when the material was raised to a high state of incandescence over a Bunsen burner.

The thorium used in the process is among the most valuable minerals known, and is worth in its raw state about eighty pounds per ton. It is found only in one part of the world—that is, in sufficient quantities to render its exploitation worth while. On the outskirts of an insignificant little village in Brazil runs a river which cuts its way to the Atlantic through banks of peculiar sand. Geologically, this sand is built up in strata, and it is the dark layers that are so eagerly excavated by the Indians, for with the sand is mingled the grains of thorium — the secret of light. This raw material has to be submitted to continuous concentrating operations before it is ready for use. The cotton foundation of the mantle is in the form of gauze or very fine web-bing, which is finally burnt away, leaving only an oxide skeleton crowning the burner.

When first introduced the mantle was only applicable to a vertical position. One serious disadvantage was soon detected. This was the large area of shadow thrown by the burner, reducing lighting efficiency by 33 per cent. The advocates of electric lighting were not slow to take advantage of this point by emphasising the fact that owing to their system of suspending the lamp no shadow could possibly be thrown upon those areas where light was particularly required.

But inventors were spurred to further effort.

If the mantle could only be inverted, all the claims of the opposing system of illumination would vanish into air, since it was not disputed that gas-lighting had been rendered more economical and more efficient by means of the mantle than its electric rival. The task involved considerable pioneer effort, as in the new field the mantle was deprived of its vertical support. By attaching the fringe of the mantle to a ring which was gripped in position on the burner, however, the inverted form was ingeniously obtained, and when it was used in this manner the disconcerting area of shadow incidental to application of the ordinary upright type was completely removed.

As is inevitable with such revolutionary inventions, as the system developed and the demand for this method of lighting became extended a host of unscrupulous manufacturers set to work to flood the market with the article upon the lapse of the patent. Prices were cut unmercifully, and in a short time it was quite possible to obtain a mantle for the humble penny. These products were of a deplorable character. They were deficient in life, and only served to accentuate the prevailing drawbacks of the first-class article. The result was that a wave of distrust was experienced, and the invention came in for considerable undeserved obloquy. The gas companies of the country, however, commendably circumvented this development by offering to supply and keep incandescent burners in repair and efficiency for a nominal sum. In this manner the humble gas-consumer was guided into realising that the best is cheapest, and was afforded the self-same facilities in the efficient and economical lighting of his home as those more fortunately blessed with this world's goods. The result is that there is scarcely a home in these islands to-day where the welcome rays of the incandescent gaslight are not to be found, and the industry is one of the most extensive and flourishing in the world, millions of mantles being manufactured annually in this country alone for the home-market.

One salient feature in the history of the incandescent mantle has been the activity of scientific investigation. Improvement has followed improvement with startling rapidity. In the early types the burning-off of the collodion (which acts as a protector to the fabric while in transit), after the mantle was placed in position on the burner, converted the whole into a fragile ash-skeleton. But the very act of incineration set up disintegration owing to the explosion caused by combustion destroying some of the fine fibres of the fabric and impairing the solidity of the oxides. The severity of this destruction may be easily realised by examining a photo-micrograph of a section of a burned-off mantle.

Some seven years ago another experimenter, Plaisetty, discovered that the nitrates of thorium and cerium could be converted into their oxides by chemical agency instead of combustion. He selected artificial silk as his material; and, although it proved a serviceable medium, it was found that the oxidising process set up considerable shrinkage in the mantle. He thereupon attempted to repeat the process upon a fabric of natural cellulose, but this proved an insurmountable obstacle to him. At this juncture Mr Thomas Terrell, the eminent King's Counsel, who had been prosecuting research in the same field of applied chemistry, ascertained the conditions under which the object for which Plaisetty was striving could be accomplished.

This was a most important discovery, and marked the dawn of a new era in the history of the incandescent mantle. Not only was enhanced structural strength attained, but increased lighting efficiency. The mantle was of a more homogeneous nature, and the oxide fibres composing the fabric were of perfectly smooth form and uniform solidity throughout.

In 1903 another equally radical improvement was effected. The mantles which had hitherto been made were of a rigid, hard character. By continuing his experiments Mr Terrell succeeded in evolving the first soft mantle—that which is in common use to-day with inverted burners. To achieve this end he found it was necessary that the oxides should exist in the fabric before burning-off occurred, and not be produced as a result of this incinerating operation; also, that the proportion of cellulose in the fabric should be reduced to the minimum, so that it could be more easily burned off, without giving rise to an undue quantity of smoke. By this system of denitration prior to burning-off, the mantle is rendered extremely pliable. Such a mantle is capable of submission to rougher usage than the ordinary types. As is well known in the case of the latter, after the collodion has been consumed the mantle cannot be removed easily, as the slightest shock or vibration will promote collapse of the delicate cone of oxides. On the other hand, the Plaisetty mantle can be handled with comparative impunity within considerable limits. This is especially the case with those made according to the subsequent patent of 1906, in which Mr Terrell completed the process for making the soft mantle. In this latest development, the stocking is formed and shaped to give the necessary size when finished, and so treated as to facilitate the combustion of the cellulose.

The outcome of this last step was the possibility of proving that the maximum lighting efficiency could be obtained from mantles of all kinds of unconventional shapes and sizes, whereas in the rigid, hard mantle it was necessary to adhere to certain standardised proportions. Moreover, it solved the question of transit and storage. The earlier mantles required to be carefully packed and handled, and occupied considerable space. The latest Plaisetty-Terrell product can be folded concertina fashion, packed within a small, flat box, and is not so sensitive to vibration. The advantages of such a device are obvious, since it is requisite from time to time to submit the

burner to a thorough cleansing to remove all dust and other foreign particles which obstruct the air and gas passages.

One factor in connection with incandescent gas-lighting which has not received the attention from scientific hands that it deserves is the burner itself, since upon the design and construction of this integral part depends the economy and efficiency of the system to a very pronounced extent. It is to the mantle what the carburettor is to the petrol-motor. Were the quality of the gas supplied throughout the kingdom of a uniform quality it would be possible to standardise the burner, but as a matter of fact considerable fluctuation exists in the quality of the gas in different localities. In one place, for instance, it is rich in the illuminating constituents, and can consequently admit of a larger proportion of air being mixed therewith, while in another area less air is required. Therefore, although the light emitted may appear satisfactory in every way, it is not to be concluded that the efficiency and economy of the illuminant cannot be increased by air-adjustment. Many burners at present on the market possess no recommendation beyond smart appearance and cheapness, and these should be studiously avoided, for not only are they lacking in strength and gifted with a short life, but they attract dirt, which is highly inimical to light-efficiency and economy of gas consumption, and are of crude, unscientific design. The remarkable improvement which has been made in burners is strikingly demonstrated in the experience gained with the Pharos burner. This is a rationally designed fitting, very sensitive and precise in its action without being complicated. Non-corrosive materials in the vital parts are used, and the gas-regulator can be adjusted to the fiftieth part of an inch, with dead centralisation of the needle, while the air-regulators are positive in their action and proof against the intrusion of dust and fluff. Precisely what influence a properly designed burner exercises upon the ultimate results is significantly shown by the fact that it has been found possible to raise the lighting efficiency from twenty to over thirty-nine candle-power per cubic foot of gas, which enables a single burner to emit a light of nearly one hundred and sixty candle-power—a result which has not yet been paralleled.

Remarkable though the results have been in the application of the incandescent gas-mantle to ordinary coal-gas lighting, its effects are far more revolutionary in regard to other gaseous vapours. It has enabled many light and inexpensive hydrocarbons which were formerly unavailable to be used. Prior to its advent these 'air-gases,' as they are termed, were a source of constant danger. The proportion of hydrocarbon to air had to be so high to yield the requisite luminosity that there was always danger of explosion, and, in fact, the system practically fell into desuetude owing to the frequent occurrence of such catastrophes and the strong competition offered by acetylene. To-day the position is reversed. The extreme simplicity of air-gas generation, the insignificance of cost of the gas, and its non-explosive character are driving acetylene from the field. Moreover, the advent of the mantle has solved one of the most perplexing problems confronting the resident in isolated rural districts where public main supplies of coal-gas are unavailable and resort has perforce to be made to oil illumination.

This development has resulted in a wide range of air-gas systems being placed on the market. Though they differ considerably in point of detail, fundamentally the principle is the same. The favourite medium is petrol in its various grades of density. The petrol is volatilised and passed to a small collapsible holder from which the supply to the house is drawn. Explosion is quite out of the question, since in the most perfect of these systems —which, by the way, is a British invention—the proportion of gas to air is reduced to as low as 2 per cent. Such a mixture is far too deficient in gas to ignite or explode even in the event of a leak. The fact that a house may have its individual gas-generating plant, which can be stowed in an area measuring only two or three feet square, and be operated by any member of the family in perfect safety, renders this an ideal scheme of artificial lighting, having the further advantage of giving at a much cheaper cost a light equal in every respect to that obtained from coal-gas. In this country such a development is of very recent date; while, on the other hand, on the Continent, owing to the cheapness of denatured alcohol, and in the United States, where illimitable supplies of the requisite volatile oils are easily available, it has come into much more extensive vogue. Indeed, many instances could be mentioned where, although the gas-mains are laid outside the door, the householder prefers his own generating system. Thereby he is entirely independent, can resist the demands of extortionate or captious supply companies and municipal bodies, and achieve the same end so far as lighting, heating, and cooking are concerned at a third of the cost. The initial outlay is the only deterrent; but here again the cost of a complete plant has now been reduced to a trifling figure, while the modern tendency to rental-purchase is stimulating this young industry. Many large houses in this country have installed such systems and found them an excellent and satisfactory investment.

Again, the incandescent gas-mantle has done much to revolutionise the use of the lamp. There is a very extensive public who, from situation, force of circumstances, or prejudice, prefer the lamp to any other system of artificial lighting. Certainly it is mobile—that is to say, it can be carried from room to room as desired, and be placed in any part of an apartment for convenience. But with the ordinary paraffin-lamp a constant source of danger exists; and as the absolutely safe lamp has yet to be invented, extreme care must always be exercised in its manipulation. Yet petrol has been satisfactorily pressed into service even in this field in a

variety of forms. In some the volatile oil is stored in the receptacle in precisely the same manner as the paraffin, while in others it is carried in an absorbent medium, so that no free liquid is present in the lamp. The latter certainly has the element of perfect safety, as in the event of its being upset or broken no liquid can escape and perhaps be ignited. In the majority of cases, however, the first-named method is practised, the container being made of a stout, non-corrosive metal. The burner is warmed, and, the petrol or alcohol becoming vaporised by the heat, the gas is lighted in the usual manner, the heat supplied for vaporising the petrol being maintained the whole time the light is burning. One word of warning is requisite concerning the use of such lamps, however. The reservoir being metallic, the heat is naturally radiated downwards from the burner, and the upper part of the container in many cases becomes very heated. This sets up extensive volatilisation of the contents, which, unable to flow through the burner in greater volume than the regulation of the feed permits, accumulate within the reservoir, so that great pressure is exerted upon the wall of the container. If the lamp be of cheap manufacture this pressure becomes sufficient to burst the container, with the result that an explosion ensues. Obviously, therefore, such a system is inapplicable to cheap lamps—that is, if the factor of safety is to be duly studied. In one type of lamp the reservoir is fitted with a safety-plug, which, being of softer metal than that of which the reservoir is made, is the first to yield to the pressure of the gas when it rises above a predetermined degree. In this particular phase of activity there is considerable scope for inventive effort, especially in the direction of insulating the burner from the reservoir of the lamp, so that vaporisation of the petrol may only ensue as desired, and in the precise quantities, and that no possibility of back-pressure may result in the reservoir. One important point that has to be kept ever in view when using petrol is its searching character. All joints must be perfectly and tightly made, otherwise the liquid will force its way to the exterior and become a source of menace. The penetrating effect of this medium is only too well known to motorists, as well as the dangers arising therefrom.

In the utilisation of petrol-gas the United States is far ahead of this country. In fact, in rural districts it constitutes the only available source of lighting. It is not remarkable, therefore, that American inventors should have devoted considerable attention to this problem, which has been materially facilitated by the incandescent mantle. The use of petrol-lighted lamps is universal throughout that continent, and the best product in this line—one that has stood the test of time—has recently invaded this country, and from the many excellent points it possesses is assured of success. Already it has been extensively adopted in outlying districts for lighting not only private residences but country streets, public buildings of various descriptions, and churches. This system is the acme of simplicity. The petrol is carried in a metallic reservoir which is placed above the burner so that the feed thereto is entirely by gravity pressure. The lamp is started up by means of a small methylated lamp which heats the burner. The petrol flowing downwards from the reservoir passes through a filtering medium to the burner, where, coming into contact with the heat, it volatilises, and, passing through the gas-jet, becomes mingled with its requisite proportion of air, the mixture flowing to the burner, where it is ignited in the usual manner. By this means one can obtain a brilliant light of approximately one hundred candle-power at a cost of less than a farthing per hour, taking the price of petrol at fifteenpence per gallon, which is a liberal average. Where the raw material can be procured cheaper the cost of the light is proportionately lower; but even on the first-named basis a light of one hundred candle-power at a farthing per hour compares very favourably with that procurable with coal-gas.

In this particular system the dangers attending the radiation of heat do not occur as in the ordinary hand-lamp, since, instead of the liquid being stored in a reservoir within two or three inches of the flame, it has to travel through some eighteen inches of feed-pipe, all heat radiation from the burner being absorbed long before that distance is traversed; while the reservoir itself is placed well beyond the range of heat radiation from the mantle, so that it cannot become heated.

Such are a few of the results that were made possible by the invention of the incandescent gas-mantle. Before its perfection the use of vapour-mediums other than coal-gas was impossible, except at great risk. But what of the future? It is obvious that the mantle will become still more popular, and that gas-lighting, far from being in decadence, is assured of a much greater era of prosperity. But it will experience the keenest rivalry from the volatile oils. Yet the mantle, despite the past twenty years' use and ceaseless improvement, is far from perfect. It possesses one salient defect. The cellulose foundation is a supreme source of weakness. Breaking at the head, splitting, collapsing under shock, have not yet been entirely eliminated in either the vertical or inverted types, though in the latter they have been reduced to the minimum.

It would seem that the future of the mantle lies in the discovery of some material which can take the place of cotton or ramie. Already one substitute has been placed on the market which, though in its infancy, possesses many points of excellence and every sign of extensive application. The evolution of the unbreakable mantle is one of the most promising achievements in scientific research and invention.

MONEY WAITING OWNERS.

IT is a healthy sign surely when we learn that over a million pounds sterling is lying waiting until the rightful owners come along. This would seem to show that Britain is indeed that wealthy country the poor foreign immigrant has been led to believe. To be exact, the total sum of dormant funds under the care of the Paymaster of the Royal Courts of Justice is one million one hundred thousand pounds. But this money is distributed over three thousand four hundred separate accounts. One-half, however, do not exceed one hundred and fifty pounds in value, so that there are quite a number of fairly sizeable sums to be picked up. All are over fifty pounds.

Very curious are many of the accounts as entered in the official books. Old titles, now never heard, crop up now and again. Take, for example, the ledger entry dated 1758, a claim in which the Duke of Chandos is one of the two parties interested; evidently not important, or it would not have remained untouched.

There is another account of the eighteenth century which has not been dealt with since 1790. The two rival owners were the Duke of York and the Duke of Newcastle. How does it come about that a sum of money has been left for nearly a hundred and twenty years? Doubtless their graces' chamberlains did not consider the matter worth troubling about. And so the Treasury has the money invested, probably for all time.

Another case which excites comment is that of Lord Le Despencer. In 1809 his lordship sold his Lincolnshire estates. There was a sum of money paid into court then; a century has elapsed, and still there is no owner.

Singular, however, is it to find that there is freehold land in the very heart of London the owners or part-owners of which are unknown. Yet in 1835 land with buildings in Great Swan Alley near Coleman Street, and in Great Bell Alley and White's Alley, was placed under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The only entry in the books is worded: 'The unknown person or persons interested in the freehold estate and inheritance of that piece or parcel of ground, with the messuage or tenement thereon erected, and its appurtenances.' Some person must at this moment be a property-holder in London city and know it not. Whoever was the proprietor has relations alive, even though many degrees removed in cousinship. This is not on the same footing as the cash snugly invested by the guardians of Chancery for Edward Wix, 'who is absent beyond the seas.' It is not surprising in this island of circumscribed dimensions that divers accounts are summarily docketed with the name of the person and the fact that he is beyond the seas.

Why should a sum of money lie since 1803 in name of the Right Hon. Earl Grosvenor? And why should Baron Alvanley and Baron Kinnaird, or their descendants, not settle their little differences and take out that money which the Paymaster has been bothered with since 1839? One can understand the dubiety that may exist about a sum lodged in Chancery in 1836, 'Slave Compensation Account.' Perhaps the parties were diffident in appearing in public as claimants. Then, again, in 1824 a New Providence sea-captain picked up some derelict property, and brought it into the port of Nassau, where it was sold 'for the benefit of the rightful owner when appearing.' That is honesty of the best copper-bottomed and A1 at Lloyd's hall-mark. Does all the derelict property that is washed ashore on the Orkneys or the Achil coast come under the auctioneer's hammer in order that the value may be transmitted to the British Treasury?

Some accounts are painful in their brevity. 'Mary King, a lunatic.' That is the sole record of money deposited in 1742. How many more centuries will that remembrance of a clouded life be allowed to stand? An item—to use a business term—happily rare is 'The Account of ——, a Felon.' Here again the relations may—the sum being a small one—not have considered it advisable to recall that page in their pedigree.

Rather quaint is the account indexed in four words, 'Hilton, Henry, an Infant.' This was in 1867! And a plebeian touch is given to the books of Chancery by the entry, 'The Ten Hogsheads Account.' What was in the hogsheads? Did the owner suddenly evolve a distaste for wine, and under the incentive of his blue ribbon turn his back upon the ten exiles?

To revert to aristocratic nomenclature, there are several entries referring to the Duke of Bolton. His grace in the latter part of the eighteenth century appears to have had creditors, and likewise appears to have become somewhat involved in his accounts. We are afraid after all these years the money in dispute will be eventually a Chancery heirloom. Away back in 1741 a sum was deposited, and not dealt with. The parties were Lord Montjoy and the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and in 1819 Lord Monson and the Earl of Essex had a question relative to personal estate. Chancery still awaits the solution.

Seamen are a wandering race, and the money deposited in 1813 for certain men belonging to His Majesty's ships *Decade* and *Argonaut* is almost sure to remain in the Paymaster's coffers. Various entries refer to unclaimed dividends. This evidently argues a lack of industry in the search for the investor or his nearest relations. In most cases, however, the companies have been wound up. For example, in the early days of railways various abortive enterprises figure in the Chancery lists.

The Croydon, Merstham, and Godstone Iron Railway Company was dissolved in 1841 by special Act, and unclaimed dividends repose peacefully in the Royal Courts of Justice.

Among the accounts which excite a mild feeling of wonder is that of James Browne's Trust in 1854. This trust was created for keeping in order the tomb of James Browne. But how the Treasury annexed the money is somewhat difficult to understand, unless the tomb had been in an ancient churchyard which in course of time became improved out of existence. There is an imposing sound about the title of an entry of money taken under the paternal care of the Chancery officials the year before the battle of Waterloo. It reads, 'The Master and Wardens of the Company of the Merchant Venturers of the City of Bristol.' On the other hand, the 'legacy of nineteen guineas to Martha Underdown,' in 1868, makes one seek to probe the reason why nineteen and not twenty was the amount of the legacy, and also why it should have been swallowed up in the capacious maw of Chancery.

Memories not of the most pleasant are aroused by the account in the Probate and Divorce Court—a sum deposited for some Court purpose and docketed, 'Not dealt with.' The names are 'O'Shea *v.* O'Shea and Parnell.' Of course the Admiralty has money in hand, accounts dating as far back as 1863; and there is the ship *Canada*, also the *M'Gregor Laird* and other old-time vessels—prize-money for some men of the navy.

It is noticed in glancing over the lists of persons who have the doubtful privilege of being recorded in the ponderous Chancery tomes that some very quaint names appear. There is Casamajor, Chipchose, Chetle, Chew, and Clagett. One account is Christmas *v.* Chalcraft, another Crake *v.* Goldswain; Sarah Ings is plain and brief; there is a foreign savour about Knierim *v.* Schmauss; Bathsheba Penny has a Puritan accent; Prole *v.* Soady is distinctive; equally so is Snape *v.* Sermon, likewise Still *v.* Hoste and Wilkin *v.* Snell. A novelist seeking for the archaic would discover good material in the Treasury archives. There is a Friday—reminiscent of *Robinson Crusoe*—the entry is dated 1820; and a Thoday. Alliteration is provided by Tookerman and Tootal. If a writer of fiction introduced these names for a hypothetical firm the editor would convict him of too robust an imagination. Trickey, Tolle, and Trigge would make an excellent catch-phrase to test the insobriety of a tottering individual; or Wimpenny, Wintle, and Whitlie.

Building speculations evidently led to litigation in the eighteenth century just as in this present advanced twentieth, for there was a dispute in 1741 recorded as Huggins *v.* York Buildings Company. The litigants saw the sum at issue carefully entrusted to the care of the then Chief of Chancery; and it has remained safe and secure ever since. In some cases there even appears to be a dubiety in the Courts of Justice records as to when money came under its jurisdiction. Take, for instance, the entry, 'Jones *v.* Lloyd, in Master Thomas Bennet's Office;' the date is given as 'Before 1726.' How long before? we wonder. It is annotated as 'Not dealt with,' and the date of the order directing the transaction is mentioned as Act 12 George I. Before we quit this engrossing subject it may be asked why an account should remain on the books since 1855—one in which a small legacy is left to the Archbishop of Canterbury 'in aid of the funds for the religious instruction of persons employed in the lead and coal mines of this country.' A somewhat sarcastic touch is to be understood by the English critic in the bare three-words account indexed as 'Macpherson *v.* Money.' That was in 1824, and the money is still in safe custody. 'The Kingston Plate Account' is the title of a ledger entry, the parties being the Earl of Kingston *v.* Viscount Lorton; but as more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the last transaction the account has no immediate possibility of being closed. One of the legatees of Sir Manasseh Massey Lopes, who died in 1851, has never come forward to claim her legacy, and apparently her relations have never known anything about this little windfall.

An instance of long remembrance of an attentive helper is seen in the will of an old lady who died about 1867. Money is now lying in Chancery to pay a legacy devised as follows: 'The legacy of fifteen pounds bequeathed to the apothecary, Newry, Ireland, who attended the testatrix whilst she was in Newry in 1809.' Evidently in the fifty odd years that had elapsed since the patient sought and appreciated skilled advice there had been no person left to remember the lady's visit to the apothecary, especially as she did not seem to have had the forethought to note down his name. This lady also left a legacy of twenty pounds to 'Mr Poole, miniature painter, Newry, Ireland.' That sum is also snugly reposing in Chancery. And while on the subject of legacies, we may mention that a surgeon of His Majesty's ship *Pompee* left three sums of fifty pounds each; these have never been claimed, and in 1860 were entrusted to the Treasury.

Yes, the list of dormant funds in Court is pleasant reading of an evening for all except the unhappy wight whose name appears duly indexed. For it is easier depositing money in Chancery than it is getting money out—much easier. The proving of heirship is not so quickly done as rolling off a log; and the Paymaster of the Royal Courts of Justice has a mind not readily open to conviction.

FARMING IN ALBERTA.

By P. B. Gregson.

FEW people outside the vast new province of Alberta, in the north-west of Canada, have even an approximate idea of its area and internal economy. In extent of territory this province stretches for a distance of eight hundred miles from north to south, where it borders the United States—that is, as far as from London to Rome—and has a breadth equal to that of France, and barely half a million inhabitants; and of one hundred million acres of cultivable land only 1 per cent. has yet been brought under cultivation. Settlers are pouring in, chiefly from the United States; and these American immigrants really make the best settlers, for they bring with them experience of farming under analogous conditions, as well as ready cash, farm equipment, machinery, and horses. There is no danger of the north-west becoming Americanised, for the Canadian is an enthusiast in his loyalty to the Crown. To take the 24th of May as an instance—this date is in Canada a national holiday; stores are closed and the Union-jack flies everywhere on public as well as private buildings. This intense loyalty is the dominating Canadian sentiment, and it can *never* be Americanised. In addition to the American settler, there is a constant leaven from the eastern provinces of Canada and from the British Isles and Europe. The Scandinavian settler comes well educated, is law-abiding, honest, and hard-working, and equally with the American takes a keen interest in civic and national affairs. As an instance of the cosmopolitan character of the settlers, it may be mentioned that in one small village in Alberta, with a population of two hundred, there are over twenty nationalities, all abiding in concord.

The Government of Alberta, seated at Edmonton, is exceedingly paternal. The Department of Agriculture has established creameries in every desirable district throughout the province. It supplies to every farmer who makes application a set of scales at wholesale price to weigh the milk as drawn from the cow, and to show him the difference between a poor and a good milch cow. It appoints officials to go round among the farmers to instruct them in the method of producing the best cream by separating-machines, and it takes that cream to the nearest creamery, churns it there, makes the butter, finds the market, and pays the cash proceeds monthly to the farmer, less a slight percentage for operating expenses. The price paid to the farmer has for three years in succession averaged twenty-three and a third cents per pound. As milk differs in quality, the Government supplies the collector of the cream with test bottles, so that he may test and label, in the presence of the farmer, each supply of cream received from him. Through the creameries, also, the Government will receive and fatten and find a market for fowls and also for eggs, and at certain periods of the year experts go through the province giving free instruction in all these matters.

The Department of Agriculture devotes attention also to the grain-growing farmer. For his welfare it has appointed experts having knowledge of the characteristics of weeds, who have districts over which to travel and inspect the fields, and are known as Government weed-inspectors. Their duties are to instruct the farmer, free of cost, how to recognise weeds, and to show him the best method of eradicating them. Their powers are autocratic, backed up by a special ordinance enabling them to enforce its provisions. The necessity for such inspection will be apparent when it is stated that in a rich virgin soil like that of the north-west prairie noxious weeds, if allowed to survive, will often smother out entire fields of growing grain. The average settler is ignorant of the nature of many of the most noxious weeds, and with the incoming of settlers from all parts of the world many weed-seeds new to Alberta are introduced either in the fodder brought in with the cattle or even through uncleaned grain supplied for seeding. Among the most persistent and destructive of weeds thus introduced are the Canada thistle (*Cnicus canadensis*) and the stink (or French) weed (*Thlaspe arvense*). This latter weed will crop three times a year, and the writer, in his capacity as weed-inspector, has had on several occasions to direct the settlers to plough under entire fields of growing grain in order to eradicate such weeds and have a clean farm for the following year. So important does the department consider this drastic treatment to be that the ordinance, in the event of the refusal by the settler to obey, empowers the weed-inspector himself to employ men, horses, and ploughs to do the work. In certain districts in the older provinces farms have become quite unsaleable through being overrun with noxious weeds. No farm or farmyard is left uninspected, and the office of weed-inspector is no enviable one. On one occasion, owing to the absence during inspection of a settler whose farm was infested with stink-weed, the writer had to return at two o'clock in the morning, rouse up the farmer, and make him dress and come out to receive instruction. On another, a bridge over a creek having been washed away by heavy rains, the writer had to divest himself of his clothing and cross the swollen creek to inspect the farm on the other side. It is the duty of the inspector to report to the department the condition of every farm inspected, so that the Government may keep note every year of the care taken in farming or otherwise by every settler. The powers of the inspector extend to inspection of every public and private road,

and of the road-beds of the railways, for often weed-seeds are shaken from the cars, and, spreading, overrun the adjacent farms.

There are also experimental farms conducted by the Government, where particular kinds of grain or fruit are tested, and the results are published in pamphlet form and distributed gratis to every farmer.

The Department of Public Works takes in hand the roads throughout the province. Every two miles a main road is laid out running due north and south; and roads crossing these, running due east and west, are laid out every mile. At each crossing a post is erected about a foot or two high, stating its location. Every settler is required to assist for two days in each year with teams, ploughs, and labour in the construction and repairing of the road running past his farm, or to pay a tax sufficient to cover the cost of hiring such work. For every six miles square of district an overseer is appointed and a board of councillors elected, whose duty it is to see that each settler duly performs his allotted work or pays the tax, and to report annually to the department as to the progress and efficiency of the roads, together with the number of new bridges and culverts constructed. These roads, being absolutely straight, sometimes run through swamps and forest, and necessitate the adoption of a system of the kind described. The roads are uniformly sixty-six feet in width. There are no stones, and to prevent mud-holes (which are sometimes, on roads inefficiently constructed and during the June rains, seemingly bottomless) the roads are well graded to the centre.

A public school is erected every six miles or so throughout the greater portion of the province. These schools are supported by money grants from the Department of Education, supplemented by light taxes; and twice a year an inspector of schools visits each school and inquires into the proficiency of the pupils and examines the sanitary arrangements. His report, together with a detailed statement of the way in which the Government grant has been applied, is forwarded to the department, and thus a record is kept, so that the efficiency of the teaching in any school throughout the province can always be ascertained by any settler.

Alberta is essentially a mixed farming country, more especially the central portion of the province, where the farmers have cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, and dairy produce, besides their grain. Table vegetables grow to an enormous size, and all small fruits (such as raspberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, saskatoons, cranberries, &c.) grow in profusion in the wild state. As to the grain, the central portion of the province has become famous for its superior quality of oats; and while thirty-four pounds is the standard weight for a bushel of oats in Canada, the Dominion grain-inspector for Alberta states that 85 per cent. of the oats examined by him weighed over forty-two pounds to the bushel. The southern portion of the province is equally famous for its winter wheat. It is sown about the middle of August, and has a growth of about four inches before the winter. This holds the snow, and the wheat is harvested early in the following August, long before there is any danger of frost. Where this wheat has been sown in properly prepared land there has never been a failure. So successful is the cultivation of winter wheat in Southern Alberta that land cannot be prepared fast enough. The acreage sown to winter wheat has more than doubled itself each year for a number of years. Turkey-red wheat from Kansas has been introduced, and grows such a superior sample in Southern Alberta that it is now being shipped back to Kansas for seed. It has also been grown successfully, within the writer's knowledge, in Northern Alberta for eight years in succession, and has succeeded fully four hundred miles north-west of Edmonton; and last year at Cardston, north of Calgary, a farmer had a yield of winter wheat of sixty-two bushels per acre.

Coal underlies practically the greater part of Alberta, the seams of some beds outcropping forty feet in thickness. At all mines provision is made by the Government to supply settlers with coal at cost at the bed. Coal can usually be obtained for one dollar per ton in this way.

Enough, perhaps, has been already said in descriptive pamphlets as to the many opportunities presented to the settler in Alberta. This province is, in the writer's opinion, the place above all others which gives the settler a chance to climb.

CELESTIAL SMUGGLERS.

IN all countries the evasion of fiscal obligations is considered no wrong, and 'passing the Customs' is generally regarded as a tax upon personal rights; so much is this the case that those who render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's generally do so to escape a worse evil, and seldom from any moral conviction as to what is right and what is wrong. In this one respect, at least, East and West may be said to have met; for in no country in the world has the art of smuggling reached a higher standard than in China, and in no part of China have smugglers become so daring or so ingenious as in the famous Canton Delta, whose innumerable and intricate waterways spread their welcome arms to shield wrongdoers and embarrass pursuit.

John Chinaman is a born gambler, and as often

as not stakes his acuteness against lawful authority merely for the love of play. He reckons that if he 'gets through' some four times out of five his account will show a balance on the right side, and he will thus have a small profit, combined with the excitement of the game. That this is the spirit of many is a proved fact, as the same men have been caught red-handed again and again, and the mere fact of their persisting indicates that there is both money to be made and recreation to be found in the practice.

The heavy duty on opium and the comparative ease with which it can be secreted naturally places it in the front rank of desirable contraband, and many a ball of the seductive drug has found its way into Canton from that acknowledged base and happy hunting-ground of criminals, the British free port of Hong-kong, without His Imperial Majesty Kuang Hsü being a cent the richer. Many are the methods adopted and the precautions taken by these nimble evaders of the law. Floats and sinks, the outcome of the most fertile imagination and the most careful study, are the most frequent means used, and at a given signal from the shore the whole consignment is dropped overboard from one of the palatial river steamers running between Canton and Hong-kong, to be eventually picked up at a convenient time by receivers on land. On one occasion a handsome cat with kittens was noticed on board one of these steamers, and after a time it was remarked that the latter did not appear to grow any larger. An inquisitive Custom-House officer in Canton found upon examination that they were all dummies filled with opium, and it was recalled that this lucrative imposition had been going on for weeks. Again, the Canton Customs night-patrol going the rounds of the crowded harbour took shelter one night from a violent summer squall under the huge paddle-sponsons of a well-known river steamer. 'Is that you?' inquired a voice from above in Chinese. 'Yes,' replied the Customs officer, with quick perception. 'Then, catch,' answered the mysterious interlocutor, passing down half-a-dozen balls of opium, the share of which meant much prize-money for the lucky gig's crew. The smuggler was, of course, waiting for a confederate whom the Customs officer unwittingly forestalled. On another occasion the Inspector-General of Customs, Sir Robert Hart himself, was visiting Canton, and in the evening at dinner was obliged to apologise to his hostess. 'You must excuse my costume,' he said, 'for the Customs have seized my boxes.' It was indeed true, as one of his Chinese servants, never suspecting that the Inspector-General's personal effects would be disturbed, formed a syndicate with some enterprising friends, and half-filled one of the trunks in his charge with contraband. Salt, that daily necessity of life, being a Government monopoly in China, is subject to official regulations which add to its cost and lessen its quality. The duty indirectly paid on this article may be styled the income-tax of China, since all must use this everywhere indispensable commodity. Salt, therefore, naturally comes within the scope of the contrabandist, and smuggled salt, by reason of its cheapness, commands a ready sale. It differs from opium, however, inasmuch as its bulk renders concealment difficult and landing it at its destination risky. The majority of salt-smugglers are, therefore, the Chinese crews of the carrying-vessels, working in conjunction with accomplices ashore. It is as often as not concealed amongst the bunker coal, and kept there until a favourable opportunity for landing presents itself. At one of the river ports, some years back, the crime of salt-running assumed such startling dimensions that extraordinary precautions to put a stop to it were introduced, which proved efficacious for a time. Later, however, it was noticed that sampans, or small boats, manned by those unhappy outcasts, lepers, were becoming more numerous, and it was soon discovered that they were engaged to land the salt, as it was perhaps not unreasonably assumed that Customs officers, however zealous, would at least respect the inviolability of these fatal craft, and it was not until the aid of the local magistrate was invoked that these adjunctive smugglers were forbidden the port.

TWILIGHT ON THE HEIGHTS.

When falls the gloaming faint and dim,
And the sunset splendours die,
And the pale young moon like a silver rim
Lies low in the star-set sky;
When the autumn wind sighs softly down,
And the sleeping woods are still,
And the curlew's cry from the hillside brown
Breaks the croon of the lonely rill,
The smoke-wreath curls from the homely hearth
In a slow-ascending spire,
And the wayworn step of the toiler of earth
Seeks rest by the evening fire.

Then high on the heights remote from men
Lone wends my wand'ring way,
'Mid the bosky dells of the slumb'ring glen
Where the Spirit of Peace holds sway;
No echoing note from the world below
With its lust and its greed and its gold,
But the hills and the heavens and the sunset glow
And the beauties of life untold.
Then soars the soul to a higher plane,
And breathes in a purer air,
And the visions of youth glow bright again,
And faith sees all things fair.

Oh, golden gleam in the cloudening sky,
Sweet, sweet are thy ling'ring rays:
As Fancy's glow on the hill-tops high
Sheds light on the dark'ning days.
And down from the heights with steps untired
Once more to the world of strife,
With the heart refreshed and the soul inspired
To bear the great burden of life.

R. A. Scott, M.A.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY SCOTSMEN IN LONDON.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.

AT a moment when various members of the Government as well as the Leader of the Opposition—to say nothing of many other great officers of the Crown—hail from the Land o' Cakes, as the Scottish national poet terms it, it might well be doubted if a dozen papers the length of this one would be sufficient to deal with the subject of illustrious Scotsmen in London, especially when we remember how many great men in the past have descended from beyond the Tweed upon the southern portion of the kingdom, and, with that singleness of aim and tenacity of purpose for which they are famous, have made their names illustrious on the banks of the Thames.

The subject is indeed far too vast to be handled in a few pages, even were one to limit one's self to such baid details as the *Dictionary of National Biography*, for example, gives us; and I will therefore confine myself to saying here only a few words about some of the more notable literary men whose names are known all over the world, but who were destined, though Scotsmen born, to pass much of their time, and in some instances to do their best work, in England, and whose feet trod the stones of London while their hearts were often in the streets of the Northern Athens.

Of these, one of the most famous was James Thomson, the sweet poet of the seasons and their change, who, when he came to London in 1725, lived for a time in lodgings in Whitehall, between Cragg's or Craig's Court and Great Scotland Yard. Till about twenty years since an old, round-fronted house still stood which many authorities regarded as the actual abode of the poet, and here, on the first floor, he is said to have written a portion of his *Summer*. Other parts of the poem were composed when he was fulfilling the uncongenial post of tutor to a school in Little Tower Street, Eastcheap, kept by one Watts; and we find him writing to his friend Aaron Hill, on May 24, 1726, to announce the fact. Next door to this academy was the Ship Tavern, and if we know anything of Thomson we may be sure that he was no stranger to its portals. But these resting-places were his only while Fortune kept back her smiles; later, when prosperity came to him, he turned like the wise men westward, and we find him subsequently in Bond Street, where he lodged over a milliner's, and where, according to Mrs Piozzi, he seldom rose early enough to see the sun do more than glisten on the opposite windows of the street. About this time he was receiving subscriptions for his *Seasons* at the Smyrna Coffee-House, in Pall Mall, while we learn that the letter he wrote to Speaker Compton soliciting his patronage for the second edition of *Winter* was dated from Long's Coffee-House, in Queen Square (now Queen Anne's Gate), Westminster. Later he flitted to 'ambrosial Richmond,' and there he lies buried in the parish church, where a simple tablet perpetuates his amiable memory, as does an elaborate monument in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey.

Thomson died in 1748, and ten years later another notable Scotsman, David Hume, came to lodge in Lisle Street, Leicester Square. He remained there but a little time; and later, during the years 1767 to 1769, while Under-Secretary for State, he resided in a house in Park Place, St James's Street, what time he was a member of Brooks's and a person of social importance.

But a more popular writer than Hume had shed lustre on the west end of the town thirty years earlier, for in 1739 Tobias Smollett—who describes the incident in that autobiographical novel, *Roderick Random*—came to London and lived for a time in no less a thoroughfare than Downing Street, where he took over the practice of John Douglas, as he tells Barclay in a letter dated May 1744, and tried to make a living as a surgeon without much success.

Two years later we trace him to humble lodgings at the east end of Curzon Street; and it was probably about this time that he frequented a small tavern, the 'Golden Ball,' at the corner of Cockspur Street, where, as Dr Carlyle in his autobiography records, he and his friends used to partake 'of a frugal supper and a little punch,

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

as the finances of none of the company were in very good order.'

Having married in 1747, Smollett took a larger house, and apparently lived beyond his means; but in the following year *Roderick Random* appeared, being published by Osbourne in Gray's Inn Lane, and an 'ampler day' dawned for the novelist. Two years later he went to live at Chelsea. The residence he took was known as Monmouth House, and stood near Upper Cheyne Row. The fact is interesting in view of Carlyle's later home close by, and should make this quarter of the town a particularly interesting one to the countrymen of these two great men. As was usual with him, Smollett introduced both the house and his manner of living into one of his novels, in this case *Humphrey Clinker*, which, together with *Launcelot Greaves* and *Count Fathom*, was written here. He was a regular frequenter of the 'Swan' and Don Saltero's Coffee-House, in the vicinity, and was visited at Monmouth House by such notable contemporaries as Johnson and Goldsmith, Sterne and Garrick.

But a still pleasanter reminiscence of Smollett is the fact that every Sunday he kept open house for his more 'unfortunate brothers of the quill,' and here a substantial meal awaited them, and a hearty welcome. When Carlyle came to live close by he mentions this in a letter dated 1834. 'We could shoot a gun into Smollett's old house' (at this very time getting pulled down), he says, 'where he wrote *Count Fathom*, and was wont to dine a company of hungry authors.' In 1767 Smollett left England in broken health, never to return, although he was still to write *The Adventures of an Atom* and *Humphrey Clinker*.

When Johnson—whom, by-the-bye, Smollett was the first apparently to call the Great Cham of Literature, in a letter to John Wilkes, dated 1759—came to visit him at Monmouth House it is not improbable that Boswell was more than once of the company, for he had come to London in 1760, and was introduced to Johnson in 1763, four years before Smollett left England. Boswell's connection with London is so extensive and peculiar that nothing less than an article devoted to the subject could do it adequate justice. There never was, with the possible exception of Charles Lamb, such a Londoner as Johnson; and wherever Johnson went there was Boswell almost invariably to be found. The first meeting between these inseparable companions, as they afterwards became, was in the bookshop of Tom Davies, at No. 8 Russell Street, Covent Garden, and most of us know Bozzy's account of the circumstance. At this time he was lodging in Downing Street, which thus, when we remember Smollett's association with the street and that of so many notable Scotsmen since, seems to be particularly connected with the northern kingdom, and a very proper objective for Scotsmen.

Two months after the famous meeting of Johnson and Boswell in Russell Street, the latter moved to 'the bottom of Inner Temple Lane,' where Johnson was at that time living, in order to be near 'the great lexicographer.' Unfortunately, rebuilding has obliterated the actual residences; but Boswell's was in Farrer's Buildings and Johnson's at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane, opposite, now known as Johnson's Buildings. Here he received his new friend 'very courteously,' although the latter had to confess that 'his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth.'

If Boswell thought to keep pace with the Doctor's continual flittings he must have been hard put to it, for two years afterwards the latter had moved to Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and was again to change to Bolt Court in 1776. It seems probable that Boswell, although never faltering in his devotion, craved for a residence in a more fashionable part of the town; but it was not till 1768 that he had made up his mind to move to Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly. Not long did he stay here, however, for in the following year we find him in Old Bond Street. The former lodging was at a 'Mr Russell's, upholsterer;' and writing from here to Temple on May 14, 1768, he complacently remarks: 'I am really the great man now. I have had David Hume in the forenoon and Mr Johnson in the afternoon of the same day, visiting me. Sir John Pringle, Dr Franklin, and some more company dined with me to-day; and Mr Johnson and General Oglethorpe one day, Mr Garrick alone another. . . . I give admirable dinners and good claret.'

Change of address made no difference to Boswell's hospitality, and it was in his new lodgings in Bond Street, on October 16, 1769, that he gave the famous dinner to Johnson and Reynolds, Garrick and Goldsmith, in which he appeared in the 'bloom-coloured coat' which had been made for him by John Filley, and which must have filled poor Goldsmith with envy.

Three years later Boswell made another change, this time to Conduit Street; and it was here, on the occasion of a visit, that Johnson gave voice to the *obiter dictum* that 'nobody can write the Life of a man but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him;' a qualification which Boswell certainly possessed.

The neighbouring Grafton Street is also connected with the greatest of biographers, for it was here that, attired in his Corsican dress and with a letter from Paoli in his hand, he was introduced to the great Earl of Chatham; while when Paoli came to London, and lodged in South Audley Street, Boswell was not only frequently his guest, but also stayed in the house, and was on one occasion so ill here that Johnson brought Reynolds to cheer him up.

After the death of Johnson, and while engaged on the Life of his friend, Boswell was living in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, of which, writing to his daughter in 1788, he says that it is in 'quite a genteel neighbourhood.' But he was to change yet again; and his death took place at No. 47 Great Portland Street, in 1795. The

street has been enlarged and renumbered; but the actual house he lived in was, we are told, on 'the east side, the seventh from the corner of Marylebone Street, towards Langham Street, then Queen Anne Street.'

Considering the number of Boswell's London residences, it is appropriate to find that one at least of them has been indicated by one of the London County Council's tablets, and it seems a wise choice that the house so marked should be that in Great Queen Street where he wrote the work with which his fame is indissolubly connected.

But the most illustrious of all Scotsmen who have paced the streets of London, the one whose beautiful nature and indomitable will under undeserved misfortune will appeal to many, even more than his incomparable literary work, was the Wizard of the North, the great and noble Sir Walter Scott. His sojourns here were short and fitful, but what occasions for merriment they were; how all the world vied in doing honour to the great man; how simply he accepted the homage showered on him! Nothing, I think, proves so well the splendid character of the man as the innocent pleasure he gave and received on these visits. His great nature was as unaffected by adulation and praise as is the summit of some giant mountain by the sunbeams that play around it. Whether he was, to use his own words, 'telling a parcel of old tales or reciting a pack of ballads to lovely young girls and gaping matrons,' or listening to the thunders of applause that greeted the Prince Regent's toast of the 'Author of *Waverley*' at Carlton House, his was always the same simple and beautiful nature, unmoved by prosperity, as it was subsequently to be unafraid in the presence of ruin and disaster.

In 1803, which marks the period of one of his earliest visits to London, he writes to Ballantyne from 15 Piccadilly West, then the residence of his friend Dumergues. This house was later called 96 Piccadilly, and in 1887 was demolished, and a club, the Junior Travellers', erected on its site. The novelist generally made this his headquarters until Mr Lockhart went to live at 24 Sussex Place, where he, of course, often stayed with him during his visits to London. But other places in London are connected with his great memory. Thus in 1826 he was lodging at No. 25 Pall Mall, and here on October 23 of that year, as he writes in his diary, 'Sam Rogers and Moore breakfasted, and we were very merry fellows.' At Rogers's famous house in St James's Place he was (as where was he not?) a frequent and welcome guest; and the diaries of men like Moore and Crabb Robinson and others contain many references to those symposia in which the Author of *Waverley* was the most prominent of the party, and the most genial and amusing.

Few things, I think, are sadder than to compare those days of prosperity and pleasure with those later ones, when, broken in health, though indomitable in will, Sir Walter came to London and stayed at various hotels—the Waterloo in Jermyn Street, Long's in Old Bond Street, and, last of all, the St James's in Jermyn Street. Peter Cunningham, in describing Scott's last visit here, on his way back from Italy as a dying man, says: 'London memoranda delights in remembering the universal feeling of sympathy exhibited by all (and there were many) who stood to see the great novelist and poet carried from the hotel to his carriage on the afternoon of the 7th of July 1832. Many were eager to see so great a man; but all mere curiosity seemed to cease when they saw the vacant eye and prostrate figure of the illustrious poet. There was not a covered head, and the writer believes—from what he could see—hardly a dry eye on the occasion.' It is almost as pathetic as that last scene of all, when, as Lockhart writes: 'It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

Another Scottish poet, whose stirring verses are far less read nowadays than they should be, also made London his home occasionally, and indeed was married, in 1803, in St Margaret's, Westminster—Thomas Campbell.

For no less than seventeen years after this event he resided on Peak Hill at Sydenham; but in 1820 he settled in the Metropolis on being appointed editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. At this time he lodged in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, but a little later took 10 (now 18) Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square. Here he remained till 1828, when the death of his wife so affected him that he gave up the house and went to live a lonely life in chambers at 61 Lincoln's Inn Fields. After this a succession of lodgings—No. 1 Middle Scotland Yard, 42 Eaton Street (Pimlico), 18 Old Cavendish Street, York Chambers (St James's Street), and others—were occupied, until 1840, when he took No. 8 Victoria Square, just off the Buckingham Palace Road, which remains still a curious little backwater amidst the streaming streets of London, as it was in his day. This was Campbell's last residence in London, and while here he was looked after by his niece Mary Campbell, and here he was visited by, amongst others, Rogers and Moore, Milman and Beattie.

Let me give an amusing little anecdote, as told by the last-named, *à propos* of this house. When he was abroad Campbell asked Beattie to go to Victoria Square and get some money, which was 'in a press in his bedroom.' The press, says the Doctor, 'was opened without difficulty, for it appeared doubtful whether it had been locked. The contents . . . were carefully examined, but no money was discovered. . . . In shutting the press doors, however, the point of a red embroidered slipper—I shall never forget it—stood in the way. Taking it out in my hand to push it back, it felt hard, and on looking

nearer I saw it was stuffed full of white paper matches, such as are used to light candles. One of these, out of mere curiosity, was unrolled—for it was twisted like a whipcord—and to our surprise and delight turned out to be a ten-pound Bank of England note. . . . And at last, when both slippers had been fairly stripped of their precious lining, we found that the product in genuine bank-notes amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds.'

On his final departure for the Continent—he died at Boulogne—Campbell sold the bulk of his library, and he was wont to tell how the grocer to whom he disposed of the less valuable works—including, I presume, some of his own productions—'was a more insolent critic than the second-hand booksellers. . . . The duodecimos were quite at a discount.' 'But here,' said the vendor of butter, handling the folios, 'are some real good books.' 'Yes,' replied the poet, 'most pious books.' 'Yes, indeed,' rejoined the man of cheese; 'one leaf of them will wrap up a whole pound of raisins!' To such base uses may the learned Barrow and the judicious Hooker come!

VANESSA.

CHAPTER XI.

I FIND this in my diary:

'Two months have passed, and all is in preparation at Larkhall for the wedding. Presents are pouring in, and Vanessa and I are deep in study of silks and lace, and forms of hats and toques, and those countless little things that tell of coming bridal. One thing I find—that it is easy to fix on what she shall buy of the things of beauty that are spread before us when we go shopping in town, or the garments in which the graceful shopgirl moves about in the saloon for us to criticise. Given the right colours and the right texture, the arrangements of form matter little. Vanessa's figure is one of those the graceful lines of which will show through anything. Each costume seems more ravishing than the last. But ruthlessly she rejects everything that suggests frippery. Simplicity is the dominant note of all her choice; at which her Mitey rejoices, for although Vanessa seems not to know it, there never was a woman in the world of whom the words were more true, "when unadorned adorned the most." Of course there are occasions when simplicity would be affectation, when the unadorned would suggest a desire to be conspicuous; but I know that the choice of the day for rich laces and diamonds and pearly ropes may safely be left to a taste which is unerring.'

Perhaps there is no greater social pleasure to a girl—particularly as it can happen but seldom in her life—to be a bride's 'best friend' in the choice of the pretty things which go to make up the trousseau of one beloved and beautiful. I know that I revelled in it, and looking back at my diary reminds me how I tingled with pleasure when my lovely model murmured, as she stood in a soft flowing robe which I had finally designed, after many a sketch had been made only to be torn up, 'Mitey, you are wonderful!' I could only say, 'Dearest, I know where the inspiration comes from,' and bid her look into her own eyes in the great cheval before which she stood.

But I was also to receive a pleasure, and a flattering one, from outside. One morning a letter arrived for me, which said:

'DEAR MISS,—We, the tenants of the noble Marquis of Oldsborough, have had a meeting about making of a present to the noble marquis on the aspicious occasion of his entering into holy matrimony. It was told to us by the marquis's gentleman that marchioness to be's lady's-maid had told him that you, miss, had made a statute of her future ladyship as Brittania the Pride of the Ocean, as she appeared so splendid at the splendid show we had here when she carried off the prize his lordship gave. We would say here, if it is not taking a liberty, you being a friend of Miss King's, that it is he, the marquis, as is a-carrying off of the first prize now.

'With a unanimous vote we have declared that if you will be so kind, we would esteem that you did us a high honour if you would say that we might ask you to permit us to have the statute done in silver to present to the happy pair, as our gift to show our love to our noble landlord and to his lady, who we hopes will long adorn his ancestral hall.

'It is a great liberty we take, but hoping you will not think it too great a liberty, as we all, on thinking of it over, do consider that we could not think of anything that would be a more worthy thing than your statute. We have not seen it, but we are told from Miss King's young lady that it is just her very moral, so it must be real good, and so we do humbly ask that you will be so kind, and we will all be very grateful, and we will hope that you will receive our humble request favourably, and not say nay if you can see your way to say yea.—In name of the committee, I am, dear miss, yours most respectfully, EBENEZER MOULDWORTHY.

'*N.B.*—And would you please keep this a secret, as the committee think it will be best to be a surprise?—E. M.'

'How long did that piece of composition take of the worthy Mr Mouldworthy's time, I wonder?' said I to myself after I had laboured through it. Needless to say, my response was 'yea,' and on a

certain day in town I said to Vanessa, 'Have you and I ever had a secret between us?'

To which she responded with an emphatic 'Never!'

'Well, then,' I said, 'we are going to have one now; so, there, you must let me go out by myself for half-an-hour.'

'Well, then,' she replied, laughing and mimicking me, 'Mitey is a reptile. I shall not fix what reptile until I know the mystery.'

I kissed her and was gone, and in ten minutes was in the silversmith's shop. On presenting my card, the youth who took it disappeared through a glazed doorway, and there came bustling forth a bald gentleman hung with long white whiskers, bland and obsequious. 'I do hope, madam,' he said, 'that our work will please you. We have felt honoured in being entrusted with such an exquisite piece of art as your model;' and he fumbled at his gold-rimmed pince-nez.

The statuette was indeed a great success, and he told me that his patrons, to whom he showed it, were loud in their praises, and assigned it to more than one R.A., so Mitey felt quite conceited. When it arrived at Larkhall it made a splendid centre-piece for the crowd of beautiful presents that were ranged under the circular dome of the great conservatory.

The marquis, who had come down to his hunting-box to stay there until the wedding, came over to see the presents, and I found him in the conservatory gazing at the silver presentment of his love as he had done when first he saw my clay model. He took my hand, and we stood quiet for a minute. Then he said, 'Mitey, I little thought anything could be more beautiful than your clay when I first saw it, but you have found more in her since.'

'Yes,' I said. 'Neither you nor I thought it possible; but the little god with the bow can touch with a perfection all his own what seemed already matchless. Dear Cecil, I am so glad!'

My voice broke, and he drew me to him and kissed my cheek, saying, 'I had no sister till she gave you to me; now I know what sisterly love is.'

At this moment Vanessa came behind us, and put an arm round each. 'What! tears?' she said.

'Yes; but tears of joy,' I murmured, and, turning, I fled.

Vanessa would have no one for chief bride's-maid but me, and there were only two others, little Mary De Burgh and a granddaughter of Mrs Marsden's, the old lady being intensely gratified by this kind thought. Vanessa said that a crowd of bride's-maids was a mistake, and she had few young friends in England. But among her friends she numbered two of her fellow-nurses at the hospital, and these she insisted on having at the wedding. She also invited Mrs Saxilby and her husband the mayor, saying that it was hardly fair to expect them to come so far; but she would be delighted if they could. The reply was that they would willingly travel a much longer journey; the mayoress saying to me on her arrival, pointing to her head, 'Coals of fire, my dear; coals of fire!'

Another party that was invited consisted of Constable Sturgis and his wife and children, Vanessa supplying Mrs Sturgis with a dress and the children with charming frocks for the occasion.

At last the day came. How delightful it was to see my darling come up to the altar-rail on the arm of dear Uncle Goodman, and to see him give her away as if she were his own daughter! And later, in the vestry, after signing the register, there came a look of almost heavenly sweetness into the rugged old face as she, parting her veil, pressed a loving child's kiss upon his lips.

It was a glorious afternoon when the marquis's great car came up to the door to carry off the bride. But it did not come up alone. Each of the local Automobile Clubs was represented by a string of cars, and the marquis's own club had sent a deputation of three cars to represent them on the occasion. Thus does the power-carriage enlarge the range of social amenities to a degree unknown till now. It was delightful to see the long, serpentine line of seventy cars take its sinuous course down the avenue. I rode first with Tommy in Vanessa's own car, mother sitting in the tonneau. On reaching the road we increased our speed, and after running a few miles the procession stopped at a place where two roads formed a fork, the cars running up the road that skirted the side of a hill overlooking the other road, which ran along the base. We all got down and lined the bank between the two roads. How we women waved our handkerchiefs and how the men cheered as the happy pair drove past us, Vanessa like a queen, smiling and kissing her hand with infinite grace, and he keeping fast to his steering, with only an occasional wave of his hand! The road was strewn with shoes. All admitted that Uncle Goodman made the best shot, his slipper lying at the bride's feet, who, seeing he had thrown it, picked it up, and, turning round to him, kissed it. Just then the marquis let the car go, and she bounded away like a greyhound freed from the leash.

Poor Mitey's eyes were so clouded by tears that the car and its precious freight were too soon lost to sight.

Mother took both my hands in hers and said very quietly, 'Mary, there never was a truer word than yours when you said that there was no one like Vanessa.'

THE END.

HALLEY'S COMET.

By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale.

ONE has stood by the harbour-heads of a very busy port and watched for the incoming mail from some remote land. It was two months ago, perhaps, since it sailed from out those very harbour-heads; and voyaging on and on over an apparently limitless sea, it at length reached its distant destination. Then it returned again, as homing swallows do; and now, full of certainty and expectation, a group of men gather to watch for the first dark streak on the far-distant horizon that will tell of its approach. As one watches and waits one is impressed by the marvellous assurance and skill that has guided the iron hull, the insensate iron hull, over desolate waters, to its desired haven, with an accuracy of direction and a certainty as to time rarely in error.

It is with similar feelings that one watches and waits for the return of Halley's comet in 1910.

Seventy-five years ago it sped out on its great journey, on its distant, far-stretching circuit round the sun, on its vast round of nearly ten thousand million miles. Every seventy-five or seventy-six years this remarkable body completes this stupendous orbit, an orbit shaped for all the world like a straight banana or a torpedo. One end of this oval track lies beyond the outermost planet, three thousand million miles away; the other lies within the earth's circle, at a distance of only sixty million miles from the sun. Thus during the greater part of its elongated orbit, during at least seventy-three years out of the seventy-six, it is invisible to even the most powerful telescopes.

During this invisible stage it is describing that portion of its journey remote from the earth, away out on the confines of the solar system. When, however, it is passing over that part of its path which lies nearest to the sun, it approaches the earth sufficiently near to become visible in our skies.

We will better understand the peculiar movements of Halley's comet if we consider the cycle just being completed, or, to take our first figure, the out and home voyage now so nearly ended that astronomers are all agog to catch its first appearance as it sweeps round between sun and earth.

Its last appearance in our skies was in 1835 and 1836, when Sir John Herschel observed it at the Cape. In 1835 it was a fairly conspicuous object in the sky, especially in the southern sky, though it was not so striking as previous appearances led astronomers to expect. Its maximum brightness was reached in October of 1835.

After October it began rapidly to decrease in brightness, becoming invisible even to the most powerful telescopes after May 1836. But although it vanished from the sight of men, heading out into the vast ocean of space from which it came, its onward path was known with as great accuracy as sailors know the way of a ship over the trackless deep. And thus every lap of its stupendous orbit, ten thousand million miles in circuit, as we have noticed, has been mapped out with the utmost care and with the most certain assurance. Unseen for seventy-three years, it is yet as surely seen by those who make this branch of astronomy their care as if it shone nightly and brightly in our midnight sky.

The invisible bonds of law have it in their inexorable hold, and from out the confining boundage of that unbreakable leash it can never, never pass. It is not a question if it may: it must. The law of gravitation sets down for it, in the uncharted spaces of night, a definite path, and along that road it must travel, ever circling round its sovran lord the sun in certain definite orbits.

We have said that Halley's comet was last seen in May 1836. It had passed but a few months before through its perihelion, or nearest approach to the sun, and was moving swiftly, yet with an ever-decreasing speed, away from its central ruling force. In the early days of 1837 its enormous velocity—a million miles a day—had carried it out as far as the orbit of Jupiter, and by the close of 1838 it was crossing under Saturn's track.

Outwards, ever outwards, is its way! By 1844 it has reached the orbit of Uranus, and fifteen years later it is out in the chill spaces where Neptune, the outermost of the planets, swings through its solar round of one hundred and sixty-five years. And then, as if repentant of its headlong flight away from the sun, it begins to turn sunwards in its course.

We have likened the flight of Halley's comet to the out and home voyage of a great mail-steamer. To use again this figure, after 1860 the comet swung slowly and steadily round in its orbit, just as a liner wears round at sea and heads again for its home port.

In 1872 the return journey of Halley's comet began. By 1884 it was again over the confines of Neptune's orbit. When this present century dawned it had reached Uranus's path. Two years ago, with a velocity every day, every moment, growing greater, it swept within the line of Saturn's march. At the commencement of this year, 1909, Jupiter's orbit was crossed.

In June it was five hundred million miles distant from us, but speeding onwards towards us at the rate of over a million miles a day. In August or September it should be near enough to our earth to be picked up by some of the giant telescopes that are in the possession of not a few of our observatories. And thus no small emulation is being

witnessed between those observatories, endowed with powerful instruments, as to which of them will be the first to pick up the returning voyager from far-distant shores. Indeed, the search has already begun, chiefly by means of photography, it being thought that this auxiliary to science may make visible objects fainter than the eye can see.

It is more than probable that during the northern winter months only the larger telescopes will reveal the returning voyager, far-travelled for two generations of men; but in March 1910 it should be visible to moderate telescopes, if not indistinctly seen as a faint, hazy star by the naked eye.

It will reach its nearest approach to the sun the first week in May 1910, and during that month and June it ought to be an object of conspicuous brightness in southern skies. Unfortunately the long summer nights of northern lands will interfere sadly with observations in Europe and America.

It is thus possible that the brightest phase of the comet will not be seen by northern observers, unless they travel southwards as Sir John Herschel did in 1834, for after June 1910 the comet will again set out on its outward voyage, and pass practically through the same cycle as it did in the years 1835–1910.

In 1911 it will disappear into the night of far distances, not to emerge again till the year 1986, when the most of those who read this article will have ceased caring about comets.

There are few more interesting chapters in the fine story of astronomical research and discovery than that which tells the tale of the tracing back through the long centuries of the successive appearances of this remarkable comet. Already, chiefly through the assiduous labours of a group of oriental and classical scholars, we can trace its movements sunward and outward, sunward and outward, for nigh three thousand years.

This is surely notability enough and nobility enough to make it a subject of interest to not a few. It is the greatest among comets not only because of the spaciousness of its movements but because of its historical associations.

Some of its appearances are of unique interest. On the Bayeux tapestry there is a famous picture of the comet which appeared in 1066, and which Duke William of Normandy regarded as a sign from heaven that he was to conquer England.

Indeed, it gave him no small heartening, and thus this 'strange star with a tail' may indirectly be said to have influenced the destinies of England. At any rate it spread dismay and gloom over Saxon England. The comet depicted on the Bayeux tapestry, and which William regarded as a herald of victory, was none other than Halley's comet.

Again in 1456 we have its return connected with an important historical event. In that year John Hunyady was defending Belgrade against the oncoming Turks. As the comet appeared in the sky the two armies were so frightened that they ceased fighting. Unfortunately Constantinople had already fallen, or the history of Eastern Europe might have been changed.

There are not a few appearances of 'fearful stars' recorded in Roman story, some of which can with certainty be stated to be simply the return of Halley's comet. Especially is this the case with the comet which appeared in the year 11 B.C. Indeed, so regular is the appearance about every seventy-six years of a comet that one wonders how the philosophers and thinkers of ancient times did not trace a connection between them all, as they certainly did in the case of eclipses. Very possibly the fear which such strange visitors caused in the minds of most, learned or unlearned, may have led the wise men of past days to leave comets severely alone. William the Conqueror was a thousand years before his day when he announced that a comet such as was then shining in the sky 'was only seen when a kingdom wanted a king.' As a rule they were held to presage famine, wars, disasters, and especially heralded the death of kings:

When beggars die there are no comets seen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

It is to Edmund Halley, the contemporary and personal friend of Newton, that we are indebted for lifting comets from the region of superstition into the calmer area of pure science. At the instigation of Newton, who hated numerical calculations, he undertook a thorough investigation into their movements, and into the laws which controlled them. He especially inquired into the movements of the great comet of 1682, a comet which he himself had very laboriously observed. After a most profound investigation, he came to the conclusion that it was circling round the earth in an orbit that took seventy-six years to fulfil.

His next step was to ascertain if there were any previous appearances of this comet. On searching records he found that a bright comet had been observed in the year 1607, and another in 1531, and yet another in 1456—the Belgrade comet already referred to. A mind so penetrating as Halley's soon discerned the great importance of this discovery. With a steadfast assurance of the certitude of his conclusions, he predicted that it would again appear in 1758, adding quaintly: 'Wherefore if it should return according to our prediction, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman.'

It was seen for the first time on 25th December 1758 by a German amateur astronomer, long after Halley was laid to rest, and an 'impartial posterity' all over the world has acknowledged the greatness of his discovery by for ever associating his name with that of the comet his genius has made so important.

This prediction by Halley broke down for ever the popular fear of comets, although no doubt, even to-day, the strangeness and suddenness of their appearance startles and awes all beholders.

Men never grow accustomed to Nature in her singular moods; thus eclipses, though predicted centuries beforehand, never fail to inspire men with fear and dread.

It was the appearance in 1682 of this remarkable comet that led Halley to his notable prediction that the same comet would appear again in the year 1758. It returned at the predicted time. We have already spoken of the next return, that of 1835. Thus the forthcoming appearance in 1910 will be the third since Halley determined its path through space, the eleventh since that which ushered in the Norman Conquest, and the twenty-fifth since the remarkable appearance in 11 B.C.

One is tempted to dwell for a moment on a consideration of the vast changes in history this rare visitor has witnessed. For a few months it looks down on our earth, then sweeps away again into the remote spaces of our system. Each successive return it shines down on a changed world. During the time it has been completing its year whole nations have been swept away, new lands discovered, society transformed. Since its last appearance in 1835 the Victorian Age has dawned, culminated, and set. A new Africa, a new Germany, a new America, a new Japan, have arisen in the world's day. The conditions of travel, of commerce, of government, have all been greatly changed.

Mountains and stars always seem to speak to one of the eternal flux of events, of the unrest that ever broods over the habitations of men.

But to revert to the more immediate circumstances of Halley's comet, there are one or two very interesting questions connected with its return, as indeed with the return of all comets. One of these questions is the constitution of such bodies. What is a comet? The usually accepted view is that it is a cloud of meteors at a very high temperature and giving forth electrical or chemical exhalations which appear as the tail.

Thus the nucleus, or brightest part of a comet, would be the more densely aggregated portions of the cloud, and the tail, matter in a very finely divided state; just as in this southern land one sees in dust-storms the powdered sand rise in fan-shaped forms high into the air, and remain there often for days.

While the nucleus shines with its own light, the tail shines partly by borrowed light. There is, also, in the peculiar diaphanous glow emitted by the tail, evidence of a similar quality of light that we find in electrical discharges in a high vacuum.

And here we come to the crux of the whole problem of comets. Why should the tail always be blown *away from* the sun. At a first understanding of the matter it would seem a very reasonable condition of things that as the comet tears along its path the tail should swing out after it, just as a trail of smoke follows in the wake of an ocean steamer. But the tail sometimes follows and sometimes precedes the comet. When it is making straight for the sun, the tail sweeps out behind; when it is heading away from the sun, the tail goes in front of it, as if some violent storm were blowing the tail along the comet's path.

It is evident that the disturbing force lies, therefore, in the sun, for the tail is always, it matters not in what position the comet is, pointed directly away from the sun. Two explanations are offered.

One is that the waves of light from the sun, bombarding the almost infinitesimal dust which forms the tail, drives it along in the direction in which they, the light-waves, are travelling. There are grave mathematical objections to this theory.

The other view, and the sounder, is that, besides waves of light, electrical rays are also propagated outwards from the sun, and these acting on the finely divided matter of the comet produce a tail. It is hoped that the very recent developments in cometary astronomy may enable students of this special branch of science to arrive at some certainty on the matter when Halley's comet does appear.

Another important question, still uncertain, is whether comets grow less bright each successive return. It is evident that if they are composed of myriads of small meteoric bodies, they will tend to shed off some of the outlying swarm, and thus in the long lapse of ages the largest comet would become attenuated, while all along its path would lie the débris of its ruined greatness. Further, the expulsive force which seems to be constantly at work in the ethereal fabric of a comet must sooner or later work its death.

In proof of this it is held that at each recurring period Halley's comet is becoming a less conspicuous object in the sky. The forthcoming appearance will give us the fourth return since careful observation and accurate drawings have been made of the comet, and so within a year astronomers should be able to make some declaration on this important question—a question which is intimately related with the evolution of the whole solar system.

A fact in support of the theory that comets are simply an aggregation, a shoal of meteors, is that on three or four occasions when a comet passed near the earth there were brilliant meteoric showers. Indeed, there are those who hold that comets and meteors are 'sib' to one another, that the latter are simply the remnants of some comet that in the course of ages has become disintegrated and its denser portion, or nucleus, scattered all along its path.

A third problem is connected with the variable movement, resulting in a variable period, of this and other comets. Thus there are seventy-six years between the 1682 return and the 1758 return, seventy-seven years between the 1758 return and the 1835 return, seventy-five years between the 1835 return and the 1910 forthcoming appearance. Why should the comet sometimes take seventy-five years to go round its orbit, and at other times seventy-seven and even seventy-eight years? We begin our explanation of this apparent anomaly by saying that if there were no other bodies in the universe but a central sun, and Halley's comet

circling round it, then each returning cycle would be like all those that had gone before, the same in period, rate, size, and every other element of motion. Each orbit, also, would be of the same shape and size as all its fellows, so that if we took the 1835–1910 orbit and placed it over the 1682–1758 orbit they would exactly correspond.

But the sun and the comet are not alone in space. There are other bodies in the sky. There is the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and all the other planets, and these are constantly tugging at the comet, now pulling it this way, now that, so that no two orbits are alike in shape, and no two periods are of the same duration. Sometimes because of hindrances on the way it takes seventy-eight years to return; at other times it is pushed along incontinently and its round is seventy-five years. Soon after it left the neighbourhood of the sun in 1835, Jupiter's great bulk swung across its path. The giant planet threw its grapnel-lines into its tenuous substance, dragging it back on its course, and thus making it return sooner by a year than it would have done had no Jupiter loomed up out of the stellar abysses.

All this is carefully allowed for by computers. They know the exact pull that every planet exerts, and they allow for it.

Now it is said that there are still undiscovered planets far outside the orbit of Neptune. If this be so they will show their presence by perturbing and changing the orbits of such comets as return to earth again at recurring periods. No heavenly body can conceal its influence. It influences every other orb that draws near to it, with results which can be measured and interpreted.

Enough has been said to indicate the interest that attaches to the coming appearance of Halley's comet. There are the many historical associations connected with it. There is, also, the possible beauty of the phenomenon; but as to this one must venture a word of caution, for it is just possible that the comet may be hastening now swiftly to its doom. Once disintegration begins to take place in bodies of this nature the end is near. Then there are the many interesting problems connected with comets which make the forthcoming appearance in 1910 of Halley's comet a matter of extreme importance to scientific men.

THE TUTOR OF TYNDRACH.

CHAPTER II.

THE Reverend Malcolm Turner's first anxiety on his arrival at Inchie manse the following day was to secure a private interview with his cousin. As a rule, Ann provided such opportunities unthinkingly. It seemed natural to her that Malcolm should want to usurp a certain portion of her time on his periodical visits, and she yielded herself to his requirements philosophically.

But to-day it was different. She had an unaccountable shrinking from finding herself alone with him, and managed to evade all occasions for *tête-à-tête* until the afternoon. Then an imperative demand from him that she should accompany him on a walk left her no choice but to obey. He was turning instinctively towards the hillside as they were about to start, but Ann demurred. She would rather keep to the road to-day, she said. It was too hot for climbing.

In reality, she felt an absurd disinclination to go with Malcolm over the route she had traversed the previous afternoon with Mr Selwyn. Somehow, the path seemed sacred to the memory of the episode of which the tutor had been the hero.

With easy tolerance, Malcolm yielded to her whim. In such trifling matters a woman might well be allowed to have her way, so that the larger and greater issues were left to masculine jurisdiction.

He had come to Inchie this time fully determined on an early settlement of his marriage. He was tired of his loneliness in the great, desolate Highland parish, where the sheep and cattle so far outnumbered the human beings that comprised his congregation, and Ann's presence in his home would give him just the companionship he desired.

The girl realised intuitively what his object was, and it was her dread of it that had been partly responsible for her avoidance of him. How could she stave off the crisis? With what excuse was she to meet his plea? Her uncle's loneliness seemed the only tangible reason for delay she had to offer, and that, she knew, would be easily overcome by an appeal to the old man himself. There was no way out of it but by flat refusal, and her opposition was as yet too vague and unrealised to lead her to such an extreme step.

She had an uncomfortable, trapped feeling as they started together down the road; but, fortunately for her peace of mind, Malcolm had a good deal of egotistic steam to let off before coming to the subject in hand, and for the first part of the walk his talk was exclusively of himself and his own doings in Golspie. His stories for the most part redounded to his own credit, and gave Ann a somewhat highly coloured view of his popularity and the general success of his pastoral ministrations. But she was too well accustomed to this self-congratulatory tone from him to be oppressed by it, and indeed did her best to encourage his reminiscences.

They had turned their faces homeward before he introduced the real object of his visit. Ann listened

to his proposals in silence. Put into bald words, the prospect of her impending marriage seemed even more distasteful than it had done in thought. She was shocked herself by the sense of aversion with which it filled her. Up till yesterday she had been conscious of no such sensation. There had been a philosophical quality in her anticipations which she had mistaken for the usual happy acceptance. What had happened to change suddenly her whole outlook?

She took a quick glance at Malcolm as he walked beside her. For the first time she seemed to see him with the eyes of a stranger. The cousinly affection that had hitherto blinded her to his imperfections no longer had power to cast a glamour over him. All the weakness and faultiness of his physiognomy seemed to have become glaringly apparent to her in a moment—the projecting mouth with the moustache clipped along the upper lip, the cleft chin, the roughly moulded features, the dank hair worn so long as to come over the clerical collar. With a quick impulse, partly of shame, partly of disillusionment, Ann averted her eyes; but Malcolm was happily oblivious of her scrutiny. He was slashing with his stick at the wayside grasses as he spoke, concerned only with the unfolding of his programme for the future, in which in a few moments, when his eloquence was exhausted, Ann would gladly acquiesce.

'It is time you had a proper sphere, Nan,' he concluded, turning to her at last and laying his hand with a possessive gesture on her shoulder. 'You are a woman now, and as my wife you will have a position and authority you can never have in uncle's house.'

Ann made a slight movement to dislodge his hand, but it remained firm.

For some moments they walked on side by side in silence.

'I couldn't leave Uncle Robert alone all winter, Malcolm,' said Ann dispassionately at last. 'It would be better for us to be married next spring, and then he would be accustomed to his loneliness before the winter.'

Malcolm gave one of his boisterous laughs as she finished speaking, dropping his hand at the same time.

'As if it made any difference to uncle whether he is lonely in winter or summer!' he declared contemptuously. 'Besides, what of me?' drawing a step nearer her as he spoke, and dropping his voice to a more lover-like key.

She walked steadily on. 'Oh, you don't count,' she said with a little, forced laugh. 'And, really, I don't know why you are bothering about it to-day, Malcolm,' she continued hurriedly, fearful of a further demonstration of affection. 'I would much rather you waited till nearer the time.'

Malcolm made an impatient cut at a sweet-brier by the roadside.

'But this is June, and if we are to be married in autumn you will have to be thinking about getting your things ready,' he declaimed authoritatively. 'I have spoken to Uncle Robert, and he is quite willing to part with you; in fact, the thing is settled,' closing his mouth obstinately as he concluded.

Ann made a quick gesture of rebellion. His last words were not calculated to bring her to a conciliatory frame of mind.

'It can't be settled without my consent,' she affirmed in a low voice, gazing straight before her as she spoke, an indignant light in her blue eyes.

Malcolm glanced at her incredulously. Was this the Ann he had known—the sweet girl-comrade who, ever since his boyhood's days, it had been his delight alternately to humour and control; the one being on earth whose fate and future seemed to be entirely in his hands? What had come to her? It must be that she was spoiled; her uncle was overindulging her, yielding to her whims and fancies too much. All the more urgent need for a speedy marriage.

'I think there is hardly any necessity to remind me of that, Ann,' he said, drawing himself apart and speaking in a tone of dignified reproof. 'If you don't care enough for me to marry me in the autumn you don't care enough to marry me at all. But I'm not even going to think of such a thing,' with a lift of his head. 'We have been lovers too long, dear. You know how much your happiness means to me.'

He made no attempt to draw nearer to her or emphasise his confession by any demonstration of affection, and Ann felt a miserable sense of reproach as he was speaking. He was plainly bitterly hurt by what she had said, and now that she began to reflect upon it her attitude did seem childish and unreasonable. She had had no thought of putting her marriage off altogether. What she had stipulated for was a postponement of her decision, and she was still determined on that.

'Don't let us say any more about it to-day,' she pleaded in a low voice. 'Wait till to-morrow evening.'

Malcolm caught eagerly at the new penitence in her tone.

'Yes, very well, Nan,' he agreed. 'We'll think about nothing but enjoying ourselves and having a good time; though there's that tutor fellow coming to-morrow—worse luck!' he concluded with a grimace.

Ann's face grew suddenly crimson at the allusion. Something in his tone, too, jarred upon her and roused her resentment.

'It is very unlikely that Mr Selwyn will come,' she replied coldly.

'Well, I'm sure nobody wants him,' said Malcolm. 'To hear Uncle Robert talk you'd think he was some distinguished man instead of just a sort of second-rate schoolmaster. Why, I might have been nothing but a tutor myself now if I hadn't been so determined to get into a profes-

sion,' he concluded with a little laugh of self-satisfaction.

Ann controlled herself with difficulty. A second-rate schoolmaster! And he, Malcolm, daring to talk as if he was the tutor's superior! Yet she knew that any defence of Mr Selwyn on her part would simply arouse her cousin's jealousy and add to the complications she foresaw on the morrow. Besides, was it necessary? Could a man like Mr Selwyn suffer from the belittling comments of such a one as Malcolm? She knew instinctively that he would prefer them to be passed over in silence, so she said nothing; and Malcolm, tiring soon of his criticisms of another, reverted once again to the more congenial topic of his own personality.

But before Ann slept that night she was to hear more of the subject she had thrust from her so distastefully in the afternoon.

After supper Malcolm strolled out into the garden to smoke, leaving his uncle and cousin alone in the lamplit parlour.

Ann, who had fully expected to be asked to accompany him, was secretly relieved at her escape. Her resentment against him for his disparagement of the tutor was still strong, and she felt that, under the circumstances, they were better apart.

In a moment or two her uncle would retire into his room, and she would be free to follow her own inclinations.

She rose from the table with a murmured excuse about seeing whether the lamp in the study was lit, when the minister signed to her to be seated again.

'Malcolm and I have been talking about the future, Ann,' he began, pushing the plates and knives before him in a nervous way as he spoke.

Ann's heart sank. She knew now why she had been let off the solitary *tête-à-tête* in the garden.

'And he tells me that you are making an obstacle of my loneliness. I realise the goodness of your motive, my dear child; but yet it is hardly fair to me—it places me in the wrong. My only wish is to clear the way for you young people, not to be made an obstacle of. You would be much happier as a married woman, Ann, and I should be content in your happiness.'

Something hot and impatient was rising up in Ann as she listened. She felt it coming nearer and nearer to the surface; in another moment she must speak. She pushed back her chair and stood up suddenly.

The minister followed her impulsive action with surprise, gazing wonderingly up at her over his glasses. The lamp with its china shade was between them; the light struck full on Ann's face, revealing the gleam of intense feeling in her blue eyes.

'Oh uncle, it isn't that that was my excuse!' she cried tumultuously. 'It is that I feel that I don't love Malcolm enough to marry him. I have only just found it out.'

Partly to her relief, partly to her chagrin, her uncle received her outburst with a laugh of gentle amusement, which acted like a cold douche upon her heroics.

'Hoots, lassie!' he said, waving her down into her chair again. 'Why, he's part of you. Think what it would mean if he were to be suddenly taken out of your life. You've belonged to one another almost from the cradle, and it's that that's led you astray. It's the woman in you clamouring for romance; but with some the romance begins after marriage, and it will be so with you and Malcolm. You've been brother and sister so long that neither of you quite realises what the true love-making will be like. Why, if I were to be taken to-morrow whom would you turn to for protection but to Malcolm? Wanting him you would be lonely indeed. And he's a good lad, and he loves you dearly, dearly.'

Ann sat very silent and subdued. She had to acknowledge the truth of his arguments. Long years of use and wont rose up in opposition to the rebellion of a day. Malcolm the sharer of her childish joys and sorrows! Malcolm the companion and friend of maturer years! Malcolm guide and protector to be of her future life! She knew how dear he was to her uncle; she had even sometimes felt a pang of jealousy for the truth that he was first in the old man's affections. But Malcolm's mother had been the minister's best-loved sister, and she lived again for him in the young man's person. Surely her uncle was a good judge. He had perfect trust and confidence in Malcolm; he believed in his talents, in his powers, in the future that lay before him.

Somebody was tapping at the window from the darkness without. As Ann turned quickly she saw the red gleam of Malcolm's pipe.

'Come out, Ann—it's beautiful,' he called.

'Yes, go. There, he wants you,' echoed the minister, smiling across into her still doubtful face as she hesitated.

She rose and moved slowly across the room. Fate seemed to have her in its toils; but on its side were justice and duty and tradition. What was one wild, foolish fancy against such a cumulative force?

At the door she turned. Her uncle's gaze had followed her. Some expression of wistful uncertainty on his face made her hasten impulsively back to his side. She stooped and put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

'God bless you, child!' he said.

'Nan, Nan!' called Malcolm's voice from the outer door, where he was waiting for her.

Ann went quickly through the hall towards him.

'I was lonely without you, Nan,' he said in a low voice as she reached his side.

She slipped her hand into his for answer. He grasped it tightly. 'I'll marry you in the autumn, Malcolm, if you like,' she said.

(To be continued.)

THE LION IN AFRICA.

By H. A. Bryden.

A GOOD many years since, a writer on South Africa remarked flippantly that the lion was retiring from business. More than two decades have passed, yet the lion has by no means finally retreated even from South Africa; in many other parts of the Dark Continent his presence is, of course, constantly in evidence. In this paper I propose to show what originally were the limits of the noblest of the *felidæ* in Africa, to trace briefly the story of his ejection from the more settled regions, and to show where at the present time he makes his lair and carries on his predatory operations.

In ancient times the lion had naturally a far wider distribution than at present; within the early historic period he was abundant in south-east Europe, he roamed over all Africa from the Mediterranean to the Cape peninsula, and was known throughout much of India and other parts of tropical Asia. At the present day the range of the animal in Asia may be very quickly defined. The lion is still to be found here and there in Mesopotamia, on the western flank of the Zagros range; a few are believed to survive in Persia, south of Shiraz; while in India the great cat has been so harried and shot that it is now to be found only in the Gir Forest of the southern portion of the Kathiawar peninsula.

It is astonishing, when one remembers how scarce the lion has become in Asia, that, despite the fact that in Africa during uncounted ages the hand of every man has been against it, this animal still roams pretty much at will over the whole country from southern Algeria to the northern border of the Transvaal. Even in the days of the Pharaohs these creatures were probably not common in Lower Egypt, although Amenemhat I. has triumphantly recorded the fact that he hunted the lion and brought back the crocodile a prisoner. The Roman emperors procured most of the lions displayed in the arena from Mauretania and the Nubian desert.

In modern times the sportsman passing through Egypt cannot expect to come up with the lion until he reaches the White Nile and the Bahr-el-Ghazal country. Eastward, in Abyssinia, lions are still fairly numerous, and the full-dress of a notable of that country includes the skin of one of these formidable beasts. Eastward of Abyssinia, again, in Somaliland, lions are to be found in some plenty. From the Soudan, southward, lions are to be met with all over Africa until Zululand is reached. In that territory they still exist, although in the more settled regions of the adjacent colony of Natal they have been exterminated these forty years. The last lion slain in Natal is believed to have been one shot by the late General Sir John Bissett in the year 1865.

Fifty or sixty years ago, in the days of the celebrated French lion-hunter Jules Gerard, lions were found much nearer the sea in Algeria than they now are. A few are still reported in the southern portion of that dependency; but modern civilisation and modern rifles have driven the king of beasts from most of his ancient domains in this portion of North Africa. Tunis is, we believe, now almost devoid of lions; in Tripoli few or none are to be found; while in Morocco, except in the extreme south of the region of Sus and the country below Tafilet, they are seldom heard of. But from Senegal, no great way south of Morocco, the lion's habitat may be traced southward through the continent as far as Damaraland and Namaqualand in German South-West Africa. All through Central Africa the grim beast is more or less abundant, his numbers depending chiefly on the presence of the game from which he derives his sustenance.

The favourite food of the lion may be stated in the following order: zebra, buffalo, all kinds of antelopes, cattle, sheep, goats, horses, and asses. Where game is plentiful, the lion will, as a rule, leave domesticated animals pretty much alone. When game becomes scarce he betakes himself to the kraals of natives, and helps himself nightly to such food as he can pick up. Where an old lion or lioness becomes so decrepit and worn-out as to be unable to catch and kill its own food from herds of game, the beast will hang about native kraals; and, finding that the dreaded foe, man, is usually a much easier prey than had been imagined, these animals take readily to human food, and become man-eaters.

As a rule, lions are more numerous and thrive better in the higher and healthier parts of Africa than in the moist, flat, low-lying, equatorial regions of the west coast. The highest altitude of which I have record of a lion being shot is at Punda Milia, British East Africa, where, at an elevation of six thousand two hundred feet, one of these animals was secured by Major Powell Cotton in 1902. Four thousand feet is a common altitude for lions; and in the earlier days of South African hunting vast numbers of these animals were shot at this height on the karroos of Cape Colony, the plains of the Orange Free State, and the high veldt of the Transvaal. On the high plateaux of East Africa, also, where game abounds, lions have been and still are very numerous.

In South Africa especially, that wonderful home and nursery of the many kinds of game on which lions delight to feed, these carnivora have, until quite recent times, been extraordinarily abundant. When the Dutch took possession of the Cape in 1652, and built a fort there, lions were as numerous as they were daring. In the quaint chronicles of the old Cape commanders, preserved in the archives

at Capetown, occurs the following entry for January 23, 1653: 'This night it appeared as if the lions would take the fort by storm.' In the same year Governor Van Riebeek encountered a lion in his own garden! It took a long time in the days of flintlock guns and a sparse population to eject the lion from his ancient kingdom south of the Orange River—something like a couple of hundred years.

The Boers of the eighteenth century, with their cumbrous and often unreliable flintlocks, although they steadily thinned down the lions as they trekked inland and carved out their farms from the wild veldt, not seldom suffered grievous losses from these dangerous foes. In 1773 Thunberg, the Swedish traveller and scientist, speaks of Jacobus Botha, then a man of eighty-one years of age, who had been one of the most successful elephant-hunters of his time. This Botha, who was, I believe, an ancestor of General Botha of the present day, had had his hunting career cut short at the age of forty in an encounter with two lions. One of these he shot; the other mauled him to such an extent that he could never again handle a musket. Another Boer of that period, in an encounter with one of these beasts, had his hand so terribly mutilated as to be useless. With extraordinary courage, he placed the wounded member on a block, laid an axe on it, and ordered his Hottentot to sever it from his arm with the blow of a club. Strange to relate, the man actually made a good recovery from this heroic treatment. In 1890 an almost similar accident happened to a settler in Mashonaland, who, going to the door of his hut on a dark night, had his hand seized and frightfully lacerated by a lion. In this case blood-poisoning set in, and the wound proved fatal. In the Sneeuwberg Mountains, behind Graaff Reinet, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a widowed Dutch woman named Wagenaar, who had gone forth to scare a lion from her cattle, was seized by the ferocious beast, which tore off one of her arms and crushed her skull in. After this the brute killed and devoured a Hottentot maid who had gone to her mistress's aid. The woman's children, who had witnessed this shocking spectacle, dug themselves out through the mud floor, under the back wall of the house, and thence sought refuge at the nearest farm. These are but a few of the numberless mischances and fatalities which the early Cape settlers suffered in their encounters with lions.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the British finally took possession of the Cape, lions were still plentiful and very daring in many parts of the country south of the Orange. Even up to the year 1850 the last of them had not been expelled from the northern portion of Cape Colony. The latest record I have of a lion near the Orange River is dated so recently as 1893. In November of that year two lions followed and attacked some oxen while they were drinking in that river on the northern bank, not many miles west of Upington. The lion was killed; the lioness was wounded, but made her escape. In the Orange River Colony lions have vanished, but in the Transvaal warfare upon the lion has not yet been finally brought to a close. Here and there, in the wilder portions of the northern and eastern part of that colony, these carnivora still exist. A lion was killed at Springs, near Johannesburg, so lately as 1897; and another was reported in 1898 near Heidelberg, south of Johannesburg.

In Rhodesia, north and south of the Zambesi, North Bechuanaland, Ngamiland, Damaraland, the fringes of the Kalahari Desert, Ovampoland, and other parts of German South-West Africa, and in the Portuguese territory of Angola, lions are still pretty numerous, as, indeed, they are on the other side of the continent, in Portuguese East Africa. In German East Africa, where game is abundant, these carnivora are almost as plentiful as they still are in the adjacent country of British East Africa. Thus, in spite of the fact that man has made war upon the lion from time immemorial, and that during the last fifty years all Africa has become known to us, the animal still maintains its ground over a very large proportion of the continent.

Why has the lion obtained from the earliest times so great a pre-eminence among beasts in the estimation of mankind? The reply, briefly put, may be as follows: because of his strength, his ferocity, his splendid grace, and the position he has always secured and maintained for himself among all other beasts of Africa. With the exception of the elephant and rhinoceros, which, by reason of their bulk and the thickness of their hide, he is not able to overcome, the lion stands without a rival among animals of the Dark Continent. To the beasts of the field he is a terror by night and day. Even to man, armed with the most wonderful and deadly of weapons yet devised, he is still almost as formidable an opponent as ever. An encounter with a lion still means that, in spite of the odds of wonderful arms of precision and of human skill and courage in his favour, a hunter can never know until the grim beast is stretched dead at his feet whether himself or his opponent shall be the conqueror.

All the long and distinguished line of British hunters in Africa speak of the animal in high terms of respect. Mr F. C. Selous, who has shot thirty-one lions with his own rifle, and has probably had more to do with these beasts than any man living, speaks of them with the very greatest respect. He says: 'If pursued or wounded, they may be expected to charge, and, *cæteris paribus*, I have found in my experience that a far larger proportion of them do charge than of any other animal in South Africa with which I am acquainted; and as their powers of concealing themselves and their quickness and agility in attack are far greater than in the elephant, buffalo, or rhinoceros, I pronounce them to be more dangerous animals to meddle with than any of these.' A hungry lion on a dark night is the most daring and dangerous beast in Africa.

Jan Viljoen, one of the greatest of the old school of Boer elephant-hunters, once said with truth: 'A hungry lion is a true devil, and fears nothing in this world.' On the contrary, a lion that is not hungry will sometimes refuse the most tempting opportunities. I once rode with a hunting-friend and a native lad seventy miles from a water-pit in the Kalahari to the Lake River, Ngamiland. We were going ahead of our wagons, riding one horse and leading a spare one each. There was no fuel handy to make a fire; and, after eating some food and tying up our horses close to us, we lay down in our blankets and fell asleep. Next morning, on waking, we found the spoor of a lion which had been prowling round us as we slept, within fifty paces, and yet never attacked either horse or man. On the following night this same lion killed an ox from a native kraal hard by. Lions, like individuals among mankind, vary, of course, a good deal in character, and some are doubtless less courageous and less aggressive than others.

In East Africa lions are often met with in large troops. Mr F. J. Jackson once came across twenty-three together near Machakos. Mr Neumann has seen a party of fifteen north-east of Mount Kenia, and other sportsmen, among them Major Powell Cotton, have also seen these animals together in considerable numbers. A Hungarian sportsman, Count D'Harnoncourt, actually killed a few years since in East Africa no less than six lions out of a troop—a very remarkable achievement. Mr Selous has shot three lions in a day with his own rifle; but Count D'Harnoncourt's feat is, I believe, a record which will probably stand undefeated in Africa.

When the lion is about to charge he throws his tail in the air, holding it erect and stiff as a bar of steel. This he may do twice or thrice, after which he instantly charges with a hoarse, grunting roar. It may be doubted whether the charge of an angry elephant, coming down at close quarters at high speed, and accompanied by the furious screaming which these pachyderms raise when infuriated, is a greater trial to the nerves even of a cool and courageous hunter than the lion's assault in the open. A heavy bullet will, however, often turn both elephant and lion at quite close quarters, and the lion, being a thin-skinned animal and possessing much less tenacity of life than the tough antelopes of Africa, is, if hit in a vital place, not difficult to kill. Even on horseback the hunter is by no means safe at close quarters, the lion's speed for a short distance being greater than that of a galloping horse. Mr Selous, who has shot most of his lions on foot, has been several times hard put to it to get away on his horse; and Mr Baldwin, in the year 1860, while riding up to a lion he had shot at, had an extraordinarily narrow escape when the lion charged at him. 'My horse is a fast one,' he says, 'and has run down the gemsbok, one of the fleetest of the antelopes; but the way the lion ran him was terrific. In an instant I was at my best pace, leaning forward, rowels deep into my horse's flanks, looking back over my left shoulder, over a hard, flat galloping ground. On came the lion, two strides to my one. I never saw anything like it, and never want to do so again. To turn in the saddle and shoot darted across my mind when he was within three strides of me; but on second thoughts I gave a violent jerk on the near rein, and a savage dig at the same time with the off heel armed with a desperate rowel, just in the nick of time, as the old mannikin bounded by me, grazing my right shoulder with his, and all but unhorsing me; but I managed to right myself by clinging to the near stirrup-leather.' Notwithstanding this fierce ordeal, the hunter turned, and with a couple more shots killed the brute that had so nearly made an end of him.

Occasional lions are met with which, even in broad daylight, will attack and, if possible, slay every human being with whom they may come in contact. This is, I think, much more often the case where the beasts live in purely native territory and have not been much accustomed to firearms. Where native raids and wars have resulted in the exposure of large numbers of corpses about the country, these animals grow very bold and seem to lose their natural instinct of respect for mankind. When Sebituane, founder of the Barotse kingdom, swept across Bechuanaland in the first quarter of last century, his warriors massacred thousands of natives in their course. Moffat and other travellers of this time found the unfortunate Bechuanas sleeping in huts erected among the branches of trees and on raised platforms, to which the lions had driven them. One of these trees contained no less than seventeen conical huts.

Natives in savage Africa have at times extraordinary encounters with lions. Years ago, before Zululand was conquered and became British, a Zulu hunting in thick bush came suddenly upon a full-grown lion, with not a yard between them. It was a terrible moment; if the man had moved hand or foot the lion would have seized him. The Zulu was, however, a cool-headed fellow, and, although armed with some assagais, stood stock-still, moving not a muscle. For a couple of long minutes the brute watched him, then moved off, turning its head every now and again to make sure that no attempt was being made upon it. In this case the man never raised his eyes from the ground. Before going very far the same lion met another native, who raised his spear to defend himself. At him the lion instantly sprang and inflicted such wounds that the unfortunate Zulu died within half-an-hour. On another occasion a Zulu traversing the bush-veldt in search of game, and armed with a single-barrelled gun, found himself suddenly in the midst of a family party of six lions—a lion, a younger male, a lioness, and three cubs, the latter about the size of cats. One of the cubs instantly ran up to him, as if to a playmate, and the lioness, furious with anxiety, rushed up, and, as the man afterwards said, fairly danced round him. The Zulu, with iron nerve, remained perfectly quiet and moved not even an

eyelid. As he said, 'It was a hundred to one that I did not kill the mother; and if I had, the other two would soon have avenged her.' After a minute of the most terrible suspense, the whole party of lions, seeing that the man attempted no harm, retired into the bush and left him to congratulate himself upon his wonderful escape.

Here is another encounter of a different kind, related by Major Powell Cotton in his recent book of travel, *In Unknown Africa*. An Elgeyo boy was suddenly confronted at close quarters by a fine, black-maned lion, which opened its jaws and drew back its lips in an ugly snarl. 'The boy promptly fired a poisoned arrow into its open mouth, and, while the lion was trying to cough it out, ran for his life.' In a short time the beast was dead, and the lad returned and took the scalp, in the hopes of trading it to the Masai. A still more wonderful native adventure with a lion is vouched for by two unimpeachable witnesses, Oswell and Livingstone. At Mabotse, in Bechuanaland, some women were hoeing in the fields, and a young man was chatting to them. A lioness suddenly sprang upon him and was carrying him off, when one of the young women ran after her, and, catching her by the tail, was dragged for some little distance. 'Hampered with the man in her mouth and the woman behind her,' says Oswell, 'she slackened her pace, whereupon her opponent straddled over her back and hit her over the head with a heavy, short-handled hoe.' Strange to relate, the lioness dropped her prey and slunk away into cover. The plucky woman who accomplished this rescue was the wife of the man attacked. But, after all, it is very seldom indeed that the lion will submit to such liberties.

It has, of course, long since been clearly proved, notwithstanding the assertions of the old Boer hunters and of natives to the contrary, that one species, and one only, of this animal is found in Africa. The Asiatic lion is of identically the same species as its congener of Africa. Many variations in colour exist, but it is a fact that black-maned and yellow-maned lion-cubs are constantly produced in the same litter. In the feral state lions as a rule carry far less ample manes than do menagerie specimens. Nevertheless, wild-bred animals having fine manes are occasionally shot; and, especially in Somaliland, English hunters, such as General Paget, Lord Wolverton, Lord Delamere, and others, have been exceedingly fortunate in shooting lions with ample and very beautiful manes. One of the handsomest lions ever seen in captivity was shown at the Zoological Gardens some years since. This animal came from Senegal, and was of a bright and wonderfully rich yellow hue. In Africa, in the wild state, lions seem to breed less freely than in captivity, seldom producing more than three cubs at a birth. In captivity from four to six cubs are often born. From teething and other troubles only a small percentage of wild lion-cubs survive to maturity. Probably this is a provision of nature; for it is certain that if all lion-cubs were healthy and reached adolescence the dread of this beast would be far more widespread and its butcher's bill much more terrible than they are at present.

Rifles are now so perfect and so destructive that it is difficult to suppose that much more deadly arms of precision than those we now use can be invented. I have shown that, notwithstanding the odds against him, the lion in Africa still roams over an immense extent of country. He yields slowly to civilisation, it is true; but in the wilder and more remote parts of the continent his reign is still practically unchallenged. It took, as I have shown, two hundred years to drive the animal north of the Orange River. South of the Zambesi the last lion may perchance have disappeared within the next thirty or forty years. In many other parts of Africa it may be safely anticipated that the roar of the lion will be heard for at least another hundred years; in some places possibly two hundred years may be nearer the mark. The lion, in truth, dies hard. His destruction is only accomplished by sportsmen of great courage and determination, men who are experts in the use of the rifle and whose eyes and nerves may be depended upon in the last extremity of danger. Even with such as these, the lion is not always the loser; and, to the end of his career in Africa, this animal must always remain the noblest and most dangerous quarry to be hunted by adventurous mankind.

THE VIRTUES OF COMMON SALT.

By F. N. Burn, Rangoon.

IN *Chambers's Journal* of August 24, 1901, appeared a paragraph under the above heading, noticing a work by Mr Gümpel on *The Prevention of Epidemic Zymotic Diseases in India and the Tropics* by the use of salt solutions. In conclusion it is stated that this remedy, whilst having the advantage of being cheap and easy of application, 'may not suit every constitution.' I have read recently that both in Russia and Calcutta cholera cases have been effectively treated by salt applications. I have myself in the past seven or eight years found the advantage of putting a little salt in all the water I drink. I also put a little salt with sugar and milk in every cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa I use. I have been a resident in the tropics for over forty years, and except for a sprained ankle have not had occasion to call in a doctor or to take any medicine in the last thirty years. I may say I am not a total abstainer,

though very nearly one. I believe every one's health in the tropics would be very much better if he used more salt. Until I did I suffered occasionally from headaches, and often had a bad taste in my mouth on waking in the morning. I never have a headache or a bad taste now. I find the benefit of drinking a tumbler of cold water with a little salt in it every morning on rising at about 5 A.M., before my bath or cup of cocoa, which I usually take between 5.30 and 6 A.M. The fact that salt has been successfully used in hospitals in Calcutta and in Russia in cholera cases should lead medical men to try this system of taking salt in solution in water before cholera breaks out. Wherever a regiment is quartered in India, if officers and men would double their salt consumption in times of sickness I am sure the advantage of doing so would soon be generally recognised. If a diagnosis could be taken of all cholera or plague cases amongst natives, I believe it would be generally found that the bowels of patients were generally constipated for four or five days before they were attacked. I was travelling with my brother in Siam very many years ago with a considerable following of Burmese and Indians. We put up at Bangkok in a large rest-house, of which there used to be several along the banks of the Menam. The place was substantially built of teak on posts about six feet above the ground, and after it had been washed and a portion curtained off for our use was fairly comfortable. We stayed in it for about three weeks. Two Burmese followers were seized with cholera, and died there during our stay. I did not then know anything of the virtues of salt, and did not take more than the ordinary quantity. There were no other cholera cases either in the rest-house or in the vicinity that we heard of, and the theory of immediate evacuation now generally followed in plague and cholera cases was not adopted. We stayed on until our business was finished, and had no more cases. Medical science has not as yet proved very effective in the prevention of either plague or cholera. Cleanliness and rat-destruction are no doubt useful as preventives; but both are difficult to enforce, and religious prejudices against taking life often interfere with rat-killing. In many places in Burma where the municipalities pay a reward for dead rats thousands are killed. But, on the other hand, where rat-traps are set by municipal servants, pious Buddhists think it a work of merit to release the rats caught before the early collection of traps takes place. The Government does something towards reducing fevers by selling quinine cheap through the post-offices and the agency of headmen. My own experience in the districts of both Indians and Burmese is that constipation is the source of fevers and other diseases, and that until you eradicate this quinine or other remedies are not of much avail. If people could be induced to try the easy and cheap method of taking a little common salt with the water they drink they would in the generality of cases find it a remedy for constipation, and they would seldom require other medicine. How many millions of money must be spent in pills and other remedies quite uselessly, when every one has the cheap salt remedy at hand and can try it without going to a chemist or a doctor!

A SPRING DAY IN SARK.

Loveliest of lovely islands,
Fair queen of flowering ways,
Of gorse and grass grown highlands,
And shadowy shoreless bays;
Of hidden caves sonorous
With sounds of refluent seas,
Of winds that swell the chorus
To wave-born melodies;

We saw thee first enshrouded
In mists of driving rain,
A vision, dimmed and clouded,
Now seen, now sought in vain;
Till, through the gloom, a slender
Bright shaft of sunlight clove,
And smote to sudden splendour
Thy waves that stormed and strove.

No dream was e'er beholden
So fair as thou art fair,
In garments green and golden
Woven of the light and air,
That cloud as waters darkle
When skies are overcast,
That flash and flame and sparkle
When clouds have overpassed.

Beset with tides and races
Thy rock-bound ramparts rise,
And bear the shining spaces
Wherein thy kingdom lies,
High raised o'er black abysses
Within whose deeps profound
The mad sea boils and hisses
In whirls of foam and sound.

O'er cliff and promontory,
O'er crag and crumbling ledge,
The gorse's golden glory
Flames to the outmost edge;
And all thy woods are ringing
With voices of the spring—
The throstle's joyous singing,
The leaves' low whispering.

His lips are hushed for ever,
His song for ever stilled,
That with its mighty river
Of passionate music filled
The listening lands;* he praised thee
As none could praise but he,
To deathless glory raised thee
And thrilled the world with thee.†

Thou dream of swift surprises,
Alas, no skill is ours
To limn thy hues and guises
That change with changing hours!
Unworthy we to sing thee
Whose words are rude and worn,
We have but love to bring thee—
Our love of wonder born.

P. J. H.-G.

*Swinburne died April 10, 1909.
†*A Ballad of Sark: The Garden of Cymodoce.*

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

MINUTE MINUTES OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By F. Bayford Harrison.

THE Journals and Minutes of the House of Lords, the accumulation of centuries, are both voluminous and curious. Taking only the early years of William and Mary, we have a number of large octavos consisting each of some five hundred pages, and affording plenty of literary browsing. Certainly the fare is mostly very dry; only here and there occurs a patch of pleasant verdure. The great national questions which occupied the kingdom and the Parliament are for serious history, not for the magazine sketch, and yet some of even the most minute of the Minutes throw sidelights on the manners and customs of our ancestors, and are not without interest for us.

The Minutes preserved in manuscript are often very quaint; the clerk whose business it was to jot them down as occasion arose expressed himself simply, and sometimes with a certain child-like charm. Some of these parliamentary proceedings never attained to the dignity of print; they are embedded in more important matters, and when dug out they are 'neither rich nor rare,' only curious. Such was an absurd little Order made on the 10th of January 1690, during a very solemn debate as to whether peers should be tried for all offences by their peers; the decision was that they should be so tried for political offences, but for murder and felony in the same way as commoners. In the midst of this important discussion, involving laws and lives, there was made a singularly trivial Order: that no lord should 'go to the fire' without special leave of the House. Their lordships were concerned with a question involving the beheading or hanging of members of their august body, and they interrupted the proceedings to forbid undue roasting of fingers and toes. Perhaps the chillier peers crowded round the burning logs and left the Lord Chancellor to freeze on his Woolsack; perhaps when they so gathered together they indulged in unseemly gossip; at all events, the quaint Order was made and appears in the Minutes.

Another Order which is only found in the manuscript Minutes prohibited the peers' footmen from lying on the tables in the painted chamber; which reminds us that in those days armed servants attended their masters in the streets of London; and the demand, 'Who goes home?' made nightly in the House of Commons, was instituted to ensure companions and safety for the Speaker on his homeward route after dark.

We find, under date 16th of April 1689, that the Lords' Committee of Privileges had a very grave matter to decide. Under the Stuart kings—perhaps under the Tudor monarchs—peers had been in the habit of putting on their hats when the king put on his. When present at plays the king and the lords sat in the cockpit; if the king remained covered, so did they; if he took off his hat, they doffed theirs. The same rule held good in the Chapel Royal; the Bishop of Winchester gave evidence that Charles I. used, by putting on his hat in the chapel, to give permission to their lordships to put on theirs; presumably this was done as they came out from divine service. When they walked in the Mall and when they played tennis a like custom was observed. The outcome of this serious debate is not recorded. About the same time arose a discussion concerning New Year's gifts, and whether they should be reciprocal between the king and the peers. The Earl of Winchelsea said that when they were called in Parliament they might take a deer upon sounding a horn, and they were to have his venison; the king used to give wine, 'and that is taken off; the custom is run out.' Apparently the sovereign had been in the habit of supplying the materials of a meal to those peers whom he summoned to his infrequent Parliaments; but the custom was 'run out.' Nothing more is recorded; as our latter-day reporters would say, 'the subject then dropped.' Many a debate in the Upper House came to a like timely end; but, trivial as they were, and with no results, they were not too minute for the Minutes.

A proposal was made about this time to take

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

away all privilege from peers who neglected to attend the House during a whole session. It was suggested that there should be inflicted a fine of one hundred pounds for each lay lord, and for each bishop fifty pounds, who so transgressed; the bishop was to be let off with a small fine because he might have duties outside the House. The subsequent proceedings need interest us no more; in fact, there were none. In 1691 the Duke of Norfolk petitioned the House in the matter of marshalling the funerals of William Painter, of one Gardner, one Hammond, a girl named Denn, and a widow named Cann—the Christian names are not given. The premier duke held that his privilege as Earl Marshal had been invaded. There is 'no further entry of proceedings.'

The lords have always been great sticklers for privilege; *scandalum magnatum* was a much more heinous offence than libel on a commoner. It was a dangerous thing to lay a hand on a rowdy and ill-conducted peer. We find a Minute written by the Clerk of the House of Lords, and couched in naïve language:

'The Sergeant of Guard was called in and asked to give an account of the matter. He said that Lord Grey and his brother came to the playhouse, and the sentry stopped him and told him he must take a ticket; and he went down and came back again presently, and threw a guinea to the fellow and went on again. *Mr Yelverton* (called in)--I saw this sergeant take my lord by the shoulder and push him. *The Sergeant* says he did not strike his lordship. *Robert* (*or John*) *Phinney*—I cannot say it was the sergeant. The musketeers struck at one. *The Sergeant*—I was pushed behind. *John Pegue*—I did not know who struck my lord. They withdraw. Then the two box-keepers were called in and sworn, the sergeant being present.'

They went at it hammer and tongs, for the point in dispute was a momentous one—a peer's privilege for himself and his servants on the one hand, and on the other the respect due to the king's guard. The House finally ordered the sergeant and a soldier to be sent to the Gatehouse, and made a decree that for the future no soldiers should guard the playhouse. The plays had been suspended, but were now resumed; and the soldiers were shortly afterwards released, on petition.

More serious questions of privilege are constantly recorded in the Minutes. In the year 1690 three such questions were concerning charges of murder; two of them still have a certain historical interest. The Earl of Lincoln was a man of such enormous bulk that he everywhere attracted public attention, even in church, for he was quite unable to kneel. He was walking one autumn day in the streets of Kensington, then a rural village, attended by his servant. A boy named Anthony Webb stared rudely at the obese nobleman, and perhaps made jeering gestures, though we are not told that he made any remarks. Lord Lincoln bade his servant beat the boy, which he did. Nothing more happened until the following February, when the boy died. A coroner's jury found that death was in consequence of the assault. Now, this verdict meant that Lord Lincoln and his servant must be put on their trial for murder; a post-mortem examination was demanded, and it was then found that young Webb had died of 'a consumption.' The subject of privilege came in as a question whether the earl should be tried by his peers or by an ordinary jury; but the question never required to be thrashed out.

Another and much more famous case was that of Lord Mohun, who with Captain Hill was accused of murdering Mountford the actor. Hill was one of the multitudinous admirers of the charming actress Mrs Bracegirdle, but fancied that he was rejected because of her preference for Mountford. His jealousy was so excessive that he swore to stab his rival; and Mohun swore to stand by his friend. The story is well known. Hill ran the actor through the body and fled. Mohun was seized, and tried by his peers. There was really no doubt of his guilt, and no defence offered; but the peers, by sixty-nine votes to fourteen, acquitted him. Had it not been for his privilege he would have been tried like a commoner and hanged at Tyburn.

Such a defeat of justice could not be brought about in these days. And many of the Minutes reveal a state of affairs which now is impossible. Thus, on the 7th of November 1689 the 'irregularities' in the courts of law were inquired into. It was stated that the Keeper of the King's Bench Prison on the first day of every term made oath that all his prisoners were within the Rules of the Court, although some of them were out of the kingdom. So the keeper habitually committed perjury. Incidentally we learn that the Marshalsea contained eighty-four beds, that the sheets for them cost annually one hundred and nine pounds fourteen shillings, and that the nurses were paid one hundred and twenty-four pounds sixteen shillings. Ale was charged threepence a quart (wine measure), and brandy eight shillings a gallon. The marshal received over five thousand pounds a year, not including action-money, gratuities, and bribes. In considering these figures we must bear in mind that provisions were very much cheaper and money much more valuable in those days than now. The Marshalsea was, in fact, an augean stable which only a Hercules or a Dickens would attempt to sweep clean. The abuses and 'undue practices' revealed in these Minutes are almost incredible.

The Court of Ludlow, a provincial tribunal, was the scene of shameful abuses. It was not a Court of Ludlow for which a Milton would compose a masque, but a Court of Barony or of Law 'of the Marches of Wales.' The judges appear to have been quite irresponsible, and there were no juries. Grievances were many; the court was not useful either to the king or to the people, and it cost the Crown three thousand pounds a year. Examples of abuses are cited. Bromley, a maltster in Shrewsbury, had to pay a debt of fifteen shillings; his

costs amounted to five pounds. There was no appeal to Westminster Hall. The clerks copied 'usually half the sheet, six words in a line.' So the costs were heaped up. James Probert swore that he was sued for a trespass of six sheep; the court found damages one penny for each sheep; the judge assessed the costs at three pounds, and other charges came to four pounds more! A noticeable point in this matter is that the first monster petition ever presented to Parliament was for the abolition of the iniquitous Court of Ludlow; it was signed by nearly eighteen thousand persons resident in various parts of Wales.

Venal corruption was rampant everywhere, and there is a curious little Minute in which the name of Mr Samuel Pepys appears. Richard Gibson stated that he 'had been for twenty years a clerk in the Navy Office, and had not been advanced according to his standing,' or as men with shorter service had been. No doubt he had a real grievance; therefore, to compensate him, Mr Samuel Pepys promised him the purser's place in the *St George*, which he was to fill in his own person, and which was worth four hundred pounds a year in war-time and eighty pounds a year in peace-time. But one King, 'in consideration of four hundred pounds, for which he gave bonds, got him to have the post transferred to him, and always said that the transaction had been profitable to him.' This was, of course, a neat little 'job;' and Mr Samuel Pepys seems to have winked at it.

We are not in these days accustomed to hear of 'jobs' among Government officials, nor to find our rulers paying their private debts out of the national taxes. But things went very badly under the Stuart kings. In 1689 there was still owing a sum of twenty thousand pounds for the purchase-money of Audley End, bought by Charles II. The 'Merrie Monarch' had covenanted to give fifty thousand pounds to the Earl of Suffolk for the property; but at his death only thirty thousand pounds had been paid. When, in the year 1689, there was a proposal to abolish hearth-money, the late earl's son, the Hon. Henry Howard, came forward with a petition. The twenty thousand pounds still owing to his father's estate had been secured on hearth-money; and he had counted on it as a provision for his younger children, of whom this Henry Howard was one. A Mr Brett also sued for two thousand pounds due to him on the same security. Some of us are old enough to remember the window-tax, which laid an embargo on light and air. The hearth-tax restricted the warmth of a house. It remains to be added that William III. had to pay these two debts incurred by Charles II.

The impecunious Charles had died a Catholic; William was a Protestant. At this time there was a rush of French Protestants desiring to be naturalised Englishmen. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven large numbers of such persons into more liberal countries. The only matter of lasting interest in the list of them in the Minutes is that amongst others was a David Garric, son of Peter and Madalena Garric of Montpellier; it is believed that he became the grandfather of the great actor.

While Protestants from France were made welcome in England, very hard measure was dealt out to Roman Catholics. They, even when good citizens, were not allowed within the precincts of the House of Lords. Thomas Burdet was summoned to give evidence before the House of Commons. Lord Lovelace was told that there was a papist present; the fiery peer asked the intruder how he had the impudence to be there, and ordered him into the custody of Black Rod. After a detention of eight days, and having presented a petition, Burdet was released. Parliament lived in perpetual dread of a second Gunpowder Plot even in this year 1690. On the 20th of November Lord Carmarthen received an anonymous letter warning him that such a conspiracy appeared to be on foot. The vaults and cellars under the House of Lords were immediately searched, as they still are every year before the opening of a new session. To call a man a papist was to hang him—almost; he must be an adherent of the Stuarts, and therefore a sworn foe to King William. One Aisley, said to be a priest, was in custody, not accused of any crime except his creed; and there was no proof against him of any misdemeanour. His account of himself was that he had been a Roman Catholic for more than six years; that he was not a priest, and had never said that he was; and that he lived 'at Malta in Italy.' His luggage was searched, and 'nothing beyond five guineas being found in it,' the money was restored to its owner and he was set free. This gentleman is no more heard of. 'Malta in Italy' was a safer place of residence for him than liberal England.

Mixed marriages were not easy to accomplish; the difficulties were not then, as they are now, raised by the Church of Rome, but by the civil authorities of England, and sometimes by the parents and guardians of the would-be contracting parties. Cox, a Protestant, wanted to marry Winifred Middleton, the daughter of a papist; the matter came before the House of Lords. It was sworn that Cox, impetuous lover, 'made several outrages' on the house of the lady's father, that he bought a ring, and that he stupefied her with chocolate for eight or ten hours! Middleton was designing to carry his daughter off beyond seas to a convent. Whether Cox obtained his bride, or whether Middleton immured his daughter, is not revealed by these Minutes.

Many another romance clothes the dry bones of parliamentary records. Clandestine marriages often gave their lordships considerable trouble. The supposed heir to a dukedom was the hero of a curious story. There was a certain M. Foubert who kept an 'academy' in the Haymarket, and bequeathed his name to Foubert's Passage and Court. In his academy various 'genteel arts' were

taught, and young gentlemen of rank availed themselves of his instructions. One such youth was Christopher Monk, said to be the heir of the Duke of Albemarle, who had recently died in Jamaica. Kit Monk was thirteen years of age. In Lime Street lived a pastrycook named Hungerford, who had a wife and a daughter Sarah. The maiden was married at St Pancras Church to young Monk, *her* mother personating *his* mother, and giving the necessary consent. He reached his fourteenth birthday without having openly renounced the marriage; but some six years later he endeavoured to do so, alleging that he was under the influence of drink when he contracted it; he probably suggested that he had been drugged, though not with chocolate as was Miss Middleton. What came of the quarrel between Christopher Monk and Sarah Hungerford does not appear from the Minutes; but we know that there was a Duke of Albemarle, and that he was not succeeded in the title by Christopher Monk. Two or three attempts were made to pass a Bill to render fraudulent such marriages as the one in question, as indeed they were already; but all these measures fell through at that time.

Another tale of an illegal marriage of a minor came before the peers. In this story the heroine is more interesting than the hero. Mistress (Miss) Mary Wharton was on her way to her aunt's house when her coach was stopped by three men; they knocked down the coachman, and the girl was forcibly taken by Sir John Johnston to the house of one Watson, a coachman in Westminster. Here lodgings and supper had been provided for her; also witnesses and a wedding-ring. The Rev. William Clewer, D.D., was summoned. He did not ask to see a license; but he thought the young lady was more than willing. The ring was too big; but she refused to change it, saying that it was unlucky to change. 'There was no force used.' Mary Wharton was sixteen and an heiress, and the bridegroom was a Captain Campbell. Apparently the marriage was held to be good, for no one wished to annul it; but Sir John Johnston was hanged at Tyburn for his share in the abduction. The king refused to pardon him unless the lady's friends desired him to do so. They made no sign, and the romance had a most tragic ending. A Bill to prevent or to dissolve such marriages was introduced but not passed; it was said that such a measure would be 'attended with very grave inconveniences, and might hinder many younger brothers from making their fortunes'—by running away with heiresses!

On the 25th of October 1689 an Order was made to prevent stoppages in the streets, King Street, Westminster, being then, as it has been in much later years, one of the most congested thoroughfares in London. John Bayly, drayman to William Green, 'being stopped by a constable and two beadles from coming into King Street, on Wednesday last between 11 and 12 A.M., said that he would go through, and abused them; he called the beadle that stopped him a rogue; and another drayman standing by said if he knew the beadle he would have a touch with him at quarterstaff; the drayman asked the beadle's name, for his master would spend a hundred pounds to vindicate his servant.' Such a vulgar street-row was hardly worthy the attention of the grave and right reverend seigniors temporal and spiritual; but locomotion both in town and country was a matter calling for improvement, as we see when a peer excuses himself from attending a call of the House and from paying a fine of a hundred pounds on the ground that he was one hundred miles from London, and the journey to town would occupy four days.

THE TUTOR OF TYNDRACH.

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT'S reflection had no power to alter Ann's mood. When the Sabbath broke she was still submissive—not with the old unthinking resignation of days gone by, but with a sort of dazed quiescence that dared not allow of thought.

The minister's calm, irresistible arguments the preceding evening seemed like the voice of her whole past speaking against the wild, wayward emotion of a moment; and Ann was by nature conservative. The old dominion was very strong, and Malcolm was of the essence of it.

He, noting her chastened air, congratulated himself on the reassertion of his influence. Among the many cut-and-dried principles he treasured were some very stringent ideas as to the place of women in the world, and especially their subjection to their husbands. Ann's vagaries yesterday had caused him a temporary uneasiness, but her later penitence reassured him. Once married, he would be able to assert his control without difficulty. She was little more than a child after all.

They walked together across the glebe fields to church, with the harsh, clanging bell as an accompaniment to their talk.

Malcolm had on his Sunday mood. How well Ann knew it! The air of distance and gravity he seemed to assume with his silk hat! She need fear no love-making from him on the Sabbath. It was as if he believed the day was made for him and he for it. He would not even condescend to remark the becoming tint of the simple lilac dress she wore, though his eyes approved it unconsciously. But the glances of admiration cast on her by the loafers in the kirkyard as she passed through with her lover

would have assured Ann if her mirror had not already told her she was looking her best.

She had taken especial pains with her appearance that morning; not, as she conscientiously believed, with the desire of attracting admiration from any particular person, but because there was a difficult part before her, and she required all the confidence and assurance she could command to carry it through.

The question as to whether Mr Selwyn would or would not adhere to his intention of walking over to service had been the uppermost thought in her mind all morning, and she had half-unconsciously postponed the final facing of her future till the ordeal of a second meeting with him was over.

At breakfast she had listened to her uncle's pleasurable anticipations of the young man's visit with a feeling almost of dismay. She told herself that she dreaded the prospect, that she would fain he did not come, that she never wanted to see him again.

Yet, perversely, when Malcolm, leaning towards her as the service was about to commence, whispered in a triumphant aside, 'He hasn't come after all, you see,' a strange sinking of disappointment mingled with her relief.

Her own glance had wandered round the varnished pews several times in vain since their entry; but now the minister was in the pulpit and had given out the number of the psalm, and there was plainly an end to hope.

She realised suddenly in that moment that she would have liked Mr Selwyn to see her in her pretty dress, that some of the trouble and pains she had taken with her appearance that morning had been expended in the hope of his approval; and just as she had reached this humiliating reflection she glanced up and found him looking at her from an empty pew across the aisle.

His face was grave, but there was a smile of recognition in his eyes that deepened as the quick flush mounted her face at sight of him.

For the moment Ann forgot everything but the pleasure of his near proximity. All that had intervened since their last meeting was temporarily wiped out—her rebellion, her heroic resolutions, her penitence. Then, as if he was suddenly reminded of the presence of her companion, Mr Selwyn's eyes passed on to her cousin by her side. One glance he cast at him, and quickly averted his head. But Ann felt that in that glance he had taken Malcolm's measure and hers too. A bitter pride made her include herself in the estimate. She had reverted suddenly to the old mood of the morning. In a few months Malcolm would be her husband. It was her duty to desire no recognition apart from him.

For the remainder of the service the tutor appeared oblivious of their presence, absorbed in the act of worship in which he was taking part. His inscrutable profile was turned to the pair; not so much as a side-glance did he vouchsafe them.

Ann schooled herself to dismiss him from her thoughts; but the loud singing of Malcolm by her side seemed to make the quiet figure across the aisle more significant, more obtrusive, by contrast.

A sort of impotent anger at her own weakness assailed her. She would be loyal—she would! Malcolm was to be her husband.

It was in this spirit she effected the introduction between the two men in the churchyard at the close of the service. There was an almost defiant note in her voice as she said her lover's name; and Selwyn, quick to assign its cause, responded by a show of cordiality towards the young man he was very far from feeling. Malcolm's behaviour made it still more difficult for him to sustain the rôle. There was an assumption of patronage and familiarity in his manner that made the tutor long to inflict some snub upon him; but consideration for Ann's feelings withheld him.

'My uncle will be delighted that you managed to escape from your pupils after all,' Malcolm said by way of greeting, after they had been talking for a few moments. 'I could never have put up with a teacher's life myself.'

A smile, difficult of interpretation, appeared in Mr Selwyn's eyes as he listened. He was gazing straight past the other at a belt of fir-trees on the other side of the kirkyard wall.

'Yes, it is a hard lot!' he acknowledged prosaically at last. 'But beggars mustn't be choosers.'

'I think we had better walk on,' intervened Ann with grave dignity. 'There is a kirk-session meeting after service to-day. My uncle will be late.'

If Selwyn's admiration for her had needed a stimulus he would have found it in the way in which she conducted herself in the trying position in which he, by his own selfishness, had placed her.

The embarrassment she had betrayed that first evening upon hearing of his proposed visit had shown him plainly in what light she regarded her cousin, though he had not pictured him quite such a barbarian as Malcolm was proving. Yet the wish to see her again had conquered, and here he was in answer to it. Not that he was seriously in love with Ann. In a few days he would be effectually removed from her influence by distance, and it was a sort of cowardly confidence in the arbitrament of fate that had tempted him to gratify his desire for another sight of the girl.

The thought of her had haunted him persistently since their last meeting—her freshness and vitality, the dawning beauty of face and figure, the unawakened possibilities of her womanhood. But already he was angry with himself for his weakness in yielding to the temptation. He pictured her tied for life to the uncouth specimen of manhood walking on her other side, and the idea maddened him. He saw clearly enough how the situation had arisen. There was no need for any biographical details to throw light upon the story, nor did he believe for an instant that Ann was in love with

her cousin. She was a victim of circumstance, that was all; and no doubt her perverted sense of duty would impel her to carry through the sacrifice to the end.

Well, it was not for him to interfere. He had no alternative to offer her; and if he had, he was too much a man of honour to propose it. Marriage was not for him, so he had always told himself, partly because he had such a high standard of womanly perfection, and had hitherto not been successful in meeting his ideal, and partly because fate had endowed him with a short purse and an insatiable desire for the best things of life. But of one thing he was determined: he would manage to secure a short time alone with the girl that afternoon. Surely he deserved some reward for his tolerance towards her cousin.

Accordingly, at dinner, he reminded her of her promise to take him out on the lake.

To his surprise, she acceded at once; then, as if suddenly reminded of some unexpressed obligation, turned quickly to her cousin.

'Will you care to come, Malcolm?'

Selwyn held his breath for the answer.

But the opportunity for asserting his importance was too tempting for Malcolm to resist. 'No; I have enough of the water on Sunday at Golspie,' he said.—'I have to take service every Sunday afternoon on the other side of Loch Garnock,' turning to the tutor as he spoke.—'But there's nothing to prevent you from taking Mr Selwyn out for a short row,' he went on, addressing his permission this time direct to Ann herself.

She accepted it silently.

'And when you come back I'll have those notes ready for you,' chimed in the minister.

Selwyn laughed. He was more pleased than he would have cared to acknowledge at his easy victory.

Dinner over, the pair made their way down through the manse garden to the little landing-place where the boat was tethered.

Malcolm accompanied them. His proprietary airs and the many unnecessary directions he gave Ann before starting filled Selwyn with disgust. But he restrained himself for the promised pleasure of the girl's society. A dread that at the last moment her lover might change his mind and offer to accompany them possessed him. He was secretly a little surprised at the young man's magnanimity in allowing Ann to go with him alone, but assured himself ironically in explanation that a poor tutor was no rival for a minister of the Established Church of Scotland.

'I suppose you can row, Selwyn?' were Malcolm's parting words as he pushed off the boat.

Ann was already at the oars, and Selwyn waited till they were a few lengths from the shore before muttering an affirmative. All the pride of the old Blue was up in arms within him. The next moment the humour of the thing struck him, and he gave a little laugh.

'Tea at four,' came Malcolm's rude Doric across the water.

'What are you laughing at?' queried Ann, in a low voice, of her companion as she bent to the oars. There was a light of antagonism in her blue eyes.

Selwyn straightened himself, grave as a church in a minute. 'A foolish idea that struck me,' he said. 'I assure you it isn't worth repeating.'

Ann said no more, but her face had grown cold. It was a bad beginning to their *tête-à-tête*, and Selwyn reproached himself for his thoughtlessness. Yet he had confidence in his own power to make amends. For some moments he offered no attempt at conversation. Lying idly in the stern, he watched the girl as with strong, regular strokes she pulled the boat along. The exertion had brought out a fine glow on her face; her eyes had a curious light of mystery, their blue depths veiled by the dark lashes. She was gazing straight past him at some point on the receding shore, yet there was nothing self-conscious in her avoidance of his glance. She was plainly engrossed by the task in hand.

'I am glad I came over to-day,' said Selwyn at last, gazing round him with a satisfied sigh at the deep, calm water on every side, made dark with the reflection of tree and mountain. The hush of the Sabbath stillness could almost be felt—it was so intense as to be audible. 'I was in two minds about it. I thought you were not pleased with the idea,' he went on, as Ann offered no reply.

'No, I was not at first,' she allowed quietly, a flush stealing into her face. 'But now I am glad.' She did not cease rowing as she spoke, nor did she let her eyes rest on him.

'Ah, that is right,' said Selwyn in a tone of approbation. 'I don't suppose I shall be in this part of the world again,' he went on after a pause. 'I am going to give up my much-despised tutoring and become a sort of auxiliary drudge at the Foreign Office. Besides, even if I should happen to return, you will not be here. I hear you are to be married in the autumn.' His eyes were on her face now.

'Who told you?' said Ann quietly, still avoiding his glance.

'Your cousin,' replied Selwyn. Why had he not said fiancé? he wondered, but could assign no satisfactory reason.

'Yes, we are going to be married,' she affirmed deliberately.

'May I offer you my very best wishes for your happiness?' he said.

She nodded, letting her eyes meet his suddenly, then as quickly averting them. 'Thank you very much,' she said, and began rowing more quickly.

He stood up all at once, and leaning forward, laid his hands on the oars. 'You are tiring yourself,' he said. 'Let me row.'

There was something masterful in his tone that forced her to obey, yet she did not yield at once.

'You are sure you can?' she said, laughing up into his face.

'I rowed in the Eight at Oxford five years ago,

he said with a grim little smile as he settled himself down in the place she had vacated.

Ann drew in her breath. Now she understood the reason of his laugh. What a snub this would have been for Malcolm, and he had spared him out of consideration for her feelings!

'Tell me about the race,' she said, with suppressed eagerness. 'I have often read descriptions of it, but I have never met any one who has taken part in it.'

So he began in a desultory way to picture for her stray incidents of the great struggle. But by degrees some magic quality in her interest inspired him, and he forgot his present surroundings. Glorious memories of the past crowded thick upon him. He laid down the oars, letting the boat drift where it would, while he poured forth a dramatic word-picture of the historic event.

'And you won?' said Ann at length, drawing in her breath as he paused, her eyes aglow with the triumph of the victor.

'Oxford won,' he corrected her quietly, and took to the oars again.

'Thank you for telling me,' said Ann very low. 'I shall remember always.'

He leant towards her. 'Thank you for inspiring me,' he said, half-laughing. 'I don't suppose I could have described the thing to any one else.' There was actually a note of shame in his voice.

'But you did it—you won the race!' she cried. 'That is what counts in everything—the doing things. Any one can tell about them.'

Selwyn watched her earnestly as she spoke. Here was a revelation of the woman-soul he had dimly guessed at. Then a cynical smile curved his lips. 'I am afraid all my achievements have not been on a par with the boat-race,' he said. 'As far as other things go, I have done nothing.'

'But you will,' said Ann, undaunted, her eyes intensely blue. 'You have the will.'

'And lack only the inspiration,' he muttered.

He half-glanced at her as he spoke, but she was gazing sideways down in the deep water and appeared not to have heard the remark.

'Ten minutes to four,' said Selwyn, jerking his watch suddenly out of his pocket. 'What will your cousin say if we are late?' and he began rowing energetically.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANISH BEGGAR.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

THERE is no country where poverty is absolutely non-existent, nor where beggars are entirely absent; and Spain is no exception to the rule. Yet mendicancy is by no means so general in the Peninsula as one might be apt to judge from the descriptions of travellers (for the most part transient) who have visited the country. The fact is, the British traveller in Spain, and in many other countries as well, is looked on as fair game for the beggar and all those who live parasitically on the rich. The English tourists who visit Spain are generally of the wealthier class; in fact, among the lower classes every Anglo-Saxon is looked on as a sort of millionaire. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should be specially subject to the importunities of beggars, and that these should sometimes appear to be unduly numerous; all the more so when it is remembered that there is no Poor-Law, such as we know it, in Spain, and that the indigent are as a rule wholly dependent on private charity, and to the credit of the Spaniard be it said, this source of assistance is generally ample to meet all cases of want.

Although the lower classes in Spain live in a very frugal manner, often in a way that would excite the contempt of the British manual labourer, there is probably much less real want and destitution among them than is to be found among the same class in our own country. If no Poor-Law existed in Britain it is safe to say that the number of beggars here would be quite as great as is the case in the Peninsula. To say that 'Spain and beggars are synonymous,' as one writer rather ungrammatically puts it, seems to the writer somewhat of an exaggeration.

There is no part of Spain which is more overrun by the British tourist than the Canary Islands. Owing to their delightful climate, and the fact that they are largely patronised by wealthy tourists of all nations, these islands might be looked on as a paradise for the tramp, the loafer, and the beggar, yet they are by no means unduly infested with the mendicant fraternity. It is true, the traveller on his arrival at any little country village is frequently pestered by a crowd of mendicants soliciting coppers; but these almost invariably consist of ragged urchins and not adults—spoilt children, in fact, who have been corrupted by the tourist and his habit of throwing about his small change wholesale.

It will be noticed that we have alluded to the Canary Islands as a part of Spain, and not as a Spanish colony, as they are often considered to be. As a matter of fact, the Canaries form an integral part of Spain, of which they constitute a separate province, and they stand in the same relation to that country that the Channel Islands do to England. In fact, the parallel, geographical and historical, between the two groups of islands is very striking.

We have a vivid recollection of a blind Spanish

beggar who used to take his post at the entrance of a church, a favourite stand for the southern mendicant. His face was deeply pitted with the marks of smallpox, to which he doubtless owed his affliction, and there could be no doubt as to the genuineness of his case. He was accompanied by his daughter, a bright little girl about eight years old, who solicited passers-by for 'a copper for father.' The child was poorly but neatly dressed, and had an engaging manner, which would move a heart of stone. So far from being importunate, she never directed her appeals to any one in particular, but only in a general way to the passing crowd. The group was a sympathetic one and typical of the Spanish beggar. And if that little beggar-girl had been elegantly dressed and set down in a drawing-room full of ladies and gentlemen she would have been perfectly at her ease, and there would have been nothing in her manners to show that she had not occupied such a position all her life. For among Spaniards that natural courtesy which we suppose to be the hall-mark only of the upper classes is the natural heritage of the very lowest. Even the beggar who throws his ragged cloak about his shoulders does so with the grace and dignity of a grandee, and expects to be, and is, treated with courtesy by all ranks.

We have said that the favourite stand for a Spanish beggar is at the church door. As Catholic churches are never closed, and there is a constant stream of worshippers, the mendicant seldom fails to reap a rich harvest. Nor are 'tips' wanting, for he sometimes acts as a go-between in love affairs, and forms a medium of communication for receiving and forwarding Cupid's missives. Spanish girls of good family are never seen in public unless chaperoned or accompanied by near relatives; but it is easy to slip a *billet-doux* into the beggar's hand as the maiden wends her way with downcast eyes towards the church door, and the humble supplicant thus becomes a medium of preordained clandestine correspondence for a lovelorn couple.

We have never seen a Spaniard treat a beggar hastily; he is seldom turned away without a small dole; or, if alms are refused, the refusal is made courteously, with an 'Excuse me, brother,' or some similar phrase. Accustomed as we are to the number of impostors and drunkards to be found among our own great army of mendicants, this toleration may seem excessive; but the Spanish beggar is a creature of an entirely different order, and excites the sympathy even of the foreigner. We have more than once seen an English beggar turn with a volley of foul imprecations on a passer-by who had rejected his solicitation for precuniary assistance. The Spanish beggar is rarely an impostor, and still more rarely a drunkard. The charitably inclined have therefore some guarantee that their alms are not bestowed on the undeserving. Every country has its shiftless element—its 'unemployables,' as they are termed by the Salvation Army—and so has Spain; but these unemployables seldom owe their downfall to any inherent vice, but suffer from some physical or mental infirmity for which they cannot be held personally responsible.

In Spain the writer did not see much of the professional tramp. In England the casual ward of the workhouse is the general resort of this class, but in Spain such an institution does not exist. Such wayfarers, however, can generally obtain a free but modest repast at the convents, which abound in Spain; for though there is no Poor-Law in the Peninsula, the Church in a certain sense acts as the almoner of the poor. These free meals are patronised by the impecunious of all classes, even the broken-down gentleman who is to be found here as elsewhere. Many men eminent in Spanish history and literature have been glad to avail themselves of these free convent meals. It was at the Franciscan convent of La Rabida that Columbus once stopped to solicit a meal for himself and his son. The guardian or superior was so struck by the grandeur of his views that he detained him as a guest, and gave him a letter of introduction to the confessor of Queen Isabella. The interview which resulted ultimately led to the conversion of the Spanish monarchs to his views and to the epoch-making discovery of America. Although the convents which were suppressed in Spain about the year 1835 have since been re-established, the custom of distributing free rations of soup and bread is not now so general among them as formerly. In some cases, however, relief is granted by the municipalities.

There was a period when the so-called *picaresque* novels (Spanish *picaro*, a rogue), recounting the adventures of vagrants and beggars, were popular in Spain. This was especially the case during the time of Cervantes, who himself, in his *Novelas Ejemplares*—the English meaning of which is not 'Exemplary Novels,' but 'Stories with a Moral'—has left some sketches of this nature. Six years before the first publication of *Don Quixote* there appeared *Guzman de Alfarache*, by Aleman, perhaps the most famous of the *picaresque* novels, which is said to have gone through twenty-six editions in six years, a remarkable record for that time. It is perhaps, however, inferior to its contemporary work *El Lazarillo de Tormes* ('The Little Beggar of Tormes'), by Mendoza, which is believed to have inspired Le Sage when writing *Gil Blas*. It would seem not improbable that the popularity of these 'vagabond' novels gave to Cervantes the idea of writing the immortal *Don Quixote*, which was intended as a burlesque on the knight-errant literature of the *Amadis de Gaul* type, then so much in vogue.

We remember reading in one of these *picaresque* novels the advice given by an old beggar to a young apprentice in the craft. He particularly enjoined on him the necessity of wearing clothes which were patched in many places, and always with cloth of a different colour from the original, for the beggar's patches are his best advertisement. At the same

time, the beggar's clothes, though patched, should be clean, for a loathsome exterior does not attract sympathy. Doubtless the clothing of some of these ancient beggars, like Artemus Ward's boots, had been patched until none of the original material was left in them.

Although the Spaniard has a lenient side for the beggar, he is not unmindful of his failings. He remembers that excessive generosity to a beggar makes the latter presumptuous. The dole, when given, is generally small; the one-centimo copper piece—about one-twelfth of a penny—seems to exist for the sole purpose of being given to the mendicant fraternity. Neither should the charitably disposed be too liberal in their hospitality in such cases. There is a Spanish proverb, 'Let a beggar sleep in your barn and he will make himself your heir.' This reminds us of the case of the American tramp whom a farmer found surreptitiously sleeping in his barn, and summarily ejected. As the wanderer edged his way towards the gate, he got rid of a parting shot as follows: 'Here I have been sleeping six days in your barn, eating your apples and drinking your cider, and yet you treat me as a mere stranger without any claim on your hospitality.'

In the various countries of Spanish America (including also Brazil) mendicancy is not so noticeable. We do not remember to have been struck by the number of beggars in any of these countries, except in the city of Mexico, and that was more than twenty years ago. In other cities of the Mexican Republic, such as Puebla and Vera Cruz, they were by no means plentiful.

In South America the beggar is generally conspicuous by his absence. During a residence of fifteen years in that part of the world we do not remember to have been accosted by able-bodied vagrants more than half-a-dozen times. Two of these were Anglo-Saxons, and we regret to say that neither of them seemed to be deserving objects of charity.

Owing to the demand for labour and the ease with which a living can be made in the southern continent, the absence of mendicants is not to be wondered at. Still, there is always a contingent of aged, blind, crippled, or otherwise infirm persons, mainly dependent on voluntary private charity.

In South American countries one day in the week is generally set apart for the beggars. In Rio de Janeiro, Saturday is the beggars' day, when they make a regular round of the principal business houses and are rarely refused a small coin. The writer was formerly connected with a large insurance company in Rio, and every Saturday the porter would sit at a table, with a pile of copper coin, at the street door. Although a copper coin was never refused to any beggar who solicited alms, the total amount thus disbursed would not amount to more than two or three shillings a week. We have often admired the patience with which these doles were invariably disbursed, and it was equally gratifying to note that this wholesale liberality was seldom abused by the recipients.

MACALLISTER'S BIG BLUFF.

By ROBERT M. MACDONALD, Author of *The Great White Chief*, &c.

A GROUP of men stood on the bank of a mountain torrent in the far interior of British New Guinea. Intersecting the waterway a cleared line had been cut, which stretched away through the heart of dense primeval forests on the one side and until lost among the ridges on the other. Along the middle of this passage, planted on all the higher or most prominent positions, were a number of red-painted poles, and it was their presence which had brought the men to a halt. They marked the eighth parallel of south latitude, the boundary between British and German New Guinea, over which an armed force from any side or a prospecting-party from the British territory dared not pass. And the men were fully armed, and were also a prospecting-party, British to the backbone.

'Well, boys,' said Doc, 'it seems to me we are as far as we can go, unless'—— He paused and looked at the nearest pole. 'We were just coming on to something good, too,' he added reflectively. 'I wouldn't mind betting that the mother-lode of that osmiridium we've been tracing lies in that rocky range about six or seven miles ahead.'

'Well, darn it all! let's go and see,' cried Bunyip Bill. 'Who can stop us?'

'A German patrol, if it comes along,' answered Macallister quietly. 'You know the law about armed forces crossin' the boundary.'

'Hang the law!' cried Fat Jack. 'If we leave our guns at home the natives will have us for dinner before sundown.'

'We'll leave no guns at home,' Big Sam growled. 'We'll need them if we fall in with the Germans.'

'Even without weapons we are forbidden to cross that line,' went on Macallister. 'Germany does not allow the white man to come into her territory although only to search for mineral treasure. You see, his influence is bad on the poor, harmless natives.'

'But don't the Germans come into British country?' demanded Cunnamulla Charlie. 'I reckon that law should work both ways.'

'Come on, mates. What are we waiting for?' cried Canadian Pete. 'Darn the Germans!'

'If you are skeered about walking up the river

past these poles, Macallister,' laughed Damper Dave, 'I'll show you how to get out of that trouble.' He walked up to the nearest pole and straightway proceeded to cut it down with an axe. It soon fell into the stream with a crash, and the reckless prospectors laughed.

'Come on now, Mac,' one cried. 'You can shut your eyes an' you'll not see the fallen pole.'

'I never thought Macallister would be so darned skeered o' gettin' into trouble, boys,' commented Fat Jack, as Macallister still hesitated.

'You'll never learn sense, Fat Jack,' the big Scot replied. 'Now, cuttin' that pole was a vera injudicious act, although only what I might have expected Damper Dave to do. However, it's no' the gettin' into trouble that worries me, it's the gettin' out again with such an unreasonin' crowd o' helpless fellows like you to handle. You should really try to think sometimes, lads. It's grand exercise for the brain'——

'Oh, dry up, Mac!' interrupted Doc. 'What is all this speech leading up to? You surely never thought that we would turn back because a red-painted pole stood in our way? Dave did his best to make it easy for that conscience of yours by cutting it down. Come along; we'll never see the German patrol.'

'I was goin' to say, Doc, if ye hadna stopped me,' observed Macallister, 'that sometimes a wee bit thought is a good thing. Now, as a result o' my summin' up o' this most iniquitous law-breakin' situation, I see that it would have been much more satisfactory to us if we had not cut down that boundary-post. We might have left that to nature, and kindled a fire on the windward side o' it. Fire doesna respect German boundary-posts, and might even have burned a lot o' them if our carrier-boys were o' a playful disposition at the time.'

'You blamed old fraud, Mac!' cried big Sam. 'Why in thunder didn't you say that before? Of course a fire is the best business, for how can we see posts that have been burned down, an' how could we know we were in German territory if we didn't see the boundary-line?'

'I would also point out to you that if a German patrol came along the line they would see the chips lyin' where that pole has been cut, and it is just possible that their natives might be able to trace us up the river.'

'By Bunyip Bill's ghost! we'll soon make that right,' cried Damper Dave, proceeding to gather up the chips. 'Come on, you unreasonable boundary-jumpers, an' give a hand.'

The men gave their assistance willingly, and the 'boys,' or native carriers, were also called up to assist nature in bringing about a conflagration. The 'boys' were more or less civilised coastal natives, who gave their services as carriers to the white gold-seekers for the handsome remuneration of one shilling per day. Usually they were worth their wages, even although their employers had nothing to carry, for the fierce cannibalistic tribes of the interior dearly loved their coastal brethren—roasted, and it was often only when a carrier was missed in the morning that the prospectors knew they were in the vicinity of some big village.

The boundary-posts, as far as could conveniently be seen from the river-bank, were soon destroyed, and then the party moved on as happy and careless as children out for a holiday. And it seemed as if they were on the trail of a valuable deposit of osmiridium, for the farther they moved up the stream the richer became the sands in that highly priced compound.

At length they entered a gorge through which the river had cut its way; and, finding a ledge near the mouth, they pitched their camp on it, and soon had their fires blazing and the billies boiling, the 'boys' kindling a ring of smoke round the camp with the fronds of nettle and sandalwood-scrub to drive away the ubiquitous and persistent mosquitoes and other festively inclined pests.

After supper the men lit their pipes and made their prospective sleeping-places as comfortable as possible by clearing away the snakes and other creatures who held a prior claim to the ledge.

'It is darned funny!' remarked Fat Jack, in reflective tones, as he threw a burning log at a crocodile which had come from the depths of the pool to investigate the reason of the appetising smell emanating from burning fat. He paused abstractedly as the saurian sank from view, and Damper Dave asked, 'What is funny, Jack—the croc's curiosity, or its hunger?'

'Maybe he's thinking of what Macallister will look like if we're caught,' put in Big Sam.

'I don't think Macallister will be the funniest of this crowd should that happen,' said Doc. 'But where is he? He was here a few minutes ago.'

'I was thinkin' it was darned funny how that damper I baked to-night should have such a fine flavour when I put nothin' in it,' Fat Jack went on.

'You had currants in it, Jack,' reminded Cunnamulla Charlie.

'Nary a currant. I forgot we had any.'

'Then what were these little black things scattered all through the damper?' asked Bunyip Bill.

'I reckon they must have been ants or native bees,' answered Jack. 'They tasted mighty good anyhow, but how they got in I don't know.'

'Oh you darned baking-powder cook!' Big Sam roared, 'you've gone an' baked your damper on top of a nest of bees. Oh boys! I feel as if I were pegging out.' Sam looked very ill, but all his comrades suddenly felt the same way, and close investigation proved that Fat Jack really had pounded his floury concoction above a tiny hole in the rocky ledge in which the strange, fly-like creatures known as native bees had made their home.

'I don't see what you fellows have got to complain of,' grumbled the cook. 'I don't think a

German bee tastes different from those down in the Yodda Valley, an' you got plenty of them in everything you ate when camped down there.'

His words ended abruptly, for a tree-stump hurled at him with considerable force by Big Sam struck him in the stomach, and he sat down. While he was searching in his extensive vocabulary for some words with which he might effectually express his feelings concerning too particular prospectors, Macallister dropped down on the ledge from an outjutting rock above. In his hand he held a piece of stone, and from the nonchalance of his demeanour it was evident to the men that he had discovered something of importance. He walked up to the fire, and examined his piece of rock by its light, then he handed it to Doc and fumbled for his pipe.

'What is it, Mac? What have you struck?' cried most of the men in chorus, forgetting their squeamishness for the moment.

'Only the seam o' osmiridium which shed all the stuff we've been tracin' in the creek,' he replied lugubriously, 'and I can see that the map o' this part o' the world will have to be altered over the matter if it makes any claim to be up to date.'

'Only a seam of osmiridium!' exclaimed all; and Canadian Pete added, 'Why, you old law-keeping sinner, don't you know osmiridium is worth over eighty pounds an ounce?'

'Ay, fine,' Macallister answered. 'But this seam is in German country in the meantime, and'——

'Hang the Germans!' growled Big Sam. 'Let 's see the stuff.'

'And I was going to say,' continued Mac, 'that if we mean to work it, it would add to our peace o' mind if a new boundary were made causin' this camp to be in British territory. The seam runs through the face o' this rock above us, and probably extends right through this gorge.'

'Mac,' said Doc, 'take what steps you like to ease that conscience of yours, and we'll all help you to any reasonable extent. This is the real stuff, though, and I for one don't intend to leave this place without a good supply of it, unless the Germans come along and drive us away with an army against which we cannot hope to contend. Our fortunes are here, and here we 'll stay.'

'You can just bet we will,' chuckled Big Sam. 'An' if the darned Germans come along we'll eat them.'

Macallister made no answer.

But Sam's speech was too much for Fat Jack. 'Eat them!' he sniffed. 'You are a funny lot to eat Germans, when you can't even make a feed of a damper that has got some native bees in it without feeling bad.'

Few heard the scornful remarks, however; all had clambered up the rocks with improvised torches to see the wonderful lode of osmiridium. It was not much to look at. The rocks were of the usual iron-stained, metamorphic variety, and apparently volcanic agencies had materially assisted the creek in making a passage through them. A long, straight black line, not unlike a mark which might have been made with a charcoal pencil, ran through them diagonally, and this black streak was the lode.

'Jumpin' beans!' was Cunnamulla Charlie's comment, 'that stuff looks just like the part you write with in a lead-pencil, an' it isn't any bigger.'

'But it doesn't need much to make an ounce,' Doc observed, 'and we can easily blast out a drive in the foot-wall and leave the seam as a roof until we have undermined as much as we want at a time.'

'Or the Germans come,' said Macallister quietly.

'We'll chance their coming,' Doc laughed; 'and then we 'll leave the matter in your hands, Mac.'

It was too dark to see, but some of the men had the impression that Mac smiled. At any rate, they were not the kind to worry over trouble before it came, and soon after the camp was asleep, except for the 'boys' at their own fire. They had caught a large, fat iguana, and had not yet finished feasting.

In the morning all hands set to work extracting the precious metallic compound, and when night fell they were well pleased with the result of their day's operations. Next day they continued blasting out the rock, and on the third day Macallister ceased work early in the afternoon and went up the gorge on exploration bent, and also to see if perchance he might be able to shoot something for the camp-larder. He was late in returning, but was well stocked when he did reach camp; and next morning he set out again, taking some of the most intelligent 'boys' with him, and some tools.

The men had now forgotten the trifling fact that they were in German country, but it was brought home to them rather suddenly that afternoon. Just as all had ceased work, and swung down to the ledge on which the camp was situated, a clattering of rifles at the entrance of the gorge startled them; and, looking up, they beheld an army composed of about a dozen Germans and some hundred trained and armed native policemen. The rifles were levelled at the camp occupants, and the 'boys' which belonged thereto immediately set up a most dismal howling, which continued until Fat Jack broke his frying-pan over the head of the chief offender.

The Germans advanced, grimly silent, and the prospectors watched them interestedly, wondering vaguely where Macallister was, and why he was not in camp when required.

'Vat are you doing here?' sternly demanded the German captain as his men surrounded the camp.

'Fishing,' answered Doc laconically, feeling in his pocket for a cigar—a sure sign that he was preparing for trouble.

'You are British. You have broken the peace between the two nations in coming here. Vill you surrender ant gif your word you vill come quiet?'

'Where to?' Doc asked. 'You haven't got a spare cigar about you, I suppose?'

'To Astrolabe, vere you vill be dealt with according to the Cherman law.'

'But we are not interested in the German law,' answered Doc, 'although some of us have a great respect for it. What are you doing here yourself?'

'I am the commander of the boundary patrol, sir. It has been reported at headquarters that you British prospectors do not recognise the boundary, and I haf gome to make them respect the flag of Chermany.' The German spoke slowly, but his English was nearly perfect.

'That's very good of you,' chimed in Fat Jack. 'Where did you pick up those black Germans you've got with you?'

'These are inhabitants of this island who are in his Imperial Majesty's service. But do you surrender?'

'No,' replied Doc; 'but I would like a cigar. Ah, thank you; now we can talk better.'

The lieutenant of the party had handed his cigar-case to Doc without a word.

'Do you mean to say that you will resist my men?' cried the German captain. 'Surely you are not so foolish. It vill just mean bloodshed.'

'That may be,' returned Doc, puffing vigorously at his cigar; 'but it will be your fault. Do you think that Britons, whether home-born or colonial, will submit to be taken prisoners by some niggers and a handful of Germans? No, sir; we'll defend ourselves if you force us to do so.'

'I'll blow the third button off his coat when you say the word, Doc,' cried Big Sam from behind a large boulder.

'An' I'll puncture the other fellow's gas-bag,' cried Canadian Pete, also from a hidden position.

'Look here, Kaiser,' put in Fat Jack, 'you're quite right about the bloodshed. We fellows don't like the idea of shooting your crowd; you can't help being Germans, so I move that we toss up to see who'll clear out.'

'No, we won't,' shouted Cunnamulla Charlie. 'We're not going away until we take down all the seam we cut under to-day.'

'Shut up, you darned, all-fired idiot!' retorted Fat Jack. 'I know how to toss.'

'I'll tell you a better plan,' suggested Bunyip Bill. 'Put out your best man, an' I'll fight him. Both parties can stand by the result.'

'No, no,' cried the German, waving back his lieutenant, who seemed as if he would have liked to accept Bunyip Bill's challenge. 'Duty cannot be trifled with. In the name of the Kaiser I call upon you people to lay down your arms.'

'And in the name o' the nearest British warden I call upon you people to drop your rifles,' called out another voice.

And at that moment Macallister appeared coming down the gorge. 'We dinna use the poor, over-worked King's name as a charm when we've got Sandy MacTavish as a Resident Magistrate so near,' he added half-apologetically; 'but I'll guarantee that Sandy will give you a fair trial all the same, and no' press heavily for extreme measures.'

'What do you mean?' demanded the lieutenant; the captain seemed to be too much overcome with rage or surprise to speak.

But Doc spoke, and Macallister's comrades all made comment. Their words were tersely expressive of delight at Macallister's appearance in time to take a hand in the game; for, despite the opinions they sometimes vented concerning his most wonderful conscience, they knew that when a crisis was reached Macallister ceased to be troubled with any such encumbrance. At least, they thought so.

'This is your funeral now, Mac,' Doc said with a laugh. 'Allow me to introduce you to the German patrol. I needn't reverse the method of introduction, because you can see who and what they are; but they may not have heard of the one and only Macallister.'

'You just sit down, Doc, and keep Bunyip Bill from makin' a fool o' himself,' spoke Mac, with a most solemn countenance. 'I'll vera soon find out what these foreigners mean by comin' armed into his Britannic Majesty's possessions and causin' disturbances.' He glared ferociously at the German captain, and Fat Jack ejaculated softly, 'Great Manchester! Hear him, boys!'

'Vat dat you say?' spluttered the officer, while his lieutenant laughed as if greatly amused. 'I am von Cherman, and I catch you people here in Cherman country. You are our prisoners.'

'Hold on, Mr Berlin, or whatever your name is,' Macallister interrupted. 'Do you happen to know where you are at this moment?'

'We are six or seven miles on this side of the boundary,' answered the captain, restraining his temper with an effort.

'Then how dare you come that distance across the line with an armed force?' thundered Macallister. 'It is equal to an act o' war, and—and—— What's amusin' you, Big Sam? Do you see anythin' funny in bein' insulted, and havin' our country's laws broken by a party o' German raiders?'

'It's the toothache, Mac. I always screw my face up that way when I have toothache,' wailed Sam. 'I'm not laughing. Oh!'

'Go ahead, Mac,' cried Fat Jack. 'You walk into the Germans for their darned cheek, and we'll stop Big Sam's toothache mighty suddenly.'

Several of the men advanced with various mining implements in their hands to give Sam relief, but he loudly protested that the pain had gone before any drastic measures had been taken; and Macallister again worked up an appearance of righteous indignation against the Germans.

'You would actually dare to threaten a camp o' honest prospectors with a band o' black German niggers!' he cried. 'My man, I'm thinkin' this is a vera serious business, and if you dinna apologise on the spot I'll no' say what the outcome may be.'

'An' make him sing "God Save the King" when you are at it, Mac,' chimed in Bunyip Bill. 'I reckon we're entitled to some kind o' compensation for having our nerves shocked by his niggers.'

'But this is German country,' cried the victim of

Macallister's wrath, turning appealingly to his officers. 'It is you who have an act of war committed.'

His chief lieutenant, however, shook his head doubtfully, and spoke a few words in German, which seemed to affect the officer in command greatly.

Then Macallister began again. 'My poor, misguided freend,' he said pityingly, 'I see now how you have made such a vera grievous error. You really think you are on your own side o' the boundary-line and that we are where we have no right to be. Now, I'll just prove to you that you've made a mistake. What is the position o' the boundary-line?'

'The eighth parallel south,' answered the lieutenant, smiling, before his chief could speak.

'Exactly,' agreed Mac, picking up Doc's sextant, which was reposing at that moment on top of one of the 'boys'' discarded bundles. 'Then see for yourself what side o' the eighth you are on just now.' He pushed the instrument into the leader's hands, and pointed to the setting sun.

'Mac,' whispered Doc, 'he can't take an observation just now. The sun is too far down.'

'And do you think I want him to take our position?' Macallister replied. 'If he can, we're done.'

The officer took the sextant gingerly, and at once a gleam of seraphic joy illumined Mac's features. Doc also became greatly interested, but the face of the usually smiling lieutenant had suddenly grown stolid and expressionless. The German captain was looking through the instrument at the fast-sinking sun, just visible above a shoulder of Mount Scratchley.

'Now you can see which side o' the eighth parallel you are on,' Macallister said. 'Adjust that mirror, and you'll find the figures will come nearly even.'

'That is so,' muttered the German sadly. A great fear had come over him.

'And a vera simple calculation,' went on the audacious one, 'will make it plain to you that we are at this moment seven miles and three-quarters distant from the boundary, as you can see for yoursel'.'

'That is so,' repeated the surprised officer helplessly. 'But the marked posts! We were on the north side of them this morning, and did not cross the line.'

'At least you didna notice yoursel's crossin',' corrected Mac consolingly. 'But I'm vera much surprised that a man o' your knowledge o' New Guinea didna take into account that a bush-fire or maybe some wild natives might have destroyed them.'

'Oh, dry up now, Mac!' Doc interrupted. 'The captain is sorry for his mistake, and we'll say no more about the matter.'

'I'm o' a forgivin' disposition mysel',' Macallister replied, 'and I was thinkin' that we might ask them to stay to dinner with us.—We havena much in the way o' luxuries, of course,' he added, turning to the captain; 'but what we have'——

'No, no, gentlemen,' cried the captain. 'Do me one favour more. I dare not stay on this side of the division. Seven and three-quarter miles is not a great distance to walk on a clear night, as this will be, so do come with us north to the boundary-line and have dinner with us. We are well supplied with good things.'

'Snakes an' centipedes an' niggers!' ejaculated Big Sam. 'He's scored on Macallister after all.'

'We can't very well leave the camp,' Doc was beginning, when Macallister broke in, 'We'll have much pleasure in comin' with you,' he said. 'We can leave our "boys" to watch camp.'

'Then let us get away now,' cried the German. 'Mein Gott! I had forgotten that you fellows are still covered with our rifles.—Ground arms, men; and you, Schwebert, find a way through this gorge northwards.'

The youthful lieutenant stepped out to obey, and Macallister walked by his side to show him the easiest passages. For some time they proceeded in silence; but as they emerged from the cañon into the moonlight the officer turned to Macallister and said, 'It's a good thing you didn't hand me that sextant, Mac. I might have looked through it the right way.'

'Ay,' grunted Mac, 'you are a vera sagacious fellow; but the last time we met you were an Irishman, and your name wasna Schwebert.'

'Oh, a name is nothing. I'm in the German service here because it pays well, and there's plenty of fun. But, tell me, Mac, what will you do when we travel the seven odd miles and find no boundary?'

'Man, you're no' half as sagacious as I thought, after all. There are the boundary-posts stretchin' across in front—at least, some o' them.'

'Great Dublin!'

'They're no seven and a half miles distant, as they should have been, but I'm no answerable for the mistakes o' boundary surveyors.'

'Then you didn't bluff the captain, Mac; and we really are in British territory?'

Macallister grinned. 'It took somebody the better part o' yesterday and to-day to make these posts and put them there,' he said; 'but I'm inclined to think that a bush-fire will destroy them before the next visit o' the German patrol. I've somehow got the impression, too, that half-a-dozen new ones will grow up again in a line about eight and a half miles down south.'

And so it came to pass; but Macallister and Doc are fully determined that another fire will yet take place, for their osmiridium fetched eighty-one pounds per ounce, and the seam still remains.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHEME FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

IN front of the Government offices in Munich is a bronze statue of Benjamin Thompson, Graf von Rumford. In the National Museum is his portrait in colours, showing him as a man with strongly marked features, a firm mouth, and clear blue eyes.

If you ask almost any inhabitant of Munich who he was, you will receive the answer that he was an Englishman who did away with beggary and unemployment, and gave to the city 'the English Garden;' and, except by the few, this is all that is remembered of a man who did more for Bavaria and for Munich than any other man.

That he was an Englishman is only so far true. Born at Woburn in Massachusetts in 1753, before the Declaration of Independence, he was a subject of the British Crown. Moreover, as he grew to man's estate and the rebellion broke out, all his sympathies lay with the mother country, and he was unable to see that the States were justified in going to war over their grievances.

He was the son of a small farmer, and he lost his father when he was aged but one year. His mother married again, another farmer named Josias Pierce; and this man and Benjamin's grandparents took care that the boy should receive a competent education. As he showed no inclination for agriculture, he was placed at the age of thirteen with a shopkeeper at Salem. Already he had displayed interest in science, and had blown himself up in an attempt to invent a new kind of firework. He bore the scars on face, hands, and breast to his dying day.

In 1769 he went into another business in Boston, and pursued his studies in physics, and above all in the properties of heat. He then learned French, and attended lectures at the Harvard College; and during the four years that he was in Boston he acquired a good deal of knowledge that served him well in after-life.

He then settled at Rumford, in New Hampshire, a place that has since altered its name to Concord, and there he married the only daughter of the Church of England rector, named Walker. As Walker was related to Governor Wentworth, Benjamin Thompson received an introduction to him, and being at once recognised as an able and energetic young man, was appointed major in the provincial regiment of New Hampshire. But when the troubles began and it became clear that the States were determined to go to war with Great Britain, Thompson got into trouble, first through harbouring a couple of deserters, and afterwards on account of his well-known and frankly expressed disapproval of the rupture. He ran the risk of being lynched; he was arrested, had to fly for his life from place to place, and had finally to take refuge on an English vessel, the frigate *Scarborough*, on which he remained till March 24, 1776, when Washington compelled the British troops to leave Boston.

He was then sent to bear the unwelcome tidings to London. The messenger conveying bad news is not usually well received; but it was otherwise with Thompson, whose loyalty was admired, and whose direct and manly bearing gained general respect. He was taken into the Colonial Office, where his abilities were speedily recognised, and in 1780 he was appointed under-secretary to Lord George Germaine, Secretary of State for America. The royal army seemed to be smitten with every kind of misfortune, and Thompson, in his position as under-secretary, saw clearly the incompetence of the conductors of the war. It was his office to see to the transports, the armament, the recruiting of the forces, and to the victualling.

In February 1782 Lord George Germaine, before his resignation, obtained for Thompson the appointment of lieutenant-colonel in the British army; and then he quitted the office of Secretary of State for America along with his chief, in 1782, after six years' service. Throughout this period he had pursued his scientific studies, and in 1779 had become a member of the Royal Society.

In command of a regiment of dragoons he was now sent to Charlestown, where he was engaged several times with the American troops, and in 1783 he took part in the defence of Jamaica, which was threatened by the combined fleets of France and Spain. Peace was signed soon after at Versailles, 3rd September 1783, between England and the United States of North America, and Thompson returned to England.

His political and personal hopes had received a heavy blow. He was thirty years old, a colonel, and he saw his only prospect of advancement in the field. No wars were then in progress save one between Austria and Turkey. He resolved on offering his services to the Emperor. In order to carry his purpose into execution, he besought leave of absence from George III.; and receiving a warm recommendation from the Bavarian ambassador, Count Hastang, he left England in September 1783.

On his way to Vienna he passed through Strasburg, where was stationed Duke Maximilian Joseph of Zweibrücken, with his regiment. Thompson appeared on the parade-ground on his horse and in uniform as an English officer, and attracted attention. He was led before the Duke, who received him very courteously, and questioned him relative to the American war, in the presence, as it happened, of some French officers who had been

engaged in America on the side of the enemy. The readiness with which Thompson answered, the clear and graphic account he was able to give of the actions in which he had been engaged, so impressed the Prince that he gave him recommendations to his uncle the Elector of Bavaria, as Thompson would pass through Munich on his way to Vienna.

Carl Theodor was the Elector who had united the Rhenish Palatinate with Bavaria. He was not himself an able man, but he had the faculty of recognising ability in others, and at once he saw that Thompson was the man he wanted to bring order into the confusion that reigned in all branches of the executive in Bavaria. He pressed him to remain at Munich, and assured him of his support if he would introduce measures of reform. Thompson hurried back to London and laid the proposal before the King. George III. at once consented, and knighted him.

Sir Benjamin Thompson now returned, receiving the half-pay of an English colonel, in the spring of 1784, and entered the service of the Elector, who made him colonel of a cavalry regiment and his aide-de-camp. Although at Court and in all the high society of Munich only French was spoken, Thompson set diligently to work to learn German, and acquired it sufficiently in a short while to make himself understood. In 1785 Carl Theodor appointed him his Chamberlain, and in 1787 Privy Councillor. It was not according to custom that a mere English knight should receive a decoration in aristocratic Bavaria, so the Elector induced the King of Poland to confer on Thompson the two orders of St Stanislaus and of the White Eagle, after which he was considered qualified to receive the Bavarian orders of St Hubert and St George.

The condition of the army was deplorable. It was not only subjected to pedantic and antiquated routine of no earthly advantage, but it was wholly inefficient. The Minister of War, Count Wilderbusch, had directed all his efforts to the reduction of the cost of the army; the discipline was bad, and it was neither well armed nor well fed or clothed, and was thoroughly unpopular as a profession. The state of affairs was so deplorable that the Elector required Thompson to investigate into its condition and to suggest remedies. This he did, and sent in his report on February 7, 1788. Carl Theodor at once raised him to the rank of major-general and appointed him Minister of War. Thompson had now a free hand to carry out his reforms. His great aim was to make of every soldier a patriotic citizen, and of every citizen a possible soldier. He did away with a host of abuses; he raised the soldier's pay, had him well clothed, well housed, and well fed, and allowed him as much liberty as was consistent with discipline. He had fresh and good blood introduced so as to improve the quality of the horses, both for the army and for the farmer. He started factories for munitions of war on the most modern principles, established military schools for the officers, and induced the Elector to plant schools everywhere throughout the Bavarian Electorate and the Palatinate for the compulsory education of every child.

There was a wide tract of desolate land, rubble and marsh, along the Isar's bank, wholly profitless and impracticable for agricultural purposes. At Thompson's desire some five miles of it was secured for the town, drained, laid out, planted, and transformed into what is now the beautiful English Garden, perhaps the most extensive park possessed by any capital.

But it was not only waste and profitless land that this energetic man sought to reclaim. At that time Munich and the other towns of the Palatinate swarmed with beggars and men who either would not or could not work. Bavaria had for years been oppressed by Jesuits, and the people degraded by the multitudes of monastic establishments that encouraged idleness and mendicancy. Thompson was not strong enough to attack these, but he was resolved to put an end to the plague of unemployment which raged throughout the whole country. It was not that Thompson was a tender-hearted man, a philanthropist and humanitarian, but that he was a lover of order, and the disorder of the streets, the crimes incessantly committed by the professional beggars and idlers, vexed him to the soul. He evolved an extensive scheme whereby a net should be thrown over the whole country, and the unemployed and unemployable be swept together, and then disposed of so as to render most of them profitable members of society, and those who were incapable of work and really needed assistance should be relieved.

The Elector at this time possessed four cavalry regiments. They were distributed over the land, so that in every village there should be five or at the least three men, who were to patrol the country from one station to another; and nothing was to be exacted from the peasants but to house these men. Forage for the horses and food for the men would be paid for. The object of this measure was to ensure the arrest of every beggar and loafer in the land. He purposed to begin with the capital, and the example would be followed everywhere else. He had already organised a police for the poor, out of voluntary assistants. He had a committee consisting of a president, a member of the Council of War, of the Council of State, of the Ecclesiastical Council, and of the Chamber of Finances, a secretary, and a paymaster. Not one of these was to be paid. All felt that something must be done, and all were ready to lend willing assistance.

The town of Munich was divided into sixteen districts, and in each a charity committee was established, consisting of one chosen among the respectable burghers, a priest, a doctor, a surgeon, and an apothecary. These committees were appointed to look after the welfare of the deserving poor in their several districts, and all were in touch with the central committee.

For the relief of the needy Thompson relied on a contribution from the Elector and on pooling the charitable offerings of the citizens. But that was not all. In the Faubourg of Au, beyond the Isar, was a ruinous factory. Thompson bought it, rebuilt and enlarged it, and converted it into a workhouse supplied with all sorts of workshops for every kind of trade, and over the door was inscribed in large letters, 'No alms given here.'

When all was ready, on New Year's Day 1790, the officers of the three infantry regiments stationed in Munich took up their appointed positions in the streets to await further orders. Thompson had assembled in his own house the field-officers and the heads of the city magistracy, and desired their assistance in carrying into execution the plan he had devised. All promised help in effecting the arrest of every beggar and unemployed man loafing in the streets, and in distributing them—the strong and able to be sent to his workhouse, the helpless and really needy to be assisted with alms. He then left with the burgomaster, the field-officers, and a magistrate. He had not got half-a-dozen steps along the street before he met a beggar, a sturdy fellow, whining for charity. Thompson put his hand on the man's shoulder and said, 'From this hour there shall be no more begging in Munich.' He handed the beggar over to a sergeant, and he was marched off to the workhouse. This went on throughout the city. All were hustled together into the Town Hall and there sorted out—who were to go to the workhouse and who were to receive assistance in their homes. In the workhouse the inmates had warm quarters and warm food, and were promised pay for their work. And to work they were set. Those who would not were left without their meals. Thompson's scheme succeeded admirably. His workhouse provided the clothing for the Bavarian army, and in one year rendered a clear profit of ten thousand gulden, or about eight hundred and thirty pounds.

In a comparatively short time he had transformed a set of miserable social parasites into industrious and contented men. He himself was devoid of sentiment, and did not notice, what was observed by others, the eyes full of reverence and affection that were turned on him when he visited the institution. Once, and once only, was he stirred, as far as could be perceived, at an exhibition of gratitude and recognition of his work. He was lying dangerously ill in the city, when he heard a tramp of feet in measured tread go by in the street, and he raised himself in his bed to know what it meant. He was told that all his workers from the institution for the unemployed were going in procession to the Frauenkirche, the present cathedral, to pray for his recovery. His lip quivered, and he turned his face hastily to the wall. This was not the only occasion when the poor people whom he had rescued from a life of degradation showed their thankfulness. He was very ill in Naples; and when the news reached Munich, the inmates of the workhouse voluntarily devoted an hour a day to prayer to God that he might be restored.

In the same year, 1790, in which beggary was abolished in Munich, the Elector nominated Thompson to be lieutenant-general of an artillery regiment; and two years later, after the death of the Emperor Joseph, when he was regent, he raised Thompson to the rank of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, with the title of Rumford—a strange proceeding, to give a title to a place not in his own realm. Later on Rumford's daughter Sarah was created a countess in her own right.

In 1795 he went to London, and his postchaise was stopped near St Paul's and a portmanteau stolen that contained all his private papers, original notes, and scientific observations. This was a bitter distress to Rumford, and he suspected, quite unjustifiably, that the thieves were set to rob him by envious London scientific men.

In October 1796 he was back in Munich just eleven days before the flight of the Elector to Saxony, occasioned by the advance of the French army under Moreau. Before he left, the Elector appointed Rumford his plenipotentiary, with full powers to deal as circumstances required.

The battle of Friedberg resulted in driving the Austrians on Munich, where they found the gates closed upon them. Bavaria claimed to be neutral. Throughout the European war she acted a selfish and ignominious part. It was well known that the sympathies of the Elector and the people of Munich were with the French rather than with the Austrians, and the general in command of the latter threatened to bombard and lay the town in ashes if a single French soldier were admitted within the walls. Rumford thereupon, with the consent of the Minister of War, Moranisky, took command over the garrison of one thousand four hundred men, and by his firmness repressed all anti-Austrian action and brought the city through its menaced dangers unscathed.

The latter part of Rumford's life was spent in France, in failing health, and he died at his residence at Auteuil on August 21, 1814.

His scientific discoveries have been superseded, his inventions improved; but his great achievement of finding employment for the unemployed and clearing Munich of beggars has lasted to the present day. It is now a city without a beggar in it, and where scarce a man is to be found who has not work ready to his hand, and a hand ready to his work, for it is compulsory for all boys who are passing out of the seventh class of the primary schools to spend three years at one of the divisional continuation schools or a trade-school. A man without employment goes to an office for the unemployed, and employment is found for him. The population of Munich is five hundred and fifty thousand, and is growing by leaps and bounds, so that production is not in excess of demand. It is a city without slums, without beggary, and without the unemployed and the unemployable.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

MR STODART WALKER has chosen a fit occasion for the publication of the letters of John Stuart Blackie, carefully preserved by a proud father and a discerning and devoted wife, which, in this the year of the centenary of the writer's birth, are published by the house of Blackwood, with which the guileless and optimistic Scot was connected for more than half a century.

Beginning in 1829, the letters range over the greater part of the Victorian era; a fair conception of the amount of country covered being afforded by the fact that they are early enough to have references to Coleridge and De Quincey, and late enough to include Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr Barrie.

The letters of an optimist always form delightful reading, and the optimism of John Stuart Blackie was such as even to gain the adjective 'tyrannical' which his nephew applies to it. Few men have been capable of seeing the best of things as Blackie invariably did. He was indeed, as Mr Stodart Walker says, the very apotheosis of the *plein-air* in life. To him, indeed, the world was an earthly paradise, and it is as such that we take the stage in his fascinating series of letters. 'The optimism,' says his editor, 'was no mere dress for the soul, it was not a blind acceptance of a faith he did not comprehend—a barred door and a comfortable fire, with a storm raging without; but a living fact in a living man.' John Stuart Blackie, indeed, carried his optimism so far as to find an apology for wasps! In an amusing letter written from Taymouth, where one of the ladies present, having been stung by a wasp, had indulged in certain pessimistic reflections, he wrote: 'Of course, when a wasp stings a fair lady on the face it is disagreeable and painful, and if, for the moment, she should conclude that a wasp exists only in the worst possible world, she might be pardoned as a woman, but to philosophy she could have no claim. In a rich and various world, wasps have just as good a right to exist as fair women; and as for their stings, they have as good right to them as women have to their beauty and their tongues.' The remarkable capacity of 'finding a kiss in every cross,' of taking the knife of suffering or of misfortune by the handle and not by the blade, and in this way using it to advantage, was a constant one throughout his unceasingly active days. The difficulties and circumstances of life he faced without fear. 'Difficulties are the true test of greatness. Cowards shrink from them, fools bungle them, wise men conquer them.' 'Prudence yields to circumstances, folly quarrels with it, pride defies it, wisdom uses it, genius controls it.' From the first page of his letters to the last we find such wisdom, a wisdom founded on activity and guided by truth and love. As a young man he wrote: 'The four things I want are (1) a great inspiration, (2) a great cause, (3) a great battle, (4) a great victory. Give me these four things, and then we shall preach our gospel of Rest, and build an altar of Repose, and kick every busy little devil out of the house because we are old and wish *to die quietly*.' Such was the foundation of the Blackie ideals, richly portrayed in these letters, and never ceasing to be the inspiration of his serene, brave, and guileless nature. John Stuart Blackie certainly took, as George Meredith said of him, 'the healthy estimate of life.' The influence of such a remarkable character must have been catholic, far-reaching; and it is interesting to quote what his oldest friend, Sir Theodore Martin, wrote of him on this count: 'It was impossible not to love him, not only for his fiery energy and determination to work out for good whatever power had been given him, but for the truly original purity of his nature. He was in truth the most pure-minded man I ever met, an Israelite without guile; and I have no doubt many of the best impulses of my nature are due to his influence upon me in the far-away days.' It was this whiteness of his nature that aroused the enthusiasm of such a judge of character as the Chevalier Bunsen, and earned for him the love and admiration of forceful men and gentle and noble women. The mainsprings of his life were a passion for truth and the gospel of love. 'I can live

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

without health; I can live without creeds or churches, without Whig or Tory, without all that is supposed to distinguish a gentleman from a man; but two things I cannot live without—Truth and Love. The want of Truth blinds me, the want of Love freezes me, and I die.'

As can be easily imagined, the letters teem with little pen-portraits of men who are part of the rich heritage of the nineteenth century. In the first letter, written in 1829, we have this boy's impression of Professor John Wilson: 'Christopher North wears a large night-gown destitute of buttons, his beard seems of several days' growth, he has no neck-cloth, and sits at a table on which his snuff is spread and ready for use, unencumbered by any box or other enclosure.' The reminiscences of Carlyle are numerous and varied. From the first the Chelsea prophet was a kind and helpful friend to Blackie. 'There is no young literary man from whom more is to be expected,' wrote Carlyle; 'very fearless, very kindly, without ill-humour, and without guile.' We extract the following from one of Blackie's letters, written in 1845: 'Thomas Carlyle is really a notable monster, and to be respected for the many noble thoughts he has elaborated, and for the words of wisdom which he has flung abroad to bear divine fruit among foolish-hearted men; but I can't help thinking, face to face in a small parlour, he is rather terrible, and I fancy prophets are best exhibited in the pulpit or in the wilderness. A few grand moral instincts burn so intensely in the hearts of these men that they have no room for anything else; they rush out from their smoking sanctuary with a flaming sword in their hand, and whoever follows them not is a heretic. Scottish and English Universities, British House of Parliament, orthodox theologies, railroads, and free-trade were all shaken out and sifted under the category of sham; while Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the old Covenanters who sang psalms and handled pikes on Dunse Moor, were held up to admiration as the only heroes in this country for the last two hundred years.' Numerous also are his references to Browning, whom he loved as a brother. 'He was frank and free, and full of talk; altogether an agreeable, rational, intelligent, sound-headed and sound-hearted man, with no poetical or other nonsense about him; a manly, hard-hitting Englishman, as in his most effective work he certainly appears.' 'He is an active, soldier-like, direct man, a contrast to the meditative ponderosity of Tennyson. The power and attitude in each case is a perfect index to the movement of the poetry.' Of Tennyson we have a portrait written on a visit to Farringford in 1864: 'A certain slow heaviness of motion belongs essentially to his character, and contrasts strikingly with the alert quickness and sinewy energy of Kingsley; head Jovian, eye dark, pale face, black flowing locks like a Spanish ship-captain or a captain of Italian brigands—something not at all common, and not the least English.' While on a visit to Charles Kingsley, Blackie wrote: 'I helped him to drain a bottle of burgundy. He had been out fishing all day, and was glowing in face like a tropical copper sky. He was extremely agreeable all evening, and swung in a manilla-grass hammock, which stretched across his study, in a style of the most complete negligée. His brother Henry came in after dinner, and we all smoked and drank tea, and talked, and went early to bed.' There are innumerable little personal touches of this nature scattered amidst a crop of more fattening material—serious reflections on life and literature, religion and politics, art and artistry; but always presented in a graphic and fluent style, richly salted with metaphor and peppered with a never-failing humour.

Politicians meet us at every stage—reminiscences of Bismarck, of Lord John Russell and Gladstone and Disraeli, Salisbury and Arthur Balfour and Rosebery. Of Gladstone we read most pleasant descriptions of familiar encounters, more serious disquisitions on his strength and his failings; disagreeing with the great Liberal statesman frankly, freely, and often forcibly, he yet invariably finds some philosophical excuse for what he takes to be the failings of his opponent. 'Justice run mad,' he describes his Irish legislation; 'the slave of a noble idea,' converting him into what Napoleon would call 'an ideologist.' Blackie gives us many amusing pictures of his encounters with such pretentous Radicals as John Bright and Thorold Rogers. We are told that the former did not consider the British Constitution worth a purchase. Blackie seems to have been impressed with the wisdom of Disraeli and Salisbury—'a ticklish man to tackle' is a comment on the latter. As for Lord Randolph Churchill, we are told that he spends most of his time reading parliamentary blue-books and French novels. Rosebery, 'the wise young laird of Dalmeny' he loves and visits often.

Of ecclesiastics we read much—Chalmers and Guthrie, Manning and Newman, Norman Macleod and Dean Stanley. 'Guthrie is a real MAN;' but it is Norman Macleod who stands out of the picture as an easy first favourite. Here is an early pen-portrait: 'We had in our carriage a trump-card of a fellow, Norman Macleod of Glasgow, who kept us in a roar of laughter with a succession of the most admirable jokes and humorous stories. The very look of the man is a joy, so round, so full, so jovial, so clear, bright, healthy, and hilarious! I was quite prepared to fall in love with him by what I had previously known, and now fell right into his arms at once. What a good and pleasant thing is a jovial *man*, how transcendently good is a jovial *priest!*' From the day of their meeting, Macleod and Blackie were 'mystics.' On the death of the former the latter wrote: 'It is a blow to my soul to think that Scotland should thus have lost her noblest son struck down.'

Of scientific giants we read much—of Tyndall and Huxley, Faraday and Gregory, Simpson and

Murchison. With men of science Blackie seems to have got on swimmingly. Tyndall was a most intimate friend, and when he wrote to him and advised him seriously 'to study the Nineteenth Psalm and the Angel's Hymn in *Faust* as containing more wisdom than Huxley could educe from the intestines of any antediluvian rat,' Mr Stodart Walker is quite right in saying that both Tyndall and Huxley would understand what Blackie meant. As early as 1848 Blackie wrote of men of science: 'My impression has been very favourable. No doubt they will sometimes waste a great deal of power upon what appear to me very trifling and slippery subjects; but small things acquire importance by their being associated with great, and the metalled road of sane science is never made till there be first a great deal of groping in the dark and stumbling through bogs. I like, in the first place, the grand spirit of liberty, equality, and fraternity which prevails amongst men of science.'

Writing as we do so soon after the publication of these letters, it is difficult to decide on the question as to which aspect of John Stuart Blackie they most graphically convey. The general impression that is left on the reader's mind is one of an extraordinary activity, of a tremendous thoroughness in method, of a large tolerance, of a genial appreciation of his fellow-men; a hatred of sham, of narrowness, priggishness, pedantry, little Scotlandism, and of tinkering busybodies. Nothing is more inspiring than the manner and matter of his student days in Germany, of the exemplary manner in which he applied himself to his work, and of the sacredness with which he regarded the word Duty. The economies of his *Wandejahr* afford delightful reading, seconded only by the humour that pervades the whole atmosphere. Of the love-letters it is impossible to speak too highly. Here we have the man revealed in all his strength, determination, and nobility; and if it were for these letters alone, this volume must always remain as a noteworthy contribution to the literature of their time. The historical records of the letters are not few. The revolution in Italy, the struggles that led up to and followed the Disruption in Scotland, the fight for University Reform, the Crimean and the Franco-German wars, the Reform and Home Rule movements, all afford opportunities for the free play of Blackie's thoroughly alive pen.

The volume is indeed a rich mine for the reader with catholic sympathies, for all those who can see no contradiction in a high moral tone and a keen sense of rectitude with a bubbling humour and a capacity for a glorious joy in living. With a stage crammed with strong men and beautiful women, with those who have made their mark by the power of the spoken or written word, or simply by the force and beauty of their own personalities, we have presented an inspiring and entertaining series of *tableaux vivants* for which it would be difficult to find a modern comparison. For Blackie was no mere man of letters; he was a man of action, who learned throughout the craftsmanship of his days to comprehend thoroughly the creed of love and good-fellowship, and in his own words to 'flap his wings freely before the Lord.' Yet through it all Blackie is 'a bonny fighter.' Loving his opponent, he baptises his love with fire. It is indeed as a fighter that he appears most picturesque; there is a kind of Carlylean-Norman Macleod note in the ring of his steel: 'Oh wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! I hear that the Presbytery and the University of St Andrews have memorialised Government about ejecting Sir David Brewster from his principalship because of his church principles. Bravo! bravo! bravo! old Bigotry! Rise up again, thou stout gospel of petrified externalities! Ye high-flowing Moderates, scrape the sky with your reborn Pharisaism—Pharisaism of fashionable ecclesiastical coats with stamped parliamentary buttons to cover the nakedness of a skeleton. Cook, MacFarlane, Mearns, and the Aberdeen Moderates against Brewster, Fleming, Brown, and Blackie. Another throw for "modern martyrdom." Have at you, my boys! On, Stanley, on! to the charge, I say! On! if the lily-livered knaves have only the courage. On, I say, on! Hurrah!' In another battle, the fight for his wife, he wrote: 'I will not go to your father's house without being asked; but I will come in the month of May next year, and I will proclaim it loudly, from Largo Law, and from the West and East Lomond, and from all the hills in Fife, "In the name of God and of Nature and of Truth, give me my wife, and if you will not give her to me I will take her. . . . Meanwhile, my bird, being in a cage, sing nevertheless, and hop about, for thy deliverer comes. Be quiet, be cheerful, be self-possessed, avoid sadness—it is a great sin, it is *the* sin, and the mother of sin; it is faithlessness. It is the farmer's sin who fears Noah's deluge every summer, and yet the sun shines, and the heat works, and the corn is ripened, and the garners are full. Let nothing cloud you. Dance, and leap, and rejoice before the Lord! I say that sorrow is vanity and a lie, a phantom and nightmare; the only Reality is Joy. And if you cannot live and rejoice, then *die*. . . . Cumber not the happy earth with your supererogatory presence! Walk not a night-phantom hideous through the stable day! Follow each noble instinct of your heart! Be always busy, systematically, radically busy. Bend to love all things, condescend to hate nothing. Hate no man, but pity sinners, despise cowards, avoid knaves, work with the wise, and amuse yourself with fools.' This may be 'tyrannical optimism' with a vengeance, but it is more sappy than the dead-sea fruit of a negative pessimism with which the quasi-philosophers of a generation or two later attempted to decoy the healthy mind. We put down the volume with the feeling as if we had emerged from a garden where all the flowers spoke.

THE TUTOR OF TYNDRACH.

CHAPTER IV.

MALCOLM had arranged to leave Inchie by an early train on Monday morning. He was taking with him, as he believed, Ann's promise that she would marry him in the autumn. True, he had been somewhat disconcerted by her manner after Mr Selwyn's departure on Sunday evening, but attributed her want of responsiveness to the reaction consequent on her unusual exertions as hostess. The strain of entertaining a stranger for so long must naturally tell upon her, and especially one who was such a prig and coxcomb as the tutor.

He had not hesitated to express his opinions of their visitor to Ann after his departure, but she had offered no opposition to the verdict; plainly she, too, was a little disillusioned. Later in the evening he had introduced the subject of their marriage, and discussed in detail certain duties and obligations that would devolve upon Ann in their future life. To these, too, she had listened without comment; and at last, provoked by her want of interest, he had despatched her to bed to sleep off, as he said, the tiring effects of Mr Selwyn's visit.

But though Ann had made a thankful escape to her own room, it was not to sleep. She had sat up the best part of the night, preparing herself to face the consequences of the new resolution she had arrived at suddenly that afternoon. It was a complete reversal of her decision of the previous night; but something within her assured her that in this case the resolution was final. Under no circumstances could she ever become her cousin's wife. Marriage with him was an impossibility. Let the alternative be what it might—starvation even—she would choose it unhesitatingly. The whole question had suddenly assumed a vital importance; the unthinking, unrealising, period was past for ever. Not only her happiness, but her individuality—her very soul, as it were—depended upon the decision. Material benefits were nothing as compared with the loss of self-respect such a marriage would entail. It was not merely that she found she had not sufficient love for her cousin; she had made that discovery the previous night, and yet had reconciled herself to the idea of becoming his wife. Something far more momentous had intervened to shake her resolve—a sudden revelation of what marriage might mean, the true companionship to be derived therefrom, the greater possibilities she had never hitherto imagined.

But how to break it to Malcolm? She had purposely refrained from doing so that evening—not out of fear of the consequences, but because she felt that she required a quiet interval for preparation, that she might have all her forces marshalled, her arguments in readiness. He must be told before he took his departure the following morning. Her uncle, too, must know. The grieving of them both horrified her gentler susceptibilities, yet her determination was unshaken. It was as if the real quality of her nature had suddenly revealed itself—those deeper, stronger possibilities that Selwyn had vaguely guessed at, and that were hidden beneath the child-like character and the softer woman's nature.

It was a very pale Ann who descended to the breakfast-room the following morning. She was the first to appear, and half mechanically she busied herself with her usual occupations—making the tea and putting little finishing touches to the arrangement of the table. Then she crossed to the window and stood for some time watching the antics of a thrush pecking and coquetting over the lawn. The great cedar in the corner threw a shade across the grass, but beyond it the sun shone gaily on the bright flower-beds and mossy turf. How she loved it all, the dear, familiar scene she had looked out upon for so many years! Now it seemed as if she were taking farewell of it. Surely life could never be the same again after the rupture she was contemplating this morning!

At last she heard her cousin's door open on the landing above, his noisy step on the stair. She turned round from the window as he burst into the room and came straight across to where she was. There was an aggressive exuberance about Malcolm in his early morning mood that Ann always connected instinctively with the soapy polish on his face. Both were so admirable in what they indicated—contentment and cleanliness; yet somehow she found them irritating.

He stooped to kiss her, but she drew back.

'Malcolm, I must tell you,' she said, raising her eyes bravely to his, though her face was deathly pale, 'I cannot marry you.'

He gave an awkward, frustrated laugh, and turned away impatiently.

'At it again?' he muttered. 'Why, the day before yesterday you were all eagerness for us to be married in autumn. And now'— He shrugged his shoulders; then his face darkened. 'If you're so loath, put it off altogether,' he went on, turning to her again with rising anger.

'Yes, that is it; it must be put off altogether,' said Ann with the same deliberate calm.

The flush of anger faded from his face; an expression of blank incredulity succeeded it. He had not believed for a moment that she would take his suggestion seriously; it was meant rather as a threat. But something final and inevitable in her manner of speaking alarmed him.

'Ann, what do you mean?' he said.

She passed the blind-cord steadily through her fingers for a moment before replying.

'I mean that I don't love you enough,' she said at last, raising her truthful eyes to his face again. 'I can never be your wife. It would not be fair to you or to myself.'

He gave a harsh, grating laugh, twisting round on his heel as he did so.

'And when did you make this discovery?' he sneered. 'Was it in the boat yesterday?'

The taunt stung her. It was like a rude hand thrusting at some secret truth she would not allow even herself to contemplate.

'Well, I must say I thought more of you than that,' he went on before she had time to recover her presence of mind. 'To go silly about a fellow you've only seen twice, and who's never had a thought of you in his heart!'

Ann started forward. 'Hush! You daren't! It isn't true!' she cried. 'He has had nothing to do with this. I shall never see him again. I never want to; only, I—I'—— She broke off, turning back to the window again.

Malcolm watched her for some moments in silence. There was a bitter struggle going on within him between injured pride and self-love, and his real fear and anxiety of losing Ann altogether. Even now he could hardly believe that she was serious. He had looked on her with proprietary eyes for so many years that life without her seemed something strange and different and unthinkable. It was impossible that she could be wilfully rooting herself up out of his existence—daring the unknown future—she whom he had always looked upon as dependent for every plan and prospect on himself.

He almost hated her in that moment for the price she was making him pay for what had hitherto been a free and unquestioned right. Yet to lose her altogether for the sake of a few conciliatory words now, the temporary humbling of his pride? No, it was not to be thought of.

He stretched out his hands and laid them on her shoulders.

'Ann, Ann, give over this madness,' he pleaded in a voice half-tender, half-reproachful. 'I will forgive you and take you back.'

No words could have been more ill-suited to bring about the end he desired. With a vehement gesture, Ann shook herself free of his hands.

Forgiveness! Yes, that was the insufferable, intolerable condition to which she would have to submit all her life long, the subservience of an inferior, the misunderstanding and undervaluing of her whole nature.

'Never—never!' she cried tempestuously, turning round to him as she spoke. 'You can't take back what's never been yours. If you had ever really known me and understood me you couldn't talk about forgiveness. I am only just beginning to understand myself. If I married you I should starve—we would both starve—because I couldn't give you what you want any more than you could give me what I must have;' and without further pause she rushed past him towards the door.

It opened as she did so, and her uncle entered the room. He started back at sight of the tempestuous vision.

'Ann, Ann, what is this?' he said.

But she paid no heed to the question, only hastened by him.

'She's been bewitched, that's all,' said Malcolm's voice, harsh and strained, from the window—'bewitched by the tutor of Tyndrach.'

. . . . . .

Autumn was at hand; the feel of it was in the air—dank earth and decaying leaves, and a chill at eventide that drove folk indoors. The September sun still shone bravely at midday and illumined the fading hillsides with a sort of spurious brilliance. But the yellowing bracken would soon be dead-brown like the heather, and the grass was already hardly distinguishable from the granite.

For several mornings there had been a sprinkling of hoar-frost on the manse lawn, and the birds were beginning to show the eager, hungry look they have in winter. It only wanted a gale of wind to complete the transformation and tear the last remnants of summer from the face of the country.

Such a storm was coming! The first long, keen of the wind had been sounding in the manse chimneys all night; and when Ann looked out of her window in the morning the loch was churned up into snowy turbulence, and the leaves were scudding across the lawn or dancing round in mad circles to the tune of the blast.

Nearly two months had gone by since her emancipation from the bonds of Malcolm's tyranny; yet, despite the grave nature of the crisis, life was continuing on very much the same lines as it had done hitherto. The only difference seemed to be that now there was no break to look forward to in the future, and no letters from Malcolm to give an interest to the present.

He still corresponded regularly with her uncle; but she knew nothing of the contents of his letters—his name had not been mentioned between them since that morning. The minister's displeasure had been, and still was, a sore grief to Ann. She would fain have gone out into the world to escape from it, but he sternly set his face against any such step.

Perhaps there was a lingering hope in his heart that the difference might still be made up between them; that time would show Ann how foolish and mistaken she had been, and how necessary Malcolm really was to her happiness. If he could have seen into the girl's heart this hope would have disappeared at once. There had never been an instant's regret or uncertainty in her own mind about the step she had taken. Her only sorrow was for the pain and trouble she had thereby caused her uncle and Malcolm; her one hope, that in the future some opportunity would offer itself for making amends to them.

But latterly the minister had begun to have doubts of his cherished scheme from another point of view. There had been unmistakable hints in

Malcolm's letters of late of a means of consolation independent of his cousin's tractability or the reverse. Allusions to a certain Miss Edith Traquair, the daughter of a neighbouring minister, whose society appeared to afford considerable solace for his loneliness, were frequent in his correspondence. The minister, knowing the injury to his self-love that Ann's rejection had caused, and the obstinate nature of his pride, feared the worst. For some weeks past he had been preparing himself to hear of a new engagement; and, much as he dreaded the announcement, he felt it would be only what Ann deserved for her treatment of her cousin.

The problem as to whether he should give the girl a hint of what was coming had been perplexing him for some time, and he had finally decided on this morning of the storm to break the news to her.

By a strange coincidence there was a letter from Malcolm in the post-bag when he unlocked it, and a brown-paper parcel and letter to Ann, addressed to her in an unknown hand. He pushed them across to the girl before dealing with his own correspondence.

'What can that be, Ann?' he said, watching her over his spectacles as she scrutinised the post-mark.

Curiosity was not one of his failings, but the community of interest that bound them together made it impossible for them to have any secrets apart.

Ann shook her head. There was a puzzled, expectant look on her face and her fingers pulled eagerly at the wrappings as she unfolded the parcel. At last a gasp of astonishment and delight burst from her lips. The little leather case the parcel contained had revealed the most perfect bijou watch, encircled with a slender chain, fitting accessory for a woman of fashion, but for Ann an undreamed-of luxury.

'It can't be for me! It must be a mistake,' she cried, raising her eyes to her uncle's face.

'The letter will tell you,' he returned quietly. Already the name of the donor was clear to him.

Ann picked up the letter and opened it.

The minister, watching her intently over his spectacles from the other side of the table, saw the colour vanish from her face as she read.

'It's from Mr Selwyn, I suppose?' he offered at last, as she turned quickly to the end, and back again, and so on through the pages once more. 'A wedding gift. We told him you were to be married in the autumn.'

'Yes, it is a wedding gift,' said Ann with white lips. 'But—but—he's not Mr Selwyn any longer. His cousin, Lord Repton, died last month, and he has inherited the title. It's signed Repton.'

'Ah,' said the minister significantly, and paused. 'There was always just that something about him,' he went on after a moment. 'But it will have to go back,' in a sterner voice, indicating the leather case on the table as he spoke. 'You must write and tell him there will be no wedding at Inchie this autumn—or perhaps ever,' he broke off. Here was the opportunity he had been seeking of preparing Ann for the news about Malcolm, but somehow the task was more difficult than he had anticipated.

The girl's eyes were on his face—a curious eagerness and expectancy in their glance.

'I'm thinking, Ann,' he began again in a difficult, jerky voice—'I'm thinking that maybe Malcolm will marry some day. You see, he's lonely, and—well—he has suffered. You mustn't blame him, girl; you treated him ill. It is natural he should resent it.'

But Ann interrupted him quickly. 'Oh Uncle Robert, do you mean that Malcolm is in love with somebody else? Oh, how glad, how thankful I would be! You can't think what a difference it would make to me, especially'—— She broke off, glancing down instinctively at the letter before her.

Her reception of his news had a bewildering effect upon the minister. He stared back into her eager face for some moments in silence, as if trying to gauge the sincerity of her outburst.

'Then you could never have cared for him?' he pronounced gravely at last.

Almost mechanically he took up Malcolm's letter as he spoke, and opened it.

Ann watched him in silence and suspense while he read it. When he had done he laid it down again with a long-drawn sigh.

'Your cousin is to marry Miss Traquair next month,' he announced.

(To be continued.)

THE OLDEST BRIDGE AND CASTLE IN THE WORLD.

By Captain F. W. von Herbert.

'AND unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write: These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death' (Rev. ii. 8–11).

There is hardly anything in the reading of my younger days which has left a more enduring impression on my memory than the awful age manifested in the shrivelled monkey which, a minute before, had been She of supernatural beauty and seemingly everlasting youth. It must be two decades ago that I was carried away by the breathless whirl of Rider Haggard's romance, and ever since then the sight of anything almost immeasurably old has given me a stunning sensation of the microscopic insignificance of the human life-period as compared to the life-period of man's works. As the horse and rider were to Carlyle a Revealed Force—that is, God revealed, for Force is that manifestation of God by which He is perceptible to our gross senses—so is to me an ancient work of human hands a Revealed Thought, and the only revelation possible of the thoughts of human beings who lived ages ago.

There is in Asia Minor a river which was called Meles three thousand years ago, and is called Meles to-day. It is not much of a river to look at, and its width at the spot of which I am writing is but forty feet of quietly flowing, shallow waters. But thirty centuries ago there lived and wrought on the banks of that river, within a stone's-throw of the place I wot of, the greatest poet the human race has so far produced—Homer, who, in the matchless beauty and the raging vitality of his verse, has rendered immortal men and women who but for him would have gone under, ages since, in the bottomless sea of the sum-total of human insignificance: Achilles, Ulysses, Hector, Helen of Troy, Andromache the loving, Penelope the ever-faithful.

Nowhere except in Asia Minor are to be found sites on which an inhabited town has stood uninterruptedly for thousands of years and stands so to-day. This was brought home to me once in the interior of the country, when I had pitched camp in a protected hollow close to one of those ancient cities (Konia), but shifted my quarters on the recommendation of a learned Moslem divine, who drew my attention to the fact that that hollow had served as cesspool for an unbroken stretch of at least five thousand years. Such awful age—four times the age of London—is brought home to the thinking traveller also in the great white city which lies on the bank of the river Meles, between it and the seaboard, for in that city, Smyrna, the age is writ in masonry. Edinburgh is counted an old town; but to Smyrna it is as the child is to the sexagenarian.

To enter Smyrna from the land side—that is, from the east—you have to cross the Meles to-day as in Homer's time, and the crossing is effected by a bridge. It is a crude stone structure of one simple arch. The pavement and the parapet are quite new—that is, new for that part of the world—having been built by the Turks only a century or two ago. Below that brand-new surface Byzantine and Roman builders left traces of their work—youthful masonry hardly fifteen centuries old; but the foundations, as well as some stone-slabs on the banks, date probably from Homer's time. Caravan Bridge, as it is called to-day, and was called thousands of years ago, has been in existence so long as there has been a Smyrna, and that city existed when Homer lived, and was then already aged. It was called Smyrna a thousand years before his day, so named after a legendary girl, and is so called to-day, except by its possessors, the Turks, who have corrupted the name to Izmir, and Giaour Izmir (meaning Infidel Smyrna) is its modern Moslem nickname.

When Saints Luke, John, and Paul came to Smyrna they came probably from Ephesus by the commodious road which Cæsar's soldiers and hirelings had laid out along the well-beaten track of the Greek colonisers. Thus they entered the town by Caravan Bridge; and we can imagine that from this bridge St John, later in Patmos, addressed in spirit the Church of Smyrna, for the actual edifice of which St Polycarp was first bishop and martyr was close on his left, the Roman city was before him, the quarter of the Jews farther to the left, where it stands to-day, and beyond the low roofs he saw the bay and the shipping.

'I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer . . . ye shall have tribulation ten days.' In two particulars St John's prophecy has been fulfilled. 'The synagogue of Satan.' In secret, in a dark place unknown to Christian, Moslem, and Jew alike, that awful sect called by Europeans in the East 'devil-worshippers' practises its uncanny rites and holds its gruesome orgies to-day in Smyrna. So little is known of this people even among inquisitive persons on the spot, so fearful are the adherents of this perversion of faith of revelations to outsiders, so shunned are they to whom evil powers are credited, that the inquirer is pulled up at every step by the ignorance, real or assumed, of all whom he addresses. The headquarters of the sect are undoubtedly in Syria, somewhere in the Lebanon; but that a branch exists in Smyrna, that it is flourishing, that it practises its rites actively and constantly—this I have ascertained beyond the shadow of a doubt. And, to pile up the horrors, the meetings are said to take place in a vault under one of the walls erected by Timur the Mongol warrior king, into which wall he caused the heads of his victims to be built—Timur, one of the greatest manslayers in recorded history, compared to whom even Napoleon was a blundering 'prentice. That quarter of the town is well known to me. I have searched it thoroughly by night and by day, alone and in company of expert guides, occasionally at the risk of my life; but the exact spot I have not found. It is probably in a yard or garden behind the dwelling of an adherent. Thus I am unable to vouch for the existence at the present day of a remnant of Timur's ghastly building operations. Officialdom says that the last remains were destroyed about 1850, when the castle at the harbour entrance was pulled down, and a few years

later, when an old mole was demolished to make room for the quay. I met a Greek labourer, now eighty years old, who, employed in the harbour works, had with his own hands taken a hundred skulls out of the masonry.

'Ye shall have tribulation ten days.' When Timur conquered Smyrna in 1402 he caused thirty thousand of its inhabitants to be put to the sword. The operation is said to have lasted ten days, at the rate of three thousand persons a day. The thirty thousand heads were used as building material. The Mongol chief caused the harbour castle, built by the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, to be strengthened, a wall to be built across the inner harbour to prevent the Turks from attacking him by sea in his newly acquired stronghold, and various edifices to be erected within the destroyed town.

At the present time the approach to Smyrna from the land side is uninteresting and of sordid aspect. Let us presume that we are returning from an excursion to Mount Sipylus, one of the highest peaks in western Anatolia, which has played a part in Greek history so far back that history has a nebulous halo and is become mythology. We pass the old Moslem cemeteries, with their beautiful cypresses, the first burial-places of the Turks after their conquest of Smyrna, six hundred years old and still in use; then on our left the ugly railway station, on our right a quarter of ill repute (reeking with shame and dirt and vice, notorious throughout the Near East); then a huge khan (halting-place for caravans); and finally the bridge. In its centre we stop a moment and glance down to the banks, now frowzy and sordid; once, three thousand years ago, when Homer lived on this spot, pretty and peaceful, the appropriate setting to a poet's sedentary labours. The moment we have crossed the classic river we are in the Greek quarter of Smyrna, with its dirty crowds, its turbulent activity, its boisterous barter and exchange, its numberless mean little shops and booths and eating-houses, its vermin, its stench, its blatant vulgarity.

How different is the approach from the other side, from the west! For four hours our steamer glides between the fertile shores of the Bay of Smyrna, perhaps, barring that of Naples, the most beautiful bay in the world. The city, in the bend of the bay, is spread out like a theatre on the slopes of classic Mount Pagus, and it wears a hoary crown—the castellated ruins on the summit of the mount. White houses and flat roofs, slender Moslem minarets and ponderous Greek domes, cypresses, poplars, sycamores, and olives, are reflected in the serene blue waters of the tideless sea; and a forest of masts, belonging to many hundreds of quaintly rigged schooners and yawls from the Ægean Islands, veils the houses on the two miles long quay.

Naturally our first excursion inland is to the castle on Mount Pagus, as it must be of every European to whom history is a fascination. The ascent is more difficult than we imagined. When we have left behind the European quarter (the Rue Frank, with its traffic worthy of noonday Cheapside), the former Armenian quarter (with stately houses, now mostly occupied by wealthy Greeks and Levantines—since the massacre the Armenians prefer to live near the shipping), the tortuous slums of the poor Greeks, we come to a quarter of steep, narrow streets which seem to rise up into the skies, where passage after a rainfall is impossible. The houses have become hovels. Cretans and gipsies live here, and are of evil repute; the dogs are particularly vicious; but the motion of picking up a stone from the unpaved ground will send even the most ferocious mongrel away whining.

The last inhabited dwelling is a small fort, built of stones taken from the ruins. Here are two obsolete guns, which are fired as a signal to the fire-brigade when the lookout detects a conflagration in the city spread out below him: one shot for the European quarter, two for the Greek-Armenian quarter, and three for the Turkish and Jewish quarters, which latter lie far away to our right.

There is some more stiff climbing to be done on grassy slopes, and finally we stand among the ruins. The aspect from below gives no idea of the size of the castle. Its thorough exploration would be a matter of weeks. In Roman times the castle could and did easily hold a legion, four to five thousand men, with staff, offices, stores, baggage, and beasts.

When was this castle begun? In its walls we have the history of Smyrna, commencing above at comparatively modern—that is, Turkish—times, and ending below in the dim periods of legend and tradition. With the exception of the Turks, who never made any serious attempt to restore the stronghold, and of the Knights of St John, who failed to conquer it, each nation or tribe or invading army that held the city utilised also the castle, repaired it, added to it, built on the top of it.

There are a few remains of dilatory Turkish labours, perhaps four hundred years old; below them traces of Mongol work. But Timur held Smyrna only for a year, and not much could be done to so vast an edifice in so short a span. The immediate predecessors of the Turks, the Christian Crusaders (1097 A.D.) and the Moslem Seljuks (1094), left abundant traces of their handiwork. The latter were adepts in building, and the former marked their track with grim strongholds, many of which are in existence to-day. Then, as we recede in historical times, we find masonry of the great empire of the Khalifs of Bagdad, of the Byzantine period, of the Roman Empire, of the short-lived Seleucidan kingdom, a fragment of Alexander's world state, of the Macedonians under Alexander the Great, of the Persians under Darius, of the Lydians under Crœsus, the richest man of antiquity. We are now arrived at the year 550 B.C., and in the masonry records at about the present surface of the soil. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no systematic excavations have ever been made on Mount Pagus. But single enthusiasts have at various times dug into the soil; I myself have handled a

spade here, in the company of two Smyrniote friends, when the guardian's back was turned. This guardian is, or was two years ago, a retired infantry sergeant of many campaigns. Only two remarks this grave-faced, sun-scorched, taciturn warrior, tall and slim of figure, hawk-like of profile, made in my hearing: 'This is the entrance to hell,' pointing to a black hole in one of the interior walls; and 'Over yonder the Wandering Jew left his mark,' pointing to what looked like an arched gateway far down below in the town, amid a jungle of mean houses and tortuous alleys, plainly visible from this elevation. He dwells in a hut built by him close to the signal-guns, he has no kith or kin, his pension has not been paid for years, and his livelihood is the bounty of travellers and the charity of neighbours—this we learnt from the gunners.

That black hole—walled up by the Turks five hundred years ago, but reopened recently by the curiosity of explorers—leads to a complete system of underground passages, by means of which the castle on the hill and the city on the seashore were connected in Roman times. Its examination is at present impossible, for the stairs have long since crumbled away. One opening in the town was discovered when the railway station at Caravan Bridge was built, forty years ago; but the vaults were decrepit, the Greek workmen timid and superstitious, and the opening was bricked up. On its site stands a goods-shed. Popular tradition and the examination of old local records moved me to seek another opening beneath a modern dwelling-house in a turning off the Rue Frank. I interviewed the occupier, an educated Levantine, who is also the owner and was the original builder; but my first words caused him to start with terror, and he begged me, with every symptom of trembling fear and anxiety, never to mention that accursed passage. I have not learnt the reason of his fright.

Enough daylight is admitted by the hole in the wall to allow one standing on its dangerous threshold to examine the masonry, which seems to extend down into the bowels of the earth. Here the history of Smyrna prior to Crœsus is written in stone: Greeks of various kinds (Ionian, Eolian), Phœnicians (who were the first systematic colonisers of Asia Minor), Hittites (mentioned in the Old Testament); and below the very foundations laid by the original inhabitants (Carians or Lelegians) six thousand years or more ago. Sixty centuries! The inhabitants of the British Isles were half-beasts then. Two hundred generations have lived and died since then; every trace of those builders, in language, physiognomy, faith, and history, has disappeared; but their stones remain, and have served as foundations to the superimposed stones of twenty different nations, rising, flourishing, and decaying, one after the other.

If those grim castle walls could talk, what a tale of terror and torture, bloodshed and anguish, they would unfold! A cursory calculation, based upon the number of times Smyrna has been taken and lost, has shown to me that within those walls alone three to five hundred thousand human beings must have violently perished; within the city below four or five millions by the sword and as many again by earthquake and pestilence.

It is meet that in so old a town the legends—and Smyrna has hundreds of legends—should partake of the quality of age. Of such is the story of the Wandering Jew. In Christ's time there lived in Jerusalem a cobbler, whose two names commenced with *aleph*, *beth* (the *a*, *b* of the Hebrew alphabet)—so, at least, says the Anatolian version of the story. On His way to Calvary, carrying the cross, Christ rested on his doorstep, and he drove Him away with curses. Christ, turning on him, said, 'Thou hast forbidden Me to rest; thou shalt not rest.' Since then he is a homeless, curse-laden wanderer, and he cannot die. He was seen and spoken to in Germany several times, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when the German savants reconstructed his name as Ahas Ber, afterwards corrupted to Ahasverus or Ahasuerus. Once in every hundred years he visits the sacred places of the East—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Lake of Galilee, Mount Carmel, Damascus, the Seven Churches of Asia (among them Ephesus and Smyrna). In each place he leaves on some wall or building that was in existence in his time his mark: the initials A. B. in three languages.

Descending from Mount Pagus, we go out of our way, and after an hour's search in a maze of alleys we find the arched gateway which we have seen from above. It is clearly Roman, dating probably from the last century before Christ. It forms part of the wall which surrounded the Roman city; and at each side of it a hundred yards stretch of this wall stands to-day, so thick that it has been hollowed out in several places, and the cavities are used as shops by Greek and Turkish petty traders and artificers.

A principal thoroughfare of the Roman city was called the Golden (Via Aurea). It is significant that an alley in the vicinity of the gateway bears the Turkish name Altun Sokak—that is, Golden Street—all the more significant as the majority of Smyrna streets have no names. The first (ephemeral) Turkish conquest of Smyrna took place in 1084, when the Roman city was still in existence.

We search for the Wandering Jew's mark. On a smooth corner-stone there are—rudely carved as if with a blunt chisel, perhaps sixty or eighty years ago—three sets of two single letters, one above the other: the Hebrew *aleph*, *beth*; the Greek *alpha*, *beta*; the Arabic *elif*, *bé*.

THE REVEALING OF THE DUKE.

By C. EDWARDES.

THE young Duke of Kelver joined the crowd in Bodstoke's Co-operative Hall. There was little likelihood that any one would recognise him; for, although he owned Bodstoke, five other small towns, and twenty-three villages, he had been abroad for the last four years. Indeed, he was in Nepaul when his father died and the vast inheritance settled upon him as simply as dew upon a flower.

He felt a strange curiosity about this demagogue Campion who was to address the Bodstoke Socialists in the hall.

'A dangerous man, your Grace,' Mr Milton, his estate agent, said of him that morning at the castle. 'The worst kind, because he has ability attached to his animosities and ignorance. A thorough fanatic. I have little doubt that he is subsidised by his party for the sake of the poison he disseminates.'

The young Duke smiled at his agent's phrases. 'Neatly put, Milton,' he said.

Pressed for more information, the agent said Campion had been one of the late Duke's body-servants at the castle, that the late Duke had kicked him out of the castle one day for gross disobedience, and that was the end of him so far as the family was concerned.

The young Duke had come home feeling rather ashamed of himself for his recent neglect of his responsibilities. About a hundred tin-lined cases of horned and other heads and pelts were all he had to show for those last four years. They didn't seem a lot to him now.

No one knew better than he that his late father had an atrocious temper. He was an autocrat to the finger-nails. Even his son hadn't been able to stand him. Hence, in a measure, his prolonged exile. The late Duke told him before he started that he might go even beyond the remotest of earth's continents if he pleased, on the understanding that he returned when it was necessary.

The young Duke also had a temper, but he had learnt to keep it bottled. Even camping for months above the snowline in the Hindu Koosh hadn't loosed the cork from the bottle. He had been greatly liked by most people out of England, from Governors-General to the lowliest of pack-carriers.

The Co-operative Hall was fairly filled when he arrived. He went in with a thin string of working-men. No one need have taken him for anything better or worse than a stalwart young mechanic of innate intelligence. His eyes were of a dreamy blue kind. You had to look closely to discover the power behind their agreeable mistiness. He was clean-shaven, and wore clothes out of which all the Bond Street nonsense had been knocked by ruthless exposure to weather.

Best of all for his present purpose, he had a favourite short brier pipe, and some tobacco in his pouch. After lazily adjusting himself between the elbows of his neighbours, he filled the pipe and begged the favour of a light.

'Good idea to allow smoking,' he said to the graybeard who gave him a match.

'Co-operative,' retorted the graybeard sententiously, '*means* smoking, young feller. The room's our own to do what we've a mind in. I should have thought you'd known that, if you're a Bodstoke man.'

'Yes, but I'm not,' said the Duke. 'I'm very interested, though.'

The graybeard scanned him over. It wanted five minutes to eight, and the platform still lacked population. Social amenities were in progress among the crowd, as well as drifts of tobacco-smoke, laughter, and a jar of voices.

'Office chap?' suggested the graybeard.

'I've been all sorts,' replied the Duke. 'But what about this man Campion?'

'Never heard him?' The graybeard seemed surprised. 'Never seen him land the aristocracy one in the eye? That's his special gift. I dunno where you hail from; but perhaps you know every blessed stick and stone for miles round here belongs to a ready-made young nob who never did an hour's work in his life. This hall what's ours we pay him a ground-rent for. He's a little twopenny god, you know, all because he's his father's son. Just come home, they say; and if so, and he meets him, Bobby Campion'll give him pepper. I'd be sorry for the young feller if Bobby had him up on that there platform.' The graybeard spat upon the floor. 'I would that,' he added.

'Now why, I wonder?' murmured the Duke.

'Why? Because his father, him that's dead, lifted his boot to him, and butted him down I don't know how many of his castle steps and stairs. You'll see he's got a limp on him still, if you've cute eyes. And all for why? "Here, you," says the old nob what's dead; "get on your knees to me and lace these 'ere boots, and be darned sharp about it!" Bobby hadn't knelt to nothing and nobody since he was a thinking chap, and he wasn't in any hurry to kneel to a man shaped like his own self, and no better anyway except by accident. But it was being spoke to like that that set his back up most, and I reckon the old Duke saw it in him. Howsumever that may be, he upped at him for daring to look as if he was a born independent. "What do you think you are?" screams the old josser. "A human being, same as your Grace," replies Bobby, with his own dander on the boil. "And I sha'n't lace your boots

unless you ask me in a way that fits in with my self-respect." How's that for spirit, young feller? Ah, here they come! The old nob shunted him out by the neck, and footballed him down the stairs like as if he was a dead dog. And he bore it, young feller, without hitting back, out of charity for the old nob's gray hairs. They took him home in a cart to his wife and kids; and he didn't even bring an action for damages, though the lawyers said he'd a hot case. Wouldn't demean himself, said he; but he'd chalk it up. That's when he began to sharpen his knife for the whole titled lot of 'em. He's the pale-faced one.'

'Another match, please,' said the young Duke. 'And thank you. So that's Campion?'

There was some clapping while the nine or ten platformers arranged themselves.

The young Duke was rather disappointed at Campion's appearance. He expected something rampant, with a mouth large enough to take a cricket-ball. He was prepared to be faintly amused by the man's aggressive exterior. But this was a slight, ten-stone, ordinary individual, with nothing striking about him. Yet stay; that wisp of black hair on his forehead, curved like a scimitar, gave him character. Yes; and when he laughed his teeth gleamed—not merrily, but as if he had a kind of hunger on him.

This was the man his father had kicked downstairs! The late Duke was enormous—sixteen stone—and gouty. The young Duke winced as his imagination recomposed the scene.

The chairman spoke a few words, with his fingertips joined in front of him. They were unimportant words. He was short and fat, and the young Duke only nodded when the loquacious graybeard said he was Jack Hewitt, manager of the No. 4 Branch of the Stores.

Then Campion stood up, and the room clapped its hands.

'Just one more match,' said the young Duke. 'I don't seem to get going.'

'Take the box,' said the graybeard; but the young Duke wouldn't think of it. He puffed at his pipe three or four times, and then out it went.

The subject of the address was 'Natural Right.' Campion started quietly, with easy hand-action. There was nothing new in his denunciations of persons of property, but the soft and musical purr of his voice was significant. He seemed to be smiling all the time. Even the young Duke, however, could see that it was only a surface smile. He called the landlords and plutocrats thieves, oppressors, and even murderers of the poor, without the least exertion. The young Duke began to understand that all he had said so far was ancient and accepted history with him and his audience.

The graybeard grunted 'That's so!' when Campion said that if 90 per cent. of England's rich men were hanged to-morrow morning they would get no more than their deserts.

'Either they or their fathers have taken the money out of your pockets, or mine, or our fathers', or kept what ought to have come into our pockets. They starved us of our chances, if not of bare bread. That's the plain logic of it.' And then all at once he turned and crashed his fist upon the table by his side.

'Take our own little big-bug!' he shouted. 'Now, just let's analyse his biography as man to man.'

'He's going to rub it into the young un what I told you about,' whispered the graybeard; and the young Duke nodded, and took the cold pipe from his mouth.

The speaker was very unfair to the young Duke. He said the latter was worthless and idle and wrapped up in his pleasures, and had no more sense of natural right than a wolf.

This brought on the crisis.

'I'd ask nothing better, my friends,' cried Campion, with glistening face (the room was hot), 'than to meet him and tell him what I think of him.'

The young Duke raised his hand. 'One moment!' he exclaimed; and very politely he requested the men in front to make way for him. 'I'm the chap he wants!' he explained. 'Oh, it's all right,' he said to an astonished one; and to another, 'I'm on your side much more than you think, if you'll excuse my saying so.'

The little chairman appealed for 'order,' and was evidently disquieted. A murmur had run through the room.

There was some pushing behind the Duke, whose pleasant smile greatly helped him to the front. 'May I come up?' he asked the chairman from the foot of the platform.

The chairman and Campion had exchanged words. With folded arms the latter had watched the young Duke's advance, his brows cut with wrinkles.

'Yes, it's him, sure enough,' he informed the chairman, who seemed then quite at a loss what to do.

'*I'm* coming,' said the Duke good-humouredly; and there he stood by the demagogue's side.

'I'm sorry, Mr Campion, to interrupt you'—— he began.

But he got no farther. Springing behind him, the demagogue lifted his boot into the small of the Duke's back and charged him off the platform. 'There you are!' he shouted maniacally afterwards. 'When Robert Campion says a thing he does it, duke or no duke. I've served him the same as his father served me; and you men who cry "Shame!" don't know what you're talking about. If he requires any more of it I'm ready!'

He folded his arms again and glared defiance at every one. No one spoke while the young Duke returned to the platform. There was much jostling to get to the front, but otherwise a silence that could be felt.

The young Duke had damaged his nose on a man's bald head, otherwise he was just as before. If anything, he was even braced by the assault. As a

hunter, he had fallen over precipices and been picked up smiling in spite of broken bones. It was scarcely a six-foot drop to the man's bald head.

Campion set himself squarely to the young Duke this second time, with his clenched fists stiffly by his hips; but the young Duke's first movement was for his pocket-handkerchief. His pipe came out with it and smashed on the floor. He picked up the bits, shrugged his shoulders as he viewed them in the palm of his hand, and slipped them into a side-pocket. Then he wiped the blood from his nose and again confronted the demagogue.

'On my honour as a man, Mr Campion,' he said, in the voice of one used to outdoor talking in all weathers, 'you're wrong if you think I suppose I'm born into the world only to have a good time. I'm not such a silly fool. I want you all to have a little patience. Ah, excuse me!'

His nose needed fresh attention. While he ministered to it he was impressed by the faces of the crowd. They numbered about two hundred, and positively not one of them seemed inimical to him. He saw ill-health and even want on some, staring disinterested wonder and downright goodwill on others. But there was nothing like the contempt and rage which had just now flashed in the demagogue's eyes.

And then he felt a little faint—not from loss of blood, nor yet shock, but from something better. Twice in Central Africa he had been the lord and master of hunting expeditions with scores of human beings dependent upon him, many of whom had died. Each time he had had horrible sick moments of remorse about those dead and dying ones. The same kind of emotion came to him now.

The chairman, who had felt unequal to his chair since the disturbance began, timidly ventured a suggestion.

'Shall we end the meeting?' he asked at random.

'Oh no,' said the young Duke, 'of course not.' He again faced the demagogue, whose nervous agitation was distressing to see. 'I won't interrupt things either. All I wish to do is to apologise to you, Mr Campion, for anything my father may have done in an unworthy moment. We all have them, you know. But—this nose of mine beats me. Good-night, gentlemen.'

He sprang the handkerchief to his face again. The 'Good-night, gentlemen,' was rather muffled. It carried pretty well, however, and the laugh in his eyes carried even farther.

As he jumped from the platform the crowd clapped. Ere he was out of the room the applause was as loud as Campion's own welcome half-an-hour ago.

He might have had honourable escort to the street if he had waited for it; but he took the stairs two and three at a time, and was down first. In the corridor below he met a policeman.

'Is the Duke of Kelver up there?' asked the man sharply.

'No,' said the young Duke; 'he's here. I'm the chap. Get along back. They'll do very well by themselves. Besides, I want you.'

The constable had his instincts like another. He saluted the Duke, and hoped he was not seriously hurt.

'Not hurt at all. There, listen to 'em! Come along.'

A youth had cried from the stairs, 'The Duke's a bit of all right!' and the Duke laughed as if he quite liked to hear his praises thus sung.

He took the constable by the arm, and they passed into the street. It was an unimportant street, without shops. The square lamp over the door, with the black letters 'Co-operative Hall' on the lamp, was at that hour its chief object of interest.

'Just tell me something about our friend Campion,' he said when they were on the pavement.

There was a side street three paces on; and, still master of his companion, the Duke steered him down that way.

The constable was not quite easy in his mind, but the young Duke's magnetic influences continued to work upon him. He had three worthy stripes on his arm, testifying to his intelligence; nevertheless, he did not readily grasp the Duke's point of view. He was more anxious to see the Duke safely to the Kelver Hotel.

But that wouldn't do at all.

'Where does he live? How does he live? He isn't level-headed, and men like that need to be looked after. I understand he's married. Where does he live, man?'

'Your Grace,' said the constable to this compound bombardment of questions, 'I'm afraid he's a bad lot at home. He lives in Park Street, No. 14.'

'Where's that? How far off?'

'About five minutes from here, your Grace.'

'Then take me there. And tell me all you know on the way.'

The constable's knowledge was not great. There was a deal of crying in No. 14 at times, he said, and Mrs Campion had the look of a hunted woman. The neighbours hadn't the same opinion of Campion as the men who listened to his tongue in places like the Co-operative Hall. Ah, yes! come to think of it, he had heard that several weeks' rent was owing. They might get turned out any day.

'He doesn't drink?' asked the Duke.

'No, sir,' replied the constable; and, yielding to facetiousness, he added, 'His spout 's of the dry kind. This is the street, your Grace, and here's No. 14.'

The young Duke gripped his arm. 'Good-night, officer, and thank you,' he said. 'Your name, please? Hannaway! Thanks. I'll remember. And you might go and tell my man to get the car ready. I'll be with him directly.'

He tapped gently at the door as the constable moved away. He tapped again, and then it opened a few inches, and a woman asked who he was.

'A friend of your husband's, if you are Mrs Campion,' said the Duke. The door opened wider. It let straight upon a poorly furnished parlour,

with a gas-jet in the middle of the room only just alight.

'Is anything the matter with him?' asked the woman anxiously.

'Oh no, no, no,' replied the young Duke with vigorous cheerfulness. 'Do let me in for a moment. There's no harm in telling you I'm the Duke of Kelver, I hope?'

Mrs Campion stepped back and turned up the gas; and the Duke entered without permission, and pushed the door behind him. He laid his cap on the table and wished to shake hands. But Mrs Campion didn't seem equal to the ordeal. She looked frightened. Her face was very white and thin, and there were dark curves under her eyes. She clasped her hands in front of her and bore herself like one used to blows and expecting another.

The Duke drew a deep breath. He noticed everything: the threadbare floorcloth, the worthless and scanty furniture, and, chief of all, the poor woman's open dread of him.

'I have only come to pay a debt long due to your husband, Mrs Campion,' he said. 'Please trust me. I haven't been in England a week, and until yesterday I didn't know about things. May I use your ink?'

An ink-bottle and a pen were on the mantelpiece. The Duke helped himself to them and drew a chair to the table. He was glad that he had a cheque-book with him; and, producing it, he opened it immediately.

'I don't know what he'd do to me if he found me here, Mrs Campion,' he said with a smile, resolutely forced, yet a fine specimen of its kind; 'but I'm going to chance it.'

'What are you going to do, sir?' whispered the woman.

'Let me do it first,' said he.

He dashed off an order to pay Robert Campion one thousand pounds, signed his name, and handed the wet slip to the demagogue's wife.

'There, Mrs Campion,' he said. 'I don't consider that it puts things right, but I do hope and pray he will take it as a sincere attempt from one generation to atone a little for the wrong done in a previous generation. And tell him this, Mrs Campion, that if he destroys it I'll double it. Tell him I'll come and do it to his face here if the cheque isn't cashed within the week. And tell him this also, that I shall think all the better of him if he's as much a Socialist this time to-morrow as he is to-night. But of course he will be. I oughtn't to have said that. I beg his—— Hello!'

The demagogue himself was in the room. The meeting at the Co-operative Hall had ended rather abruptly after the Duke's flight. He had come stealthily down the street, and stopped outside to listen until it seemed to him that he had heard enough. That wisp of hair divided his forehead like a black line.

'Robert!' cried his wife, rushing to him with the cheque.

His eyes were very wild when he entered, and they were still so when he turned them from the cheque towards the young Duke.

'This is rough luck!' whispered the young Duke, again forcing a smile. 'I hoped I'd get it all over long before you came home, Mr Campion. Er—I must make a bolt for it. I'm glad the table's between us, so far.'

It was graceful comedy, or the pretence of it, on the Duke's part. He was unquestionably anxious, however, to be off. More, he reached the door unobstructed. But he did not make his bolt quite so precipitately.

The demagogue had collapsed upon a chair and covered his face with his hands.

'Robert, thank him. It's noble of him!' whispered his wife.

It was this that made the young Duke pause. He returned, and at the risk of his life put his hand on the demagogue's shoulder.

'My dear fellow,' he said, in a tone that would have touched harder hearts than the demagogue's, 'we're not quits yet. Don't think that. Good-night, and believe me if I say, "God keep you both!" I'm one of the old-fashioned ones in some things, though folks wouldn't suppose it.'

He was gone the next moment.

OLD WORCESTER PORCELAIN.

By Francis B. Cooke.

ALTHOUGH to the lover of old china the wares of most of the early English factories possess certain features of academic interest, for sheer beauty the porcelain made at Worcester during the latter half of the eighteenth century is without a rival. In model, paste, glaze, and decoration, the productions of the old factory that stood on the bank of the Severn excelled those of all contemporary firms, and such pieces as have escaped the devastating hand of time are regarded by connoisseurs as triumphs of the ceramic art. Collectors vie with one another to secure specimens for their cabinets, and the value has appreciated to such an extent that fine examples of the best period (1768–83) are now worth a good deal more than their weight in gold.

The Worcester factory owed its inception to Dr John Wall, who, with one William Davis, an apothecary, formed a small company to start the business. Warmstry House, a large mansion near St Andrew's Church, was secured for a factory, and the manufacture of china commenced on a con-

siderable scale in 1751. The works were under the management of William Davis, who jealously guarded the secrets of manufacture, the principal output in the early days of the factory taking the form of articles for domestic use. The decoration at first employed was an imitation of the Chinese and Japanese ware that had long been imported into this country, and was for the most part painted in blue under the glaze.

The second and best period commenced in 1768, when three of the cleverest painters at the Chelsea factory were induced to transfer their services to the Worcester works. During the succeeding fifteen years the factory was at the zenith of its fame. Vases, tea, dinner, and dessert services, exquisitely decorated in enamel colours, became the predominant feature of the output, the purely decorative pieces surpassing in beauty and workmanship the best examples of Chelsea china. The favourite ground-colour was a rich mazarine-blue, which to the present day has never been surpassed. Other ground-colours employed with success were a turquoise-blue, a canary-yellow, a pea-green, and maroon. To these must be added the blue 'salmon-scale' ground so much prized by the twentieth-century collector, and a powdered blue somewhat similar in style to that of the Chinese. The pieces were decorated for the most part with flowers, exotic birds, figure-subjects, and landscapes exquisitely painted in white reserves or panels which were often in the shape of a fan. The best pieces of this period bear a fretted square mark in imitation of the Chinese, whilst others are marked with a script *W* or a crescent. Occasionally the square mark and the *W* are found in conjunction; and the latter, it is thought, indicates that the piece was inspected and passed by Dr Wall before leaving the works.

Another form of decoration that was brought to a high state of perfection at the Worcester factory was transfer-printing over the glaze. The colours usually employed for this purpose were black and puce, the copper plates used in the process being beautifully engraved. The most popular subjects were portraits of celebrities, landscapes, ruins, and homely illustrations such as 'a tea-party,' 'courtship,' 'swans,' 'the hunt,' &c. Sometimes only the outline was engraved, the remainder of the decoration being in enamel colours applied by hand. Large quantities of articles intended for everyday use, such as tea-services, plates, bowls, mugs, and, jugs, were printed in blue under the glaze, and, like everything else produced in the factory at that period, reached a high standard of excellence.

Dr Wall, the founder of the business, died in 1776, and seven years later the works passed into the hands of Mr Flight, who had acted as London agent for the firm. Under the new management the artistic decoration of the china began to deteriorate, and towards the end of the century a rococo style was adopted that afforded a complete contrast to the graceful simplicity of the early productions. The exquisitely painted flowers and exotic birds of the Wall period soon gave place to great coats-of-arms and classical subjects executed in somewhat stiff and laboured style, whilst a superabundance of burnished gilding helped to rob the pieces of their artistic merit. Early in the nineteenth century the Worcester works and most of the other factories existing at that time adopted a standard body of porcelain which effaced all individuality from the wares of the various firms, save only in such matters as marks and decoration. The Worcester factory is still in existence, under the style of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company (Limited), and continues to enjoy a high reputation; but from the collector's point of view only the porcelain made during the second half of the eighteenth century ranks as 'old china.'

That Worcester porcelain of this period should be much coveted by connoisseurs is not altogether surprising, as for decorative purposes it cannot be surpassed. The rich ground-colours, the delightful creaminess of the paste, the beautiful glaze, and above all the soft, tender hue of the exquisitely painted birds and flowers fill the eye of an artist with a sense of perfect satisfaction. A Chippendale cabinet or glazed corner-cupboard stocked with old 'scale-blue' is to the connoisseur a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, whilst even a few pieces dotted about a room impart an air of refinement that nothing else can give it. Keen competition for the possession of specimens of early Worcester has of late years led to an extraordinary rise in its value, and fabulous prices have at times been realised in the salerooms. To mention just a few examples of high values: A pair of covered vases, eleven and a quarter inches high, with square mark, decorated with exotic birds on scale-blue ground, realised six hundred and thirty pounds; whilst two cups and saucers bearing a similar mark sold for ninety-one pounds. A pair of nine-inch jardinières of the Wall period, decorated with exotic birds and flowers in white reserves, were knocked down for two hundred and thirty-one pounds; and a pair of two-handled cups, scale-blue, with birds and insects, for ninety pounds six shillings. A tea-pot and tea-poy in similar taste changed hands at one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, and a bowl for one hundred and fifty-two pounds five shillings. These are high values indeed; but with old china, owing to breakage and the absorption by museums and collectors, growing scarcer every day, the price may be expected to advance still further, and the acquisition of old Worcester will soon be beyond the pale of all but the very wealthy.

As could only be expected, the great value of old Worcester has excited the cupidity of the unscrupulous, and the market has of late been flooded with forgeries. These counterfeits come over from the Continent at frequent intervals by the crateful. With the exception, perhaps, of Chelsea figures, there is no old English china so much copied as

Worcester of the Wall period, and the 'scale-blue' variety in particular, the reproduction, with its forged fretted square mark, being often sufficiently clever to trap many an inexperienced collector. These spurious pieces, however, will not for a moment take in a connoisseur who has studied the little peculiarities of paste and glaze that attach to the early wares of Worcester. He knows at a glance, or even if he had not the use of his eyes could tell by the feel, whether the piece he holds is the genuine product of an eighteenth-century factory or a spurious imitation from Germany or France made quite recently. 'How does he know?' it may be asked. Why, because the genuine article is fashioned of 'soft' paste, whilst that of the imitation is 'hard.' For the benefit of the uninitiated it must be explained that china manufactured in the eighteenth century was of two kinds—namely, 'hard' paste or true porcelain, and 'soft' paste or artificial china. When the industry was in its infancy in England the potters were striving to produce porcelain such as had long been imported from China and Japan. In this they were at first unsuccessful, as the natural elements of which true china is composed were not available; but as the result of experiment they evolved a counterfeit presentment infinitely more beautiful than the model they sought to imitate. This 'soft' paste was of a delightful creamy texture which absorbed the enamel colours used for decorative purposes, and imparted to them a delicacy that has never since been equalled. Hard paste china, or true procelain, was first made in this country at Plymouth in 1768 by William Cookworthy, who had discovered china clay in Cornwall, and was subsequently manufactured at Bristol and New Hall.

As a hybrid but mechanically perfect body was almost universally adopted in the early days of the nineteenth century, and has continued in use down to the present time, the manufacture of porcelain recognised by connoisseurs as 'old china' terminated about the end of the eighteenth century, although Swansea and Nantgarw continued to produce an exquisite soft paste until the year 1824. Now, Plymouth, Bristol, and New Hall were the only English factories that ever made true or hard paste porcelain; consequently all the wares that took shape at Worcester during the eighteenth century belong to the 'soft' paste or artificial variety. As artificial porcelain is no longer manufactured, the Continental forger has perforce to make shift with such materials as are in everyday use in his country, so that those counterfeits of old Worcester with which the market is flooded are invariably fashioned of hard-paste china. Therein lies the collector's safeguard, for if he can differentiate between hard and soft paste he will know instantly if the piece he is handling is what it purports to be or whether it is merely an impudent forgery.

If one could always repair to the curio-shop armed with a file or knife it would no doubt simplify matters, but dealers are apt to look askance at problematical customers who desire to experiment on their wares. If a file be applied to a piece of soft-paste china at a place that is free from glaze it will make a distinct cut, but if the article be of hard paste the tool will not leave a mark. In a similar manner, soft paste can be scratched with the point of a knife-blade, but hard porcelain will successfully resist the steel. The expert collector, however, needs no such extraneous assistance, as his fingers and eyes will tell him all that he wishes to know. To a practised touch the peculiar soapy feel of soft paste is unmistakable, whilst much may be learnt from glaze and decoration. With but few exceptions, a soft lead-glaze was used upon the old soft porcelain, and it is consequently pretty safe to assume that if the glaze be soft the body of the piece is of the soft variety of paste. A soft glaze is readily scratched with the point of a knife-blade, but it is usually quite easy to ascertain the nature of the glaze by less drastic methods. If the piece be held at an angle to an artificial light the glaze if soft will often display a number of minute scratches, the result of being rubbed with a rough cloth when washed; whilst the insides of tea-cups, if the glaze be very soft, not infrequently bear traces of the spoon. These soft glazes, moreover, were porous, and the enamel colours used for decorative purposes, although applied over the glaze, sank through into the paste, leaving the surface quite smooth and as shiny as the rest of the piece. If one examines a piece of old Worcester it will be noticed that the glaze covers the whole like a very thin glass on a miniature. On a piece of hard-paste china, such as Bristol, the glaze wears a cold, glittering aspect, and the surface of the enamel decoration is comparatively dull, and, standing up above the glaze, can be felt with the finger. Another peculiarity noticeable in soft-paste porcelain is that the underglaze ground-colours had a tendency to run, and to cover this defect it was customary to add a gilt border to the panels or reserves. In very early pieces this gilt border had a beautiful matt surface, but later on the gold was usually burnished. By such little distinctions the connoisseur is able to differentiate between 'soft' and 'hard' paste porcelain, but in order to locate the particular factory from which the piece emanated he must look farther. I have in my small collection an exquisite cup and saucer of the Dr Wall period, and perhaps a detailed description of it may be of service to the comparatively inexperienced collector.

Both cup and saucer are large in size, and the latter unusually deep. The exact measurements of the cup are: diameter three and five-eighth inches, and depth two and five-eighth inches; the saucer is five and seven-eighth inches in diameter by two inches deep, and each piece has a scalloped edge. The outside of the saucer is without decoration, and the inside of the cup is also plain white save for an exquisitely painted moss-rose with leaves on the bottom. The ground-decoration on

the outside of the cup and the inside of the saucer is of the much-prized salmon-scale pattern executed in a glorious mazarine-blue. The scaling is regular, and the scales themselves are of a very dark blue, having almost a blackish tinge. The upper portion of the cup widens in a graceful bulge, and the pieces are thin and perfectly modelled. Near the edge of both cup and saucer is a narrow band of blue, which, like the ground-colour, is under the glaze. On either side of the cup is a large panel, the two being separated by smaller ones, and near the rim are others still smaller. In all there are ten reserves, each of which is decorated with flowers. In the larger panels are bunches of flowers, and in the smaller ones a single blossom or a leaf. The flowers are beautifully painted, the outline being lightly pencilled in brown. The colours chiefly employed in the decoration are a brickish red, canary-yellow, purple-lavender, apple-green, and heliotrope, and the tint in each case is exquisitely soft and tender. That it is the work of a master-brush there can be no question, the roses and tulips in particular being lovely beyond compare. Around the panels are gilt scrolls, the gold having the rich matt surface only seen on the older pieces, and the edge of both cup and saucer is also gilt. That this scroll-work was applied for purposes other than decorative is evident on close examination. Here and there the gilding has failed to quite cover the irregular edge of the blue ground-colour, which, as in all old soft-paste china, has sunk into the body and shown a tendency to run.

The saucer has a round reserve in the centre, with a moss-rose similar to that on the bottom of the cup. There are also three large reserves and nine smaller ones; and although the colour-scheme is similar to that of the cup, different flowers are represented. The paste has a soft, creamy appearance, and the glaze covers the whole piece like a very thin sheet of glass. The enamel colours have almost entirely sunk into the glaze, leaving the surface smooth to the touch, and the same sheen is apparent over the decoration as is on the rest of the piece. Viewed under a magnifying-glass, the glaze has much the same appearance as the gum on a postage-stamp, although of course it is much whiter and more glossy. The saucer, alas! has a tiny piece chipped out of the rim, and the paste looks dry and lump-sugary. Although rather harder than that of some artificial porcelains, the paste is readily scratched with a file or the point of a knife-blade, as also is the glaze. Held to a strong artificial light, the pieces are beautifully translucent and have the cool, green tinge which is peculiar to old Worcester china. An examination of the bottom of either piece reveals another characteristic of the early productions of the factory—to wit, a shrinkage of glaze near the rim or foot upon which it stands. Both cup and saucer bear the fretted square mark in a dark shade of blue under the glaze, whilst the cup in addition has an italic *W* rather faintly pencilled.

It will be noticed that in describing this cup and saucer I have left the factory mark until the very end, and I would advise the collector to do likewise when scrutinising a piece of old china with a view to purchase. Factory marks are easily forged; and, as the majority of counterfeit pieces bear such marks, the latter should only be used to confirm an opinion already formed as the result of a careful study of paste, glaze, and decoration. Above all, the beginner should not attempt to pick up pieces of 'scale-blue' in curio-shops for a few shillings. A cup and saucer such as I have described are worth to-day about twelve pounds, or if decorated with exotic birds or insects thirty-five pounds. Had the decoration been in figure-subjects after Watteau they would have been worth anything from one hundred and fifty pounds to two hundred pounds. Every dealer knows the value of such china, and if pieces are offered for fewer shillings than they are worth in pounds it may be taken for granted that they are not genuine. Only the other day I saw in a shop a large covered vase, with blue-scale ground decorated with exotic birds, priced at seven pounds ten shillings. On examination it proved to be clumsily made of *hard* paste, the scales of the groundwork being irregular and too light in shade, whilst the enamel colours of the decoration were dull and stood up above the glaze. The paste was of a blue-white instead of wearing a creamy aspect, and the glaze hard and glittering. The painting of the birds was crude and stiff, and the colours lacked the softness of the genuine article. It purported to be old Worcester of the Dr Wall period, and although it bore the fretted square mark it was nothing but an impudent forgery, probably of German origin. Had it been genuine Worcester it would probably have realised close upon four hundred pounds in the saleroom.

MOONRISE.

BELOVED! when the autumn leaves lay sere,
And rising mists told of the passing year,
We talked together while the moon rose high
And chased the darkness from the brooding sky;
Heart touching heart, hand clasped in hand,
We watched the moonbeams bathe the weary land.

Another year: and, lo! 'tis summer's reign;
Now, from the land where there is no more pain.
You see the silver lamp *beneath* you lie,
While I look *upward* to the distant sky.
Hand wrenched from hand, heart torn from heart,
We watch the moon rise—but we watch apart.

Yet *not* apart! Shall not this crescent fair
Be to our souls a ready messenger?
Since at the hour of twilight you and I
Still mark her progress through the purple sky.
Heart speaks to heart, hand is near hand,
Though I watch here—you in the Better Land.

NORA C. USHER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

A HAPPY heart may meet the winter with some contentedness, perhaps even with a touch of joy from exhilaration at the prospect of such cold as will brace the body and the nerves, and of sittings by the warm fireside in communion with chosen friends such as are not so readily obtainable in the circumstances of other seasons. But when a people is disturbed, when the times are not good, there are gloomy forebodings upon the severity of the season that is to come, and it sometimes seems that instinct, aided by trifling observations, tells in advance of unusually hard trials by weather that are on the way. Animals and birds have this instinct of future weather, and there is no plain reason why something of the same gift should not be granted indiscriminately to the human race. Many people do know by certain peculiar effects upon the muscular and nervous systems when sharp changes in the weather conditions are about to take place within a few hours, as, for example, the forewarnings that are given to them that there is 'thunder in the air.' The presentiment might be less definite, more a matter of simple instinct; but might not some in the same way be given to feel a season ahead when there are bad times in store, and the instinct might be confirmed by the signs of the birds, the blackthorns, and the other recognised tellers? One recalls how in the last weeks preceding that most fateful of winters when Napoleon took his army to Moscow, whence only a tattered remnant of it returned, there was a very common presentiment in France that the season would be one of most exceptional severity, as it proved to be. That winter was feared in advance as few others have ever been, and terribly were the fears justified. And now it has seemed in recent weeks that there is some general apprehensions that the trials of wind and wet and cold to which we shall shortly be submitted may be harder to bear than we have known them for some years past. There were certain signs made so early as the beginning of September. Evidence was accumulated to show that some abnormal circumstances were affecting the autumn migrations of our birds. Thus it was noticed that the church steeples and the telegraph lines of a town in southern France were covered with young swallows on their way to Africa a fortnight or three weeks earlier than their usual time, and it appeared that they would be so much in advance of the state of readiness of their natural food-supply at their destination. It was said also that about the same time a flock of fieldfares was observed in a ploughed field near London. This interesting little member of the thrush family spends its summer-time in Scandinavia and nests there, and generally comes over to us about the middle or the end of October, departing again in the spring when it has donned a new nuptial dress. At the first consideration it might not seem to be anything against the prospects of our season that the fieldfare should come to us a month or six weeks before its time, but it is not easy to show that this is anything in their favour. But it is perhaps of some significance that as you move about you hear the people here and there, who have noticed none of these signs and know nothing of them, murmur with some look of anxiety and an apprehensive quiver of the limbs that this will be a hard winter. Then we are told that there is not, as it were, any obligation upon the seasons to make any balance with each other, and that consequently it does not in the least follow that a cold, wet summer, such as we lately experienced, should be followed by a winter a little warmer and brighter than the average. Sternly refusing all the offers of optimism, the prophets will have it that the reverse is the case, and that a certain amount of sympathy seems to be maintained between the summer and the winter. If this is so, then our situation is assuredly an unfortunate one. The general circumstances of the times have no doubt tended to produce a gloomy feeling in the minds of people concerning many matters of the future. A very

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

unusual state of things in politics, the aggression of Socialism, the questions of taxation, the high tension of international rivalries, the state of trade, the want of confidence in the country, and perhaps one might add the recent revelations concerning the extent to which overbuilding has been carried on in some large cities (having the likely effect of restricting building operations in the near future), all tend to create a state of nervousness, and to cause the public pulse to beat irregularly. A man of high business capacity and consequence, a shrewd judge of affairs and tendencies, lately declared that all his calculations and reasonings made it clear to him that the question of unemployment would be a harder and more sorrowful one to grapple with in this coming winter than any now living have known it to be. These are not cheerful contemplations; they are not appetising food for thought as one pulls the chair up to the fireside for the first time in the autumn. There may, however, be some small comfort in the idea that the rigours of winter have probably a less untoward effect upon the general health than they had in former times, thanks to modern means and systems. We are satisfied as to the best methods of combat against the cold and wet, and we may be thankful that we are not in the same case with Lord Chesterfield, who, writing to his son in the early days of 1766, complaining that he hardly remembered so severe a winter, and that it had occasioned much illness in London, added: 'I am sure it pinched my crazy carcass so much that about three weeks ago I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very necessary by the relief it gave to my head and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs, and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.'

* * *

And with it all we are promised that there shall be a General Election in the middle of the winter, and this is an affair that in these days is in itself neither remunerative to the people nor a means of any such considerable entertainment as was once the case. It is indeed inevitable and well recognised that with the serious interference to trade most of the community must be losers in the pecuniary sense through the process of electing a new House of Commons; and while there may be a little pleasing sense of excitement during the early days, the monotony of it asserts itself in the second or third weeks, and the average reader of newspapers is relieved when at last the counties and the northmost islands are done with, and the printed sheet in the morning gives him some news of the outer world in place of columns of names and figures. The fact is that elections and electioneering in this present stage of constitutional history are such highly organised and such exactly regulated procedures, with so much stage-management from invisible party-headquarters, that there is no longer room for great displays of personal enterprise. The romance of electioneering has departed; there is now no sporting side to it. In the interests of the community this is no doubt just as it should be; but there will be some voters to deplore that 'the General' is not such an entertaining thing as it was in those excellent days before the ballot was established. It is now more than a hundred years since there took place in the county of York that most famous of all elections upon which half a million of money was squandered by the three candidates, Wilberforce, Lord Milton, and the Hon. H. Lascelles. The 'Austerlitz of electioneering' it was called. Wilberforce knew how to do those things, according to the circumstances of his time, for as a young man, only just of age, he successfully contested a seat for Hull at a cost to himself of between eight and nine thousand pounds. He said that according to old custom the single vote of a resident elector was rewarded with a donation of two guineas; four were paid for a plumper, and the expenses of a freeman's journey from London averaged ten pounds apiece. It was held that the letter of the law was not broken, as the money was not paid until the last day on which election petitions could be presented! In the case of the 'Austerlitz' of political warfare, the high sheriff decided at the hustings in favour of Lord Milton and the Hon. H. Lascelles—there were two seats; whereupon Wilberforce demanded a poll, and a public fund that was started to defray his expenses yielded sixty-four thousand pounds within a week. The poll was taken at thirteen booths in York Castle yard, and at first it went heavily against Wilberforce, whose opponents had secured every mode of conveyance in the locality, even (so it was said) to mourning-coaches. But during the fifteen days that the election proceeded voters were coming in all the time from the remote parts of the county to record their support for him. It was related in a letter from Hull that no carriages were to be procured there, but that boats were proceeding up the river heavily laden with voters, that farmers were lending their wagons, that even donkeys had the honour of carrying voters to York for Wilberforce, and that hundreds were proceeding on foot. Nothing since the days of the Revolution, said one observer, had presented to the world such a scene as this great county did during the period of this election. Repose or rest was unknown, except it was seen in a messenger asleep upon his post-horse or in his carriage. 'Every day the roads in every direction to and from every remote part of the county have been covered with vehicles loaded with voters; and barouches, curricles, gigs, flying wagons, and military cars with eight horses, crowded sometimes with forty voters, have been scouring the country, leaving not the slightest chance for the quiet traveller to urge his humble journey or find a chair at an inn to sit down upon.' Wilberforce was elected. Compare this with the sweet tranquillity which once upon a time used to characterise Mr

Labouchere's appeals to his constituents at Northampton, as piquantly described by himself. 'It is simplicity itself,' he said. 'I go down to Northampton and stay two days, making a speech and an apology. I say, "Gentlemen, I think you ought to elect a Tory this time;" but they elect me, and that ends the matter. Next day, before leaving the town, I apologise for having troubled them so much. "No, no!" they declare. "Yes, yes!" I reply, and, lighting a fresh cigarette, drive back to the station.'

* * *

With the bringing about of the present state of politics Lord Rosebery has clearly been concerned, and in a certain measure he came to be regarded as the man of the latter part of the parliamentary season. It goes without saying that there is no other man alive to-day a speech from whom on the political situation attracts more attention than does one by Lord Rosebery, and it would have been said that no other living statesman would command nearly so much attention were it not that there is still Mr Joseph Chamberlain to think of. It may be, of course, that the Rosebery orations are appreciated the more because of their scarcity, and possibly if they were made twice a week or nightly at Westminster, instead of something like triennially as at present, the people would regard them with that familiarity which soon would dull their liking for them. The position of this ex-Prime Minister is as curious as it is interesting. It might be difficult to justify it so easily as is done to-day if the party system in the State were so carefully ordered and exactly established as it was in the days before a Home Rule Bill was first introduced. But parties have fallen into a strange state of disarrangement since then, and so many issues of prime importance have been adopted upon which politicians have considered that they must separate from each other that it is now clearly difficult for one man to attach himself to any particular party and subscribe faithfully to all its tenets without some varying sacrifice of conscience. There is, then, something in the way of a general impression that there is less sincerity in high politics now than ever before; and in such circumstances it may not be difficult to justify the position of the independent free-lance who comes out to speak with authority on such pregnant occasions as seem to him to be suitable, albeit it may be objected that there is, after all, small value in such service when it is rendered so infrequently, and the faithful party-men are not unnaturally irritated at what they regard as the interferences of an irresponsible meddler who seeks to destroy the work of others yet will not work himself. The elder Pitt once wrote a letter in which he stated a case for himself in much the same way that Lord Rosebery would state his, and indeed has done. Said Pitt in 1764: 'As for my single self, I purpose to continue acting through life upon the best convictions I am able to form, and under the obligation of principles, not by the force of any particular bargains. . . . Whatever I think it my duty to oppose or promote I shall do it independent of the sentiments of others. . . . I have little thought of beginning the world again upon a new centre of union. . . . I have no disposition to quit the free condition of a man standing single and daring to appeal to his country at large upon the soundness of his principles and the rectitude of his conduct.' And for himself, Lord Rosebery once said on one noteworthy occasion that he believed there is a useful and uncoveted place in the commonwealth for one who, having held high office, and having no desire to hold it again, could speak his mind with entire independence. Probably at no time was there a better justification than at present for that voice which rises above party, and speaks to the distracted nation, harassed as hardly ever before in living memory by doubts and difficulties of the first magnitude, as its independent counsellor. He has been not inappropriately described as the Member for Britain. Some years ago a very celebrated journalist declared that the result of his study and analysis of the letters which were received daily at his office—that of a great London daily newspaper—convinced him that there was only one thing in English political life which really interested the public, and that was the political future of Lord Rosebery. It would now appear that that future is in a large measure determined, and that there is to be no further tenure of high office, nothing but occasional independent interference with this party or with that as the circumstances seem to call for it and the public ask for it; unless there should be some gigantic upheaval in the present party system resulting in a new arrangement with the sections more clearly separated. The times seem to be moving towards the establishment in some form of a middle-class and anti-Socialist party.

* * *

Quite one of the chief and most interesting books of the serious order published during the autumn season is that in which Mr Roger Ingpen has collected all the available letters of the poet Shelley. It is a work that should have been accomplished before now; but there is satisfaction to be found in the circumstance that the compiler has done his work very well; and though many of the letters have been published before, they are now carefully arranged, and the collection does include a large number to which publicity had not previously been given. One suspects that almost any well-done work dealing with this ill-fated genius of the beginning of the last century would be well received by the reading public, as in an age when convention counts for too much are most tales concerning self-willed people of note who cared nothing for convention or for public opinion. Shelley had lived a great deal in that short life of his which terminated by his being drowned before he was thirty years of age. Deeply interesting are these letters for the things that are said in them

and the views they give us of the writer; but they are not very remarkable after all for form of words, and any one who picks up this volume with the idea that here in prose he will see something of the magnificent, the inspired Shelley, as he is known in verse, must be disappointed. They merely tend to show that he was the born poet, and not much besides. It is a matter of common knowledge that in the earlier part of his manhood, when he had a not very considerable income and was constantly moving about from place to place, he was often in very straitened circumstances and resorted to various means of raising money through the medium of his friends and acquaintances. From his landlady at Lynmouth he borrowed thirty pounds, which it appears he did not pay back all at once; and then, again, his landlord at Tanyrallt was asked by him if he would very kindly help him to obtain a loan of twenty-five pounds. 'I shall know by your compliance with this request,' said the poet, 'whether the absence of friends is a cooler for friendship or not.' Shelley was grateful for the landlord's endeavour to obtain the money for him, and in a subsequent letter he said: 'I did not desire the request as a test of your goodness, and if I said so it was more the dictate of our extreme distress than any doubt I entertained of you. I have received a very dictatorial and unpleasant letter from Mr Bedwell, which I have answered in an unbending spirit. He is a friendly and well-meaning man; but I must not be treated as a schoolboy. I told him in my letter that I pay friendship with friendship, and money with money.' In another letter of about the same time Shelley tells an unknown correspondent that he has drawn upon him for the sum of thirty pounds; and 'I have to request,' he says, 'that you would not return it, as the consequences would be our being driven from our lodgings.' And though he once asked Horace Smith (of 'The Rejected Addresses') to lend him three hundred or four hundred pounds, he had to lament that that gentleman 'has lately declined to advance me six or seven napoleons for a musical instrument which I wished to buy for Jane at Paris; nor have I any other friend to whom I could apply.' However, there is nothing very new in the idea of a poet of any age being short of money; and, enthusiastic as we may be a hundred years after his time about the beauty of Shelley's verse, it is not at all certain that he would have found life much easier if he had lived in the present time. Only the other day did we hear of a most melancholy crisis in the affairs of a young poet and dramatist about whose talents and productions it was quite the fashion to rave in West End drawing-rooms a matter of four or five years ago. Some of Shelley's letters upon things observed and his philosophical thoughts are most interesting. 'I now understand,' he says, 'why the Greeks were such great poets; and, above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence of all their works of art. They lived in a perpetual commerce with external nature and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms. Their theatres were all open to the mountains, the sky; their columns, the ideal types of a sacred forest, with its roof of interwoven tracery, admitted the light and wind; the odours and the freshness of the country permeated the cities; their temples were mostly Apaithric, and the flying clouds, the stars in the deep sky were seen above. Oh, but for that series of wretched wars which terminated in the Roman conquest of the world; but for the Christian religion, which put the finishing-stroke on the ancient system; but for those changes which conducted Athens to its ruin—to what an eminence might not humanity have arrived!' His notes upon individualism which are contained in another letter may be read with peculiar interest. 'Rulers have called the private man,' he wrote, 'the property of the State, meaning generally by the State themselves; that the many have been immolated to the few, and have even believed that this was their highest distinction. These views cannot be too earnestly withstood. Nothing seems to one so needful as to give to the mind the consciousness—which Governments have done so much to suppress—of its own separate work. Let the individual feel that he is placed in the community not to part with his individuality or to become a tool. To me the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate the mind.'

THE TUTOR OF TYNDRACH.

CHAPTER V.

As soon as breakfast was over Ann escaped to her own room, the case containing Lord Repton's wedding gift hugged closely in her arms, his letter crushed in her hand.

So he had not forgotten her! Even amidst the brilliant fortune that had come to him he had remembered the humble episode in which she had taken part.

Lord Repton! How well the title suited him! previous conception of him—the air of quiet retire ment and exclusiveness that had characterised him and marked him out from all other men she had known! Now that Malcolm's happiness was assured she felt it was legitimate for her to indulge herself for a brief period with thoughts of this other man, the mere remembrance of whom had previously seemed an act of disloyalty.

But by degrees her reflections became tinged with sadness. A sense of partition assailed her. This elevation in rank was all very romantic and idyllic; but even as far as her thoughts of him were concerned it put him out of her reach altogether. In the future she would always have to picture him moving in some exalted sphere, with whose happenings she was utterly unacquainted. As long as he had been the tutor of Tyndrach there was a certain mutuality of interest between them. As Lord Repton he belonged to another world than hers.

Not that there was any hint of such a difference in his letter. On the contrary, its tone seemed to imply a closer intimacy between them than had existed even in her imagination. She drew it out of its envelope once more, her eyes dwelling earnestly on every word.

'Repton Royal, Berks.

'Dear Miss Graham,—Your marriage-day must be very near now. Will you accept the accompanying little gift in memory of our brief friendship, to which I owe so much?

'Our conversation on the lake that Sunday gave a fresh impetus to my life—just in the nick of time, too. As you will see from my signature, I have succeeded my cousin, Lord Repton, who died last month. The title brings a great burden of responsibility, but I have resolved to try to make something of my new opportunities. If I succeed I shall have you to thank.—Yours sincerely, Repton.'

Ann's eyes glowed as the full significance of the tribute came home to her. If nothing else good ever happened to her, these words from such a man would have made life worth living.

She would write at once and thank him for them, and for the wedding gift, which of course must be returned immediately.

Before settling down to her correspondence she opened the case and took another look at the costly little symbol of his remembrance. As she did so the true connection between the gift and the letter came home to her. Would he have written thus freely on any other occasion but her marriage? Would he even have allowed himself to think of her in the light of an inspiring influence unless he had also regarded the incident as closed—part of a past that could never be revived? He had permitted himself the indulgence of the retrospect, believing that for both of them a new life was commencing, a life which must inevitably lead them farther and farther apart.

What, then, would his feeling be when he heard of her broken engagement? Would there be a fear that he had committed himself in any way? The idea brought the hot colour surging to her face. No, not if she could help it. Her letter must contain no hint or acknowledgment of the precious tribute contained in his. Treasure it secretly as she might, no one must ever know—he least of all—the joy it had brought her.

It was an almost uncanny prescience that had led her to this conclusion, perhaps exaggerated, perhaps altogether without foundation. But Ann had matured from a child into a woman during these last months, and the worldly experience she lacked was made up for by sheer force of feeling. So, taking up her pen, she wrote as follows:

'Dear Lord Repton,—Many thanks for your beautiful present, which I am returning, as my engagement has been broken off.—Yours sincerely,

'Ann Graham.'

Rather different from the letter she would have written, but at all events her self-respect was preserved. Let him think her cold, ungrateful, unresponsive, if he would.

After that life became easier for both the inmates of the manse. Now that the ice was broken and Malcolm's name could be freely mentioned again, the barrier of constraint that had existed between them since his departure melted away.

Ann had written a warm letter of congratulation to her cousin, and received a chilling and distant reply from him, significantly extolling all those virtues and good qualities of his fiancée in which he had considered Ann lacking.

But, though she had read between the lines, the girl felt no resentment in consequence. She was only relieved and thankful that Malcolm had found some one who would be able to supply him with the amount of homage and veneration he seemed to think was his due, and hoped devoutly that no change of mind on Miss Traquair's part would rob him of his promised satisfaction.

In order to consolidate the engagement, she persuaded her uncle to invite Miss Traquair on a visit to Inchie, and in due course the invitation was accepted.

Ann was resolved to do all in her power to make the visit a happy one. It seemed to her tender conscience that she still owed her cousin a certain reparation, and would never rest content till she had fulfilled it.

Ten days or more had gone by since she had returned Lord Repton's present, and no further communication from him had reached her. Not that she had expected it. Her common-sense told her that the incident was closed; her pride forbade her to think of him except as a friend of the past, one who would never cross her path again. But the memory was something to be thankful for, and Ann never tried to discount the important part he had played in her life.

Miss Traquair's luggage was to arrive the day before she herself, and late in the afternoon Ann ordered out the gig to drive to the station and fetch it. She had allowed herself two hours for the long drive across the moors, but found when the railway gates came in view that she had almost half-an-hour to spare.

But she did not grudge the time. There was

always something of interest for her in the arrival and departure of trains, and the English express would be in, she knew, before the Highland train that was to bring Miss Traquair's luggage. Thrusting her hands deep into the pockets of her tweed coat, she walked briskly up and down the platform. It was a keen, cold evening, and the drive had chilled her. The little station was deserted, save for herself, an isolated speck of civilisation in the midst of the wide strath, connected only by those two mysterious parallel lines of rail with the great world.

Presently a ticking noise in the office warned her that the express was signalled, and almost automatically the old station-master and his one assistant appeared on the platform.

'I saw the gig, so I kenned you'd be here,' said the old man, accosting Ann with the familiarity of long acquaintance. 'You'll be waiting for the north train?'

'Yes, for luggage,' said Ann. 'Miss Traquair is coming to-morrow, you know.'

His face wrinkled up in an expression of contempt.

'Now, indeed, Duncan, she is very nice,' protested the girl, laughing. 'I have seen her photograph.'

'Hoots! dinna fash aboot a photo,' he returned caustically. 'Can a photo tell ye whether she has a pin-leg or a glass eye? Na, na; when I wants tae judge o' a wumman I comes near her and then I sees for mysel'. But, losh, here's the express! Stand back!' waving Ann authoritatively aside as the train appeared, smooth and snake-like, at the end of the long, straight vista of rails. The porter had seized the bell and was clanging it vociferously.

Ann felt a little thrill of excitement as she stepped obediently back a pace. There would probably be no passengers for Inchie; but she liked to watch the strange, huddled figures behind the windows of the compartments, with their rugs and their newspapers.

In another moment the train had pulled silently up. One solitary passenger alighted. Ann gave a gasp of surprise as she watched him stepping cool and unconcerned out of a first-class compartment, his rug over his arm. All the colour left her face. The world seemed to be swinging round; the very ground beneath her was rocking.

But now he had caught sight of her. 'You!' he said incredulously, almost rudely. Some of the colour had deserted his face too.

'You!' echoed Ann.

For some moments they stood transfixed, staring at each other—the girl, slight and boyish, with the blue cap matching the colour of her eyes thrust carelessly on to her raven hair; the man in his long travelling-coat, with his thin, lined face, and the curious mingling of pleasure and vexation in his eyes.

Lord Repton was the first to recover himself.

'Forgive my abominable rudeness,' he said. 'Just for a moment I wondered whether you could have come down to meet me'— He broke off with a laugh. 'Such fortunate coincidences don't often come in my way, you see.'

Ann drew back haughtily.

'I was waiting for the Highland train,' she said. 'I have come to fetch some luggage.'

'Luggage? That reminds me,' he returned with a laugh, 'I have a bag somewhere,' glancing about him as he spoke.

The porter was coming towards him with a large kit-bag on his shoulder. He signed to him to deposit it on the platform.

'May I wait with you for the other train?' he said, turning quickly to Ann.

'If you like,' she replied in a cold, lifeless tone, though her heart was beating wildly at the prospect.

The train had disappeared by this time, and they were alone in the little station. Instinctively Ann turned and began pacing up and down. Lord Repton fell into step beside her.

'So your engagement was broken off?' he began at last. 'I confess I was not surprised. But I wish you had kept my little remembrance. It was meant more as a memento of our friendship than as a wedding gift. The wedding only gave me the opportunity I sought.'

'You are very kind,' said Ann, still in the same calm, cold voice; 'but I could not have kept it.'

'And my letter? I hope you did not consider that very presumptuous,' he went on.

Ann drew in her breath sharply. She could feel the letter crumple against her heart as she did so.

'No,' she replied and stopped. She could not trust herself to tell him what the letter had meant to her.

'You see, you took no notice of anything I had said when you wrote,' he went on hurriedly. 'I felt horribly snubbed.'

Again Ann drew in her breath. It was becoming more and more difficult not to speak, yet her pride withheld her.

'I am keeping you,' she said suddenly, turning to him. 'Why should you wait?'

He closed his lips resolutely.

'I am waiting to please myself and because there is nothing to take me away.'

Ann accepted his last words literally.

'No; no carriage has come for you,' she said. 'But I can give you a lift; the gig is here.'

He interrupted her with a laugh, partly of amusement, partly of vexation.

'I did not mean that there was nothing to take me away in the material sense,' he said, 'though that is true too. I was trusting to good fortune to get a lift; failing that, I meant to walk to the village.'

'To the village!' echoed Ann in genuine amazement.

'Yes, the village,' he returned grimly. 'Perhaps you can direct me to a room. If you will search the heart of my mystery, I have come north to

consult with your uncle about more local lore for the book.'

Ann's eyes were shining with pleasure as she turned to him.

'So you haven't forgotten?' she said. 'I thought—I thought when'—— and she broke off in confusion.

'When I was elevated to the peerage I would forget all my old friends,' he concluded for her. 'Well, you were wrong. You will be astonished some day to find out how incorrect your estimate of my character was—some day. Why not now? Ann, Ann'—bringing her to a standstill as he spoke—'it is you who have brought me back. I wanted to see my future in you.'

The clear northern twilight seemed to have got into Ann's eyes as she gazed back at him, so vividly blue and brilliant were they.

'That is my real reason for coming, Ann,' he went on rapidly, tenderly. 'The book was an excuse. It is you I want.'

THE END.

PIONEERS OF THE MODERN SUFFRAGETTE.

By T. H. S. Escott.

To have seen in the flesh the seventeenth-century forerunner of our latter-day Suffragettes may sound an impossibility, but may—after a fashion presently to be shown—be claimed as the actual experience of the present writer. It happened in this way. At a country-house gathering some years ago, during a spell of exceptionally bad weather, a clever and vivacious young lady suggested relieving the monotony of long imprisonment indoors by what she called 'a game of living portraits.' From the old walls on every side there looked down upon the company the painted figures of former masters and mistresses of the house in which we were staying. The idea now started was for members of the party to dress themselves up as nearly as possible like the more famous among the originals depicted by early English and foreign masters on the canvases for which the place was famous. It remained for the particular guest from whom the suggestion had come to reproduce in her own person our host's most distinguished ancestress.

Having withdrawn to arrange her get-up, she presently reappeared in a gorgeous habit of the late Tudor or the early Stuart period. Her face, in form inclining, as it did, to square rather than oval, naturally adapted itself to the shape of the dress she had donned: a bodice square, rather high cut, scorning anything in the nature of gentle curves, sat with rectangular closeness upon her shoulders and round her waist. Almost square, too, seemed the head-dress, mounted with a straight row of pearls, beneath which the hair, disposed in a series of tight little curls, formed a sort of frame for a face whose natural features, strongly marked, had been artistically screwed up into an expression comically suggestive of the grimmest feminine determination. The costume and manner, it had been thought, would generally proclaim the picture of which the human imitation was attempted. If not, the living portrait might help the company to a good guess by speaking a few words in character.

'Ladies all,' said the figure, addressing an imaginary audience of seventeenth-century peeresses, 'you know my motto hath always been "Maintain your loyalty and uphold your rights." I put it to you whether that loyalty requireth me to resign my prerogative of nominating a member for my borough of Appleby to the king or to his sheriff. Known also it is to every one that the most ancient custom of this realm hath ever been to see no difference between the sexes, so long as the manor-holder, man or woman, did provide men and arms for the king's wars. This have I never failed to do. Moreover, my trusty sword in my weak woman's hand held my castles against the usurper Cromwell, in the service of the prince who, then in exile, is seated to-day on his father's throne. When, however, king's court officer or king's sheriff would rob me of my share in nominating a proper person to the High Court of Parliament, I will surrender to no threats that which, by right of birth, is mine. Herein I shape my conduct by the royal pattern itself; for, before my time, between the years 1553 and 1558, was it first declared by statute that, in respect of authority, it mattereth not whether the royal majesty be incorporate in king or queen.'

Some of us who heard this little piece of closely woven and clearly spoken argument may have dipped into the family papers in our host's muniment-room, or have read them in the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. At any rate, no one who had seen the portrait now embodied in living form, and pungently articulate before us, could any longer doubt the speaker to be the British Hippolyta of her epoch, and so the earliest progenitress of Parliament's petticoated invaders. In real life the lady now referred to was Anne Clifford (1590–1676), Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. This exemplar and prototype for all time of matronly or maidenly self-assertiveness, besides founding the Women's Rights movement, caused power and wealth to flow towards those of her blood and name. By the marriages into various noble families which she arranged for her daughters, she secured for her House a social and political connection scarcely less far-

stretching and powerful than that which matches of a like character had already gained for the medieval Nevilles. Petticoated champions of the 'suppressed sex' who may have lived and fought before this consummate countess are scarcely more than names. All one knows about them is that they were free women of high degree—peeresses, sometimes of the temporal and sometimes of the spiritual sort. Anne Clifford, however, had found out enough about the lives to profit from the examples of more or less masterful English women belonging to a still earlier age. The earliest precursor of the Bodichons, Boucheretts, and Beckers of a later age, she might also have made herself the first of feminine pamphleteers. As it was, she left behind her some memoranda concerning the women's emancipation movement which she originated. These jottings are likely to remain unpublished. I have been permitted to read them in manuscript. They contain in outline suggestions for a history of the gradual progress of the sex from servitude to independence. To confirm and extend this advance seemed to the great countess the special mission of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Britain's Roman conquerors, she writes, recognised the duty of protecting women; they performed it by absorbing the weaker sex in the stronger. 'For myself,' she adds, 'I desire but to regain for my order the powers and privileges which our ancestral free women, the abbesses and peeresses of this realm, held without challenge from 871–1485. Then came the Reformation; women ceased to be educated, and politically began to be feeble. Till they once more acquire learning they will in vain try to strengthen themselves for liberty. That they may do this is the task I bequeath to those leaders of my sex who may come after me.'

When Anne Clifford died, in 1676, the next championess of the cause she had made her own was still a child. Mary Astell carried on the work precisely from the point where Anne Clifford had left it, and upon lines she had indicated. This little excursion into ancient history is necessary because it was not Mary Astell's new educational organisation for her sex that chiefly promoted the real object she had at heart. Her common-sense, ready wit, and sound judgment for the first time in modern history caused men so intellectually distinguished as Atterbury and Swift seriously to notice the subject. Nothing came of her plans for giving her sex a better equipment of literary learning and mental discipline. Born out of due time, she engaged in an enterprise which formed a presage of what a later generation was to see. She tried, in fact, by rather more than a century and a half to anticipate the Girtons or the Somervilles or the Lady Margaret Halls of the Victorian era. Mary Astell's project of educational reform for her sex was set forth in the essentially modern *Serious Proposal to Ladies.*

Without difference of station or age, she invited her countrywomen to co-operate with her in 'expelling the cloud of ignorance in which custom has involved us. Let us, therefore, furnish our minds with solid and useful knowledge, so that the souls of women may no longer be the only unadorned and neglected things.' Then, passing to details, she admonished her sisters against the essentially feminine vice of 'skimming.' Good books, she added—and such were alone worth notice—must be understood and digested. Miss Astell may have had a prophetic vision of twentieth-century ladies as senior classics and senior wranglers; at least she speaks regretfully of the days when Plato, Aristotle, and others, in the original Greek, were the ornaments of boudoirs.

'To her is due whatever degree of sense may have appeared in the family, or whatever wealth is likely to remain in it.' So Thomas Fitzmaurice, first Earl of Kerry, and afterwards first Earl of Shelburne, is represented as saying of his wife. This was Anne Petty, daughter of the accomplished man of science and statistics, Sir William Petty, and maternal granddaughter of the Parliamentary General Sir Hardress Waller. The work done and the views ventilated by the ladies who lived between William III. and George III. show that the feminine education-reformers of our own day have been less original than is sometimes supposed. It remained for the future Lady Shelburne to insist upon carrying out the undertaking in regard to which Mary Astell had shown herself in advance of her age. There was no sentimental or Quakeress allegation of grievance on the part of those who acted as the pioneers of the feminine emancipation movement. Anne Petty's championship mainly formed an appeal to the common-sense of her sex. 'You want,' she said to her followers, 'a share of those privileges or rights now monopolised by men. Well, then, your first duty is, in respect of attainments and usefulness to the body politic, to demonstrate your equality with men; and I will show you how.'

Nothing could have been more business-like than the object-lesson taught by this social Amazon. Anne Petty was known by her family as a born accountant and arithmetician. She had always shown herself a ready-reckoner who could not only tell off-hand the aggregate cost of maintaining a household for a week, a month, a year; but who knew to a nicety the expense represented by every member of it per day, or even per hour. 'These,' she said, 'are the acquirements worthy of our sex; and, believe me, they become a young woman of quality better than silks or ribbons; they will, as it has been put by my husband [then Earl of Kerry], keep her warmer than a d—d expensive manteau.'

Many franchise reforms had been introduced or drafted by Lord Shelburne's friend and chief, William Pitt. Some of these measures, if carried, might have developed into something not far short of universal suffrage. As a fact, Shelburne never

contemplated anything of the sort. Influenced by his wife, *née* Anne Petty, he may, like his successors in Conservative leadership, from Disraeli and Lord Salisbury to Mr Balfour, have denied the existence of any constitutional reason for politically disfranchising the payers of rates and taxes who happened to be women. Nor, as a fact, were they formally disfranchised by statute till the 1832 Reform Act bestowed the vote expressly not on persons but on men.

Some ten years before the 1832 legislation stimulated and politically organised the movement, the moral and spiritual forces which informed it were being generated in an upper room in West Central London. Here, at least once a week, were gathered together philosophers, politicians, publicists of both sexes, varying in their degrees of conviction, celebrity, enthusiasm, but united by a common resolution of finding new careers for women. At 142 Strand, the house of Mr and Mrs Chapman, was born not only the *Westminster Review*, but the Women's Rights movement as a modern socio-political cult. Here were forged the intellectual weapons which her nineteenth-century trainers in the feminine warfare first taught Hippolyta to use with effect.

Amongst the Strand company was a gentleman connected by ties of personal friendship, rather than of political sympathy, with its leading members. This was my friend the late Licenser of Plays, E. F. S. Pigott. Here, to quote Pigott's words, never before published, George Eliot, then Miss Evans, told the militant stateswomen, who really seemed ready to march on Westminster, first to establish their position by brain-power.

In the movement's earlier stages the arch-emancipators were drawn from the still obscure and feeble section grouped together in clubs and drawing-rooms as Liberals, Dissenters, Vegetarians, and other uncomfortable people. During the nineteenth century's first half, Hippolyta, in her designs on the Parliament House, found her natural allies in Richard Cobden, C. P. Villiers, in the staff, as in the rank and file, of the Free Trade army. Concerning the recognised lady-leaders of our time, known as they are to every newspaper reader, nothing need here be said. The eighteenth-century Mary Astell has already been described only as a little before her time in devising a complete intellectual equipment for her sex before the actual joining of the battle.

Some hundred and fifty years after its first promulgation, the Astell project was to be translated into fact by Mrs Emily Davies and Madame Bodichon, the real, if not always the most celebrated, founders of Girton College. In the tenth year of Girton's existence, Hippolyta, after a long course of snubbing by the smart society of her time, suddenly found herself its pet. Some of her literary sisters of the eighteenth century, such as Mrs Barbauld, Hannah More, Mrs Marcet, and Mrs Trimmer, had made themselves names honoured and popular in English households. The moral and improving authoress had done more than any of the political Amazons towards predisposing the ruling caste to a favourable consideration of the feminine demand for political equality. The peeresses, by their assaults under the Duchess of Queensberry on the Upper House in 1738, had triumphantly secured a gallery of their own; in doing so, they had made themselves fashionable heroines. The Suffragettes of our own time can thus claim that they did but modernise the aggressive tactics of the very grandest among the titled ladies who dominated the Georgian era. But then, as has been the case in our own time, no parade of force or noise of battle was to accompany the most real and lasting of the feminine victories.

Of those allies belonging to her own sex whom Hippolyta, since she has gone so furiously into politics, may perhaps be disposed to ignore or forget, something will presently be said. Here it may be noticed that the forces of which the purely political Hippolyta, in her latest development, is the product were first put into motion beneath a roof in South Kensington which has a better claim than any other to be considered the Primrose League's birthplace. Originally a strong Liberal and Gladstonian, the late Sir W. T. Marriott, having in the early eighties discovered women to be naturally Conservative, suggested turning this phenomenon to account for the good of the party then in opposition. In Lady Marriott's drawing-room was unfolded, by the master of the house, the cleverly devised appeal to the constitutional instinct and decorative taste of the ladies which has resulted in the Primrose League.

For the first time Hippolyta now learned the full extent of her real power. She could not only influence the votes at Westminster of those composing the legislature; she could make and unmake the Cabinets by which that legislature was controlled. Here was one of those surprises that make politics as amusing as bridge. At the same time other things had conspired to transfer the ladies' parliamentary championship from one party to the other. Mrs Lynn Linton the novelist had been from early days the late Marchioness of Salisbury's friend. Both these ladies had written pretty regularly for the *Saturday Review* under its first editor, John Douglas Cook. To the peeress, indeed, had been attributed an article much talked of at the time, 'The Girl of the Period.' It was, of course, from the pen of Mrs Lynn Linton, to be followed by 'The Shrieking Sisterhood' and other like compositions, in which she seemed to proclaim internecine war against the more publicly ambitious of her sex. In her more serious work, however, there were not wanting opinions and incidents that suggested deep, if quiet, sympathy with the true objects that she believed might animate some of the Amazons, even when they seemed to her a little too impetuously in evidence. Mrs Lynn Linton also occasionally met a shy, sedate, generally taciturn

little gentleman—no other, in fact, than Francis W. Newman, the Cardinal's brother.

Never did Hippolyta find in the opposite sex so indefatigable an advocate as the ex-Fellow of Balliol. He it really was who pulled the labouring oar in the feminine cause, who lectured, organised, agitated, while John Stuart Mill was writing on logic and political economy in his study. His acquaintance with Mrs Lynn Linton began, not, as has sometimes been said, at any literary or intellectual reunion in a London drawing-room, but in a chance-meeting on Clifton Downs. Newman's short-sight was of the kind that did not, as that variety of vision is sometimes supposed to do, make his eyes clearer and stronger with advancing years. He had made a false step rather dangerously near the St Vincent rocks. The lady who wrote 'The Girl of the Period' and 'The Shrieking Sisterhood' was standing near, and literally stretched out a helping hand.

The dialogues on the suppressed sex, their past, present, and future, that followed between the two really contained material for a treatise on the Women's Rights question. At any rate, the lady Saturday Reviewer received during the colloquies some misgivings as to the part she had thus far played with her pen. She did not, however, make any formal recantation of the language used by her about the pushfulness of the noisier among the political agitatresses of her time.

Mrs Linton, long before she became a friend of Lady Salisbury, had often met the great Lord Brougham. About him she had some capital stories, one so good that it may be told here. His first wife had been a Mrs Spalding; Mr Spalding's portrait always hung in the dining-room. 'My dear Jack,' Brougham was once overheard to address that picture, 'what reason I have to regret your sad loss!' Moreover, towards the close of her *Saturday Review* connection Mrs Lynn Linton made the acquaintance of Miss Becker, to whom, while yet personally ignorant of her, she had sometimes referred in uncomplimentary terms; she was, therefore, rather surprised to find so little of the harshly militant Amazon about this lady in real life. Instead, she saw a highly cultivated woman, full of the best and most delicate feminine susceptibilities, intelligently interested in art and science, as well as constantly giving to her belligerent sisters sound advice as neatly worded as could have been phrased by Mrs Lynn Linton herself. 'I have,' once said to me the authoress of 'The Girl of the Period,' 'spent this morning with Miss Becker, in her favourite haunt, Kew Gardens; she said many wise and clever things, but nothing which took my fancy more than her habitual advice to her politically-minded sisters to attend political meetings, and to listen to scientific discussions, not with any parliamentary afterthought, but because the hearing of opinions with which they might not agree would teach them a self-restraint that was the most wholesome of all political disciplines. Finally, Miss Becker warned her followers to qualify themselves for the vote by graduating, not in the school for scandal, but in that of culture.'

In the present writer's hearing, the good Lord Shaftesbury was once dwelling on the sacrifices made, on behalf of their poorer sisters, by Miss Jessie Boucherett and others who had helped, in 1859, to found the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women. Mrs Lynn Linton apparently then heard for the first time of this work, inquired into it, and found that the educational machinery it provided really enabled poor gentlewomen left without means, and without, of course, any professional training, to qualify themselves for some self-supporting avocation. Eventually, therefore, Mrs Lynn Linton, if never actually declaring for the political enfranchisement of her sex, ceased to oppose it with her ancient bitterness; not perhaps, because she thought it desirable in itself, but from the fact of its being inextricably interwoven with social movements for feminine amelioration in whose necessity she had come to believe. Miss Jessie Boucherett was only one among the several effectively unostentatious successors of Mary Astell and Anne Petty, not to mention the redoubtable Countess Anne Clifford herself. The latter-day Suffragettes have wanted something more startling than the beneficent enterprises which left Miss Boucherett and her friends no time for breaking the windows of disobliging Cabinet Ministers, for marshalling processions into Palace Yard, or for organising congratulatory demonstrations of welcome to Amazonian martyrs on their release from Holloway Jail.

Naturally, therefore, they have forgotten quiet workers like Miss Helen Blackburn, the former secretary of the Women's Suffrage Central Committee, as well as, until her death in 1903, the editor of the *Englishwoman's Review*, a periodical which might almost be regarded as embodying the whole feminine Magna Charta. Yet one who had a slight acquaintance with this lady, and who knew something of her work and methods, may be forgiven for the suggestion that even the twentieth-century Hippolyta is under some obligation to the wide mental grasp, the strong common-sense, the sound judgment, and the charm of a cultivated mind which were Miss Helen Blackburn's chief characteristics. The same kindly courtesy and consideration for all that marked Miss Blackburn were not less conspicuous in some of her colleagues, who shared her disbelief in the wisdom of the militant modes of self-advertisement which were then only just beginning to be known. The ladies now referred to include Miss Louisa Hubbard, who died in 1907, and who established the Union of Women Workers, first started the *Englishwoman's Year-Book*, and together with Lady Mary Fielding, established the Working Ladies' Guild.

To this tranquil but serviceable category belong

also two Edinburgh ladies, Miss Louisa and Miss Flora Stevenson, the former a chief promoter of the university education of women, as well as an improver of the nursing arrangements for the Edinburgh poor; while the latter is well remembered as a member of the Edinburgh School Board. Miss Sophia Jex Blake, M.D., took a leading part in the battle in academical circles which enabled women to study medicine at Edinburgh University and take degrees.

The opinion and experience of foreign countries have been described as anticipations of the verdict of our own posterity. What might result from woman suffrage, adopted in some indefinite future here, may be judged from what has followed its introduction on the American and European continents, as well as in our own colonies. Finland is the most important country now enjoying adult franchise independently of sex. There, as in several among the less important states in the American Union, the feminine vote has introduced many women to public office without appreciable consequences of any kind. In New Zealand great changes were expected from the innovation. There, too, both its friends and opponents admit that on parties or causes it has had no effect whatever beyond increasing the interest of women in public affairs. As to the ecclesiastical questions which the she-voter must, it was predicted, vitally influence, the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan ladies, so far from disagreeing with each other, have all recorded their suffrages on the same side. The temperance struggle, admittedly a close one in New Zealand, has not been affected in the five general elections which have taken place since the new voters polled. The constituencies now mentioned have, however, witnessed one noticeable incident. Religious heterodoxy has proved a very venial matter in the eyes of the antipodean suffragists; in a Presbyterian electorate a notorious and politically most distinguished freethinker recently secured a majority of women voters on the register, and a much larger majority of women at the poll.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE EDISON CONCRETE HOUSE.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused recently in building circles by the practical experiments that have been made with the concrete constructional system devised by T. Alva Edison. Briefly described, this process secures the construction of a house from foundations to roof, including all walls, floors, roofs, mouldings, cornices, baths, and so forth, by means of a mould in much the same manner as the housewife devises attractive shapes in blanc-mange. Needless to say, the medium employed is concrete, but of a special character, the secret of the inventor. The *modus operandi* is to prepare the foundations first, and then upon this base, when it has thoroughly solidified, to erect the house complete up to the roof, with the iron sections of the moulds bolted firmly together. Upon the completion of this stage the house is a mass of iron, with the space between the two surfaces to constitute the various integral parts of the building. At the uppermost point a large distributing vessel is set up, from which the special concrete is permitted to flow, and in its gravitation it penetrates and fills up every interstice between the moulds. This concrete is more fluid than that generally employed, so that it may flow readily. Of course, in the pouring extreme care has to be taken to permit of the escape of air from the space between the metallic sheathing. When the concrete has been permitted to solidify and harden thoroughly the iron sections are removed, and, hey presto! there stands the monolithic building all complete, ready for habitation, only the doors and windows having to be fixed. Owing to the care with which the surfaces of the moulds are prepared and the tightness with which they fit together, the walls are left with a perfectly clean and smooth surface, requiring no further treatment, and those within the house can be tinted or papered immediately. It is stated that by this method a house can be erected in about fourteen days. The moulds are so made as to be readily and easily interchangeable. At first sight the idea certainly appears to open up many possibilities in house-construction; but a little reflection suffices to show that there are numerous inherent drawbacks. In the first place, the capital expenditure in regard to the moulds is a heavy item, although, once acquired, they can be used over and over again for successive houses. Then, again, the durability of the system has yet to be established. What is going to happen when the inevitable settlement of the whole structure takes place? Concrete is apt to crack and split in a most disconcerting manner. The idea of casting a house in one piece in much the same manner as the metal-worker casts his work is no new idea; but it has not yet entered the phase of commercial practicability, and the latest development of the American wizard would appear to retain the inherent disadvantages of similar experiments in the same direction. The system may be capable of extensive vogue in the country of its latest exploitation, where wooden dwellings predominate. Certainly reinforced concrete as a building material has made tremendous strides within the past few years; but apparently in the

Edison principle the assistance of the strengthening ironwork is dispensed with, and consequently the drawback of the system is more pronounced.

HOW TO REMOVE GREASE-STAINS.

Despite the most elaborate care accidents are unavoidable, and who has not suffered from the falling of a drop of oil or grease upon the clothes, disfiguring the immaculate attire? Its removal seems an easy matter, but invariably it is erroneously effected, and the result is that the last state is often worse than the first. In removing grease-stains a solvent such as benzine or petrol is essential, and indeed is generally used. Underneath the fabric is placed a piece of blotting-paper to absorb the foreign matter when the solvent is applied. It is in the method of applying the solvent that the mistake is invariably made. The application of the benzine immediately dissolves the grease, and the whole has a tendency to spread, so that complete removal of the eyesore is either extremely difficult or quite impossible. To effect a complete cure the solvent should be distributed in a ring round the stain. In the resultant spreading of the current the stain is attacked from all edges, and when dissolved is kept within the centre of the benzine circle, travelling directly through the fabric and being immediately absorbed by the blotting-paper. Of course, in the case of a large stain, after the ring of solvent is made a small quantity directly applied to the grease may be necessary. The result, however, is then just the same—the grease becomes instantly absorbed by the blotting-paper, and when the benzine evaporates no sign of the operation remains. The efficacy of this method is more strikingly shown when the stain occurs on a light-coloured or delicate fabric. A hard grease-stain, however, though removed by a solvent, should not be driven through the fabric, but directly absorbed by the blotting-paper from the face upon which it exists. To attempt to force it through the fabric only causes the threads of the material to absorb the grease, and in such a manner as to baffle all further efforts at elimination.

AN INGENIOUS FIELD-GATE.

Those who live, move, and have their being upon the land are fully cognisant of the drawbacks of the present type of gate. In a short time after it has been hung, the weight of the swinging section causes the gate to droop at the shutting end, so that it will not readily close, and indeed may require lifting in order to engage with the catch. Under these circumstances the gate becomes an endless source of worry and expense. Recently, however, these inherent disadvantages have been ingeniously overcome by a simple invention. In this device there is a top-rail which runs right through, and on the under side of the shutting-post is a small roller which runs on to a bracket on the shutting-post itself, thus taking up the whole weight of the gate when it is closed. The gate is secured by a spring-catch which passes through a slot in the rail and drops into a notch in the lower arm of the same bracket or staple. In the usual type of gate, moreover, the wet, penetrating the mortices, rots the woodwork, thereby accentuating the drooping tendency of the gate. In this new device there are no mortices or joints, so that when it is coated with some preservative such as solignum, decomposition of the wood is impossible, and it will last for years. In a hunting district or upon a large farm there is the additional advantage that it can be operated by a person on horseback. The lever of the spring-catch projects upwards sufficiently to enable the rider to lean over and open or shut the gate with ease, this avoidance of dismounting being a feature that cannot fail to be appreciated. On those farms abutting on a railway track, cattle losses through the stock straying on to the line and being cut up by passing trains, owing to a gate being difficult to shut and thus left unfastened, can be obviated.

RAT-DESTRUCTION BY ELECTRICITY.

Many and various have been the means of waging war against the rat, and the results have been equally diverse. There is, however, one positive means of bringing about their death, as 'accidents' have proved. This is by electrocution. From time to time an electric generating station has suffered a mysterious disruption, and careful investigation has shown that the rodent has been the cause of the breakdown by crawling into the mechanism and setting up a short circuit—which, however, has proved 'hard on the rat.' A Viennese engineer has now devoted this 'accident' demonstration to commercial account. Recently, before a number of interested delegates, he carried out a series of demonstrations at one of the German municipal electricity works with an 'electrocution-trap' he had conceived. The rat is an inquisitive and a gluttonous animal, and the engineer has turned these two failings on the parasite's part to advantage. He has conceived a trap comprising a network of wires, the bait being an electric lamp or an appetising morsel. In endeavouring to satisfy its curiosity or epicurean tastes the pest compasses its own death, for the instant it treads upon the live wires the circuit is completed and it is electrocuted. The device is so contrived that any number of rats may be caught in this manner; and although possibly they may not be killed instantaneously, yet once the circuit is completed they cannot escape, and in from fifty to sixty seconds they are reduced to lifelessness. The engineer has found that only a comparatively low power is requisite to bring about the desired end, and the invention is so contrived that it can be used with certain success in any rat-infested quarter where electric current is available. It constitutes an ideal system for vessels. Even should no electric supply system be obtainable, an accumulator-battery will bring about the same results. Moreover, by a simple arrangement, the fact that a rat or a number of the species have been caught can be notified to a

central point, a signal being transmitted either in the form of the warning ringing of a bell or by a glow-lamp. The most notable feature of the arrangement is that the strength of current which spells death to the rodent is harmless to human beings or to the usual domestic animals. Certainly the system is more hygienic than poisoning or virus expedients, and is more rapid and positive in its action.

TROPICAL MEDICINE RESEARCH IN THE SUDAN.

One of the most important tropical research institutions in the continent of Africa is that which was founded a few years ago at Khartoum through the generous munificence of Mr Henry S. Wellcome. This laboratory is one of the most extensive and best equipped in the world, and the work it has accomplished is of such a unique character that other nations frequently seek to profit by its achievements. The Sudan is the seat of many mysterious maladies which bring about certain death to the white man, as well as working havoc in the ranks of the natives and their cattle. Every plant and animal, whether fish, fowl, or reptile, harbours some strange parasite which is not encountered elsewhere. The objects of this laboratory are diversified and comprehensive; and, under the able superintendence of Dr Balfour, the country is slowly but surely being rendered habitable to the white man. One of the most notable works it has accomplished is the penetration of the hitherto untrodden Burun country lying between the Upper Nile and Abyssinia. This work was carried out by Dr MacTier Pirrie, then one of the most promising of our younger scientists. Owing to his high qualifications he was specially selected for the anthropological work of the laboratory, and his expeditions into the unknown Burun territory resulted in much valuable data being gleaned of these people—their life, habits, and history. Unfortunately, while still a young man, he fell a victim to his zeal; he contracted one of the mysterious and most fell diseases peculiar to the country, was prostrated, and, although sent home to Scotland in the vain hope of recruiting his health, succumbed to the attack before setting out fully the results of his travels. His notes and observations were, however, worked up by competent authorities, and shed much light upon a hitherto unknown subject. The observer spent many months among the various tribes of the territory he penetrated, and his skill and tact in handling the natives was warmly applauded by the Government authorities. His untimely demise, literally in harness, affords one of the saddest and most illuminating instances of the devotion of the scientist to his work, without which it would be impossible to 'roll back the map' upon such little-known continents as Africa. Probably the southern Sudan is a more hazardous country to the white man than the West Coast, and few territories open up such a vast field for tropical research. In order to move about the worst centre of such an inhospitable area a floating laboratory has been established, and therein the little band of scientists wander up and down the vast, intricate network of waterways in the country, studying the strange maladies and parasites, human, plant, and animal, upon the spot.

A HANDY LEVEL.

A decided acquisition to the pocket is an ingenious little contrivance that has been patented by an English inventor. It slides into the waistcoat-pocket, and at first sight resembles nothing so much as a pencil-case or a fold-up footrule. But it is much more; it is a perfectly designed and accurate little scientific instrument adaptable to many purposes. It can be used for levelling operations (while of course it does not presume to the precision of the usual instruments for such work, its accuracy is striking), for estimating the height of any object, the angle of a slope, the gradient of a drain, road, or roof, and as a substitute for the spirit-level. It can also be employed as a square, dividers, a protractor, or a rule. It is fitted with a three-inch scale divided into sixteenths of an inch and millimetres, and the reverse face is divided to the scale of Ordnance maps (25·344 inches to the mile) and a one-inch to the foot scale. Its accuracy may be checked, and if necessary adjusted. Being compact and easily slipped into the waistcoat-pocket, it affords an excellent scientific substitute for a number of instruments, and proves highly serviceable for such operations as are within its field of application. Often only an approximation in such work is desired, and with this handy instrument it can be obtained with a greater degree of accuracy than is afforded by any other similar means.

THE AUXETOPHONE.

Great interest was created recently at a London concert, where the volume and strength of a 'cello was increased by means of a novel attachment, the auxetophone, which has been invented by the Hon. C. A. Parsons, of steam-turbine fame. This device may be best described as a comb or multiple reed-valve of aluminium, which is hinged so that each tooth of the comb can vibrate closer to or farther from a corresponding slot opening in a little box to which compressed air is supplied at about five pounds pressure. The farther the teeth are from the slot-openings the greater the flow of air, and, *vice versâ*, the closer they are the less the flow. The valve thus controls the flow of air, and when it is caused to vibrate it sends corresponding sound-waves into the trumpet which is connected with the instrument. In the application of the device to the 'cello or any other stringed instrument the valve is connected by a rod of aluminium to the bridge of the instrument. Thus the valve is caused to vibrate in accordance with the characteristic tone of the instrument. The sound issuing from the trumpet, though in many

respects identical with that from the instrument itself, is at the same time richer in character and greater in volume. At the concert in question the increased volume of sound, without any harshness whatever, was distinctly pronounced, the tones being fuller and more penetrating, while every interpretation of the *maestro* was strikingly evidenced.

PRESSED STEEL BOOT-SOLES.

An invention which should be possible of extensive development has recently been placed on the market. This is the substitution of pressed steel for leather in the soles of footwear. Its present application is restricted to what might be termed the roughest phase of boot-life, but its success therein should lead to its utilisation in all types of foot-covering where protection from damp and capability of withstanding rough usage are essential. The fact that the boot is responsible for a large percentage of the ills to which flesh is heir has long been admitted, and it is somewhat curious, in face of this point, that some radical revolution in boot-soles has not been undertaken. Leather is an excellent damp-absorbing medium, and the danger lurks in the fact that although the surface of the sole may appear dry the internal substance is sodden. In this latest development the bottom of the boot and the points where all the hard wear is experienced are formed of a single piece of pressed steel, studded with adjustable steel rivets, and to this the upper is attached. At first sight such a contrivance might appear heavy and clumsy, but such is not the case. Again, the liability of metal to corrosion would seem a serious disadvantage. In this case, however, the steel used is a special light, thin, rust-resisting, seamless metal, which is practically indestructible. The toe is so protected that it cannot be kicked through. The sole is in one piece, shaped to the natural contour of the foot, so as to offer no restriction to free movement or pliability. The steel rivets are adjustable, and when worn can be taken out and replaced, so that the walking-face has always a grip even upon a slippery surface such as ice. The uppers are strengthened, and are riveted to the sole so as to secure a strong, sound connection. Within the boot is an inner sole of horsehair and felt which acts as a cushion to the foot, and gives a springy and comfortable feeling. For those engaged in outdoor work, such as mining-engineers, farmers, and surveyors, this boot forms an excellent foot-covering. It should be an easy matter to extend the idea for such purposes as mountaineering or golfing, while the difficulties in the way of its application to everyday service where strength and durability as well as complete protection from wet are desired should not be insuperable.

TEETH DECADENCE AND FOOD.

One of the most absorbing questions in scientific circles at the present moment is the care of the teeth and the investigation of the causes of dental decadence. It is not a discussion restricted to one country, but has become of international import, for the fact that the present generation is possessed of inferior teeth is generally admitted. In America, where the dentists have earned an excellent reputation for their skill in building up decrepit molars, it is now realised that the problem of preventing teeth from becoming loose, broken, or decayed in the gums is far more vital than that of patching up with gold or other amalgams after the damage has developed. In this country more than one of the leading authorities have emphasised the fact that something radical must be effected to solve the problem. The cause of the degeneration is attributed almost exclusively to the foods we eat, especially those prepared for the sustenance of the young. Indeed, one authority goes so far as to describe the present as the 'pap' age, from the almost universal tendency to feed the children upon partly cooked proprietary foods, which he describes as being designed for the lazy parent, inasmuch as they require little preparation for the table and also because they need the minimum of mastication. Assuredly, if the teeth are deprived of the greater part of their designed work they are certain to deteriorate. Dental troubles are undoubtedly attributable to the artificial manner in which we live, and the fact cannot be disputed that nowadays we dwell in a highly civilised age when some patent foods are half-prepared and partially digested before consumption. And this state of affairs is responsible for further physical degeneration, in that the organs of the stomach cannot perform their natural tasks properly, for the simple reason that, there being no mastication, the food does not become combined with the requisite quantity of saliva to assist digestion. If we were to revert to the practice of partaking of sufficient hard and dry food so as to exercise and develop the jaws, dental deterioration would rapidly be arrested. That such is the fact is easily verified by observance of the teeth and jaws of sailors. It has also been strikingly shown in the improvement in the physique of boys who have been taken from the London streets and placed on board ship. Their general appearance and stature have improved to a vast extent, but the most noticeable development has been the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. The angle of the lower jaw has improved, while it is increased in size, a result attributed exclusively to the rations of 'hard-tack' and 'salt-junk,' which demand much mastication. The teeth, in common with every other organ of the human machine, must receive their proper quota of exercise, and this can only be effected by chewing, which is the natural and obvious function of the teeth.

TO ATTAIN LONG LIFE.

Dr Reinhardt has published a booklet upon the use of lactic ferments for the prevention and cure of diseases and the prolongation of life, under the title of *One Hundred and Twenty Years of Life and*

How to Attain Them (London Publicity Company). This explains the Metchnikoff sour-milk treatment, and contains directions and precautions to be observed in the preparation of the sour milk. Professors Metchnikoff and Duclaux of the Pasteur Institute noticed while visiting Bulgaria that not only did the inhabitants attain a remarkable age, but that the qualities of youth were preserved to the end. Out of a population of less than three millions there were more than three thousand centenarians, and deaths at the age of one hundred and ten, one hundred and fifteen, and one hundred and twenty were by no means uncommon. Metchnikoff traced this longevity and general soundness of health to the national habit of using sour milk as a daily item of dietary. Guidance is supplied in this booklet as to the manner of making it. Dr Reinhardt concludes that intestinal putrefaction is the chief cause of ill-health among civilised communities to-day, and the most successful remedy is a scientific dietary, including the use of lactic ferments. More, he thinks, can be accomplished by careful and scientific regulation of diet to individual needs than by the use of all the contents of the *Pharmacopœia*. A small consumption of animal food is recommended. Most long livers are small meat-eaters. Dr E. C. Latham has said that it is possible to subdue and finally destroy the desire for alcoholic stimulants by drinking from three to six ounces of buttermilk whenever the desire for intoxicants presents itself.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A LOVELY SPOT.

By Lady Napier.

IT was a lovely spot. And to think that the day before yesterday we were writing letters and paying Christmas bills by artificial light at midday in London! A dense curtain of yellow fog outside, a raw and deadly cold creeping in in icy draughts through the presumably tightly closed sash-windows and under the doors, creeping across parqueted floors regardless of rugs, chilling the feet, numbing the fingers, ruffling the temper. Why have sash-windows, why have parqueted floors, in such a climate? Who was the inventor of sash-windows—so ugly, so difficult to repair, so draught-enticing? Also the hideous, cumbersome, expensive concomitant, the roller-blind? But they certainly offer a field to the various tradesmen who evolve and repair them.

Well, they were all far enough away at the moment of which we write. The French windows were thrown wide open; brilliant sunshine poured into the room. Down below, at the foot of the olive-clad slope, was the gentle lap-lap of the waves as they broke on the black pudding-stone rocks of the shore; sea and sky met and melted into each other in softest, most ethereal blue. Red admiral butterflies whisked and fluttered in the sunshine, bees buzzed, and lizards sunned themselves in the hot, red earth; the golden globes of the orange and lemon trees shone among the glossy dark-greens of their foliage.

A truly lovely spot! A wooded promontory and a little harbour curving from it, an elbow in the coast. High hills rising almost from the shore gave shelter from *tramontana*, mistral, and other ungentle winds. White villas peered from the olive-woods; an old castle, modernised and made habitable, and annexed by a rich tradesman from Britain, stood on the promontory. The many-coloured, picturesque houses crowding round the harbour were reflected in the still waters of the small port. Gay little yachts and boats were moored in this favoured haven, and the cry of the fish-seller echoed up the white road. Why every fish in that part of the sea has not been caught by now is an unsolved problem. Every day and all day the nets seem to be spread and drawn, and drawn again, and horrid dishes of immature little fish disguised in butter figure largely on the menus of the restaurant.

The terrace of the hotel was a trap for the sun. It was a quiet spot, not very much favoured by the inevitable Germans, though it would be difficult indeed to find a spot in fair Italy free from their aggressive presence. It must be the sun, and the sun only, that attracts them from their own savagely cold, belauded Vaterland; for their noses and spectacled eyes are buried in their German newspapers as a rule, and they have not a glance to spare for the wonderful beauty of the lovely land as they pace to and fro reading, or establish themselves in the most comfortable seats they can find until it is time again to eat—and to eat as only Germans can. The hotel-keepers, for some unfathomable reason, favour them greatly in the matter of food: slabs of pink beef and veal, and horrid dishes of cold meats and German sausage, and greasy potato-salads, and lead-heavy puddings, instead of the delightful Italian macaronis, *risottos*, and lighter fare, wholesome and innocuous.

The hotel in question was at that moment much frequented by ladies—*dames seules*—well able to take care of themselves, however; one, a redoubtable elderly German lady, unattached and unappropriated, and a courageous man indeed would he have been who had ventured to storm her person!

She wore a large, loose coat with large checks, and a short skirt to match, and a white hat—all very *praktisch* (practical), she would have told you. She paced the terrace and read her newspaper with fierce, spectacled, red eyes, and scolded the *facchino* and hard-working little chambermaid (so pretty and willing and bright she was, dear little maid !), and complained of them at the bureau until they would gladly have slain her, judging from their looks as they watched her waddle downstairs to meals. She sat alone at her table in the restaurant, her German newspaper propped up before her; and if she was not helped before most people, or if the food was not to her liking, she let the management know. As we have before remarked, there were a good many other single ladies staying at that time at the hotel, the quiet time of the Riviera year before the rush sets in—old, young, elderly, quiet, shadowy, cross-looking ladies, some of them. In fact, the fair sex preponderated to such an extent that the fellow-traveller of the other sex remarked that he had not meant to come to a cats' home.

The weather was not always ideal—a certain amount of bad, cold, gray, rough days, with sheets of driving rain and whirling olives. The hotel was warm and comfortable. The system of central heating has much to recommend it; at the same time, however, without a flue, and unless windows can be much open, small rooms are apt to become terribly stuffy, probably unwholesome, with the overheated air. The heating arrangement should be carefully turned off at night, or headaches may result.

Olive-trees are the characteristic of the country. The eye finds wonderful repose in the soft, gray-green cloud of their foliage. They are an endless joy to a painter, with their strange, twisted, tortured-looking stems straining upwards to the light; the dense, gray-green masses, with the sharp bits of vivid broken light as the leaves catch the rays of the sun and the boughs part. Then the rich, red-brown earth, and the growing crops, and the picturesque old farmhouses of the *contadini*, often painted of a soft, pink colour—a pink that harmonises to perfection with the olive.

Narrow mule-tracks, paved with rough stones, steep and most fatiguing, lead the pedestrian up among the hills, whence glorious views of the panoramic order may be enjoyed. The only other road is the high-road along the coast, dusty and terrible owing to motor traffic and bicycles. The turns are very sharp, and the motors travel much too fast on these roads for safety. Some, however, have a warning cry which can be heard for miles, irritating to the nerves and temper—a piercing, wailing howl, like that of a steam siren; then down comes the motor, a smother of dust—blinding, choking, provocative of things better left unsaid. There are little boats for those who like to confide themselves to the mercies and moods of the Mediterranean; but squalls are apt to arise, and the little boats look very crank.

It would seem as though I were condemning my lovely spot by faint praise, but it is not so. It is as well to know what to expect, and what one wants, and what one is likely to get. For those who would like to bask in the sun for six or seven hours a day in midwinter, to be able to sit at an open window and drink in a vista of sea and sky and olives and blue mountains incomparably lovely, to take a little walk and sit in the sun, or go for a nose-grinding tramp up a *salita*, let them try my lovely spot. But beware! The sun is often as hot as summer sun; but out of the sun the shade is of the temperature of ice—cold, damp, deadly (if one is overheated, especially). To be as sheltered as my spot, however, the place must be on the side of a hill, therefore without very much outlet to those who like to take exercise in a moderate manner. As is the case all along this coast, the wind can be of a piercing quality—and there is much wind. In our elbow, however, we can bid defiance to it, and pace and sit in the sun most days. But to adventure round a corner on such days as the winds blow is to be seized by the nose and throat with a grip of iron and ice. It is easy, however, to remain in the shelter of the elbow until the wind departs or lulls.

Taking it all round, it is a charming and to be recommended spot, particularly to the quiet and elderly, at the quiet season of the year, say until mid-February, when a more portentous, often be-motored, class obtain, and prices go up. Some courageous person might hint to the management also, that to many the shrieks of the gramophone hour after hour are neither grateful nor comforting, the strains often turning the beautiful scene into a background for a comic opera.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

Although the boughs be bare, and the bent trees
Stretch out gaunt arms against a leaden sky;
Although the dreary landscape seem to lie
Beneath the hand of death, and the soft breeze
Of summer-time across the upland leas
Be changed into a weary, haunting cry
Of storm-wind calling storm-wind to draw nigh
And rend to shreds our poor, frail refuges—
Yet, through the gloom, Love comes, to touch my hand
To bid me raise mine eyes, since he stood there
Waiting to still my fears, and make the land
Look like a garden of the Lord; so fair,
That, lo! red roses clothe the desert strand—
Sweet summer's flowers—although the boughs be bare.

KATE MELLERSH.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE SEÑORITA DOLORES.*

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

DANGERFIELD was seated in his room in Great Ormond Street. It was early summer, and, the night being warm, the window was open, and from an adjacent house came the sound of a woman's voice. He looked up from the book he was reading and frowned; it is hard to study Locke on *The Human Understanding* to the accompaniment of a plaintive love-song, even if an LL.D. depends upon the success of one's efforts. For a few minutes he read on, then closed the book with a snap, lit his pipe, and sat back in his chair. Involuntarily, as the moments passed, he found himself beating time to the music.

The sound of voices roused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. The door opening, he leapt to his feet. 'You, Vincent!' he said, holding out his hand as a young fellow entered.

'Yes.' His visitor sat down in a chair heavily, as one who is tired. He was tall and fair, with curly hair and a cast of countenance peculiar to those who have long generations of Saxon blood running through their veins.

Dangerfield noticed the dust upon his friend's boots, and saw the weariness plainly written on his face; so in silence he handed him his pouch.

Vincent filled his pipe slowly. 'I came to you a year ago,' he said, 'to borrow some money.'

Dangerfield said nothing, but a feeling of uneasiness crept over him.

'I have not been near you since.'

'You paid me.'

'And I've come to say good-bye now.'

'Why?'

The other's lips involuntarily twitched. 'I have been kicked out,' he said. 'The army has no further use for me.'

'Harry!'

Vincent rose to his feet and gripped his friend's shoulder. 'I know what you must think of me. I'm worthless! God knows, perhaps I am.'

'How did it happen?'

Vincent had walked to the window, and his back was turned. 'A duel. Some months ago I lost a lot of money to a fellow at cards. I suspected him then, but could prove nothing. He has been fleecing a subaltern who has only just joined, and I caught him at it—usual old tricks, you know. I accused him at the club, but could prove nothing; he was too clever for that.' Vincent paused. 'So we had a duel. I came back from Calais a week ago.'

Dangerfield looked at his friend's back, which was still turned to him. 'Well!'

'He remained over there, and to-day the colonel asked me to send in my papers. He was very nice, but pointed out that duelling is not allowed, and I was too hot-tempered for his regiment. It's the third row I've got into in six months, and so I've got to leave.' Vincent stopped abruptly, but the movement of his shoulders told more than words.

'How is the other fellow?'

Vincent turned sharply round. 'No, thank God! I haven't got that on my shoulders. I had a message to-day to say he will most probably pull through. I must have missed his heart by a hair.'

'I am glad for your sake,' said Dangerfield. 'And what are you going to do now?'

Vincent drew out a gold watch. 'I embark by to-night's tide for Corunna. My father knows a Spaniard there, a Government official, and no doubt he can help me into the army.'

'Your sword will not rust for long then?'

'But it will not be drawn for England! It will not be drawn for England!' said Vincent, turning away again.

CHAPTER II.

CORUNNA is a small town, with a large jetty; its houses are white and straggling. Its jetty stretches out into the blue waters of the Atlantic like a long white arm, predaceous or protecting, as the fancy paints it. Corunna is a name to conjure with; it is writ large

* *Dramatic Rights Reserved.*

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

in the history of nations, the mention of it awakens memories and stirs the blood. It is a sleepy little town, with an ever-present air of contentment, as if, fully aware of the part it has played in the world's story, it is satisfied to slumber on and dream of the past, when its streets resounded to the clangour of armed men, and great holes were torn in the jetty, the predecessor of the one which now stands.

The captain of *The Harvester* was a Londoner, possessing a supreme contempt for all foreigners. As he drew his boat alongside the quay he issued his orders in a voice which he gravely calculated drew respect from those gathered to witness his arrival. *The Harvester* moored, he climbed down from his bridge and walked towards a figure standing against the rails and gazing at the white roofs of Corunna, with the green hills behind. 'We have arrived,' he said.

The figure half-turned. 'Ah!' he said; that was all, and fell to looking at the town again.

Amongst other qualifications for a nautical career, Captain Hawkins possessed self-importance, together with an incalculable belief in his own powers and an unselfish love of devoting his spare moments to the attention of other people's business. 'You will be staying in Corunna perhaps?' he queried.

His passenger drew out a watch. 'I shall be staying, perhaps, for half-an-hour.' He smiled as Captain Hawkins turned away in chagrin.

'I will have your baggage put on to the quay,' said that mariner.

It was midday, the hour of siesta, and there were few people abroad as Vincent walked up the narrow street which led to the hills to the north of Corunna.

'That must be it,' he said, looking towards a house, half-way up the slope, the closed green shutters of which were faintly visible from where he stood.

As he toiled up the hill loose stones fell away before his feet and rattled a few yards down the road. When he reached the house with the green shutters he entered the *patio* and rapped upon the wooden door.

For a few moments no one answered the summons; then a short, stout, heavy woman ambled slowly towards him.

'Is Señor Mogenti within?' he inquired, raising his hat.

'But yes,' replied the woman. She surveyed him curiously. 'You are a stranger,' she said, 'or you would know that no one raps upon the door in Corunna.'

'Indeed!' replied Vincent. 'It was from ignorance that I transgressed. And what do they do?'

'They shout,' replied his guide, leading the way indoors.

'Will you please tell Señor Mogenti that the son of his old friend Theodore Vincent is here?'

A few seconds and the señor appeared. He was a short, dark man, with keen, restless eyes and a Van Dyck beard slightly tinged with gray. Of an age difficult to determine, his bearing clearly denoted that his life had been spent in bearing arms. He stood in front of Vincent, his legs apart, and slowly scrutinised him. 'And you are my friend's son? Yes, you are like him—very like him. I should have known you anywhere. The same eyes, the same chin, and the same temper.' He laughed softly, as if at some pleasant recollection. 'It is good to have a temper sometimes. Your father saved my life in a temper.' He pointed to a scar faintly visible down one cheek.

He led the way into the *comedor* which opened on to the piazza. 'And so you are going on to Toledo to join the army against Don Carlos? Well, we shall be pleased to have you; your father's son is always welcome where there is fighting.'

Vincent looked at him in surprise. 'You have heard?' he said.

Señor Mogenti nodded. 'I had a letter from your father this morning.'

'Then you know why I am here?' said Vincent a trifle bitterly.

The señor laid his hand on Vincent's shoulder—he was over a head the shorter. 'Yes, my friend; and you will not need to find quarrels here in Spain—they will be thrust upon you. In a month, perhaps two, Don Carlos may be upon the throne: men will quarrel if he reaches it, and men will quarrel if he fails. It is a way we in Spain have; we quarrel about nothing.'

As he spoke the woman who had opened the door to Vincent entered; later he discovered her name was Juanita. In Spain all women's names are beautiful. In the heyday of youth they have a charm which the women of no other country possess, but when the bloom has vanished things seem somewhat incongruous; to hear a fat and greasy duenna of the market-place answer to the title of Mercedes is a shattering of one's ideals. In her hands she carried a tray bearing food and wine; these she laid upon a table in the piazza, and then withdrew.

Taking his visitor's arm, Señor Mogenti led him outside.

When they had finished a light repast he lit a cigar. 'You will not want to stop in Corunna. No; I have got a horse ready for you, and one of my men will go with you to Toledo. He is one of the few men you can trust; and even with him it would be wiser to choose the centre of the road; it is safer in such times;' and Señor Mogenti jingled some loose money in his pocket. 'If you start this afternoon you will be in Toledo in a fortnight, and you will see many interesting things by the way.'

Late in the afternoon, when the sun had lost much of its overpowering heat, Vincent started.

Señor Mogenti walked with him to the gate, where stood Lasquez, his guide, and two horses. Standing in the doorway, he handed him a letter. 'When you arrive in Toledo you will go to the house of General Vilenta and give him this. I shall join you there in a few days, as soon as I have buckled on my sword.' Seeing the look of astonishment on Vincent's face, he nodded. 'Yes, we old

men are all arming, and the Queen will have need of us all if she is to keep her throne.' Then he bent closer and whispered a few words into his ear.

A fortnight later Vincent found himself in Toledo, 'the heart of Spain.' He entered by the bridge of Alcantara. As they passed beneath its portcullis-fashioned gate, Toledo, the City of Shadows, towered above them. The bells of its many churches were pealing out the summons to matins. At their feet flowed the slow, yellow waters of the Tagus, swollen by recent rains. The sun poured down with almost dazzling power upon the gray roads and bright walls—the remnant of Moorish days. Many nations have passed through Toledo, and each has left its mark upon the city's architecture.

For a moment Vincent stood lost in admiration, while Lasquez looked around him with a less reverent gaze. He had been in Toledo many times, and possessed a supreme contempt for it.

'Phew!' Lasquez said as they cantered by the side of the wall which Wamba built, 'there is a silence, señor; and when there is silence in Toledo'—— He finished the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders and deftly rolled a cigarette.

The streets were almost deserted. At intervals they met a muleteer ambling slowly along in discharge of his business with a sublime disregard for the passage of time; and occasionally from behind the latticed windows a glimpse of some gay mantilla, and beneath a pair of eyes no whit less bright, showed they did not pass by unobserved.

By the Puerta del Sol, Lasquez dismounted. 'We had better walk, señor,' he said; 'these accursed roads were made neither for man nor beast, but they are serviceable in Toledo, for they are silent.'

Riding along the Plaza de St Martin, Vincent pointed to a large house built in the Moorish style, standing in a small park of ilex and cedars. A white flight of marble steps led down into the courtyard. At the foot of them stood a couple of horses awaiting their riders. 'Whom does that house belong to?' he asked.

Lasquez turned half-round. 'That house,' he said, enunciating each word clearly and slowly, 'belongs to the Señorita Dolores.'

Vincent glanced at his companion and smiled. 'And who is the Señorita Dolores?' he asked.

'We will mount here,' said Lasquez; 'the roads are fair travelling—very fair for Toledo.'

'And who is the Señorita Dolores?' asked Vincent again when they were mounted.

'The good God knows,' answered Lasquez; 'I do not, nor any man in Spain, though many would like to.'

'In short, she is the embodiment of feminine charm—an enigma,' rejoined Vincent, digging his spurs into his horse's flanks.

Perhaps the remark passed beyond the depths of Lasquez's understanding. He gave a grunt. 'We will turn to the left, señor,' he said.

CHAPTER III.

VINCENT was standing in the *patio* of General Vilenta's house. Before him, a trim figure in gray service-tunic and brown gaiters, stood the man whom all Spain feared; some even said that the Queen herself stood in awe of the little man, whose visionary gaze gave him almost the appearance of a poet, a man who dealt in fancies rather than in hard facts and steel. He was reading the letter Señor Mogenti had sent him. When he had finished he carefully tore it into small fragments. 'It is well to destroy letters nowadays,' he said with a quiet smile. Then he regarded Vincent closely. 'And you wish to serve under me? Have you seen service?'

'Three years in the Seventy-sixth.'

'Your father was a soldier before you. I remember seeing him once, in Vienna; twenty years ago it must be,' replied the General with his marvellous memory.

'He was there, sir, in 1816—twenty-one years ago.'

'I thought so. And you left your regiment?'

'Because I nearly killed a man,' replied Vincent shortly.

The General stroked his gray moustache. 'In Spain we always kill a man—quite. It is safer.' He paced to and fro a few times, muttering to himself, 'General Vincent's son! General Vincent's son!' Then he stopped abruptly before Vincent. 'You will report yourself at the barracks in a couple of hours. I will see that you are made a special aide-de-camp. I want a few men I can trust. In the meantime I will ring for wine.' He laid his hand on Vincent's shoulder. 'I shall expect great deeds from you. And remember three things: in Spain keep silent, believe no one, and'—he bent nearer and whispered the final admonition—'always kill a man quite.'

Three hours later Vincent was cantering through Toledo with Lasquez, on his way to the barracks with a letter from General Vilenta.

On the journey they met a carriage-and-pair driving towards the Plaza de St Martin. Inside, amidst a pile of cushions, sat a lady, young and pretty, and opposite her a stout, elderly duenna. In passing she gave Vincent a quick glance from her eyes, half-questioning, half-coquettish.

Vincent turned in his saddle and watched the retreating carriage. 'Who is that?' he asked.

'That is the Señorita Dolores,' said Lasquez shortly.

CHAPTER IV.

VINCENT had been installed in his duties for nearly two months. Intrigues raged around Madrid and Toledo. They were days in which a man feared to trust his neighbour. It was a battle waged in the dark, with the hardest weapons of all to combat—subtlety and craft. Fighting had been plentiful, but Vincent had seen none of it, it having mainly been restricted

to the Basque provinces, where Don Carlos held supreme power. He had been on an expedition to Santa Berista bearing a despatch, and on his return stood before General Vilenta.

'You were unmolested?' said the General. 'It is strange!' He read the cipher reply. 'You have travelled thirty-five miles to-day, and each mile of the way you have been shadowed; your life has been in your hands.'

Vincent looked at them. 'They are still clean,' he said.

'You passed the road to Santa Brenna, where the trees overhang and it is almost dark.'

Vincent nodded.

'And you saw nothing, heard nothing?'

'No.'

'Good! My children have done their duty well.'

Vincent looked up in surprise.

The General stared him straight in the eyes. 'I should not have been surprised if you had never left that road alive; but you would have been avenged. There were fifty men of my regiment not a hundred yards to the east.'

'It is the chance of war,' said Vincent with a shrug of the shoulders.

General Vilenta nodded. 'It is the chance of war,' he replied slowly. Suddenly he looked up. 'And how do you like your new friend, *ma capitán?*'

Seeing Vincent's look of surprise, he continued, 'Yes, your new friend, the Señorita Dolores.'

Vincent remained silent.

'She is a beautiful woman,' said General Vilenta slowly—'a most beautiful woman, born to rule.' Then he looked up with a funny little smile. 'The devil was born to rule, my son, and he does it exceedingly well.'

A change came over Vincent's face, a change of which the General made a mental note; he made mental notes of everything likely at some future date to be of service to him, and he kept his notes so well that the kingdom of Spain was beneath his thumb.

'What do you mean?' said Vincent in a strained voice.

The General waved his hand deprecatingly. 'My remark was a truism.'

Vincent ignored his explanation. 'Who is she?' he asked.

'The devil is generally supposed to be of masculine gender,' said the General, with his easy, maddening smile; 'but no doubt you are right. You show a wisdom beyond your years, and a courage for which even I did not give you credit.'

For once the strict discipline Vincent had learned in the British army was forgotten. 'Confound the devil!' he said angrily—'I mean Señorita Dolores. Who is she?'

The General looked at him amusedly, but there was a hard gleam in his eye. 'Of that,' he said, 'you should be the better judge.' He approached his aide-de-camp. 'I know nothing,' he continued in a low voice, 'and I should like to know much.'

As he spoke a servant entered. 'Colonel Gregori wishes a word, *excelencia.*'

The General nodded. 'In five minutes I shall be disengaged,' he said. He turned to Vincent. 'You are free until to-morrow. You are going to the ball at the *palacio* to-night?'

Vincent nodded.

'It is just as well,' he said. 'In such times as the present it is as well to be gay outwardly. One never knows what the morrow may bring forth.'

A moment later Colonel Gregori entered.

'Well?' said General Vilenta.

'Captain Lopez is dead,' answered the soldier. 'We found him on the road to Madrid this afternoon, killed by a knife-thrust in the back.'

'Ah!' said the General. Not a muscle moved as he heard the news.

'And his papers are all taken—nothing else.'

'Ah!' said the General again.

Colonel Gregori regarded his superior officer closely. He had an infinite belief in his powers, a belief that was almost childish in its simple faith.

For a moment there was silence; then General Vilenta spoke. 'I am sorry Lopez is dead. I tried to save him, but we are all pawns in this game, and better lives are staked than those for whom we fight, colonel.'

The colonel nodded; it was a thought that had occurred to him on more than one occasion, as it had occurred to many others in Spain.

'And his papers were blank. The documents on which the Queen's life rests are in my pocket, and Vincent will take them to Madrid to-morrow.'

(To be continued.)

PIONEERING IN PUBLIC-HOUSE REFORM.

By the Lord Bishop of Chester.

THE merits or demerits of last year's Licensing Bill do not come within the scope of this paper. It will be enough to say that in the whirlpool of criticism then set in motion two clear issues rose to the surface from the baffling cross-currents of conflicting ideals and interests. On the one hand, it was almost universally admitted that, in spite of improved social habits, there is still real and pressing need of temperance reform in this country. On the other hand, it became obvious to a large section at least of the thinking public that the remedies applied to intemperance cannot safely run far ahead of popular habits and feelings, and that to reform the public-house is a sounder and more hopeful

aim than the policy of prohibition or even of mere reduction.

This is, of course, no new conviction. Early in his career Mr Chamberlain advocated the municipalisation of licensed victualling in Birmingham. He held that by placing this peculiarly important quasi-monopoly (where all monopolies should be) in public hands, the motive of private gain would be eliminated, the introduction of this or that improvement would be rendered easier, the public-house would be removed from the arena of party politics, and its whole character and purpose be raised. Unhappily Mr Chamberlain's plan found little favour either with temperance extremists or with the Trade, and thus the opportunity of an experiment which would have been so light-giving was lost. Since then the growth of the tied-house system has brought the large majority of inns under the iron grip of the brewery companies, erecting an almost insurmountable barrier in the way of public management on a comprehensive scale.

Sweden and Norway have been more fortunate. In these countries an enlightened temperance policy has produced demonstrably good results in the way of greatly reduced consumption of spirits and improved social habits.

Our own more ardent temperance reformers may fairly be said to regard with disfavour any scheme which aims at mitigating the evils of the liquor traffic, on the ground that the introduction of a measure enforcing total prohibition must be retarded in proportion as such a scheme realised its object. But this view is not shared by temperance leaders in the Scandinavian countries, which at the beginning of last century were among the most drunken, but now rank with the most sober nations of Europe. The Swedish and Norwegian 'Totallists' frankly acknowledge the value of the system of public-house control which has produced such a happy revolution.

For example, Mr Sved Aarrestad, ex-Minister of Agriculture in Norway, and a leader of the prohibition movement there, is quoted in Messrs Hogg and MacCallum Scott's *Licensing in Scandinavia* as saying: 'The company system has been very useful in promoting temperance. It has helped to diminish the use of alcohol. The temperance people would like to see the sale of beer and wine brought under the same system.'

Let me sketch in outline the more outstanding features of the system. First and foremost, it has been recognised in Scandinavia that the control of the sale of spirits ought to be taken out of the hands of interested traders and vested in the community. Thus Sweden, as far back as 1855, gave power by legislation to the municipalities (*a*) to prohibit the traffic altogether, or (*b*) to limit the total number of licenses and to dispose of the remainder either to the highest bidder of approved character or to a *bolag* — that is, disinterested management company. The first company of this kind was formed at Gothenburg, with complete control over all licenses for the sale of spirits, and it proved so far successful that other *bolags* sprang into existence. In Norway similar companies (called *samlags*) were introduced in 1871, and Finland has also adopted the company system. These companies are constituted upon principles which exclude from first to last the element of *personal interest*. The directors are public-spirited citizens whose financial interest is limited to a small percentage upon their invested capital; all profits over and above this fixed percentage are handed to the State, which allots a certain proportion to the municipalities.

Originally, in Sweden, the surplus profits were applied to the relief of the rates; but this plan involved some danger of the public-house being practically 'farmed' by the citizens for their own pecuniary benefit. To remove this temptation, the profits of the Norwegian *samlags* are dealt with in the following fashion: 65 per cent. is paid into the State Exchequer; the remainder is allotted for local purposes, with the proviso that four-sevenths of it shall be ear-marked for 'objects of public utility not being chargeable on any rate, but operating as counter-attractions to the public-house.' Two years ago Sweden adopted a very similar plan for distributing the profits of her *bolags*. By way of comment it may be added that the consumption of spirits in Scandinavia has enormously decreased, to the manifest improvement of the national morals. Curiously enough, however, the sale of beer and wine has not hitherto been placed within the restrictive influence of the companies. It is interesting also to note that not a few municipalities have exercised their veto to prohibit the sale of spirits altogether.

Independently of this important object-lesson abroad, I was first led, about forty years ago, to the idea of trying the experiment of a public-house on fresh lines for the public benefit. Circumstances did not then lend themselves to the idea being carried out, and it lay dormant until the year 1892, when I appealed through the organs of the Press for a systematic and unflinching re-examination of the entertainment of the people problem. In a letter to the *Times* I stated my case as follows:

'May it not be fairly said that hitherto the weak point in very much of our temperance policy has been its one-sided and merely negative character? . . . Sunday closing, local option, the direct veto, total prohibition—these, as usually explained and understood, fail on the constructive side. Their aim is to restrict, or even to abolish, the sale of alcoholic beverages. They do not contemplate the counter-provision of such houses of refreshment as may wholesomely meet — and, while meeting, cultivate and refine — the established needs and tastes of the people. And yet in such a climate as this, and with the hours of labour shortening and the hours of leisure lengthening, the demand for such entertainment cannot wisely be ignored or discountenanced. A merely restrictive policy, though it has done and is doing much to curtail

abuses and minimise temptations, can at best serve only as a half-measure, and if pushed too far must drive the disease inwards and provoke a mischievous reaction. Those who take the darker view of alcohol may be justified in advocating its total prohibition. But the large majority of thoughtful men allow that its moderate use has much to say for itself, and that in any case the deep-rooted habits of the nation are to be modified rather than set at defiance.

'I would, therefore, submit that the reformation so undoubtedly and imperatively demanded must, to be really effective, take the shape of a complete reconstruction of our existing public-house system. Licensed victualling must change hands. Experience has abundantly shown that private enterprise cannot bear the weight of this vast national responsibility. The State, through its local authorities and instrumentalities, must with a firm and liberal hand undertake the provision of houses of refreshment for the people, in which alcoholic beverages, though frankly recognised, will be deposed from their aggressive supremacy and supplied under less seductive conditions. These conditions would, for example, be comfortable, spacious, well-ventilated accommodation; temperance drinks of every kind brought well to the front, invested with prestige and supplied in the most convenient, attractive, and inexpensive way; the pecuniary interest of the managers—for example, in the form of bonus—made to depend entirely on the sale of eatables and non-alcoholic beverages; alcoholic liquors secured against adulteration; newspapers, indoor games, and where practicable outdoor games and music, provided; while the mere drink-shop, the gin-palace, and "the bar"—that pernicious incentive to drinking for drinking's sake—would be utterly abolished.'

An organised attempt to introduce reform on lines similar to the above sketch was the object with which the Public-House Reform Association came into existence about this time. It numbered among its members Mr Joseph Chamberlain, the late Duke of Westminster, Lord Thring, and Judge Hughes. In 1893 I introduced the Authorised Companies Liquor Bill in the House of Lords. The main provision of this Bill was the conferring of parliamentary powers upon a public trust company to obtain control over the whole of the licenses in the town or district in which it was situated. But the country was not ready for such a thoroughgoing experiment, and the Public-House Reform Association, which had lent its support to my programme, presently changed its shape and scope.

The credit for the initial scheme which led to the formation of the society now known as the People's Refreshment-House Association (Limited) belongs to the late Colonel H. J. Craufurd, who had done valuable service in improving the management of army canteens. It is unnecessary to quote the terms in which he put before me his original proposal, because they are substantially embodied in the constitution of the association, which entered on its career in November 1896, registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act. Colonel Craufurd was chosen as honorary secretary; the vice-presidents included the Duke of Westminster, Lord Stamford, Lord Chelmsford, the Bishop of Rochester (now Southwark), and Cardinal Vaughan. Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, K.C.M.G., is now chairman of the executive council. In 1897 the first public-house was taken over; at present the association controls about seventy houses in different parts of the country. Great care was exercised in framing the constitution to safeguard its principle of disinterested management. This principle was from the first made to apply not only to the conditions imposed upon the managers selected to take charge of the public-houses, but to the regulations governing the functions of the body chosen to direct the business of the association. Taking the latter only for the present: it is provided that the council shall be elected from a list of nominees prepared by the shareholders; that no member other than a registered society, shall hold an interest exceeding two hundred pounds in the shares of the association, and that each member shall have only one vote in respect of the shares or shares held by him.

Capital is raised by the issue of one pound shares, and an outside limit of 5 per cent. is fixed for dividend. As in the Scandinavian system, the net profits which remain over, after making provision for a reserve fund and paying interest on capital, are 'devoted to such objects of public utility, local or general, as the president and vice-presidents, in consultation with the council, may determine.'

Now, let us glance at the aims which the P.R.H.A. exists to promote. They are four in number. The first is: the encouragement of temperance in the use of alcoholic drinks at its public-houses. A very important feature in the scheme is indicated by the second aim: the provision of facilities for the prompt supply of food and non-alcoholic refreshment at such houses. The third aim is: the maintenance of cleanliness and good order. And the fourth is: the purchase of good supplies in the open market.

It will be easily seen that one subtle cause of intemperance can be entirely removed by keeping only alcoholic liquors of the best quality, and it is well known that the virtue of self-respect is imperceptibly reinforced in an atmosphere of wholesome comfort. The association brews its own beer in three inns.

The manner in which these aims are translated into practice may perhaps be most conveniently pictured in a somewhat composite sketch of one of the association's public-houses on an ordinary working day. To describe any single inn as typical of all would be misleading, because the association has control of town as well as village inns and canteens.

From what has already been said, it will have become clear that the P.R.H.A. believes in the policy of making its houses attractive. The inn-fabric is maintained in good repair, and the visitor, as he draws near, notes the bright appearance, suggestive of respectability and comfort. Perhaps, like the 'Sydney Arms' at Chislehurst, the inn possesses a tea-garden; and not infrequently there is a bowling-green attached. At the 'Battle Axes,' Wraxall, seven miles from Bristol, there is a tennis-lawn. The tea-garden of the 'Craufurd Arms,' Wolverton, laid out early in 1908, was much used for bowls, &c., and on Saturday afternoons during the summer there were excellent performances by local bands, the audience sitting at small tables, in the Continental fashion. Entering the inn, the visitor may expect to find neat rooms, well aired and dusted, and with clean windows, arranged with simple but good and solid furniture. Prominently displayed on the walls or in some other conspicuous position he will see notices advertising non-alcoholics; a tariff of prices is also displayed in the bar, tap-room, and parlour, so that there can be no doubt or dispute about the cost of any liquor or food sold there. Credit is not allowed. Probably the inn has a convenient tea-room and one or more bedrooms. Some of the houses have billiard-rooms.

The bar and tap-room are usually equipped with tables and chairs, so that the poorest customer can sit and take his refreshment in comfort. Experience shows that more drinking goes on, and order is more difficult to maintain, in those crude, unfurnished bars where the customers habitually lounge round the bar-counter.

Every P.R.H.A. inn is bound to supply non-alcoholic beverages. The instructions to managers enjoin special attention to the making of tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., with a view to providing them fresh and palatable for each customer; and workmen can obtain their hot cup of tea, or whatever it may be, for exactly the same price as their glass of beer. Any one is at liberty to satisfy his thirst free of charge from the bottles of fresh filtered water which are set out with glasses in the different public rooms. Refreshments in the form of food are provided as a matter of course, not grudgingly and with much delay, as is too often the case in public-houses which concentrate upon the bare sale of alcohol. At one house more tea than beer is often supplied to workmen before the dinner-hour.

The customers who frequent the different houses belonging to the association vary widely in type and in tastes, according as the neighbourhood possesses the characteristics of town or country. The clientèle of many houses would in the course of a single day include carters and cattle-drovers, farm-labourers, navvies, and cycle or motor parties.

An all-important factor in making the reformed public-house a success must always be the personality of the manager. His conduct of the business and his influence over the customers may easily render the house either a complete success or a complete failure.

Among the men employed as managers in the houses controlled by the association we find representatives of the army, the navy, and a variety of civil occupations. It is requisite in every case that the manager should be in sympathy with the aims of his employers; that he should be steady, a good business man, and tactful but firm in maintaining order. The association has been fortunate in finding suitable men who are glad to work under conditions which enable them to make a fair profit without pushing the sale of alcohol, and, to the best of my knowledge, only one of our managers has ever been convicted of any offence against the licensing laws.

A fixed salary is paid to each manager; but he is further allowed the whole of the profits on food, cigarettes, and tobacco, besides two-thirds of the profits on mineral waters. Any profits on cigars go to the funds of the association. The sale of alcoholic beverages, be it large or small, has no sort of influence upon the salary of the manager.

Obviously he has a strong personal reason for drawing the attention of his customers to such provisions of food and non-alcoholic drinks as he keeps in stock. But the question arises, how much is he able to accomplish in this direction? He cannot very well meet an order for a glass of ale with a recommendation to consume a cup of coffee and a sandwich. But he has other resources. He can, for example, avoid every form of advertisement where alcoholics are concerned, while giving rein to his ingenuity in displaying samples of food, mineral waters, milk, &c. He can also accomplish a good deal by getting to know the tastes of his customers, by serving such beverages as tea or cocoa with promptitude, and by taking trouble to see that all food is fresh and served in a clean and palatable way.

The instructions issued by the P.R.H.A. for managers contain several clauses which are intended to be a guide in dealing with the customers who frequent its houses. This paragraph deserves to be quoted verbatim: 'There can be no doubt that a public-house manager who is actuated by a high sense of his responsibility towards the public may, by the exercise of his personal influence, do great and permanent good. He should get to know his customers, or those of them who most frequent his house, so that he may be able, by an opportune and kindly word, to help those whose self-control in the use of intoxicants is weak, or by a timely hint to check the excess which might lead to his having to refuse a customer drink or to order him out of the house.'

As a rule the tactful manager is successful in preventing any of his customers from taking more than he can stand, yet without causing a 'scene' in doing so. By a quiet word or a warning look he intimates that the limit has been reached. One

of the managers employed by the association made it a practice 'to put up his finger' if he thought a customer had had enough. If the required results can be obtained by such pacific methods so much the better; the individual has reason to be grateful because his feelings have been considered, and at the same time other customers who may be present are spared an annoyance and an evil example. But occasions arise when the manager is obliged to take open and decided steps to ensure order. His instructions explicitly justify him in refusing to admit any drunken or quarrelsome person upon the premises, and if a customer shows signs of having taken too much or is guilty of any disorderly conduct, the duty of the manager is to tell such a person immediately to leave the premises. If necessary, the manager may also turn out any recalcitrant customer, though the assistance of a police officer is usually obtained in cases where resistance is offered or threatened.

The manager is, of course, responsible for seeing that the provisions of the Licensing Acts relating to gambling, the sale of drink to children, and so forth are duly observed. He has also to be careful that no games are played except those which have been sanctioned by the council of the association. Various games, such as bowls, tennis, and billiards, have been permitted, and the policy of the association tends to regard with favour the provision of such entertainments. They serve as counter-attractions to mere drinking, and in some cases they have been supplied because the competition of public-houses outside the P.R.H.A. practically made it necessary. It must be added, however, that the opinions of competent and friendly critics differ as to the advisability of having any such games or other adventitious attractions.

There is no doubt that, in cases where the reputation of some houses was not too satisfactory previous to their being acquired by the association, an improved record has followed the change of management. This improvement has, of course, been attended by the loss of some customers. For example, in Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell's *British Gothenburg Experiments*, the Vicar of Plymstock in Devon is quoted as saying of our inn there: 'Many of those who sat and drank by the hour under the old régime, and left the house very drunk at closing-time, now think it too respectable for them, and stay at home. Under the old management the village was often disturbed by rowdyism at night; this has quite disappeared since the association acquired the house.'

In this instance the inn had happily a monopoly of local trade, which means that the temperance results become more far-reaching and more clearly demonstrable than is the case where one or more rival houses provide a refuge for such as find the reformed inn 'too respectable for them.'

Generally speaking, and bearing in mind the fact that a monopoly of local traffic has only been obtained in a few cases, the association may fairly claim to have worked its houses successfully from a temperance point of view.

Financially the association stands in an excellent position. Ever since 1899 the maximum yearly dividend of 5 per cent. has been duly paid, a substantial sum laid by as a reserve fund, and a certain surplus allotted to objects of 'public utility.' In 1908 the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds was placed to the Public Utility Fund account. The allocation of this fund is settled by the council of the association, with due regard to local needs and circumstances.

Grants have been made, *inter alia*, towards the cost of improved water-supplies, for erecting village lamps, for nursing funds, for school funds, for a parish room and a clothing club, and to subsidise country flower and cattle shows.

Such objects are not direct counter-attractions to the public-house, and a certain amount of carefully considered criticism has been directed upon this so-called defect in the policy of the association. While opinions remain divided upon the issue, it should be remembered that the provision of 'direct counter-attractions' presupposes a policy of self-extinction which the P.R.H.A. does not acquiesce in. The objects selected indirectly, but none the less genuinely, promote the cause of temperance by improving the conditions under which the life of the people is lived. Moreover, the provision of counter-attractions means large profits; while reformed management reduces the quantity of alcoholics sold, and so sacrifices a good deal of profit.

A few words in conclusion about the Central Public House Trust Association. Just nine years ago Earl Grey founded this association, which is closely allied to the P.R.H.A., and has adopted almost identical methods, though retaining separate management. It has a less centralised control of its houses, since it has followed the principle of setting up local trust companies, under the general direction of the central association in London. Under the presidency of such able administrators as Earl Grey and his successor, the Earl of Lytton, the companies have rapidly spread over the United Kingdom. Their number is now thirty-seven, including thirty-two in England, Wales, and Ireland, and five in Scotland (not affiliated to the central association). The number of houses under trust management is two hundred and fifty-eight.

Although the numerous county trust companies have unfortunately nothing like a monopoly of licenses within the county, their houses form an instructive chain of object-lessons throughout the country. For example, at two wayside inns belonging to the Leeds Trust scarcely anything was sold under the old management except alcoholics. Now the takings from non-alcoholics and food amount to over seven pounds a week at each house, and working men such as brewers' draymen now ask for tea—an unheard-of request in former days. Again, the Durham Trust reports a very satisfactory increase in the amount of non-alcoholics sold. 'We

are pushing wherever possible the sixpenny dinner, which consists of cold meat, pickles, and bread.' At the annual meeting of the Surrey Trust this year, the chairman, Lord Farrar, raised the question whether the alcoholic liquor sale increased correspondingly with the sale of food. He said that he thought they might give an emphatic 'No' to that idea. In 1908 the alcoholic sales were only thirty-eight pounds in excess of the previous year, an increase of fifteen shillings and twopence per cent., whereas the food sale was five hundred and thirty-four pounds in excess of the previous year, and showed an increase of ten pounds five shillings and elevenpence per cent; therefore it was perfectly clear that the catering in their case must be regarded as the mainstay of their business. The Glasgow Trust has allocated a total sum of £1315 to provide counter-attractions to the public-house. The East of Scotland Trust has by now allotted £3418 to objects of public benefit.

The annual report of the central association will well repay perusal. It not only gives strikingly encouraging examples of successful management, but also frankly admits weak points, and shows the steps taken to tighten and strengthen the system. Everything turns upon vigilant and effective control; and here I am bound to recognise gratefully the self-denying labours of the executive committee of the P.R.H.A., whose unflagging attention to business has raised the pioneer society to such a high level of efficiency.

What the future may have in store for the principle of public management I cannot say; but these associations have certainly been sowing good seed, which may yield fruit in unexpected ways.

THE WHITE POODLE.

THE STORY OF A ROMANTIC WILL.

By W. SHAW SPARROW, Author of *The English House*, *Old England*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE green door of a weather-board cabin stood ajar. Near by, under a wide veranda, an invalid sat dozing, with a white poodle asleep on his knees. There was a drowsy hum of wind in hot sunshine, and a dust like chalk-powder floated through the air.

Presently the invalid looked up, roused by the clicking of his gate. The garden was sun-cracked and thirsty; the gate swung open, and through it passed a dark, spruce little man on a tired pony.

'Scorching day, Dr Butler,' the invalid called; and his poodle awoke and growled fiercely.

'Nep bites to-day perhaps?' the doctor asked, laughing.

'Not without leave, doctor. Come along.' And Butler dismounted and came briskly to the veranda.

'Nep's hospitality doesn't improve,' said he; 'and yours, Lilburne, is detestable, for you haven't called me in lately. Why?'

'Because I won't bag your time. You can't patch me up; I'm too far gone for that.'

Butler said nothing, but with his riding-whip he tapped the deck-chair impatiently. Then his manner changed, and he said gently, 'Old man, here's something for you, to be taken in the night when you feel'——

'The night!' interrupted Lilburne. 'It's mid-day *now*, thank goodness! I want a hospital of perpetual daylight. You understand?'

Butler nodded and looked out across the garden. 'When may I come again?'

'This evening, please. And, I say, bring Whitcomb the lawyer.'

'All right.' The doctor then shook hands and left the veranda.

Johannesburg lay five miles to the south-west, and as Butler ambled there through the scorching heat he thought with pity of Tom Lilburne, one of those young men of good family who ruin themselves with debt and drink, and win by that means an exile in some colony or other.

Tom was a broken man, a consumptive, when his family got rid of him; but one relative, his great-aunt Jane Moira, remained his friend, and from her he received by will the interest on twenty thousand pounds in Consols. This capital was never to be touched, but the yearly interest was left unguarded, so that Tom could bequeath it to any one he pleased.

Yet he was anxious. How could he, an outcast, find a proper legatee? That question worried him; and in his cabin, attended by a man-servant and by Nep the poodle, his one amusement was to invent tales about legatees and to elaborate fantastic wills. Once he decided to honour the memory of his great-aunt Jane Moira. A splendid monument should be put up in her village church of Midhurst in Sussex; its cost was to be twenty thousand pounds, and the sculptors or their assignees were to be paid in yearly instalments of three hundred pounds.

But a new idea came to him one night when he could not sleep. His cough shook him like an ague, and a great loneliness pressed upon him like an avenging fate. Despair made the dark hours terrible, and at last his courage broke. 'There's not a pal in this wretched world!' he cried aloud. 'I'm cursed'——

But Nep refused to be forgotten. He whimpered, leapt on to the bed, snuggled to Lilburne, and licked his face, so that Tom was overcome by gratitude. From that moment his legatee was

found. Nep should inherit every farthing of the yearly interest!

Tom was delighted with this quaint decision. He would keep his intentions secret; and the dog, sent out into the world, should find some one to share the legacy. Yes, Nep should choose a new master for himself!

But although these thoughts amused him for several weeks, it was no easy thing to put his legatee under the law's protection; much perseverance was needed, and a month passed before Tom was satisfied. The will then lay in duplicate on his table, and it seemed all right. Yet Tom waited anxiously for Butler to return with Mr Whitcomb the lawyer.

They arrived at seven in the evening. A table was ready with writing materials. They sat down, and Lilburne came to business at once. 'I've been rather bored in this cabin, pegging out daily for six years,' said he.—'Such an unconscionable time in dying isn't cricket on Fortune's part, Mr Whitcomb.' And the lawyer suddenly hung his chin, shut one eye, and coughed with much uneasiness. 'Yet I've managed to kill time,' Tom went on. 'My hobby—a tip-top thing—has been planning and writing wills.'

Mr Whitcomb said 'Ah!' with much interest, and his open eye gazed at the low ceiling.

'Not ordinary wills,' continued Lilburne. 'Mine were pretty to look at—fine penmanship, you know—topping! Here's the last and the best—in duplicate.' He handed two scraps of paper to the lawyer, who accepted them with gingerly reluctance. 'The writing is minute—a teasing thing to do,' said Lilburne with pride.

'And teasing to read!' Whitcomb snapped.

'Try this magnifying-glass,' the other returned.

Whitcomb, troubled and puzzled, frowned with great suspicion at the scraps of paper till Butler told him to be quick. Then he took the magnifying-glass and read the will slowly.

'Great Scott!' he muttered, and his jaw fell again and his left eyelid closed quickly.

'I've done something unique perhaps?' asked Tom.

'You have. This paper lies on the palm of my hand.'

'Well, just read the will aloud to Butler'——

'Unusual—all's unusual this evening!' the lawyer interrupted peevishly.

'Fire away, old man; let's hear it!' cried Butler. And Whitcomb began to read as follows:

'I, Robert Lilburne, dying at Sandy Cabin near Johannesburg, South Africa, make this my last will and testament. Whereas under the will of my great-aunt Jane Moira I am free to bequeath the interest on twenty thousand pounds invested in Consols, I now give and bequeath that yearly interest to a person whose identity will be discovered to my solicitors in the following way: That person will receive from me, through a chosen agent, an exact duplicate of this my will, and this duplicate will be taken by that person, as my legatee, and given to Messrs Cranby & Ross, solicitors, at 25 Chancery Lane, London; and the said solicitors will receive that duplicate as a definite and final proof that my rightful legatee is found. The duplicate is in all ways an exact fac-simile of this my will, and is known to-day only to myself and the two gentlemen who witnessed my signature. Those witnesses, by to-morrow's mail from Johannesburg, will send this my will by registered post to the said Cranby & Ross; while I, through my chosen agent, will transmit the duplicate to my sole legatee. And in confirmation of these my last wishes I now sign my name below, this nineteenth day of March 1906.'

'Bah!' snapped the lawyer.

'Can't you cable for the legatee's name?' asked Butler.

'Impossible, for several reasons. Here's one: I might peg out before receiving a reply. Here's another: a cablegram might fall into dishonest hands, and how could we verify the name sent to us?'

'But, then,' returned the lawyer, 'have you never known the name?'

'Never. You may admire persons without knowing their names.'

'True. But you run a serious risk.'

'Indeed! How?'

Tom leant across the table, and Whitcomb said, 'Well, *any one* might find the duplicate—a thief or your greatest enemy.'

'I know,' Lilburne said calmly.

'But the risk isn't common-sense,' the lawyer persisted.

'It's the only sense I can use here, since my legatee's name can't be got.'

'Yet you can guard yourself,' said the lawyer. 'Your legatee should be a person of good character, and should prove that he received the duplicate will in a manner specified by you and known only to me and Cranby & Ross.'

'I thought of that,' said Lilburne. 'But people have such different views on character. Cranby and Ross might be deucedly particular, and then the money'd stick fast in their Chancery Court of Ideals. No.'

'Here's a suggestion.' It was Butler who spoke. 'Whitcomb shall write out the substance of this conversation and send it to Cranby & Ross, with his signature and mine to the letter.'

'Not bad,' the lawyer agreed. 'It would show how we discussed the will, and that Mr Lilburne held to its unusual terms.'

'Just so,' said Tom. 'Next point, now. Are those papers exact duplicates?'

Whitcomb and Butler spent half-an-hour over that task.

'By Jove! they're like prints from an engraved plate.'

And Lilburne smiled happily at Dr Butler. 'You've noticed the sketches at the four corners of each paper?' he asked with pride.

'A dog's head,' said Whitcomb with a touch of scorn.

'The head of a particular dog—eh, Butler?'

'Certainly. A portrait of Nep, your white poodle.'

'A tip-top friend of mine,' Tom explained. 'That's why I put him in my will.'

The papers were then signed and witnessed.

'Here's an envelope addressed,' said Tom to Mr Whitcomb. 'Seal it up at once, and to-morrow we'll post it, registered, to Cranby & Ross. By the same mail, in another envelope, kindly send your summary of to-day's interview, and with it another will, which I want you to draw up. I'll sign it to-morrow, a day later than my present will.'

'In what terms?' said the lawyer, surprised.

'These: If at the end of seven years Messrs Cranby & Ross or their assigns receive no news of my legatee, then the accumulated interest on the seven years and all future interest on the twenty thousand pounds are given and bequeathed by me under trust to the Royal Academy to be used yearly for the encouragement of dog-painters. Is that clear?'

'Yes.'

'A compliment to your white poodle?' asked Dr Butler.

Tom Lilburne nodded. 'And now for my last point,' said he. 'I'm anxious about my dog; and I feel that my elder brother Henry might like to have the first chance of giving Nep a good home. See?'

'Yes.'

'And, Mr Whitcomb, kindly mention that point in your summary, will you?'

'If you think it important enough.'

'Oh, it's very important!' cried Lilburne. 'It will show I've no ill-will for my brother though I don't leave him my money. He's rich, you see—got every penny of my father's big fortune.'

'Very well,' said Whitcomb. 'And Nep must be sent to your brother?'

'Oh yes. He lives at 105 Tite Street, Chelsea, London. But how is Nep to go to England?'

'I can help you there, perhaps,' said Butler. 'The dog could accompany me when I take my holiday.'

'Good of you, doctor! But Nep's unlike other poodles, as you know; he's difficult and savage—never allows any one, except me, to touch him.'

'Well, Lilburne, make him less unfriendly towards me; then we can travel together.'

The evening's business ended at that; and Butler and Whitcomb went home, not a little astonished by their interview.

Lilburne passed a bad night, but in the morning he got up and waited with feverish anxiety for his friends to return.

They came at midday, bringing with them the second will and a detailed account of yesterday's interview.

'We've put matters at great length,' said Butler, 'and Whitcomb thinks you ought to approve what we've written by signing your name under his signature and mine. It will help your London solicitors to carry out your willed intentions.'

'Good idea!' said Lilburne.

By two o'clock every detail was settled, and Lilburne placed in Whitcomb's hands fifty guineas for any work which might arise at a later time in connection with the will.

His business friends having gone, Tom fetched his white poodle from a small room near the kitchen. Then he drew from his pocket a cylinder of tarnished silver three inches long, an inch in circumference, and with a thin chain that passed through three silver eyes. From one end of this little case he now unscrewed the top and pulled out a circular stick of wood; and after that he took the duplicate will and began to roll it with great care around the stick, the written side inwards. With strong thread the paper was soon tied securely.

Having put back the stick and screwed on the top, Lilburne, with a quick movement, drew the poodle towards him, and his hands played for a moment with the long curls of hair on the dog's neck. 'Here's the place for it, Nep—the very place;' and he hid the little cylinder under the curls and fastened the silver chain quite close to the poodle's neck. 'It can't be seen, Nep, and it won't be found until you choose a new master.'

The dog stared wonderingly at Tom; and his neck twitched, as if the chain and tube tickled him.

'Don't fret, old man; I've done nothing wrong to you. See?'

But the poodle continued to look at him with bright eyes full of questions.

. . . . . .

Lilburne died three weeks later, and was buried at Johannesburg. Nep refused to be comforted, though he accepted Butler as a make-shift friend.

'The poor beast gets thinner every day,' said Butler to Mr Whitcomb, with professional anxiety in his manner. 'A sea voyage may do good, eh?'

'The dear patient will improve, Butler. But when do you leave?'

'Next boat.'

During the voyage to England nothing of moment happened. Everybody wished to make friends with Nep, but the dog snarlingly declined. He ate little, he went on pining, and arrived in England very thin, unkempt, and disreputable-looking—a white poodle only in name. As Butler was afraid to wash Nep, he wondered how this unclean, ill-tempered dog could be given to Henry Lilburne? Ought he to write first, or should he call one morning at Tite Street? Butler decided at last that letters were a nuisance; in them too much or too little would be said; and, besides that, Henry Lilburne might be a man of moods. It would be better to take him by surprise and watch his behaviour to the white poodle.

So one evening Butler called at Tite Street. A sleek footman opened the door.

'Mr Lilburne at home?'

'Yes, sir; but busy. Parliament is sitting.'

'Good! I call on urgent business. I come from South Africa. Can Mr Lilburne spare me five minutes?'

'I'll see, sir, and give 'im your card. The footman went away. In a minute or two he returned.

'Mr Lilburne will see you, sir; but this dog, please—what of 'im, sir?'

'He must come with me,' said the doctor, noticing the servant's hesitation.

'It 's a bit risky, sir, please.' But the man went out into the hall, crossed a short passage, and entered a fine study lined with bookcases. Sitting at a wide bureau that faced the door was a broad-shouldered, red-haired man with a mottled face; he looked a man of action, even of violence.

The butler having left the room, Henry Lilburne said, 'What can I do for you?'

The voice was a surprise for Dr Butler; it made him start, recalling to his memory the voice of poor Tom Lilburne. Nep also was astonished; he pricked up his ears, thrust out his head round the corner of the bureau, and sniffed eagerly.

'Why did you start?' asked Henry Lilburne; and Butler explained why. 'Ah! So you knew my brother?'

'I wrote to you after his death—William Butler—you remember my name?'

'It comes back to me now. Yes; many thanks. Will you take a seat?'

Dr Butler sat down. He disliked this red, frigidly eager man, and wondered how two brothers could be so alike in voice and so unlike in all else. Nep, too, becoming more and more puzzled, strained at his leash, and presently he whined in a low, caressing manner.

'A dog!'

'A white poodle—Nep, your brother's dog.' Butler then related all that he had to say.

From first to last Henry Lilburne was silent, listening with a cold impatience. 'Well, I hate dogs,' he declared at last, 'but I'll look at this one.' He rose quickly. 'The dog's savage, you said?'

'Yes; but he's anxious at present about your voice.'

'Indeed? There's something in family, then, after all!' This was a sneer; and Henry Lilburne laughed unkindly as he moved from his bureau to the fireplace. 'We'll look at each other from a distance,' he added. On reaching the hearthrug Henry Lilburne turned about. 'Ah, a *white* poodle!' he muttered; 'or, rather, a sooty poodle, stained almost black. Has the poor fellow been long in London?' He put the question in a low voice of mock sympathy.

Nep, straining forward to the full length of his leash and sniffing the air quickly, gazed with disappointment at the stranger; but his manner was quite friendly.

'Not very savage now,' said Henry Lilburne. 'He knows the family *aura*, perhaps; they say a family has a distinct and peculiar odour.

'Will you keep Nep?' asked Butler.

'No; I couldn't live with *that* dog. His eyes are too intelligent—they seem uncanny. Some *accident* might happen to the beast if he stayed here. Have I not told you that I *hate* dogs?'

'Well, then, Mr Lilburne, Nep must be mine.'

'Why not?' Henry Lilburne spoke with evident relief. 'I'm upset by such a legacy,' he went on. 'By the way, though, talking of legacies, what about my poor brother's will? Tom had the yearly interest on twenty thousand pounds to bequeath to—to—er—his boon companions.'

'He had no such companions in South Africa,' replied Butler sharply.

'Ah, well!' said Lilburne with a yawn. 'Cranby and Ross have told me of the will and its infantine peculiarity. My brother was—was sane?'

'Quite sane.'

'Then he hit upon something quite new in wills. Ah, well!' And Henry Lilburne yawned again. 'But what became of the duplicate will?' This question was put abruptly and in a sharp tone.

'I don't know.' Butler spoke with equal abruptness. 'Your brother kept that to himself. But he mentioned both the will and *you*, Mr Lilburne, in the last moments of his life.'

'He did?'

'Yes. He said the will was just, and hoped you'd not despise Nep. He spoke urgently on that point.'

'Was that irony?'

'No, certainly not. Tom had been thinking of his boyhood when you taught him to find birds' nests and to climb trees, and was fond of you again.'

'Was that before the legacy of Nep?'

'Three weeks later,' said Butler. 'Your brother was very anxious at the last that Nep should be yours.'

'Impossible! Why, the very odour from a dog annoys me;' and the man's nostrils expanded with disgust.

The legacy, then, was not to remain with Nep at Tite Street; indeed, Henry Lilburne was in a hurry to get rid of his visitors.

'Pardon me, Dr Butler, I must go to the House now; there's a division at nine o'clock.' He crossed the room, saying, 'Just pull that brute aside, please,' and leading the way into the hall, went rapidly to the front door and opened it. 'A fine June evening, doctor,' he said in more friendly tones; but scarcely had he finished speaking when Nep jumped forward, wrenching the leash from Butler's hand. With a bound he reached Henry Lilburne, sprang up at him, and whimpered strangely. Though the dog seemed eager to make friends, Henry Lilburne turned red with anger, cursed, kicked the dog violently several times, and drove poor Nep into the street, yelping and panic-stricken.

'I told you I hated dogs!' Henry Lilburne panted.

'You brute!' cried the doctor excitedly. 'And I'll make this known!' With that threat on his lips he ran into the street, but no dog was to be seen there.

Having searched in vain till ten o'clock, Butler returned to his hotel and sent advertisements to the *Post*, the *Mail*, and the *Times*. The white poodle must be found!

Nep, meanwhile, running here and there in headlong panic, had come at last to a mean little by-street near the King's Road, and all at once a happy voice called to him in a cajoling manner.

'Dig, dig, diggie!' the voice shrilled. 'Come, boy! Come, mannie!' And Nep, panting after his long run, hesitated, then stopped dead, and looked with eagerness across the narrow street, his eyes drawn towards a young fellow who sat in the twilight at the door of a little, slovenly house.

'Come, old man! Poor boy! Poor boy!'

Nep, curious and eager, crossed the roadway; within a few yards of this new friend he halted, and for several moments they gazed at each other—Nep in a sort of pleased doubt, and the young man in excited expectation.

'Come, boy!'

Nep went a step nearer, then another, still pleased and still doubtful.

'And what have they done to you, mannie? Poor old chap!'

'Mr Elwood!' cried a woman's voice from the house; but neither man nor dog heard it, so engrossed were they in watching each other. At last Nep made up his mind, for he jumped forward and licked Elwood's hand. The young fellow, in his delight, wanted to fondle his new chum; but Nep stepped away and showed his teeth, growling.

'Bad form!' said Elwood laughingly. 'Are you a savage, diggie? And shall we go upstairs, old fellow?' He got up and limped to the door. 'I say, Mrs Price, do come here for a second or two!' he called.

In a moment a sunny-faced woman appeared. 'Mr Elwood,' said she, 'you oughter be in bed with that knee of yours, an' all because you will play 'ocky, a-laying of yourself hup as if you 'ad money enough for me an' doctors too.'

'Don't worry about me, Mrs Price. Give all your attention to my new friend. There he is!'

'A dorg it is, Mr Elwood. An' where did 'e come from?'

'Don't know; he's a godsend, so I want to keep him. You won't object?'

'No.'

'Then I'll call him Peter, after your husband. Hurrah!'

Mrs Price pretended to grumble; but Elwood whistled to the poodle, and then limped slowly upstairs to his room, a little attic with a single gas-jet and a small window looking north. Before the window was an easel; the walls were covered with sketches of animals; a narrow, low bed stood in one corner, with a washstand and a hand-bath near to it; a table occupied another corner; and here and there were oddments of useful things, three chairs, two cupboards, a black coal-box, a telephone by the fireplace, a stuffed fox above the mantelpiece, a stuffed eagle perched on a wall-bracket, and other stuffed birds hung by strings from the ceiling.

'Ah Peter,' cried Elwood to Nep, 'what a model you'll be!'

From one cupboard he then took some milk and bread, and shared them equally with the poodle. From the other cupboard he got an old dressing-gown, folded it into a cushion, and having placed it near his bed for Peter to sleep on, whistled with pleasure. He then undressed himself, the happiest boy-man in London. 'Hurrah, what pictures we'll do together, Peter!' he said presently from between the sheets, then turned on his side and slept like a top.

(To be continued.)

A GOLD TRAIN.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, in that most romantic but at the same time realistic of his novels, *Westward Ho!* describes a gold-train in Spanish South America, as it marched, all unconscious, into the ambush laid for it by Amyas Leigh:

'Up they came slowly, and all hearts beat loud at their coming.

'First, about twenty soldiers, only one half of whom were on foot; the other half being borne, incredible as it may seem, each in a chair on the back of a single Indian, while those who marched had consigned their heaviest armour and their arquebuses into the hands of attendant slaves, who were each pricked on at will by the pike of the soldier behind them. . . .

'Last of this troop came some inferior officer, also in his chair, who, as he went slowly up the hill, with his face turned toward the gang which followed, drew every other second the cigar from his lips, to inspirit them with those pious ejaculations . . . which earned for the pious Spaniards of the sixteenth century the uncharitable imputation of being . . . the most abominable swearers of all Europeans.

'A line of Indians, Negros, and Zambos, naked, emaciated, scarred with whips and fetters, and chained together by their left wrists, toiled upwards, panting and perspiring under the burden of a

basket held up by a strap which passed across their foreheads. . . . There were not only old men and youths among them, but women—slender young girls, mothers with children running at their knee; and at the sight a low murmur of indignation rose from the ambushed Englishmen. . . .

'But the first forty, so Amyas counted, bore on their backs a burden which made all, perhaps, but him and Yeo forget even the wretches who bore it. Each basket contained a square package of carefully corded hide, the look whereof friend Amyas knew full well.

'"What 's in they, captain?"

'"Gold!" And at that magic word all eyes were strained greedily forward, and such a rustle followed that Amyas, in the very face of detection, had to whisper, "Be men, be men, or you will spoil all yet!" . . .

'And after them came, with their bearers and attendants, just twenty soldiers more, followed by the officer in charge, who smiled away in his chair, and twirled two huge mustachios, thinking of nothing less than of the English arrows which were itching to be away and through his ribs. The ambush was complete.'

Such was the train as the poet-novelist conceived it, and so accurate was he in all the details of his story that we cannot but suppose that it was a correct description of the march of a gold-bearing party from the mines to the coast when the king of Spain held sway over the north-western part of the South American continent in the days of our Queen Elizabeth.

Gold is still conveyed from the mines to the sea, and in other parts of the world as well, to be thence transported throughout civilisation. Here we propose to give some account of a gold-train as now to be seen in South Africa, and far different we shall find it to be from that which met the eyes of Amyas Leigh.

To take the question of distance first. It is a long way from Johannesburg to Capetown; but as that distance is covered by railway, it is in point of time neither a long, nor is it necessarily a perilous, and certainly it is not a cruel journey. The locomotive takes the place of the toiling Indian slaves; and the guards, though they travel under somewhat strange conditions, are far more comfortable than were the Spanish captain and his men when, seated in their chairs, they were jolted by their bearers up and down the rough mountain-paths.

The train, it is true, is under the control of Government, as was that in the Far West; but it is a far different Government which has to do the work, and the transportation of gold is so managed on the most business-like principles in South Africa that the precious metal is handled as other merchandise would be, save only that additional precautions have to be taken which cause the carrying of gold to differ from that of ordinary goods.

To begin with, though it goes by train it goes in its own special vehicle; and a very strange vehicle indeed is the specie-van, as it is called, on the South African line. It is a long truck, some thirty feet in length; and, except that it has two barrel windows on each side, and what is called a square domed top, it is not unlike an ordinary goods-truck, as it is painted teak colour to correspond with the other coaches which compose the mail-train. But if we were to scrape off this coating of paint we should come to solid steel sides, and indeed it is made of steel throughout. The frame on which the body rests is of the usual bogie character—that is to say, it is furnished with small trucks of six wheels each, one at each end; but attached to the frame and inseparable from it is that which forms the central interest of the vehicle, the safe or coffer which contains the gold. You might cut off the whole of the body portion—that is, if you could manage to negotiate the steel walls—and you would find the safe intact. You might tear off the bogie trucks, and the frame and safe would still be attached to one another. You might hurl the van down an embankment, or send it crashing into other coaches in a collision, and the safe would still be where it was before. There is no possibility of carrying off the safe unless the huge carriage-frame is carried off as well.

The safe rises up through the floor of the van and does not occupy any great space. The remainder of the interior is fitted up as a comfortable travelling saloon. There is a table in the centre, and on each side of this is a sofa. Above are two frame-berths which can be let down at pleasure, there are all the usual arrangements for a long journey by rail, and there is a stove at which cooking can be carried on.

And who are the occupants of this specie-van? They are three picked men of the Transvaal police force, and the journey is taken once a week, though not the same men are always on this duty of guarding the gold-train.

Let us give a little description of the weekly mail-train to which this van is attached. It leaves Johannesburg every Monday at six o'clock in the evening, and arrives in Capetown at the docks and alongside the mail-steamer at midnight the next day; consequently the run is one of thirty hours. It is drawn by a powerful passenger-train locomotive—that is, one with six wheels coupled. The same engine does not run all the way. It is changed with its men, at the different railway systems. Attached to the locomotive are nine sixty-two feet bogie coaches, including a dining-car. It may be mentioned that in these days of luxurious travel trains are fitted up with barbers' shops, and even a hot bath can be obtained on board. Next comes a travelling post-office, and then follows the precious specie-van. The guard's and baggage vans complete the train.

Let us return to the specie-van. When the freight has been placed in the safe, and duly vouched for and locked up, the three guardians enter, and

are themselves locked into the car, the doors of which cannot be opened again until the train reaches Capetown, except for the fact that there is a key kept in a glass case which must be broken before it can be got out. It is obvious, therefore, that this emergency-key cannot be used without leaving plain evidence that such has been the case. This key would probably only be used in case of fire to save the men from being roasted alive. Of course these policemen carry revolvers, but there are no other armed men on the train. They are not all three actually on duty the whole of the thirty hours. Two of them may sleep, or smoke, or cook at will, but one must always be on the alert; and to make sure that this is the case he is provided with cards, one of which he places at intervals of a quarter of an hour in a sort of clock which duly marks the hour at which each is inserted.

All these precautions make it very obvious to train-breakers that there is no chance of robbing the specie-van, and indeed an attack on it has never been attempted. But at times, though only rarely, a train on this system has been 'held up.' Such an attack took place not long after the Boer war, the train selected being the railway service pay-train, which goes from station to station delivering the pay of the men and of the officials, and therefore starts with a considerable amount of ready money in its coffers. On this occasion the train was derailed by the line being purposely broken. No official except the fireman was injured, and the guard shot two of the would-be robbers; the remainder of the gang fled, but were most of them afterwards captured. Even Amyas Leigh would have hesitated before he attacked a gold-train of the present day.

DEEP-SEA LIFE.

By the Honourable GLADYS GRAHAM MURRAY.

NATURALISTS of olden days were of the opinion that there was an absence of life in the deep seas. To-day this theory is known to be incorrect, and the fact that a deep-sea fauna exists is familiar to every zoologist.

The relationship between animals and their environment is a subject which deserves close attention, for, little by little, animals modify themselves to the conditions under which they live. It is, therefore, interesting to consider the physical conditions of the mighty deep. To these enormous depths no sunlight can penetrate, for it has been reckoned that after a depth of five hundred fathoms (three thousand feet) the sun's rays will be unable to pierce their way. Such illumination as exists in very deep waters is doubtless due to the fact that many deep-sea fish possess phosphorescent organs.

The late Sir Wyville Thomson wrote that after he left Cape Verde Islands the sea was a blaze of phosphorescence: 'There was no moon, and although the night was perfectly clear . . . the lustre of the heavens was fairly eclipsed by that of the sea. It was easy to read the smallest print sitting at the after-port in my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening wedges of radiance so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows.'

If phosphorescence such as this exists at great depths it accounts for the well-developed eyes and brilliant colours of some of the deep-sea animals; on the other hand, a large proportion of the denizens of the deep possess either no eyes or eyes reduced to mere vestiges.

At great depths there is no movement of the water, no tides are felt, and no gales blow to ruffle the bottom of the abyss. Owing to the absence of sunlight plant-life ceases to exist, and a vast silence must reign perpetually. It is difficult to realise the immense pressure of such deeps, for at a depth of over two thousand five hundred fathoms (fifteen thousand three hundred feet) the pressure per square inch is two and a half tons; whereas on land the pressure exerted is under fifteen pounds per square inch. Should the fish, therefore, inhabiting these depths get carried upwards to the surface, the swimming-bladder becomes greatly expanded, and when they reach daylight generally bursts.

It is interesting to consider the question of the temperature of the sea. Deep water is always very cold, but owing to the influence of polar currents the temperature for a given depth may not be the same. Research has shown that in the Atlantic Ocean there is a strong predominance of the Antarctic polar current.

The carpet of the deep sea is composed of different muds and oozes. Globigerina ooze is that which is chiefly composed of the shells of that minute animal-life, the *foraminifer*. It is found at depths ranging from five hundred to nearly three thousand fathoms in equatorial and temperate latitudes, but not in Arctic seas. Ninety-five per cent. of this ooze is made up of carbonate of lime.

The commonest of sea-deposits is that known as red mud. This is said to exist over one-third of the earth's surface. The shells of the different animals are acted upon by the free carbonic acid which sea-water contains, and they are quickly ground down by this powerful solvent. Another ooze is radiolarian ooze, in which almost no trace of carbonate of lime is found; this occurs in the deepest waters of the central and western Pacific Ocean, whilst in the deep water near the Antarctic circle a diatom ooze is found.

Zoologists of to-day make a special study of the geographical distribution of terrestrial animals, mapping out the world into different regions and sub-regions; but there is always some debatable ground, for Nature has no set limits, and one fauna will gradually merge into another. In the sea no mountain-ranges or great deserts act as barriers; consequently the fauna of the ocean varies according to the temperature, pressure, the amount of light, the salinity of the water, and the food-supply.

Three great primary zones are recognised. These are the Pelagic, the Neritic, and the Abysmal zones. The Pelagic zone includes the superficial waters of all seas; whilst the Neritic (or shallow-water zone) embraces all depths less than five hundred fathoms, including inland seas, shores of great continents and isles, and shallow banks in the great oceans. The last well-marked zone is the Abysmal, which extends from the five-hundred-fathom line to the greatest depths of the ocean.

It is interesting to consider the views which are advanced by naturalists as to the origin of the mighty abysmal fauna; and the question arises as to whether the curious creatures that live at such mighty depths—many of them in total darkness—are the remnants of the fauna of shallow prehistoric seas, or are the progenitors of the shallow-water population. The explanation which is generally accepted, and which was put forward by the late Professor Mosely, is that the fauna of the deep sea has been derived from successive immigrations of the animals inhabiting the shallow water; and this theory is greatly strengthened by the fact that, as a rule, the deep-sea fauna is much richer in the neighbourhood of land than in regions far from it.

Marine animals pursue three great modes of life. There are those—such as the jelly-fish or medusæ—which float and drift with the currents of the sea, and are scarcely able to determine for themselves the direction in which they travel. This portion of the ocean's fauna is called the *Plankton;* whilst the *Nekton* are those animals which are capable of vigorous swimming movements, and are able to migrate freely from one part of the sea to another. Lastly, there are those animals which remain as fixtures, or are only capable of crawling over the rocks or sand; and to this group the name of the *Benthos* has been given.

It is interesting to look at the colours of the skin of the different deep-sea animals, which vary to a remarkable extent in the separate groups—some brilliant colours being found in certain cases, and in others a sombre hue predominating. Among the mollusca violet is a prevailing colour, and in a specimen brought home by the *Challenger* Expedition a rose-coloured denizen of the deep was reported. Various shades of red seem to prevail among the crustacea, whilst the large eggs of some of the deep-sea genera were of a brilliant light blue. This latter colour is very rarely met with in the fauna of the abyss. To turn to the deep-sea jelly-fishes, deep violet or a yellowish-red hue is said to predominate; whilst Agassiz reported a particular species as being remarkable for the light carmine tint. In speaking of corals and deep-sea anemones, the same author recorded that 'some deep corals were scarlet, deep flesh-coloured, and pinkish-orange.'

The eyes of the deep-sea inhabitants have undergone some curious modifications. In the majority of cases it is usually found that the eyes are either very large or very small. A species of fish dredged up from a depth of over one thousand two hundred feet by the *Porcupine* Expedition possessed a pair of well-developed eyes on short footstalks. In some cases the loss of sight is greatly compensated by the high development of the tactile organs, which probably possess a very delicate sense of touch.

Many deep-sea animals have the power of emitting phosphorescent light, some possessing distinct organs for this purpose. Certain sharks secrete a highly phosphorescent slime in their skin-glands; whilst other deep-sea fish display curious eye-like organs down the sides of the body, forming, as it were, a series of miniature bull's-eye lanterns. Again, others possess glandular organs behind the eyes or on the head and shoulders.

In thinking over the conditions of deep-sea life one is once again brought to realise how each member of the animal kingdom modifies itself according to circumstances. Whether the student is a believer in the great theory of a design in Nature or not, he is brought face to face with the eternal fitness of things.

> 'So careful of the type?' but no,
> From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
> She cries, 'A thousand types are gone;
> I care for nothing, all shall go.'

But however reckless Nature may appear to be in her use of means, the result is seen to be a general harmony between the living thing and its lifeless surroundings.

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

TO H. G. C.

Have you seen an angel-face,
Full of beauty and of grace?
Such a face I too have seen
Fairer than a lily's sheen.

Have you heard an angel-song,
Pure and high and true and strong?
Such a song I sometimes hear
Falling grandly on the ear.

Not alone on Christmas morn,
When our Saviour Christ was born,
Do these angel-forms appear;
They are often very near.

Those who lead us to the light,
Singing songs of hope by night;
These, though human to our eyes,
Are but angels in disguise.

J. RHB.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

ORIGIN, SPLENDOUR, AND DECADENCE.*

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

PARIS, in all my ruinous experience, is the only mine I have meddled with which does not fail in depth. It becomes richer the deeper you delve into its secrets. The bookstalls on the quays afford machinery to the poorest miner, and the only difficulty is an *embarras de richesse* in the choice of shafts. For eight sous I bought *Les Chroniques du Palais-Royal.* In a delightful introduction that reminds one of Scott, Saint Marc presents you to an old marquis, the last of his race, a nonagenarian who had made the palace his home since 1815. He is saturated with the history and spirit of the place. He makes you live through the 'mad, bad, glad, sad' years of the past, through all its changing story.

The official description on a plaque at the Galerie de Chartres entrance to the Palais-Royal, at the back of the Théâtre-Français, is as follows: 'The Palais-Royal is the creation of Cardinal de Richelieu, who caused it to be built, from 1629 to 1636, by the architect Le Mercier, on the sites of the Hôtels de Mercœur et de Rambouillet, and gave it the name of Palais-Royal. It was not named Palais-Royal until 1642, under Louis XIII., to whom the cardinal had bequeathed it.'

Cardinal Richelieu, the great Minister and tyrant of Louis XIII., wanted a palace to match the almost royal state he affected. In 1624 he levelled the old city wall of Charles V. and filled up the moats—Louis giving him the land they occupied—which then stretched from where the Théâtre-Français now stands across the present gardens of the Palais-Royal. Some fourteen years later, in panic-fear of the coalition which was invading France from Picardy and from Burgundy, the people bitterly reproached him for destroying the defences of the city, surrounded his 'Palais-Cardinal,' as it was then called, and prevented his passage to visit the king. With supreme audacity, he went out alone among them and restored confidence. Wonderful voluntary armies were organised, and the war was waged successfully on five frontiers at once. He secured the waste lands and market-gardens near the old walls—'*veritables foyers d'infections.*' † He bought up the rest of the necessary land from the owners of the châteaux and houses, large and small, notably the Hôtel Rambouillet and the academy of Benjamin the famous riding-master. While the palace was being built Richelieu occupied a house standing on a portion of the site of the present theatre, and extending to the Rue de Richelieu. This building was afterwards occupied by Anne of Austria, and known as the Hôtel Bryon. Here were instituted and housed—thanks to his many-sided culture—the first academies of painting and architecture; and in 1673, in the court of the hôtel, without a roof, took place the first public exhibition of pictures in France. How the souls of the artists would suffer if they could witness the degrading exhibitions of decadent vice which are now permitted in the galleries of the Palais-Royal by the guardians of '*Liberté*'!

On the other side of the palace, between the theatre which he attached to it and the Rue des Bons Enfants, Richelieu built the Hôtel Melusine, afterwards occupied by the execrable Abbé Dubois, the tutor and evil genius of the regent. Here, also, honour to his memory, he originated the assemblies of men of letters. Senseless vanity, one of his surprising weaknesses, made him aspire to be their Mæcenas, but he was none the less the real founder of the Academie Française, first chartered by Louis XIII. in 1635.

We need not describe minutely the architecture of Le Mercier, which Sauval, writing thirty years after his death, described as ugly. Outwardly it

† The remains of a large Roman villa were discovered about the centre of the gardens, with huge pipes for a water-supply from the hills round Paris; also, medals of Aurelius and Diocletian, and cuirasses of Amazons.

* *All rights reserved.*

was severe, and in general lines resembled the present building. All that now remains of it are the carved anchors and prows of vessels, emblematic of Richelieu's management of the navy, in the Galerie des Proues, at the right side of the inner or Grande Cour. Where the present Galerie d'Orléans stands there was a fine terrace, with balconies and arcades giving a charming view of the gardens.

The interior of the palace was in many respects very fine, and in some ways unique for that epoch. Besides a chapel and a library, and the cardinal's rooms, there was in the left wing the famous gallery containing the portraits of the twenty-five illustrious men of France, the great captains, &c., of the past —including, of course, Richelieu himself. Turenne was added later. Above Richelieu's portrait were the words, '*Hic stante cuncta moventur.*' He was much wounded, after showing his great collection proudly one day to his courtiers, to find in chalk below it, '*Ergo cedente, omnia quiescent.*' Champaigne, his favourite painter, was paid from about ten pounds to thirty pounds for his portraits.* On the right wing he became the patron of comedy by building what was then a large theatre, with a smaller one attached. He imagined himself a worthy rival of Corneille. He also indulged in private vengeance when he vilified the queen under the thin disguise of *Mirame*, which he produced here. She and Madame de Chevreuse had mocked at his courtship, and encouraged his Eminence to dance a *sarabande*, dressed as a clown, for their edification. Cardinal and courtier, he contrived to assemble in his palace everything that wealth and taste could imagine for the enjoyment of the world, the flesh, and the Church.

The gardens were very large. The Rue de Richelieu and the Rue des Bons Enfants, where he built houses and sold them, were the boundaries then, and they formed quite a park much frequented by lovers in the evenings. In 1650 a very complete miniature fort with a moat was made for Louis XIV. (who was nearly drowned in one of the ponds, thanks to his brother Philippe) and his 'Garde d'Honneur' of boys. Hare, stag, and boar hunts, and a battle between a bull and dogs, were organised.

Richelieu's power and royal splendour naturally became a source of danger to himself, and in 1639 he thought it politic to hand over formally, by deed of gift, the Palais-Cardinal and its adjuncts to his king and his successors on the throne. In effect it seems to have been an absolute alienation, though the deed of gift reserved the rents to his heirs, who were to be 'head-porters in perpetuity.' Thenceforward it was best known as the Palais-Royal; in 1793 it became the Palais National, then the Palais Egalité, then the Jardin de la Révolution (by decree), in 1800 the Palais du Tribunat, then the Palais Marchand, and again in 1822 the Palais d'Orléans.

Richelieu's body was worn-out by his active genius, and this seventeenth-century Napoleon died in December 1642, at the age of fifty-seven. Full of contradictions as his character was, one can almost credit him when, dying, he protested that he had no enemies to forgive (most of them had been beheaded), having none but those of the State, and that he had never served other ends than those of religion and the State. One of the finest monuments in Paris is his splendid tomb at the Church of the Sorbonne, which he built and where he elected to be buried, in the University of Paris, which he instituted and fostered throughout his life.

Here ends the first, and to my mind the most interesting, period of the history of the Palais-Royal, because of the great personality of the cardinal-founder.

After Louis XIII.'s death at St Germains five months later, Anne of Austria moved with her two sons from the Louvre to the Palais-Royal, where she was joined by Cardinal Mazarin with his suite and his guards. More treasures of art were accumulated and improvements made, and wonderful fêtes took place. At the marriage of Ladislas, king of Poland, to the daughter of the Duc de Nevers in 1645, during three days there were balls, garden-parties, Italian and French plays, and spectacles. Next year fête after fête was held in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales, whom Mazarin wanted to marry to the 'Grande Demoiselle,' Mademoiselle de Montpensier. She, however, at that time had set her heart on the German emperor.

In 1648 began La Fronde, the war between Mazarin and the people. The Palais-Royal was invaded by the populace, headed by the Parliament; and to save the situation and prevent its destruction by fire, Anne had to yield to their demands for the release of Broussel and Blancmesnil. In 1649, after the execution of Charles I., Evelyn, with his father-in-law, presented letters from Charles's son to Anne and Louis at the Palais-Royal. He describes it in detail, and especially a wonderful opera in which the king and Court acted marvellously. In 1651 there was another mutiny of the people, and Anne threw open the palace, when many entered young Louis's room and watched him sleeping, and departed appeased and loyal. After this, disliking the lack of privacy and safety which resulted from her giving the public access to the gardens, Anne returned to the Louvre. For nine years the palace was more or less deserted by the Court, and was only occupied by Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France and queen of England (so often painted by Van Dyck), and her daughter. She was magnificently received in 1644, but latterly, as an exile, was much neglected. She complained to Cardinal de Retz that her daughter could not rise one day, as she was not allowed a fire.

* Sandoz names the twenty-five, but regrets their dispersion at various dates. Another writer says they were removed to Versailles. A few may perhaps be found there, in the interesting Attique du Nord.

Her attendants were supposed to have sold everything valuable that they could remove.

Louis XIV., however, often visited the Hôtel Bryon to play billiards and enjoy the fêtes which he gave in the gardens. At a fête in 1656 the public were admitted to the smaller theatre for the first time, and payment for seats was instituted. In 1660 Henrietta Maria's son, Charles II., recovered the English throne. Next year her daughter was married in the Palais-Royal to Louis's only brother, Monsieur Philippe de France, formerly Duc d'Anjou, but after the death of his uncle Gaston, the year before, known as Duc d'Orléans. They made the Palais-Royal their home, and it was often afterwards called the Palais d'Orléans, though it was not handed over to them till 1692. Charles I.'s widow was delighted to retire to a country residence at Colombes, where she died in 1669.

Huge sums were spent on decoration. Even bedroom ceilings were painted by Noel Coypel, Errard, Gougeon, &c. Bills still exist for about fifty thousand pounds spent on furnishings. Richelieu's galleries were restored, and a retinue of over a hundred attendants was accommodated in the palace. Madame's food-bills amounted to four thousand pounds a month, though the wine that was drunk at the prince's tables was only forty-two centimes a litre.

In 1671 Le Nôtre—who, I think, laid out Hampton Court, as well as the most famous gardens of France—then sixty-one years old, but who lived another twenty-six years, was employed to rearrange the gardens, and Louis gave a number of statues of nymphs and satyrs from the gardens at Versailles.

The large theatre on the right wing of the palace, where Louis XIV. in 1660 allowed Molière to install himself, and where he died at the age of fifty-three while acting the chief part in the *Malade Imaginaire*, was restored after a fire in 1663, and arranged for opera. The Duchess Henrietta died in 1670, only twenty-six years old, some say poisoned by the duke. Next year he married Elisabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, who two years later became the mother of the future regent. The duke's success in leading the armies of France in the wars between 1667 and 1677 made him immensely popular and excited the jealousy of Le Grand Monarque, who relieved him of his command of the army. In 1692 Louis, to secure the marriage of his daughter by Madame de Maintenon, Mademoiselle de Blois, to his nephew, Philippe Duc de Chartres, Orléans's son, gave the Palais-Royal to his brother and his heirs. This was not done without difficulty, owing to the terms of Richelieu's gift of it to the kings of France exclusively. Next year Mademoiselle Montpensier left him all her property. He, with the Condés, was now the richest subject of France, and the Palais d'Orléans continued to benefit from his fine taste and generous purse. He employed Le Grand Mansard to design some new apartments on the left wing.

Antoine Coypel—to whom the regent gave a pension of six hundred pounds a year—decorated the new picture-gallery, the Galerie d'Énée, from 1694 to 1705. The duke enjoyed more liberty here than at Versailles, but the same extreme luxury. At numerous and ever-wonderful fêtes charming ladies discussed the dances of the town, and drew the most costly gifts in china, jewellery, &c. at his lotteries. One night's presents would now draw all the world of art to Christie's, and realise thousands of pounds. He loved diamonds, like Catharine de Medici and Anne of Austria. After his death, of apoplexy, in 1701, at St Cloud, one hundred and thirty-nine pieces of jewellery were valued at three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The decorations must have been marvellous then. Between three and four hundred pieces of tapestry, choice crystal lustres, china, porcelain, miniatures, pier-glasses, marquetry tables, bronzes, with the finest pictures everywhere, made the palace famous for its beauty and gaiety.

With the regency, however, began, on Louis XIV.'s death in 1715, the most brilliant period of our story. For many years the palace was the real seat of government as well as the gay centre of fashion and the wildest and most shameless debauchery. The regent was universally allowed to have been—in a French sense, I suppose—the man the best of his time for his amiable character, brilliant gifts (especially memory), wide intelligence, and distinguished love of art. He wrote good operas, painted both pictures and miniatures well, and his taste as a collector was undoubted. Spoilt from infancy as he was, and unluckily tutored by the evil Abbé Dubois, his libertinage in that age was almost inevitable. Neither his mother nor his wife was shocked when he brought up a son by Mademoiselle de Sery (whom he made Comtesse d'Argenton) along with his legitimate children in the palace. Louis XIV. loaded his nephew with honours and riches, and entitled him 'Little Son of France.' He was distinguished for his courage and capacity in arms at the siege of Mons in 1691 when only seventeen, at Steinkerk next year, and at Neerwinden; but the jealous '*Roi Soleil*' cut his career short for some years, and excluded him from Versailles. He had too much time on his hands, which may account for the well-known scandalous list of his conquests in another line. His income and expenditure were well over one million pounds a year. Small wonder that he required a *chancellerie* housed at 19 Rue des Bons Enfants, a most interesting building, which exists still, but which then, of course, directly fronted the gardens. His mother was now in the right wing, and busied in training her dogs, cats, parrots, and pigeons to perform various clever circus tricks, such as drawing and driving miniature carriages, to amuse her small grandson, the future devout duke. She died a year before the regent, and some one suggested the epitaph '*Ci-gît l'Oisivetê*' (Idleness being Mother of all the Vices).

His wife was in the left wing. Each duchess

had separate and large establishments. The taste of Madame Lucifer, as he called his wife, was costly: wonderful overmantels of mirrors with fine bronze and gold decoration, splendid fireplaces, exquisite satin embroideries for beds and furniture, and magnificent wood and marble carvings everywhere. There were several sets of everything for each room —curtains, tapestries, furniture, &c. She collected over sixty snuff-boxes which would now be priceless. One cost nearly twenty-six thousand pounds. Richelieu had started the custom of leaving all articles connected with the duties of any member of the household to that individual. The Count d'Argenson, her chancellor, had no easy task when she died in settling the disputes between the various dukes and duchesses of the household over horses and carriages, furniture, clothes, &c. The regent worked very hard, giving audiences, interviewing Ministers, &c., till two o'clock, when he had a cup of chocolate. He then shut himself up in his private apartments on the ground floor, looking on the Rue de Richelieu, and was inaccessible for business. Here were held his celebrated suppers, and here took place the infamous orgies with his *roués*, as he called his intimate courtiers, and his mistresses, ladies of the Court, including his own daughters, opera-dancers, and others.

The grand apartments were used in 1717 to fête Peter the Great and various ambassadors, and for the marriage of Mademoiselle Montpensier to the future king of Spain in 1721. The year before the regent had given refuge to the notorious Scottish banker Law (promoter of the Mississippi Scheme), and protected him from the fury of the mob by excluding it from the palace with his guards.

The famous masked balls at the opera were opened at eleven (five francs for entry). The regent arrived about one with the Duc de Noailles, and danced till four, or stayed there all night if well amused. In 1719 his daughter and mistress, the Duchesse de Berri, died at the age of twenty-four, worn out by her vices. Her father lost interest in life, and refused to struggle against death, which overtook him four years later. However his private life may be execrated, he was admittedly an able and conscientious guardian of king and State. He kept his undesirable intimates rigorously away from the young king, and his reticence about State affairs in his most abandoned moments of debauchery was extraordinary.

His *petits soupers* were the beginnings of the exquisite cuisine which has made France famous. One cannot picture the table of Le Grand Monarque without a shudder. He was proud of his powers, and dined in public, as royalty did till the Revolution. The caustic second wife of his brother describes him as generally eating four soups, an entrée, a pheasant and a partridge, an enormous salad, huge slices of ham, mutton with plenty of garlic, ending up with pastry, fruit, and hard-boiled eggs. The meats were often all in one central dish, mingled with the fish, poultry, game, black-puddings, and vegetables. Louis refused the fork, a novelty of his day, and like most other people used his hands. Fish, meat, everything was tainted with horrible scents, the mania of this perfumed Court, which would remind us of soaps; and there was none of the refinement, the delicacy of taste, and the artistic science which the regent deserves the credit of introducing into French cookery. He abolished the awful ragouts and salmagundi from his table, and the brilliance, wit, and beauty of the guests were regarded as the best sauces. In the days of Henri IV. one glass for the company—which it was etiquette to empty at a draught—was considered enough, and two attendants stretched a sort of bib below the fair duchesses' chins while they drained the common beaker like a sconced undergraduate of Oxford. The regent and his friends often cooked special dishes themselves, and were very proud of their science. The pleasure of being well served, and the use of fine glass and plate, began to be intelligently enjoyed. Brillat-Savarin's aphorism may be recalled: '*Les animaux se repaissent, l'homme mange, l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger.*' Till its recent decadence, the Palais-Royal retained a reputation for the best restaurants and provision-shops in Paris. Brillat-Savarin himself and most of the old memoirs refer to it in this way as well as in connection with history.

At the time of the regent's death his only son Louis was twenty years old. Weak in character and body as he was, the only exercise that attracted him was the dance; and this taste led him to the notorious opera-balls, and caused some vicious episodes in his otherwise blameless and devout, if colourless, career. In 1724 he was married by his managing mother to a Princesse Jeanne de Baden-Baden, and lost her two years after. He became morose, and overworked his weak brain with the study of holy books.

In 1741 the duke merited his name of '*Le Dévot*' by entering Sainte Geneviève, where he remained, at a *pension* of a louis a day for himself and his valet, till his death in 1752. Vatout and others describe the only vigorous action of his life. He is said in his wild fanaticism to have caused to be burnt and otherwise destroyed forty of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters, priceless, the glory of Italian art, on the ground of the indelicacy of the subjects. But Champier denies the accuracy of these stories, but allows that he may have damaged two pictures by Correggio.

In 1743 the regent's irrepressible widow married her grandson Louis-Philippe, Duc de Chartres, to a Bourbon Conti, a most unsuitable brat (according to her cloistered father-in-law) of seventeen, but very beautiful. A magnificent illumination was given at the Palais-Royal when they arrived there after the wedding at Versailles. This marriage was a great failure. The duke, though only eighteen at this time, had already begun his distinguished military career at Dettingen, where his horse was killed under him. After a year or two the *spirituelle* duchess tired of her somewhat dull husband, and endless intrigues filled the scandalous

memoirs of the day. The duke and duchess rivalled each other in the brilliance and extravagance of their fêtes, and never was the Palais-Royal so gay or so splendid. Their former chancellor, d'Argenson, was not far wrong in seeing inevitable ruin ahead. The old opera-house was burnt in 1763; the young Duc de Chartres, the Philippe Egalité of the Revolution), aged sixteen, worked splendidly at the pumps. Houses were purchased near, and it was rebuilt as well as almost the whole of the Palais-Royal, parts of which had become too old and fragile, under the charge of Contant d'Ivry. The statues to the right in the inner court represent Military Talent, Prudence, and Liberality; those to the left by Gérard representing Science, Commerce, Agriculture, and Navigation were only put up in 1830, when Fontaine balanced and completed the scheme of d'Ivry.

In 1748 French hospitality was stained, to please England, by the arrest of Prince Charles Edward at the Palais-Royal.

In 1756 the duke (now d'Orléans) was brave enough to try the experiment of vaccination, then new and much mistrusted, on his only son. Three years later the duchess died of consumption at the age of thirty-three, and in spite of her sins had a tremendous funeral procession to the Church of Val de Grâce, where the Orléans family were all buried. In 1768 a fête was given in the palace in honour of the visit of the young king of Denmark, Christian VII. After wonderful fireworks, about seven hundred great nobles of France sat down to dinner, which was followed by a splendid ball. Next year, at the fête to celebrate the marriage of the Duc de Chartres to Mademoiselle de la Penthièvre, the diamonds were superb. One lady, Madame Berchini, was covered with them, including several chains round her neck (lent her by friends). In trying to stifle a sneeze she burst one of the chains, and could only recover a few stones; but what was her joy next day to find that on a careful search instituted by her host, the Duc d'Orléans, being made, not only all those she had lost were discovered, but a good many others which no one had missed or claimed!

Latterly the duke left the palace and society for the life of a quiet country philosopher. He was always a great sportsman and a really clever actor. In 1773 he had secretly married a widow, the Marquise de Montesson, which caused a quarrel with his son. In 1780 he handed over the Palais-Royal to his son Philippe, afterwards Egalité, with its life of luxury and splendour, and five years later he died.

(To be continued.)

THE SEÑORITA DOLORES.

CHAPTER V.

VINCENT rode slowly up the road, across the Zocodover, then by devious, narrow, winding streets down into the Plaza de St Martin. Here he quickened his pace until he came to the gray house which stood within its own grounds. Riding up to the door, he dismounted. 'The Señorita Dolores de Garcia?' he inquired of the servant.

'But yes, señor, she expects you.'

Vincent passed through the *patio* into the drawing-room beyond. A few minutes passed, and the señorita entered to greet him. It was late in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun shone in through the open window, burnishing the gold tapestry of the furniture and throwing light beams across her face and hair as she stepped into the room. She was below the medium height, dark, with masses of wavy black hair hanging low over her forehead beneath the mantilla she wore, and veiling a pair of eyes, the languor and depth of which could only belong to a woman of Spain.

As she entered a faint perfume floated towards him. 'It is good of you to come,' she said, smiling—'so good of you!'

Had another woman been present she would have noticed a nervousness in the señorita's manner, an obvious restraint; but with Vincent it passed undetected.

She pointed to a chair. 'But you will sit down?' she said. 'I have ordered my servants to bring in tea. I am so English, you know; I spent many years there, and I love my cup of afternoon tea. They do not understand me here because I like it, so we shall be fellow-exiles.'

Vincent looked towards her. 'If all exile was like this!' he said.

She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. 'That depends, señor, on the person who is in exile. Some people could be happy anywhere. Yourself, for instance.'

'I, señorita! I long for my country, and never forget it until I am here.'

The entry of a servant prevented the Señorita Dolores from replying.

When the man had left, Vincent was looking out of the window across the Plaza to the river Tagus, which flowed swiftly by.

For a moment the señorita watched him; then she said, 'I often wish, señor, I did not live so close to that'

'Why?'

She toyed with her fan; then, looking up, made a little grimace. 'I do not know. There was an old *padre* to whom I used to confess—he is dead now—who told me when I was young that the stream of life was just like the Tagus, bearing us onward and onward to the sea, and somehow I have never

forgotten.' She paused. 'I heard it whispered the other day that soon the Tagus will flow with blood again, as it did twenty years ago. Do you think so?'

The words of hidden warning General Vilenta had given him came with a rush to Vincent's mind. 'No,' he answered, 'there will be no blood drawn; there is no cause for it.'

The señorita sighed. 'I am glad of it. And yet you ride each day here, there, and everywhere with despatches — to Madrid, where the Queen Regent is; to Torrijos, and Talavera.'

Vincent laughed a trifle uneasily. More than once when in the company of the señorita he had found the conversation drifting into political channels.

'It is my business,' he replied.

'And to-morrow?'

'To-morrow I ride to Madrid again.'

Once more a gleam lit up the señorita's eyes. 'Where the Queen and Queen Regent are?'

'Yes,' answered Vincent.

'Have you ever spoken to them?'

'Once when I took a letter to the Queen Regent.'

Suddenly Señorita Dolores leant forward. 'Señor,' she said, 'you promised me you would tell me one day why you left England.'

A haggard look came into Vincent's eyes. 'I left with the mark of Cain upon my brow.' He pointed to his forehead.

'You killed a man?'

Vincent looked towards her. 'Yes,' he said simply. 'I had a letter yesterday morning to say he was dead.'

'You killed him in a duel?'

'Yes; it was over cards.'

'Over cards—ah!' The señorita became suddenly interested. 'What was his name?'

Vincent looked at her, wondering what could be her reason for wanting to know. 'Segrim,' he answered.

It was getting dusk, and too dark for Vincent to see that his companion's face had gone a deadly white.

'And you killed him?' she said with an eagerness that did not escape his notice. 'I am glad it was in a duel.' She rose. 'In Spain they do things differently.'

By the time Vincent had risen to say good-bye she had recovered her composure. 'I shall see you at the ball to-night?' he said.

'Yes,' she affirmed with a slight nod.

'And how shall I know you?' he said, holding her hand in his.

'I shall be wearing a red rose.' She drew him to a table on which stood a bowl of flowers. 'See, I will give you one.'

He took it and buttoned it in his coat. 'I shall always keep it,' he said gravely.

'Then you will be very foolish,' she replied. 'Flowers are like vows, not meant to be kept.'

He looked at her, but the smile upon her lips deceived him. 'I do not agree with you, señorita,' he said, his hand upon the door.

CHAPTER VI.

THE señorita stood where he had left her, alone among the shadows. 'You fool!' she said bitterly to herself; 'you little fool!' Then she passed out of the room, up a long flight of stairs into her boudoir. There she unlocked a box and drew out from amidst a pile of papers the photo of a man. He was dark and handsome, although to some his eyes would be perhaps too closely set. 'And so you are dead!' she said. 'Thank God!' Then she turned the photograph over. On the back was written the name 'F. Segrim.'

Ten minutes later she was in the garden, walking side by side with a tall man dressed in a gray riding-cloak, and on his head was a light sombrero rakishly on one side.

'Señorita,' he said, 'you have news for me!'

'I!' She looked up in surprise, and tried to read his unfathomable eyes, failing as many another had done.

'But yes,' he replied; 'has not the Señor Vincent told you anything?'

The señorita shuddered, and a lawn handkerchief she was holding in her hand fluttered to the ground.

Señor Morella bent down and recovered it. 'Nothing?' he suggested with a dry smile. 'Then the Señor Vincent must be very obdurate to overcome all your wiles.'

The señorita looked at him with flashing eyes, and her bosom heaved as she spoke. 'Cannot even the spy of Señor Morella have one friend?'

'She has many friends,' replied the señor with unctuous courtesy; 'believe me, señorita, many friends.'

The Señorita Dolores said nothing. She felt as many another had done in the presence of this man, the accredited friend and counsellor of Don Carlos, that there was nothing to be said.

'You have heard the news,' he continued a moment later. 'Acting on your instructions, we stopped Captain Lopez and took his papers from him.'

The gaze of the woman at his side was bent upon the ground.

'And they were blank. It was a ruse to outwit us.'

Then she turned upon him. 'You do not suggest that I led you astray? I got the information, and believed it.'

'From Señor Vincent?' interposed the Spaniard.

'No,' replied the señorita in a low, calm voice; 'not from the Señor Vincent.'

Something in her tone made the Spaniard glance quickly at her; then, encountering something which he did not quite understand, he shrugged his shoulders. Under such circumstances it is an

easy gesture, so misleading, since it may mean so much and again so little.

'The despatches must go,' he said suggestively. 'Do you know when, and who will take them?'

'Why must they go?' asked the señorita to gain time.

Señor Morella spread out his hands. 'You must know that as well as I—General Vilenta in Toledo and Señor Sarrion in Madrid. It requires no answer.'

'But the Queen Regent is in Madrid,' said the señorita.

The Spaniard looked at her, wondering how much or how little she knew. 'The Queen Regent is not in Madrid,' he said.

The Señorita Dolores came to an abrupt stop. 'What!' she exclaimed incredulously. 'Then where is she?'

'That is what I want you to find out.'

'She is not in Madrid?' she repeated.

'No; for we blew up her house in the Calle Mayor yesterday, and they are laughing at us now because we blew it up a week too late.'

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the señorita entered the *palacio* the ball was already in progress. As she walked across the first *salon* a figure dissociated himself from the group gathered at the farthest door and hurried over to meet her. Even had he not worn the rose she had given him the señorita would have recognised him.

'At last!' he said. 'I was afraid I had missed you in the crush, or that you were not coming.'

Behind his mask the señorita saw his eyes look passionately into hers.

'In your country it is polite to be late, and I had so many things to attend to.'

He offered her his arm. 'Let us go into the gardens,' he said; 'it is cool there, and there are so many people here.'

She laid her hand on his arm with a tremor. She felt she was dallying on the verge of a paradise, toying with a happiness that could never be hers, and more than once as they passed through the corridors she looked up wistfully at his face.

When they reached the grounds, as if by common consent they strolled towards the most secluded part, and then in silence sat down in the shade of some cedars. To their left a fountain splashed with a melodious tinkle, and the water shone in the moonlight. At their feet lay the lights of that city of discontent and treachery, Toledo—the city that in the Carlist days gathered into its arms all the intriguers and rogues of Spain, and, that not sufficing, many from other lands as well; and, beyond, the house in the Plaza de St Martin and the Tagus.

'The same river that you dislike so much!' said Vincent, lighting a cigarette and following the direction in which she was looking.

'I do not hate it, señor,' she replied. 'Oh no; I was thinking at that moment how grand it looked with the reflection of the moon.'

As she spoke a man and a woman walked by chattering and laughing. After they had passed, Vincent heard a rustle in the bushes behind them, and, turning sharply, saw the shadow of a man rise and follow the couple. He looked at the señorita to see if she had noticed it, but apparently she was still engrossed in the view.

Her hand was reposing idly on her lap. Leaning towards her, he took it in his. 'Señorita Dolores!' he said.

She started. 'Señor,' she faltered, trying to disengage her fingers from his strong grasp.

'Dolores,' he said again gently, 'to-morrow I am going on a journey from which I may never return. General Vilenta has honoured me with a mission which he would give to few men. Yesterday I should have been glad. To-day, Dolores, dear Dolores, I am sorry, because I have met you.'

The señorita turned away with a funny little sigh, half of sorrow, half of happiness, and wholly incomprehensible to the man by her side. Then she put her hand to her heart with a quick gesture as if it pained her. 'Don't, señor!' she said.

Vincent slipped his arm around her waist and drew her to him. At first she resisted, then with a choking little sob laid her head on his shoulder. Tearing her mask from her face, he saw her eyes were dim with tears.

'Señor, señor,' she said, 'why could you not let me keep my secret?'

He drew her face up to his and kissed her quivering lips. 'Then you care, dear Dolores—you care! God bless you!'

The señorita said nothing, but lay in his arms, her eyes fixed upon his face. Then she slowly drew aside his arms. '*Carissima mia*,' she said gently, 'I love you; but yes, and for to-night we will be lovers, and we will be happy, and think of nothing else. Afterwards'—— She gave a little sigh.

He leant towards her. 'Dolores, what do you mean? Nothing can make any difference. You love me, and to me you are all the world.'

'And when you know everything I shall be less than this.' She plucked a leaf from an ilex-bush near by and cast it away.

'What do you mean?'

She rose, and the moonlight, streaming upon her face, showed it white and drawn. 'Señor, do not ask me; trust me to-night—just for to-night,' she said, falling on her knees at his feet and taking his hand in hers. 'You will know soon enough; yes, you will know soon enough.'

A doubt assailed him. 'There is no one else?'

She shook her head. 'No, *carissima mia*, there is no one else.' She rose and sat down again by his side. 'Tell me,' she said, 'where are you going to-morrow, since it is so dangerous?'

'To Madrid,' he answered.

Her eyes opened wide in horror, and her breath came and went in short, painful stabs. 'You must

not!' she said. 'Promise me you will not! Oh Harry, you must not!'

'Why not?' he asked, looking at her strangely.

'There is danger for those who travel to Madrid,' she replied. 'Only yesterday'——

'Yes,' said Vincent in a voice suddenly grown hard, 'only yesterday'——

The señorita did not answer, but gazed at him, a deep fear in her eyes.

'Yesterday Captain Lopez was found dead upon the road, and you know about it?'

'Yes,' replied the Señorita Dolores in a low voice, 'I know about it.'

'Then you are a Carlist? I understand now.'

At the sound of footsteps upon the gravel Vincent turned, and an aide-de-camp of General Vilenta came upon them round the bend.

'Ah, you are here, Vincent!' he said. 'I have been looking for you everywhere. The General must see you at once. He is at his house.'

Vincent bowed. 'I shall be there in five minutes,' he replied.

When the aide-de-camp had left, the Señorita Dolores turned to Vincent. 'So our love has not lasted even this evening,' she said with a funny little laugh.

For answer Vincent took out the rose which was still in his buttonhole and handed it to her in silence.

Mechanically she took it, and, standing before him, plucked the petals out idly one by one and cast them upon the ground. 'Señor,' she said in a low voice, 'which way are you travelling to Madrid? Perhaps I can save you.'

Vincent gazed at her for a second, and his eyes hardened. 'I am going by Cettini,' he said, 'so that perhaps you can save me, or perhaps you can send some men to lie in wait for me. There is a dark wood outside Cettini;' and he turned upon his heel and walked away.

The Señorita Dolores remained standing where he had left her, idly plucking at the flower until there was nothing left but the bare stalk; then, with a low, choking cry, she shook her head defiantly as if to cast off some great burden, and followed him into the light and the laughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUARTER of an hour later Vincent stood before General Vilenta.

The General was seated at his desk writing a despatch. When it was finished he sealed it up in a blue envelope. 'It is ten o'clock, Vincent,' he said. 'I want this despatch to be in Aranjuez by midnight. Can you do it?'

Vincent nodded.

'Good! I have had your horse saddled; it is waiting in the Calle España now. As soon as you have seen the General Espero and delivered this into his own hands, ride straight back here and report; you will find me in this room.'

Within ten minutes Vincent had passed over the bridge of Alcantara and was galloping across the first of the twenty-five miles that separated him from his point of objective.

The divine Godhead, whom so many affect to despise, shows His kindness to His creatures in many thousand little, unconsidered ways, too slight to penetrate the dim reasoning of mankind. As Vincent left the vicinity of the Tagus the road became more barren and stony, and more than once the animal he rode slipped, so that he had little time to think—which was perhaps as well, for his mind was bitter.

Whilst Vincent covered the ground between Toledo and Aranjuez, the Señorita Dolores sat in an anteroom talking to Señor Morella. Between them, on a table, stood a bottle of maraschino, and the señor was delicately holding a half-empty glass between his finger and thumb.

'Then you have heard who is going to Madrid to-morrow?' he said.

'Yes,' replied the señorita.

Had Señor Morella been a clever man he would have divined something in the speaker's voice to cause him uneasiness; as it was, he only possessed a cheap cunning, so it escaped his notice.

'Your friend the Englishman?'

'But yes,' replied Señorita Dolores.

'It is strange how these Englishmen succeed everywhere they go,' mused the Spaniard; 'and yet they are so uncouth, so rough, so ungallant, as a Frenchman would say.'

In fencing with words silence is the best foil, so the señorita said nothing, and pitied the ignorance of the man before her.

'It is with women they fail; it is always your sex that outwit them. Were it not so they would overrun the world and divide it piecemeal between them.' He leant forward. 'And so he told you he was going to Madrid?'

'Yes,' replied the woman by his side.

'Then perhaps he told you which way he is travelling. There are two roads to Madrid from Toledo.'

The señorita looked up at her companion, and her eyes betrayed nothing. 'He is going by Santa Breeda,' she answered.

'And not by Cettini, the usual way? One would expect an Englishman to do as much.'

Twelve hours later, half-an-hour too late, Señor Morella realised why the señorita smiled at his words.

At five minutes to two in the morning Vincent stood again before his General.

The idol of the Spanish army smiled as he noiselessly entered the room. 'And you thought I was asleep, my son?' he said with a dry smile. 'But they teach you to ride well in England, if they do not teach you wisdom. And, after all, that comes with years, when the hair is gray and the heart cold;' and he tugged musingly at his moustache.

When he had finished reading the despatch Vincent had brought with him, he pointed to a couch in the corner of the room. 'You had better

lie down,' he said, 'and get what rest you can. In four hours I want you to start for Madrid.'

The Santa Breeda road to Madrid is almost a straight line from Toledo to the village which gives it its name, and beyond to the capital. Excepting a few orange-groves, it affords little shelter and less seclusion. Dotted along the road are a few white farmhouses, each with its own little *patio* and *piazza*, and behind its sweet-smelling garden. Notwithstanding it is four miles longer than the Cettini road, and far less picturesque, it is the way mostly chosen by travellers between Toledo and Madrid; for in Spain time is no object, and it is far wiser to be an hour late at one's destination than never to reach it at all, and the woods that fringe the Cettini road hold many secrets.

It was nine o'clock on the following morning, and Vincent had started on his journey over two hours previously.

Just outside Santa Breeda, on the side most distant from Toledo, stands a house; its garden borders on to the white, dusty main road, and is divided from it by a low, brightly painted wooden fence. Behind this, in the shelter of a bush, crouched six men; they were chatting together and smoking the inevitable cigarette. Slightly apart from them, his gaze directed towards the village, stood a seventh.

Amongst other attributes in a diversified and hardly to be deemed commendable character, Señor Morella left nothing to his subordinates. The hour was early and the heat stifling; with a frown he languidly made a cigarette and lighted it. 'Paquito,' he said to one of the men, 'be good enough to go inside and ask the señora to give me a glass of vermouth.'

The man addressed rose, and a few minutes later returned with the cordial. The señor stood sipping it for a few minutes. When he had drunk the last drop he drew out his watch. 'It is twenty minutes to ten,' he said tersely. 'You will put out your cigarettes.'

For the next half-hour he paced impatiently to and fro, alternately looking at his watch, then along the road to St Breeda.

Nearly an hour later a countryman ambled leisurely along, driving before him a herd of cattle. Señor Morella questioned him closely. Had he seen a horseman riding from Toledo? The man replied in the negative, with a shake of the head and many ejaculations. Seemingly in Spain the lower classes are inordinately religious, since they appeal so frequently and fervently to the calendar of saints.

Suddenly there dawned upon Señor Morella the reason for the ingenuous smile the Señorita Dolores had given him on the preceding night, and his face went white with rage. 'Paquito! Sebastian!' he called out, 'the horses! Get them saddled as soon as you can.'

Señor Morella exercised over his subordinates as great a fear as General Vilenta, but in his instance it was blended with no love.

The six men hurried to the stable to obey his command, and, once out of earshot, joked amongst themselves at his discomfiture. They were men of Murcia, who served Don Carlos because he paid them well and fairly regularly, not men of the Basque Provinces, who would have laid down their lives for the Pretender.

'Ah, *mi caballero*,' said Paquito, digging a *confrère* in the ribs with a bony forefinger, 'the grand señor, curse him, has overrun the mark!' and he expectorated upon the stone floor with much satisfaction.

A little later the seven men were galloping towards Madrid.

Two miles from the capital the St Breeda road joins the one from Cettini. As they rode into the fork connecting the two, Señor Morella, who was in front, saw half a mile ahead a solitary horseman.

Hearing the sound of hoofs upon the road behind him, the man turned round in his saddle, and the distance between them became greater.

For over a mile Señor Morella gave chase, trying in vain to catch up with the solitary figure; then, as they approached the city and houses began to appear at frequent intervals on either side, he reined in.

'You will go on to Madrid and await orders,' he said to Paquito and his companions. He turned his horse in the direction of Toledo.—'And I will go and interview the Señorita Dolores,' he added, as if to himself.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS FRUIT.

By Eustace Miles.

ONE of the pleasantest associations of Christmas is the fruit. Besides the sugary, crystallised fruit (of which perhaps the less said the better), there is always, at least in upper and middle class families, the fresh fruit and the dried fruit and nuts at dessert, to say nothing of the dried fruit in the Christmas pudding and mince-pies.

And from the humanitarian point of view the fruit is the least objectionable part of our food: the taint of the shambles is not about it; it is in harmony with the highest ethical ideas of Christmas Day. And perhaps from the health point of view the use of fresh fruit does something to counteract the excess of other foods, and to keep the body less clogged than it would otherwise be. From the æsthetic point of view nothing could be more

admirable than the array of fruit—the oranges, apples, bananas, raisins, figs, dates, and, in the plum-pudding, the sultanas and currants, and so on.

The orange itself has always been invested with romance, perhaps because the Crusaders, who first met with the fruit in the Levant, fostered the theory that it was the golden apple of the Hesperides. 'Psychic' people set the orange high among fruits. Then there is the date, which was an object of peculiar veneration in prehistoric times; it was a symbol of helpfulness, and we need not wonder at this when we consider its value to the Egyptians. The fig, besides its well-known health-properties, carries us back to the days of Greece when athletes used figs as an important part of their dietary.

It is very pleasant, from whatever point of view one looks at it, to find fruit taking a more important place than ever before in Christmas fare. This change has been steady during recent years. For instance, a quarter of a century ago we used not to have bananas at Christmas. Our oranges came (and very sour they were as a rule) from Spain and Italy, our prunes from France, our figs and dates from a few ports in Asia Minor and Northern Africa, while our apples and pears were almost exclusively home products.

Think also of the prices twenty-five years ago. Boxes of about three hundred St Michael oranges cost from sixteen to eighteen shillings a box wholesale in Covent Garden, Egyptian dates fifty shillings a hundredweight, apples twelve shillings a bushel, and pears from threepence to ninepence each.

To-day the above-mentioned small range of producing countries would not nearly supply the enormous demand. We draw now on the whole globe, and still we need more than we can get at a moderate price. Take apples as an example. In 1870 two-thirds of the entire stock of apples in the country were exhausted at Christmas. At the present time the supply of marketable English apples, except for a few varieties used at dessert, is exhausted long before, and at Christmas we are drawing on American and Canadian supplies. In 1870 we had none of these, only Normandy pippins, which sold wholesale in Covent Garden at ninety-five shillings a hundredweight at Christmas-time. Again, as late as 1886 bananas did not find their way into England regularly; they only reached here irregularly from time to time. Now, although their best time is July and August, they are to be found also at Christmas. They are among the cheapest and most popular of all Christmas fruits. Some of the best prunes come now from California and Oregon. Trade with these countries is comparatively recent. California also gives us excellent bottled fruits.

The first consignment of Jamaica oranges, which form an important part of the present trade of Jamaica, was in 1867. The first consignment of Jaffa oranges to England was as recent as 1885; these had to be transhipped at Alexandria, since no English steamer was then running direct. To-day oranges are also grown largely in Florida and elsewhere.

It was the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886 that first drew colonial fruits to England in any quantity. Australian apples reached us then for the first time; but Tasmania, the great apple and pear country, was, I believe, not represented at all. In 1874 some apples had reached Vienna for the International Exhibition from New South Wales; they were packed in cotton-wool, and this was thought a wonderfully clever idea. In 1886 Messrs Scrutton & Sons began to bring fresh fruit from the West Indies in cool chambers specially fitted up for the purpose, and I believe the Elder Line has recently put on special ships for the banana-trade.

It must be noticed that we do not get the best of all these fruits from the ordinary grocers. Some specialist in fruit, like Mr Bilson of Gray's Inn Road (to whom I am very much indebted for some of the information here, and who has had twenty years' experience of the trade, and has grown up with it), will give much better samples of Christmas fruit than one who is not conversant with the differences between the better and the inferior classes. For instance, the ordinary grocer will perhaps be unable to tell you that the best raisins are the Malaga, very dark and thin-skinned muscatels, beautifully sweet. These raisins have to be dried in the sun, artificial drying experiments having proved a comparative failure. Probably in part because of the abundance of sunlight, Australia and the Cape will soon become important countries for raisins. The fruit is prepared for packing. It is dipped for an instant in boiling water for the sake of sterilisation, and then it is dried on straw in the sun, when it shrinks to a half or a third of its original bulk. The ordinary raisin of the grocer is a cheaper kind—larger, redder, and coarser.

Figs begin to come in in November. The figs from Turkey are the best. The unpressed are better than the pressed; they are more fleshy and juicy. Two harvests are gathered each year in the Levant. We get the second or summer crop. The commoner varieties are sulphured before they are dried in the sun, and the sulphur tends to destroy the flavour.

The finest sultanas are the Greek. The commoner kinds are highly sulphured, so as to produce a clean colour. In Asia Minor sultanas are still brought into port on the backs of camels, and are repacked before shipment.

The best currants are the small black, rich and fleshy kind; the ordinary provincials which are commonly used are far inferior. There has been an enormous growth recently in the currant-trade with Greece: it has been advertised freely. Let us hope that Australia will experiment with currant-growing, and reap some of the harvest of this advertising.

Of prunes the French no longer hold the decidedly

best kinds. California and Oregon compete with France, the Oregon variety being stoneless.

The best Canadian and Californian apples begin to arrive early in November, and are actually at their best about Christmas-time. The Newtown pippins and the northern spy (a variety like the Baldwin, and excellent for table and cooking) are among the best kinds.

Pears come from the same districts, but of course are more perishable.

Oranges are sweeter and riper now than they used to be at Christmas. Valencias are the finest kind to use at Christmas—Valencia oranges and Messina melons.

As to dates, Tafilets come first (from Algeria) and Egyptian second. The common date, the Tunis or honey date, is dressed with syrup before it is pressed; hence its sweetness.

Candied peels are brought over in brine-pickle; then the salt is washed out, and the peel cooked and crystallised in a sugar-solution here.

Bananas are not naturally at their best at Christmas-time; they are artificially ripened, and therefore dearer. Still, they are a most popular fruit, and are indispensable in fruit-salads, &c.

Turning to the dried fruits—apricots, apples, peaches, &c.—we find that they are all of fairly modern growth and chiefly from America, which does the best trade. The same applies to bottled fruits. California is now bottling fruits in distilled water. There is no doubt that the bottled fruits have come to stay.

The origin of the canning of fruit is interesting. Years ago, when the excavations of Pompeii were beginning, some Americans discovered many jars of preserved figs in what had been the pantry of a house. One of these jars was opened, and the figs were found to be fresh and good. The hint was taken, and the very next year fruit-canning was introduced in the United States. An interesting account is given in *Food* for September 15, 1884.

A word may be said about the food-value of these fruits, so that we may consider how far they are likely to take the place of other Christmas foods; certainly the other Christmas foods are not likely to take *their* place! First and foremost come the nuts, which, as a general rule, can take the place of any flesh-foods, especially if they are properly prepared. Already many families use Brazil-nuts or pine-kernels or other nuts freely in the Christmas plum-pudding. Nuts are the only fruits that have any considerable body-building value.

In an entirely different class come the dried fruits, which are comparatively poor in body-building elements or proteid, but are rich in a kind of sugar which is generally very easily digested. Figs, dates, prunes, and sultanas have a reputation as aperients; they were and are an important part of the ancient dietary of many peoples.

The fresh fruits, excepting the banana, which stands as distinct from them, have scarcely any body-building value; their chief value is because of their pure water and natural 'salts.' Different fruits have different effects, some being useful for one purpose, others for another; but among the most honoured of all fruits for their health-value are apples, grapes, and melons. Almost every healing virtue has been attributed to the apple—for instance, the power of dissolving uric acid; and the grape-cure is familiar, by name at least, to every one. Lemon is well known to be a cooling fruit and a preventive of scurvy. It would be easy to devote page after page to the subject of the curative effects of various fruits.

Here, however, it must suffice to ask, what will become of the orthodox roast-beef and turkey-and-sausages a century hence? Will they still generally survive, or will they have given place to a non-flesh dinner, not necessarily of fruits only, for that would be unwise, but with fruits as part of the healthy elements in the meal, and also because of old associations with Christmas-time? For when we see side by side at Christmas-time, in the poorer districts or in the richer districts, the stalls or shops of the butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers on the one hand, and of the fruiterers and greengrocers on the other hand, we cannot hesitate for a moment as to which is the pleasanter sight, which is the one that we should rather perpetuate, which is the one which we should prefer that our children should associate with the idea of Christmas.

THE WHITE POODLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning after breakfast—a plain meal of tea and dry bread—Elwood got some bones from Mrs Price and made Peter happy. This done, he sketched the poodle hour after hour till one o'clock, at which time he went to the telephone and rang up. 'Is that you, Miss Lynch? Good! Yes, thanks, the knee is better, though I can't get out yet; and this telephone doesn't help me much with editors, who seem to swear at it when they speak to me. Right you are! My pecker's all right. For I've something to tell you. I've a new friend—a dog—a ripping poodle. He ought to be white, you know, but isn't, being deuced dirty. Wash him? Rather not. He'd bite—has dignity, you see. Good-day. These little talks are awfully jolly.'

Here the conversation ended, and Elwood and Peter had lunch together on bread and milk.

Ethel Lynch and Frank Elwood had been chums

for three years; they met first as students in their local art school at Norwich, and found they had tastes in common. They came to London at the same time, without money and without friends, but bore with equal cheerfulness their uphill struggle as animal-painters. After the hockey accident their friendship was carried on by telephone every day at one o'clock.

Peter was the subject of several talks, and Miss Lynch was so delighted with Elwood's enthusiasm that one morning she said, 'Oh, I long ever so much to see the dear, clever poodle! Is it impossible? May I not call in the afternoon?'

The question came pat, and Frank Elwood blushed with pleasure at the telephone. Then he frowned and raised objections. 'I'm in a garret, you know,' he explained; 'there's only one room.' He paused at that, and listened eagerly. But the next moment he cried out with delight, 'How clever you are! Yes, no doubt my landlady *could* make it look quite right. So you'll come at six o'clock? Splendid!'

Elwood consulted Mrs Price, and she, good woman, understood his feelings. The attic became quite a good studio, with a sofa in one corner, and the washstand, when covered up, lookéd rather like a primitive lay-figure.

Miss Lynch arrived in time and surprised Mrs Price, 'cause she's that neat an' pretty, and dressin' is that tiresome slow when you 'urry.'

And the poodle, like Mrs Price, fell in love with Ethel Lynch. He allowed her even to pat him; and this astonished Elwood, because Peter hated to be touched.

'That explains why you haven't washed him,' said Ethel. 'The dear thing isn't presentable, you know; and if you keep him'——

'If I keep him?' Elwood interrupted. 'I *say*, what do you mean by that?'

In reply Ethel took from her purse a cutting from the *Post*. It was Dr Butler's advertisement, and Elwood read it with alarm.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'two white poodles couldn't be lost in Chelsea on the same evening. Dash!'

'You'll reply?' asked Ethel with sympathy.

'I must. Proper thing, you know. But this room without Peter'——

'Oh, I *am* sorry!' said Ethel. 'What hard lines!'

Elwood was indeed crestfallen. Yet he wrote frankly to Butler, asking the doctor to look in, and hoping that Peter was the wrong dog after all.

Dr Butler came the following morning at eleven o'clock. Elwood received him nervously, and his lips trembled when Butler and the poodle recognised each other.

'His name's Nep, Mr Elwood; but there's no need for you to look down on your luck.' The doctor then explained all the circumstances, adding, 'The dog has chosen a good home; so I shall leave him with you, of course. He never cared two straws for me—just accepted me *pro tem.*'

After that the two men soon became friends.

'Perhaps you'll let me buy a sketch or two of Nep?' Butler hinted. 'And I could see you from time to time. That leg of yours needs attention. You've given your doctor the slip, I suppose? Patients do that sort of thing.'

So there was plenty of good news for Ethel Lynch. 'He's a tip-top little man, that doctor!' Elwood declared. 'Bought two sketches at once, five guineas each, and paid for 'em down. Hurrah!'

Butler formed a habit of calling at tea-time—always with some parcels in his hand.

'You see, old man,' he laughed, 'your knee requires tea-cakes and other nourishing trifles like beef and bananas. Bad knees are as hungry as schoolboys—or should be, anyway.'

It was indeed a jolly time for Frank Elwood. But Miss Lynch was not yet happy, because Nep needed a presentable coat, being really too black for a white poodle; so he had to be trained to face water. Miss Lynch suggested that a shallow bath of tepid water should stand all day in the studio, and that Elwood, from time to time, should tempt Nep to wet his dear little feet. Thus encouraged, the dog soon understood that something out of the common was expected from him. If he wished to enjoy any of the gifts that Dr Butler brought to the studio, he had to walk through the water in that bath. Yet he never lost his temper; and that is why he stood one evening in the tub, with Ethel kneeling at one side and Elwood on the other. The girl's left hand clasped the poodle's neck, and Elwood's right hand was partly over it.

'Do you feel anything?' she asked slowly.

'And you?' he replied tenderly.

'Yes; I feel—I feel something *under* my hand—something hard under Nep's curls.'

Elwood nodded.

'And I,' said he—'I feel your—your jolly little hand—and something under it at the side. What can it be?'

'Suppose we look?' Ethel answered; and Elwood at once fumbled in the poodle's curls and disclosed the metal cylinder.

'Great Scott! what's this?' he asked.

'And there's a chain here,' said Ethel—'a very thin chain, and so close to dear Nep's skin that I can hardly put my little finger under it. Ah, had you overfed our pet he'd have been—have been strangled! Cruel, cruel!'

Quickly she unloosed the chain, saying to Nep as she threw her arms about his neck, 'Oh, the poor boy! Did they wish to strangle him?'

The next moment Elwood held up the little cylinder. 'Silver?' he asked.

'Tarnished,' she replied.

'We found it together, at the same moment precisely; so it belongs to both of us,' said he, blushing.

'Sportsmen, I suppose, would toss up for it,' the girl suggested; but she touched the silver with a lingering curiosity.

'Toss up for it!' cried Elwood in astonishment. 'No, no! It belongs—to both of us, *of course!*'

'But Nep—Nep is *yours*,' Miss Lynch persisted while examining the silver tube with still greater interest.

'Nep shall belong to both of us—if you like,' said a new voice in a broken whisper.

But Ethel kept silent, the voice being not in the least like Elwood's. What she said was this, 'There's writing on this case, and *you* didn't find it.'

'It's yours, then!' he replied eagerly. 'What does it say?'

Ethel shot one quick glance at him and then began to read: 'To be opened by Nep's friend and mine.—T. LILBURNE. March 1906.'

'I say!' cried the lad.

'What's inside?' asked the girl.

'I'll open it, Effie—Ethel—Miss Lynch. But his hands shook.

'Let me try,' said Ethel demurely.

'Bosh!' At last the top was fumblingly unscrewed, and Elwood held up the little roll of paper, while Nep frisked about the room as if he understood everything. The paper was soon unrolled, and Ethel and Frank, their cheeks very close together, began to examine their treasure-trove. Elwood pointed at once to Nep's portrait at the corners, while Ethel, woman-like and practical, tried to decipher the minute handwriting.

'It's—it's a will!' she declared all at once.

'Nonsense!'

'Listen to this, then;' and though often puzzled for a moment by the handwriting, she read the paper aloud, word by word.

'Was there ever such a romance?' she whispered.

'Twenty thousand pounds in Consols!' Elwood shouted. 'Marvellous! Miraculous! Didn't I say from the first that Nep was a godsend?'

'You did indeed.'

'Yet we're in a fix, Miss Lynch.'

'A fix, Mr Elwood?'

'Of course. We've found this will to-together, and by rights—by *rights*, you know—we ought to share it to-together.' The lad's voice trembled and broke.

'Together?' she asked quite calmly.

'Share and share alike,' he stuttered. 'Oh yes!'

'How very, very generous, Mr Elwood!' said Ethel sweetly. 'But would you really *like* to send me half the interest every year? Really—truly? Would not that be too much?'

'Rather! A jolly sight too much, because I didn't mean that at all, you know.'

Yet the girl still looked at him with a most provoking simplicity and coolness. 'After all,' she argued, 'the will was found on Nep, and Nep is *your* own dog, not mine, so I've no right at all to a single penny-piece. That's settled, then;' and Ethel beamed at him, and Frank was so much annoyed by her cheerfulness that he said he felt sure she would make him mad.

'It's share and share alike!' he cried. 'We found it at the same moment, I say, and if you won't be reasonable I shall do—something—terrible!'

'How ungrateful you are to dear Nep!' said Ethel primly.

And Elwood put both hands inside his collar and pulled at it. 'There's only one way now out of the fix,' he cried huskily: 'the will can be destroyed—torn into bits!'

'Is that a quite reasonable way?' Ethel murmured.

'But what am I to do, anyway?' asked Frank. 'It would be dashed unreasonable on my part if I asked you to mar—marry me, because I'm not—half good enough for you—and you know it, of course; so Nep—well, Nep wasn't a godsend after all!'

It was then that their eyes met; and something in Ethel's compelled him to cry, 'How stunning! How wonderful!' And what Nep thought of the next proceedings I can't say.

Then Butler came in, forgetting his usual tap on the door, and very much he regretted his indiscretion. But Elwood mentioned the will at once, speaking in a great fluster; and Ethel, in confusion, had many things to say about that paper, though not so many as the good doctor gladly detailed.

'And Henry Lilburne won't dispute your right to the money. He had a fair chance of keeping Nep, and he behaved scandalously to the dog. He can't forget that fact. But we'll see the lawyers in the morning, and they'll communicate at once with Tom Lilburne's brother.'

There was a pause.

But presently Ethel said, 'Poor, dear Nep isn't washed yet; and see how patient he is, waiting to be made white as a snowball!—Come, Frank!—Do legacies make men lazy?'

'Not always,' said Butler; and he was right. Frank and Mrs Elwood are now among the most successful painters in London, thanks to the good use they make of Nep's legacy.

THE END.

BANKING EXPERIENCES.

THEORETICALLY a bank must never take risks—all its business must be of the safest character possible; but any bank official who keeps his eyes open and endeavours to learn something of the inner working of banking during the years he is in a subordinate position will come to understand that this theory cannot be carried out in practice. Once a bank-clerk finds himself in a responsible position he will have to take risks, often big risks; and if he has not the courage to do so he is unfitted for his post.

I remember, in my early banking days, when I was in the security department of our head-office in the City, I saw a good deal of banking behind the scenes, and a very useful experience it was. I remember well the occasion when a big discount house, who did a very large business with us, got suddenly and unexpectedly into difficulties through the failure of a large financial firm in Berlin. The discount house in question owed us at the time one hundred and seventy thousand pounds, only half of which was well secured. If we stopped advancing them further sums it meant the collapse of the house and a loss to the bank of probably eighty or ninety thousand pounds. If we continued to maintain their credit, the house would most likely pull through and we should lose nothing; or, on the other hand, we might sustain a crippling loss if the discount house ultimately failed. Our manager sent for a couple of the directors, and in ten minutes they decided to take the risk and see the discount house through. A fortnight later the house owed us three hundred thousand pounds. Rumours of 'a big City failure' were getting into the papers, but our bank never faltered in the policy they had adopted. One morning the discount house owed us half a million. Then came the crisis. Another one hundred thousand pounds was wanted. 'Pay it,' said our managing director. For a day our bank was tottering, but it stood the strain, and the next morning the discount house paid us in nearly half the sum they owed us, and the crisis was over.

On another occasion I remember a stockbroker came to ask for an advance of eighty-seven thousand pounds to enable him to meet his account on the Stock Exchange. He only wanted the money for a day, and if his request was refused it meant that he would be hammered the following morning. The security he offered was simply his character and reputation as a business man. His reason for the required overdraft was an irregularity in some share certificates which he had sold for a client. The irregularity, if his story was true, would be put right in a day, when the shares could be delivered and paid for. The manager had simply to figure out in a few minutes whether to trust his customer or not, for he had no time to consult his directors. He decided to advance the money, but when the broker left the office I saw there were a couple of beads of perspiration on the manager's forehead. The next day, at 3 P.M. the amount of the overdraft was paid in to the broker's account; but I believe the manager spent the greater part of the previous night walking about his bedroom.

In a big City bank such experiences are common enough, and they take years off men's lives. Be a banker as shrewd, clever, and cautious as you will, he must run enormous risks at times. The risk may always result in his favour, or it may not: but one failure, one slight error in an intricate calculation of a host of innumerable chances and probabilities, made in less time than it takes to write this line, means extinction so far as his career in the bank's service is concerned. Some men will only play for safety, and you may see them all over the country seated on stools behind their counter-rails diligently and faithfully performing their duties. The risks or the prizes of banking are not for them.

I remember well the first time I took the responsibility of a tolerably big risk on my own shoulders. I was then the acting manager of one of our branches in a big manufacturing town in the north. There was a lot of 'queer' business about, and I was instructed to be extremely careful in dealing with some of our customers, a great many of whom were engaged in businesses of a very speculative character. A few days after I had taken up charge of the bank a customer came in with a bill for twenty-seven thousand pounds accepted by a well-known firm of London financiers. The customer was a woollen manufacturer, whom I shall call Mr X. When he presented the bill he requested to be allowed to draw against it for ten thousand pounds, as he required the money at once to complete the purchase of some business he had bought. I had to decide whether the bill was genuine or not. If the latter, it was as good as a Bank of England note; if not, it was of course worthless. I was familiar enough with the signature of the firm which was on the bill, which appeared to be genuine; but should I advance ten thousand pounds on it? That was the question I had to decide in a couple of minutes, and after a few moments' thought I determined to do so. The following week, when we presented the bill for payment, it was duly honoured. Had I refused to advance the money I should have lost a very good customer; on the other hand, if the bill had been a forgery I should have been retired from the bank's service.

I had another curious experience whilst I was doing duty at this branch. One of our biggest customers was a Mr Z., a builder. He had begun a few years previously in quite a small way, and

had made money very rapidly. He was a bold, daring, and successful speculator; but I had been warned to be particularly careful in dealing with him, as it had got to the ears of our directors that the man had 'bitten off more than he could chew,' and was not as financially sound as he was generally considered to be. He had a standing arrangement with our bank for an overdraft of one hundred thousand pounds, which was well enough secured; but I had strict injunctions not to let him exceed this limit unless he lodged further security.

One day Mr Z. was shown into my private office. He was a stout, dapper, fresh-faced man, very keen and business-like in his manner. He informed me that he had paid out twenty thousand pounds in three different cheques that day. 'They will come in to you to-morrow,' he said. 'You will meet them, of course; but I thought I would mention the matter to you, as I believe I am overdrawn to the amount of my arranged overdraft with your bank.' I thought I detected a slight, very slight, tremor in his voice, but outwardly he appeared quite unconcerned.

'It is quite impossible that I can do so,' I replied, 'unless you deposit security for the amount.'

He looked hard at me for a few moments, and then said quickly, 'It is a square thousand in your pocket if you pay these cheques.'

I shook my head.

'I'll make it fifteen hundred.'

'Impossible,' I answered; 'there is no use in discussing the matter.'

I saw his hands grip the table convulsively; then he started up from the chair where he had been sitting, and the next instant he was holding a revolver within an inch of my face. 'Swear to pay these cheques,' he said, 'or you are a dead man!'

I looked at him steadily, and after a few seconds he put the revolver in his pocket with a laugh as he did so. 'You are a brave man,' he said, 'and they have got a faithful servant in you. Good-bye.' He held out his hand, which I took, and the next moment he was gone. The following day his cheques came in, which we returned marked, 'Refer to drawer;' but the drawer of them was then lying dead in his study, shot through the brain by his own hand.

It is often policy to oblige even a small customer by advancing him money on no security whatever, though of course such advances are necessarily always of a very limited character. In deciding on such matters one has to take into consideration the extent and character of the customer's business, and, perhaps even more, the extent of the business he can influence. Of course it pays a bank to be specially civil to a person who can bring them business—business, that is, of a desirable character; nowadays, as a matter of fact, most people who can do so are fully aware of this fact, and expect something more than civility. In plain words, a person who introduces good business to a bank wants to be paid for his services, and personally I think it is a much better policy to pay him a definitely arranged sum of money than, as is the plan with some banking concerns, specially to favour and oblige him as occasions to do so arise. Some few years ago I had a customer who, though he was not very well-off, and maintained but a comparatively trifling balance to his credit, certainly possessed the power of influencing a good deal of valuable business. He was the means of introducing several excellent customers to us, and for a time he never even hinted that he expected to be recompensed in any way. That he would do so some time or other I did not doubt; and I was right. He began by asking to be allowed to overdraw his account for a trifling amount; then he asked me to buy some speculative shares for him, and suggested that I ought to advance the money required for this purpose. This I at once refused to do, and asked him point-blank how much he expected to be paid for the business he had brought to us. He got very angry with me; declared he had never expected to be paid anything, but that as one good turn deserved another he considered I should have obliged him; and finally ended by hinting that others might be found willing to do so. Ultimately, acting on my advice, our directors paid him one hundred pounds, and ever since I have always made definite terms with any person who brings us business. Some people actually live by this means; but the modern bank-tout is a person, as a general rule, whose character is not altogether above suspicion, and one has naturally to be particularly careful in dealing with him—or her, for it is a calling occasionally followed by the gentle sex. There is usually something wrong with business introduced by such people, though a man requires often to be marvellously keen to detect that something. The first step in one of the biggest swindles perpetrated on a bank of recent years was the introduction by a tout of an apparently perfectly respectable gentleman in a large way of business to the manager of the head office of a very well-known banking concern. The tout vanished with a commission of five hundred pounds in his pocket, and the gentleman began his dealings with the bank in a seemingly honourable and satisfactory manner, and continued doing so for over a twelvemonth, when the crash came. He was one of those clever criminals who invariably succeed in hoodwinking men accustomed to straight business dealings, however shrewd and cautious they may be. This particular individual had been operating with forged bills in a very complicated and ingenious manner, by which he swindled the bank out of twenty-seven thousand pounds, and then ended his career by shooting himself one night in his bedroom at a hotel in Paris. Of course, the usual comment, 'The bank should have known there was something wrong,' was made in this instance; and so no doubt it should. A bank should never be swindled, a railway train should never leave the track, and a liner should never get on a rock; but

nevertheless all these things do occur sometimes, and it is beyond the power of human ingenuity completely to guard against their occurrence.

A bank may be swindled by some one either in or outside its employ, though the former danger has been greatly minimised since the Goudie frauds on the Bank of Liverpool. Since that period every bank I know of has made it a rule that each of its officials must take a holiday once a year, when his books are carefully checked by another. Just before this rule came into force a really remarkable series of frauds was committed by the cashier at a West End branch of a well-known banking concern. The plan adopted by the cashier was this: When a customer lodged cash to his credit the cashier put the money in his pocket, omitting of course to enter it in his cash-book. Consequently such cash items never appeared in any of the bank-ledgers, which balanced correctly each day. But the difficulty the cashier was confronted with was how to get these items credited in the customers' pass-books, which were written up by the ledger-clerk. To do this he started keeping separate pass-books himself for each customer whose money he had stolen; in these he entered all the money the customers had lodged, which showed the balances as they ought to have appeared in the bank-ledgers, and whenever one of these customers came in for his pass-book the cashier always took care to hand him the one which he had written up himself. Remarkable as it may seem, neither the ledger-clerk nor the manager ever suspected that the cashier was keeping a second set of pass-books which he used to write up after office-hours. Of course, to carry on the fraud successfully, the cashier could never take a holiday, for he ran a tremendous risk of detection by being absent from his post for even half-an-hour. For two years he carried on these frauds. Then one day he suddenly broke down. He went into the bank-manager's room, began sobbing like a child, and asked that the police should be sent for. He got seven years' penal servitude. Such a swindle nowadays would be impossible. In addition to every bank official being compelled to take an annual holiday, the system of inspection by the bank inspectors is far more thorough than it used to be, and more constant; and it must be remembered that, with a few occasional exceptions, bank officials are strictly honourable men of very high character.

The chances against the average bank official even attempting to perpetrate a fraud are very great indeed. But any bank is more or less open to attack by the outside swindler. For example, on one occasion a few years ago a well-dressed lady presented a cheque for five hundred pounds for payment at our City office. The cheque was signed apparently by a very wealthy customer of ours. It was, in fact, a perfect forgery, which the smartest cashier would have failed to detect. Our cashier never suspected anything wrong, and was actually counting out the money to pay to the lady, when she suddenly fainted. Her nerves failed her at the critical moment. Whilst we were endeavouring to bring her to, the customer whose name was on the cheque came into the office, and we learned that the cheque was a forgery. When the lady recovered consciousness she was arrested in our office. She belonged to a gang of forgers who were then operating extensively in London, Paris, and Berlin, and she was ultimately sent to penal servitude for a long term, with two confederates. It was simply by the merest chance that the bank did not pay away five hundred pounds on that occasion, and the incident will show how impossible it is for any bank effectively to safeguard against the operations of a really clever and audacious swindler. As a matter of fact, swindlers are rarely both clever and audacious. Nearly all of them, like most other classes of criminals, come to grief through some stupid piece of carelessness or of bungling, or by their nerves failing them at the critical moment. A man once presented a cheque for fifty pounds at a suburban branch of our bank which I was then managing. The signature on the cheque was perfectly forged; but the cashier was a very sharp clerk, and as he was counting out the gold he saw that the man's hands, which were resting on the counter, were trembling. The cashier then took up the cheque and brought it into my office to show it to me and to tell me why he had done so. When I came out to see the man he was gone. We informed the police of the matter, but we never saw him again.

FAIRY TUNES.

YESTREEN I lay a-dreaming in the hill above the sea,
And I heard the fairy pipers playing fairy tunes to me.
And the little fairy fiddlers at their jigging in the glen—
Oh, 'twas like a bit of boyhood brought into my days again!

For it 's heavy is the burden of the tunes myself must play,
And every night that darkens drifts me farther still away
From the times when I lay dreaming till the rising of the moon,
And hushed my heart for glamour of the fairy pipers' tune.

Ah! sore 's the song that often beats against my life's shut door,
And its tune, I'm thinking always, is the tune of 'Nevermore.'
There are sorrows in the winding tracks that lead me up the glen,
And my soul and its old gladness would not know themselves again.

But it 's grand to get a breathing hour and lie alone at ease,
And see the shining sun like beaten silver on the seas,
And hear the drones like wonder-tunes blown out of dreams again,
And the little fairy fiddlers at their jigging in the glen.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE CUSTOM OF WAR.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might,
Crusader, errant squire and knight,
Our coats and customs soften.

SO sang Tom Hood in his 'Lament on the Decline of Chivalry,' and it is notable that in the general softening of manners in the last two centuries the grim 'custom of war' has also been considerably mollified. By the custom of war is meant that code of laws and usages, mostly unwritten, which regulates the conduct of belligerents towards each other. It is little more than a century since this custom of war permitted the General of a besieging army to encourage his men with the promise that when the place fell they would be allowed to sack it for a day and plunder freely. Such a right is never now exercised against civilised enemies; but the old practice has, it is to be feared, been more than once connived at, to say the very least, in the case of 'uncivilised' foes. To go back a little farther, one finds honourable soldiers summoning a castle or fortress to surrender, and warning the garrison that, as the place was considered to be untenable, they would give no quarter if they were forced to storm it.

We have a reference to this custom in one of Major Dugald Dalgetty's stories of the glorious wars of Gustavus Adolphus, when he tells Menteith:

'I once saw a brigade of Irish, at the taking of Frankfort upon the Oder, stand to it with sword and pike until they beat off the blue-and-yellow Swedish brigades, esteemed as stout as any that fought under the immortal Gustavus. And although stout Hepburn, valiant Lumsdale, courageous Monroe, with myself and other cavaliers, made entry elsewhere at point of pike, yet had we all met with such opposition we had returned with great loss and little profit. Wherefore these valiant Irishes, being all put to the sword, as is usual in such cases, did nevertheless gain immortal praise and honour.'

Scott here makes the major speak the language of his time. The refusal of quarter was defended on the ground that men who held out when there was no chance of victory were inflicting useless loss on their opponents, and thus deserved to forfeit their own lives. But nowadays the threat to massacre the heroes of a desperate defence would be regarded as infamous. War in this respect has become more chivalrous. And the whole process or evolution of the 'custom' has been in the direction of humanising war. In the Middle Ages quarter was given to knights and nobles, for they could be held to profitable ransom; but mere common soldiers were freely ridden down, for there was no profit in making them prisoners. Strangely enough, this was the indirect result of a great forward step in the progress of civilisation. Soldiers of still earlier times, when slavery was a world-wide institution, were anxious to take hundreds of prisoners, for they could be enslaved, and so were worth money. The abolition of slavery led at first to more slaughter in the rout of a beaten army.

War at the best is a horrible business. Only those who have never seen it have any other opinion. But though the actual means of destruction have grown more deadly, war has become in a great degree humanised, and is not so horrible as it was. The tendency now is to avoid useless killing and mere destruction for its own sake, and quarter is always freely given. Men who have ceased to resist actively are indeed sometimes killed when blood is hot, as when a position is stormed with the bayonet or in the first rush of victorious cavalry; but there is no slaughter in cold blood. Far less is there any idea of the deliberate killing of non-combatants, though if they are within the range of fire they must, of course, take their chance. The wounded are cared for, to whichever side they belong. Plunder and outrage are sternly repressed.

It is easy enough for a logical-minded critic to point out the contradiction of first using the resources of science to disable a man, and then taking even greater trouble to restore him to health. The

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

contradiction disappears when one notes that the object of the soldier who is no longer a bloodthirsty barbarian, but a civilised Christian, is primarily not to kill his enemies, but to break their power of resistance and put them *hors de combat*, or (to use a phrase taken from peace manœuvres) 'put them out of action.' This is no mere ideal distinction, but happily represents a fact, the outcome of centuries of progress. The Red Indian killed outright and took the scalps of his enemies. More than one Eastern fighting-race collected the heads of as many slain foes as possible. The European soldier kills, but the killing is not massacre; it is the result of using deadly weapons to knock out and terrify his opponents. A General does not exult in the number of the dead on the other side. What he aims at is to have crowds of wounded and unwounded prisoners, with as many thousands more of the enemy as possible dispersed, disorganised, cut off from their supplies, and no longer dangerous. Hence killing for the mere sake of killing is avoided.

Even in the heat of battle this is so. After one of our victories in the Sudan an officer, telling me of his personal experiences, said, 'I rode in among the Dervishes. They had no fight in them, and were bolting like rabbits. I could easily have shot half-a-dozen with my pistol; but it's not my business to kill men running, but to lead my battalion.' Another officer who now wears the V.C. told how in a cavalry fight the opposing troops met in a cloud of dust, and as it cleared he saw a Dervish horseman, cut off from his friends, riding beside him. 'I could have killed him,' he said; 'but he looked such a sportsman that I let him go.' Outposts remain in sight of each other for days without exchanging a shot. Disciplined troops soon realise that killing stray men is of no particular advantage, and firing on the outpost-line means disturbance of the rest of the camp or bivouac behind it. It is only uncivilised hillmen of the Indian north-west frontier who keep every one awake by sniping or sending long-range shots at random into a camp.

Nothing is more unlike the stay-at-home civilian's idea of war than the conduct of opposing outpost-lines. General Sir Richard Harrison, in his recently published *Recollections*, describes a visit he made to the outposts of the Federal army during the American Civil War. The Confederate picket-line was well within rifle-range, and he was able, after an exchange of friendly signals, to ride across and have a talk with the Southerners. 'A hill only was between the combatants,' he says; 'but they had been fighting too long and too seriously to keep up an incessant conflict between outposts. In fact, they had arrived at the condition experienced by our troops and the French at the end of the Peninsular war. Sentries and vedettes signalled when an advance was imminent from either side; and, unless special orders had been received to the contrary, the outposts retired before the signal without an attempt to shed blood.'

General Harrison's reference to the Peninsula reminds us that the records of that war are full of instances of the friendly courtesy of the opposing forces. Men on hostile outpost-lines would slip across to ask for a light or buy tobacco from each other. A British officer inspecting the outposts saw an advanced French sentry asleep. Instead of carrying him off a prisoner, he rode over and woke him up, and told him he did not want to see a young fellow get into trouble by being found asleep at his post. In a lull of the fighting at Talavera French and English soldiers came down to the same stream and drank together.

In the lines outside Metz and Paris during the Franco-German war there was the same tendency for the tacit truce on the outpost-lines to lead to irregular fraternisation between the opposing forces; but on account of the fear of its being taken advantage of for purposes of espionage, strong measures were adopted to keep Frenchmen and Germans from smoking, drinking, and playing cards together.

When it comes to actual fighting, the custom of war forbids certain effective methods of getting rid of an enemy. One may cut off his water-supply, and thus inflict serious suffering on all concerned, and if the deprivation is prolonged produce an outbreak of pestilence; but one must not poison wells, reservoirs, or streams. The rebels in Arabia practised this method against the Turks; and in the war between Japan and China the Japanese in their advance through Corea did not use the village wells, but substituted for them Abyssinian tube-wells and other methods of obtaining a reliable supply, because they had been warned that the Chinese might poison the wells—conduct which civilised belligerents regard as utter savagery. The underlying principle of the unwritten code that allows one to cut off the water-supply and forbids one to poison it appears to be that a belligerent may take steps that will indirectly cause sickness among the enemy, but must not work directly and intentionally for this end. In earlier centuries the distinction was not made so delicately. A medieval writer on artillery describes how to produce pestilence in a besieged town. His method is to allow the dead bodies of horses and cattle to become corrupt, and then cut them into convenient pieces and shoot them into the town with catapults. One wonders if this plan was ever adopted.

The custom of war—which in this case is to some extent set forth in international conventions—also forbids mere useless maiming and the infliction of avoidable suffering. Thus the use of the explosive rifle-bullet is forbidden. In other words, one may inflict a bullet-wound that will disable a man, perhaps kill him; but one must not do it in such a way as inevitably to inflict horrible and deadly wounds. On this principle there has followed a

tacit understanding among civilised nations not to use soft-nosed, collapsible bullets that 'set up' or 'mushroom,' the kind of bullets now used against big game. This was why during our South African war army orders forbade the use of the Dum-dum rifle-bullet and of a type of enlarging pistol-bullet. But there is a tendency to use these ugly bullets against savage foes. The reason for making this difference is that whilst the more or less educated civilised soldier, when he is hit even by a small bullet, and the injury is slight, will mostly become nervously anxious to have it attended to at once; while the uneducated barbarian, who has no nerves to worry him, and, as Mr Kipling puts it, 'knows no more of his inside arrangements than an eight-day clock does of its works,' is very likely to come on and get to close quarters even after two or three small bullets have gone through him. This is why the soldier, who is handier with the rifle than the bayonet, likes to have a 'man-stopping' bullet.

Explosive bullets being forbidden, a lower limit has to be set to the size of projectiles that carry a bursting-charge. No shell must weigh less than half a kilogramme — that is, roughly, a pound. Hence the smallest shell used is the little one-inch steel shell for the 'pom-pom,' fired in sets of ten, that burst like a string of crackers. In South Africa they inflicted few casualties, but they got strangely on men's nerves. Rifle and heavy artillery fire was easier to face than these nasty little projectiles.

One wishes the prohibition against small exploding projectiles could be extended to the grenades filled with high explosives that were introduced by the Japanese in their war with Russia. They were used in storming entrenchments, and were fired from wooden mortars which two men could run up with to the firing-point. They produced hideous injuries, blowing away limbs, faces, one side of the body, crippling for life those they did not kill outright. It may not be generally known that our army has practically adopted the idea, and experiments have been made at Woolwich with high explosive grenades and portable mortars. It seems a repulsively cruel method of fighting, though it must be said that ordinary heavy shell-fire also inflicts very nasty injuries.

In one respect war has become notably less chivalrous. In the Middle Ages, up to a comparatively late date, there was a disposition to regard battle as a tournament on a large scale. There was an idea that armies should be matched on equal terms on a 'fair field.' When James IV. of Scotland marched across the Border in 1513, and on the approach of Lord Surrey's English army took up a position to await battle 'on Flodden Hill, steep on both flanks, and defended in front by the deep river Till,' Surrey sent him a letter complaining that 'he had put himself into ground more like a fortress or a camp than any indifferent [that is, equal and fair] ground for battle to be tried.' A modern General receiving such a letter would think his opponent had lost his wits. By interposing between the Scottish camp and Scotland, Surrey succeeded in luring King James into leaving his vantage-ground and attacking, with disastrous results. Nowadays 'everything is fair in war' except assassination and treachery.

Spies are hanged or shot if they are detected, not because espionage is a crime in itself, but to make the spy's business more difficult and deter people from taking it up. The essence of espionage is disguise. An officer, if he is in uniform, may venture as far as he likes to go to reconnoitre an enemy. He is not a spy unless he disguises himself. The Japanese in the last war showed themselves past-masters in espionage, but they used methods that Western nations would consider unjustifiable. They employed natives of Corea and Manchuria to act as spies in the Russian lines, and, if report speaks truly, these agents ran a double risk. If the Russians detected them they were hanged; if they came back without satisfactory information, they might be shot by their employers 'to encourage the others.' Our Eastern allies still keep to a very grim kind of custom of war. Rumour says that at the naval battle of Tsu-shima hopelessly wounded men were quietly dropped overboard to clear the decks and save unnecessary trouble.

Connected with the custom as to spies are the written or unwritten laws that forbid the people of the country from taking an active part in its defence unless they have at least some plain badge to show they are combatants. The whole legislation as to patriotic action of civilians is a little confused. The German military law orders that in case of invasion the levy *en masse*, or Landsturm, is to be called out, and the armed inhabitants who thus come into action need not have uniforms; yet the Prussians used to shoot captured *franc tireurs* in France on the ground that they were irregular combatants, without recognised uniform or commissioned officers. It is generally recognised that the people of a town may fight in its defence without uniforms, for in a siege all the people within the fortifications are presumably enemies of the besieger.

The Hague Convention recognises the right of the civilians of an invaded district not yet effectively subdued by the invader to fight in its defence even if they are not uniformed. Thus the execution of Mr Brown for defending his home, in the play known as *An Englishman's Home*, is an episode based on ignorance of current military usage, though the author of the play is a soldier.

The use and abuse of the white flag of truce is, again, a subject of much discussion. There probably has been no war in recent years in which each side did not charge the other with treacherous misuse of this flag. Sometimes the origin of such

charges is clearly that—as in the case of our own men in the surrender at Nicholson's Nek—while some are ready to surrender and show the white flag, others are anxious to fight on and continue firing. It may not be generally known that the recognised custom of war allows troops in certain cases to fire on the bearer of a white flag. To display the flag means that one wants to communicate. If the other side is willing to do so they cease firing, stop their advance, and signal to the white-flag bearer to come forward. But they are also free to refuse to communicate. In this case they may signal a refusal and continue advancing and firing. If the bearer of the white flag persists in coming on he may be shot down. The reason for this is that if the mere display of a white flag necessarily stopped the fighting it might be used at a critical moment to delay temporarily the advance of the attack on an important point. But the right of refusing to let the white flag come forward is very rarely used.

The most satisfactory development of the custom of war is the legislation as to the Red Cross embodied in the Geneva Conventions. Its effect is to neutralise and give as much security as possible to all that is connected with the care of the sick and wounded. The change does not affect only the actual battlefield. In the American Civil War the Federals treated quinine as contraband when the Confederate hospitals were fever-stricken for the want of it. Now the cases marked with the Red Cross would be passed through the outpost-lines. The Red Cross flag, the most honoured standard displayed in war, is really the flag of Switzerland, with the colours reversed. The Swiss flag is a white cross on a red ground, the ambulance flag makes the ground white and the cross red; and Switzerland has the further honour that the legislation for the care of the wounded was drawn up in a Swiss city. Thus it was not without reason that a Swiss orator once said: 'Our flag does not fly as the standard of conquering and devastating armies, but it is a flag of ours that is carried into the midst of the misery and ruin of war all the world over, and has already been displayed on a hundred battlefields as the symbol, not of war and death, but of life, mercy, and charity.'

THE SEÑORITA DOLORES.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT afternoon the Señorita Dolores lay on a couch in the piazza of her house in the Plaza de St Martin. On her knees lay a book which she did not read. From the Tagus a fresh wind had risen, and was blowing a fragrant scent of heliotrope upon her from the garden. Her eyes were half-closed. In the bosom of her dress was pinned a cluster of red roses, and more than once she looked thoughtfully at them.

She rose as a servant entered. 'The Señor Morella, señorita.'

A queer look came into her eyes; it was not anger, nor yet fear, but a curious blending of the two, and she drew herself up as if to meet a foe.

When the Spaniard entered, straight from his journey from Madrid, the dust of the roads still upon his boots and clothes, she was standing facing him.

'Well,' she said, 'you have got the despatches?' Her voice was void of feeling, and its lack of expression somewhat puzzled Señor Morella.

He advanced until he was within a couple of feet of her, towering above her like a giant. 'No, señorita, we did not take the despatches, because Señor Vincent did not go by the St Breeda road.'

Señorita Dolores met his gaze unflinchingly. 'Then he went by the Cettini road;' and there was a sudden gladness in her heart, although she realised that perhaps he would never know that she had saved his life.

'Yes,' said Señor Morella, 'he went by the Cettini road; and you knew that he was going that way.' He did not wait for the señorita's reply. 'I am not going to ask you why you deceived me. In a sudden whim the Creator made women incomprehensible; but, señorita, there was once a man in Madrid who lied to me, and he was found next morning on the roadside dead.'

'Stabbed between the shoulders—from behind!' rejoined Señorita Dolores.

The Spaniard found her gaze awkward to meet. 'No man fools me twice,' he answered in a voice tense with passion.

The señorita laughed. There was the gladness of springtime in her heart since Vincent was safe. 'And a woman, how many times, señor?' she asked.

He frowned. He felt the conversation was being conducted in a strain somewhat beyond his comprehension. He understood threats, however skilfully veiled, and he understood diplomacy of a certain low, cunning nature, but he had yet to master the soft parry and thrust of a woman's tongue. 'Once also,' he answered.

'And since I have transgressed—once?' said the señorita.

Inwardly the Señor Morella sighed with relief. 'It is essential to the interest of our party,' he replied, 'that we find out within the next eight-

and-forty hours where the Queen Regent is in hiding. It is in your power to find out.'

'How?'

'Through your friend Señor Vincent.'

'And if I refuse?'

The Spaniard looked down at her. 'Then, señorita,' he said in a soft voice, 'I shall have to tell the world that your brother sold Spanish military secrets to a foreign Power in order to pay off debts he had incurred gambling in England.'

'Gambling with a man called Segrim, a man you paid to get him into your power.'

'That my friend himself will prove is not true,' said the Spaniard, feeling himself upon more certain ground.

'He cannot, since he is dead,' replied the señorita, watching her companion's face.

'Dead!' said the Spaniard solicitously. 'I am sorry to hear such news, since yesterday I left him in Madrid alive and well.' He walked towards the curtain that led into the room beyond. Drawing it aside, he paused for a second. 'And you will let me know, señorita?' he said.

Señorita Dolores was standing by the couch. With one hand she tightly clutched the wooden rail at the head. 'You shall hear from me in forty-eight hours,' she said.

The curtain rustled, and he was gone.

The señorita stood still for a moment; her face was white, and all the light had gone from her eyes.

'Segrim alive!' she murmured. 'Segrim alive!' Then she sank upon the couch and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER X.

THAT evening the wind changed and blew in heavy gusts from the north as Vincent rode into Toledo. He made his way straight to General Vilenta's house in the Calle de Correo.

Giving his horse to a servant, he entered what the General genially termed his workshop, where the welfare of Spain was superintended. It was a bare room, devoid of all unnecessary ornamentation save on the walls, which were hung with costly tapestry, the General's one extravagance in an otherwise frugal life. In the corner stood the couch on which he had spent the previous night, and covering the entrance to the piazza was a heavy curtain, drawn close to keep out the cold.

The General was seated, talking to Colonel Gregori. As Vincent came into the room he rose, and a smile crossed his face for a second. He had grown to love the English aide-de-camp, who counted danger as nought, and came smiling and imperturbable out of every difficulty.

'You have returned, as usual,' he said, 'half-an-hour before your time.'

Vincent drew a despatch out of his pocket and handed it to him. 'I was followed to Madrid,' he said; 'but my pursuers chose the Santa Breeda road. There were seven of them; so perhaps it was as well that they made a mistake.'

The General laughed; there was a curious little ring in his mirth, and his brow puckered as if he were counting in his mind how many of the seven would have reached Madrid alive.

'And to-night, passing the woods by Cettini, a man fell upon me from behind a tree.'

'It is dangerous work travelling upon the Spanish Queen's business,' said General Vilenta. 'And the man, my son?'

'I left him on the road,' said Vincent. 'There were some papers in his pocket.' He handed them to the General, who took them and glanced through the pages.

'I am glad you are learning the lessons Spain has to teach,' he said softly.

He resumed his seat. 'And so men waited for you along the St Breeda road? That was strange, since our men seldom travel that way.' He looked up at Vincent. 'Did you tell any one along which road you were travelling?'

Vincent bit his lip and remained silent.

'And did you tell your friend the truth?'

'Yes,' said Vincent.

General Vilenta rose and laid a hand on his shoulder. 'My son,' he said, 'I should not trust—a friend too much, if I were you. I did once.' He laughed dryly and shrugged his shoulders. 'Perhaps that is why I am here. When God made—friends, He at the same time created an enigma—an enigma that many men have ruined their lives in trying to solve.' Then he went and sat down again.

'You think I have betrayed my trust?' said Vincent.

'No,' replied the General; 'you have been indiscreet, and youth is always that. Discretion only comes with gray hairs, and then it comes too late. To-morrow I am going to place a greater trust in you. For the past week the Queen Regent has been in Toledo.'

Vincent looked up in surprise.

'No one has known except four of us; it would not have been safe for more to have been in the secret. To-morrow evening you will take her a letter and place yourself unreservedly at her disposal. The mission is full of danger. I would go myself; but I am known, and I should not reach her house alive. With you there is just a chance, and the future of Spain depends upon that chance.'

'I will take it,' said Vincent.

The General nodded. 'I will give you the letter now,' he said; and, rising, he walked towards the curtain which led on to the piazza. Before it he hesitated for a second, then drew his sword and drove it through the tapestry. There was a scream and the sound of some one falling heavily.

Vincent and the colonel rushed towards the spot, while General Vilenta flung aside the curtain. Stretched on the ground, and breathing heavily, lay the form of a man. From a wound above his heart a stream of blood was flowing on to the white stone.

'Did you not hear the curtain move?' said the General quietly. 'He has been there for ten minutes.'

By the time his body had been dragged into the room the man had choked out his last breath. General Vilenta was a good swordsman, and knew to a nicety the exact spot at which to strike; but even the most astute make mistakes, and in the minute which they spent in carrying the body into the room another man crept from a shadow in the piazza, and, leaping lightly over the rails, sped away into the darkness.

The dead man's head was bent low over his body; as Colonel Gregori lifted it Vincent leant forward with a quick exclamation. Then he went down on his knees and peered into the features. 'Thank God!' he said.

He rose and turned to the two soldiers who were silently watching him. 'I left England because I fought that man in a duel,' he said. 'I heard afterwards that he was dead.'

'Then it was Frederick Segrim you fought?' said the General. 'It was a great pity you did not kill him; it would have saved Spain a lot of trouble if you had.'

After Vincent had left, the General turned to Colonel Gregori. 'I wonder why that woman saved his life?' he said.

'What woman?' asked the colonel.

'Señorita Dolores.'

'The Carlist spy!'

The General lighted a cigar. 'I think before Satan was expelled from heaven he must have been the Creator's chief designer, and Señorita Dolores is his masterpiece.'

CHAPTER XI.

JULY 13, 1838, was a day which changed the destinies of many men. It was on July 13 that Don Carlos's troops, driven at last to open combat, ill-conditioned many of them, fighting not from patriotism but from hope of personal gain, and led by men prompted by no worthier motives, were routed, and the first blow was struck that was unconditionally to give Isabella the three crowns. Also, it was a day of import to many concerned in this story.

When Vincent awoke after a brief slumber, Lasquez was by the side of his couch, as gay and debonair as ever, although he had spent the night gambling with two *contrabandista* in a small inn on the road to Talavera; and even at that moment a man lay still in a corn-field not a mile out of Toledo, a knife-wound between the shoulders—a man who had cheated to win a few paltry pesetas. In Spain men are indolent and careless of life, and Lasquez was a magnificent specimen of his country.

'A letter for you, señor,' he said with a courtly bow.

Vincent took the envelope and looked at it. It was dated from London, and was three weeks old. Then he opened it.

It was from a firm of solicitors in Leadenhall Street, to say his father had been dead for over a month, and had died intestate.

Vincent read it through with a total lack of emotion. It is not easy to mourn the loss of a parent whom you have seldom seen, and only remember as a solemn and impassive Nemesis. Such a father leaves children behind him who are either failures or grand successes—it is a throw of the dice which; but he passes to the grave with little sorrow.

The fact that he was heir to a large income had little effect upon Vincent; his was a nature that had never been sorely troubled by scarcity of money, and sudden affluence made little difference. He was of the stuff from which our finest soldiers are made: a couch and breakfast day by day, a good horse and burnished sword, and he was happy. England has made many mistakes, and it was no light one when she told Harry Vincent that she had no further use for his weapon and sent him adrift to fight for another country.

He laid the letter down upon a chair by his side. 'You are late, Lasquez!' he said.

'But yes, señor; I was delayed on the way to your excellency's.'

'Ah!' On the light-blue shirt which Lasquez wore beneath his coat Vincent noticed a stain; it was red, and had not yet fully dried, so he forbore to ask any further questions. An hour later he was in the presence of General Vilenta.

The General betrayed no excitement at the glorious tidings of victory which had reached him. He was seated before the plain oak table on which he transacted all his business. On the surface, close by where he sat, were three round holes diving perpendicularly into the wood. They might or might not have been caused by round shot—the General was silent on the point; but whenever he mentioned the name of Señor Moreda his fingers softly caressed the spots, and a retrospective little smile played round the corners of his mouth.

'Yes, it was a splendid victory,' he said in answer to Vincent's inquiries; 'but it was twelve hours too soon. To-morrow, and it would have won the game for us. Now'——

Something in his tone made Vincent look at him curiously. 'Now?'

'The game is in your hands.' He handed Vincent a letter. 'You will take this to Queen Christina this evening, and place yourself at her dispos-

If events turn out as I expect,' he smiled grimly, 'you will escort Queen Isabella and the Queen Regent to Madrid to-night. A carriage will be waiting for you by the Puerta del Cambron. I shall await their Majesties in Madrid for the *coup d'état*.'

'And if they will not go?'

'Then Don Carlos will be king to-morrow, and you and I, my friend, will be assassinated.' And General Vilenta handed his aide-de-camp a cigar.

There is a glorious, sublime uncertainty about affairs in Spain. It is a country where indolence and chance reign supreme, and carelessness runs riot unchecked. Some day the people will awaken and put their house in order, and then the world will wonder, for the reckless courage that marked their ancestors two hundred years ago still kindles within the breast of the man in the street and the baby in arms; it only needs a reformer, a man who can lead them, a second Pizarro, and the country will awaken from its long lassitude.

The Señorita Dolores was in her *sala;* a cool breeze blew in through the open windows, and the clematis which covered the piazza cast a shade across the room. She was seated on a long couch, her head resting among a pile of cushions. Her cheeks were pale, and in her eyes there was that look which men who have been upon the battlefield see in the eyes of their comrades at the critical moment—one of courage, fear, excitement curiously blended. By her side was a letter, the ink of which was scarcely dry. She picked it up and read it through. It was short, and addressed to Señor Morella:

'Dear Señor,—The forty-eight hours are nearly over, and I have made my choice. It is a cowardly one perhaps, but it cannot be expected that I, a mere woman, could evince the courage which marks Don Carlos's lieutenant. For two years I have served you in order to save the honour of my family. I have the information you require; but it will go with me, and the honour of Spain will be saved at the cost of a woman's life. When you come this afternoon you will be shown into this room, and I shall receive you; but, *gracias à Dios*, I shall be beyond your power. *Adios!*

'Dolores de Garcia.'

In another envelope she placed a red rose and a slip of paper; on the paper were the words: '*Adios, carissima mia!* Ask my friend Señor Morella, and he will tell you everything.'

She smiled as she sealed down this envelope, for it was addressed to Vincent, and contained what was essentially a woman's revenge. This done, she lay back on the couch, and who knows what thoughts were passing through her mind?

The hour of siesta had come and gone, and the shadows lengthened upon the streets of Toledo. Everywhere there was a silence, and men looked suspiciously at their fellow-passengers in the streets. At the corners the muleteers and *contrabandista* (great men in Spain) talked together in whispers, unusual in a country which is given to much singing and acclamation. Those in authority noticed it, and many clever enough to read the signs made silent preparation. The Guardias Civiles were kept in barracks, prepared for any eventuality.

Father Padrona was one typical of many priests in Spain, the men who, poorly paid, cement the country more closely to the Mother Church than all the edicts and absolutions of a generous Pope. Large of heart and poor in pocket, he worked among the peasants of Toledo for a salary at which the *lazzaroni* of Naples would scoff, and that irregularly paid. The muleteers respected him (which is saying much), their wives revered him, and their children kissed the hem of his much-repaired and shabby garments as if they were the sacred vestments of Him who suffered upon the Cross.

The *padre* was tall and thin, his hair white and closely cropped. He bore the marks of a man who had once been handsome, but the lines of poverty and care were deeply cut; and on his face, for those who cared to read, was the suggestion of a tale that would never pass his lips.

Passing along the path by the side of the Tagus, he meditatively acknowledged the salutes of those he met. In the Plaza de St Martin he stopped before the gates of the señorita's house, then slowly entered and walked up the drive.

'The Señorita de Mogenti?' he asked of the servant who came in answer to his summons; and five minutes later they stood facing one another, these two who were to hold the destiny of Spain in their hands for a few brief hours.

The *padre* looked down at the little woman before him, scarcely reaching up to his shoulder, and in his quiet way, in a single glance, took in her beauty. 'I understand,' he said to himself; for, passing as he did among all classes in Toledo, the *padre* heard many things. 'I have brought you two letters,' he said gravely, handing her a couple of envelopes on which the dust from the roads lay thick; on one was the imprint of a cloven hoof, as if a mule or a bullock had stamped the envelope beneath its foot with the happy heedlessness of ignorance. 'I found them upon the road to Talavera.'

The señorita took them and glanced at the dates. 'And they are nearly a fortnight old!' she said with a light laugh.

'That is nothing,' replied the *padre*, with a funny smile; 'time travels lightly here. But it was fortunate I found them.' How fortunate he did not know.

'You will sit down,' said the señorita; 'you are tired if you have walked from Talavera.'

The *padre* arranged his cassock. 'I will sit down, not that I am tired, but because I wish to speak to you.'

The señorita watched him in silence.

'I am priest at the Church of St Mary the Virgin Mother, and among my flock there are many black sheep, and strange tales come to my ears.' The *padre* looked up, to find the señorita's eyes fixed upon him.

'Yes,' she said, feeling a sudden strange interest.

'To-day I heard something.' He flicked some dust off his cassock. 'That I am going to tell you —why I do not know.' He drew his chair nearer hers. 'We priests love to meddle with politics,' he concluded with a dry laugh. Then he suddenly became serious and spoke in a whisper. 'The Queen and her mother are in Toledo.'

The señorita nodded.

'To-night they are going to Madrid if a certain messenger reaches them safely. That messenger will be waylaid in the Calle de los Santos, which is dark and silent, and the message taken from him. And to-morrow Don Carlos will be proclaimed king in Madrid, and the Queen and her mother will be found assassinated.'

The *padre* watched his listener's face, and a gleam as of one who has found his surmise to be correct lit up his eyes as the señorita asked, 'And the messenger?'

'El Capitan Vincent,' he replied quietly.

'Ah!' The señorita had risen to her feet. 'Why did you come and tell me this?' she asked.

'I knew of no one else,' replied the *padre*, 'and I do not wish to see Don Carlos upon the throne. I love Spain, wayward country though it is.'

'You must hear many strange tales?' said the señorita.

'Yes,' replied the *padre*, and he glanced towards a bowl of red roses standing on the table.

'Then I wonder,' she continued, speaking very slowly, 'that you came to me.'

'It was because I hear so much that I came. If I were you, señorita, I should read those two letters.' They had dropped from the señorita's lap. He rose, and, picking them up, handed them to her.

She broke open the envelopes, and when she had read them, said, 'You know the contents of them?'

'I think so. Your brother is dead?' said the *padre*.

She nodded, and there was a new hope in her eyes. 'Yes; and thank Jesu he died as a man, for his Queen!' She looked at the *padre* with a funny look in her eyes. 'These are strange words for a Carlist spy.'

The *padre* came and laid his hand on her shoulder. 'My child,' he said, 'you have had a hard life, but you have saved your brother's honour and the honour of your family. Now'—

'I am going to save Queen Isabella.'

He nodded and walked towards the door. With his hand on the latch he paused. 'There is one who does not forget, my daughter. For the rest of your days may your path be strewn with roses—red roses!' and he walked into the *patio* with a ruminative smile on his face.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR a few minutes after the *padre's* departure the señorita remained where he had left her, buried deep in thought; then she slowly crossed the room and tore up the two letters she had written.

Sitting down at her escritoire, she took up pen and paper. The letter she wrote was a short one, and it was written with a minute precision, as if she carefully studied each letter before she formed it. When the note was finished she surveyed the result. 'I think it will do,' she said to herself; 'it is a very good imitation—very good!' Then she rang a bell at her side. 'Tell Señor Morella, if he calls to-night, that he shall have my answer by the time he requires; and send Marcos to me,' she said to the servant who answered it.

A few minutes later Marcos appeared. He was tall and dark, and essentially typical of his class.

'You called for me, *madama*,' he said.

'Yes,' replied the señorita. 'I want you and José to be in the Zocodover in an hour's time. You will meet there a young señor; with him you will go to the Calle de los Santos, and you will do whatever he commands.' She paused. 'Marcos, you are not as a rule forgetful; do not forget to take a sharp knife with you to-night. It may prove useful.'

Marcos smiled, disclosing a row of white, even teeth. 'It is well, *madama*,' he said. 'I shall not forget.'

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN THE AUSTRALIAN NEVER-NEVER.

MY first year in Australia was spent on a Queensland cattle-station lying about two hundred miles inland from the flourishing port of Rockhampton. Misled by a seductive advertisement that appeared in a home paper, I had been foolish enough to undertake to pay the proprietor the sum of one hundred pounds for initiation into the art of cattle management; consequently the experience gained by me during the first twelve months following my arrival was but little. The owner of the station—Hawkwood, we will call it—was a man of singularly unpleasing manner, and entirely lacked the geniality which so strongly characterises the average Australian squatter. As he showed very clearly

that he preferred my money to my company, I soon decided on leaving at the first opportunity. Let me here caution British youths ambitious of becoming Australian squatters not on any account to pay for their board and lodging on the station where they intend to serve as cadets.

At the expiration of my first year I made an arrangement with a gentleman who was half-owner of a large western station to join him as a non-paying cadet. Mr P. was an Englishman of good family, and a few years before had bought a half-interest in an extensive and newly settled pastoral property lying on the Diamantina River, some eight hundred miles by road from the coast. The run embraced a considerable area of country, being exactly forty miles square, and in extent exceeded many a German principality. So far, it was but lightly stocked with some five thousand head of cattle and one hundred and twenty horses; and the place being at that time one of the most remote stations in the far west of Queensland, I was told that it would offer capital opportunities for obtaining rough experience.

Owing to the prevalence of a severe drought the journey to my new destination—Bulgaroo was its euphonious name—occupied nearly six weeks. I was accompanied by a newly engaged married couple, and we had charge of a number of valuable mares intended for the station stud.

Six weeks' travelling on horseback, without a break, becomes tedious, even in Australia. It was, therefore, with feelings of distinct relief that on the expiration of that period we saw—from the summit of a low plateau overgrown with stunted shrubs and cut in half by a picturesque gorge cleft in the course of ages by the Djamantina, which here sensibly contracts in width—the shimmering, bluish specks, apparently floating in mid-air, recognised by my companion as our long-desired destination. After we had disposed of the greater portion of the ten long miles which intervened, the specks referred to took the shape of four small buildings clinging to the side of a red sand-ridge. To the right, four miles distant across a tract of bare, flooded country, might be seen the line of stunted trees which marked the course of the river. Behind rose, some fifty feet high, the ridge of gleaming red sand; and from its summit similar ridges, rising billow-like one after another, might be seen as far as the eye could reach. Away to the left extended vast plains, broken here and there by singular sandstone kopjes, winding lines of low scrub denoting dried-up watercourses, and sandhills. The scene recalled the ancient times when a shallow sea rolled over the whole region, studded with innumerable islets and sandbanks.

Over the slightly elevated ground five miles and more back from the river the plains were sprinkled thickly with the tussocks of Mitchell grass, the squatter's best friend. This grass has wonderful powers of resisting drought. Its roots, plunged twenty feet underground, absorb moisture enough to keep the plant alive through the hottest summer; in fact, Mitchell grass is said to be able to survive a rainless period extending over three years. A few weeks after a fall of rain the profusion of green, succulent blades it puts forth is amazing; a month or two later the fierce sun turns these into natural hay, and in this condition Mitchell grass provides fodder of admirable fattening and sustaining power for stock of all kinds.

The station buildings at Bulgaroo were not of exactly imposing dimensions. Considering that every stick of timber—poor stuff at best—had to be drawn by bullocks, over country waterless at most times and frightfully boggy after rain, for a distance of forty miles, and that every sheet of iron for roofing cost at the rate of fifty pounds a ton for freight alone when delivered at the station, ambitious efforts in the way of architecture were hardly to be expected. There were four buildings in all—a store (which served also as a residence for the manager and myself), a hut for the stockmen and occasional visitors, a kitchen and sleeping-room for the married couple, and a small shed where the stock of salt-beef was kept. All were built of rough wooden slabs, and were quite innocent of windows. Glass is a commodity only seen in the form of bottles on a western station. The store contained but a single room about twenty-four feet long and twelve wide, and for the greater part was filled with a wonderful assortment of articles varying from reels of cotton to collapsible boats. Two of the latter, used to drive cattle from the neighbourhood of the river during inundations, and for getting stores, &c., at such rare times, were suspended to the rafters overhead. In the main, bags of flour and sugar, boxes of tea, tobacco, and groceries, tinned jams in particular, filled this small emporium, just enough space being left at one end for two rough beds and a big box—our dining-table—between them. The only fireplace was in the kitchen, where the newly imported lady, who enjoyed the distinction of being the only white member of her sex within a distance of two hundred miles, perspired over her pots and camp-ovens, more or less assisted by a couple of black apprentices. Her husband served as hewer of wood and drawer of water to the establishment. His office, as regards the latter function, was no sinecure. The nearest permanent water was to be found in the bed of the Diamantina River over four miles away. Had the homestead been built any nearer it would have been liable to be swept away during flood-time, the waters actually washing the base of the ridge selected as the site. Once a week Jack Harris yoked up his team of bullocks and set off for the river, accompanied by a small retinue of blacks carrying billies and buckets to fill the tanks on the wagon. This was a protracted business, as eight hundred gallons formed the load, and it was not safe to take the cumbrous vehicle near the brink of the waterhole. For a small community of about ten persons eight hundred gallons seem a liberal weekly allowance; but a

horse or two had usually to be watered at the station, and in so dry a climate thirst is chronic. Of the quality of the water little can be said. It was fresh and fairly fluid; but its tawny colour, due to a large percentage of mud, was not inviting to the eye. What was used for drinking purposes was in a degree clarified by the simple process of pouring it into a cask and stirring a shovelful of wood ashes in it, a thick sediment later settling to the bottom. The flavour of the beverage, however, was not improved by the admixture of potash. Needless to say, our linen soon lost its original whiteness in spite of the most heroic efforts of our laundress. The uniform worn by Bulgaroo station officials was of a Chinese hue.

The ordinary day's work was as follows. The staff on the place, I should first mention, consisted of the manager, two white stockmen, two black supernumeraries, the married couple before mentioned, and myself. A few black women acted as irregular assistants to the lady of the kitchen. Early rising was the rule. Before daylight each morning the two blackboys, carrying bridles, went off in search of the horses, which (as there was no paddock to restrain their wanderings) frequently had to be driven in from a distance of several miles. Sometimes, too, in sportive humour, they would gallop off in precisely the opposite direction to the station, and give the poor darkies the pleasure of a long chase previous to the day's ride. At length, however, to the impatient eyes of the watchers from the station would appear the welcome cloud of dust, and presently would be heard the familiar sound suggestive of the old line, '*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,*' as the mob came galloping towards the stockyard. The required horses would then be caught and saddled with expedition, the remainder turned out, and away we would go, usually in two parties. During the wet season a packhorse was often taken; for when water was to be found far back from the river the cattle would split up into small lots and scatter far and wide. The operation of 'going round the tracks'—that is to say, outside the remotest herd and driving all the stragglers inwards—was a lengthy one, as frequently odd beasts of roving tendencies would be found thirty or forty miles away from the homestead. Fortunately, along the edge of a considerable portion of the run was a belt of barren spinifex country which served as a natural boundary. Spinifex or porcupine-grass, when of two or three years' growth, would put the Scotch thistle to shame. So sharp are the round, spear-like blades that the lightest touch draws blood; and when matted together, the tussocks, each from two to three feet high, form a barricade that is well-nigh impenetrable.

During the dry months—that is, for eleven out of twelve—there is no difficulty whatever in finding the cattle even on areas so enormous as those embraced by western stations. Each herd selects some particular waterhole as its headquarters, and there it is sure to be found at any time between sunrise and sunset. During the day the animals do not eat, but refresh themselves by lying in the scanty shade obtainable near a waterhole or by standing belly-deep in the muddy water. In the evening they trail out in long lines in different directions towards their various pasture-grounds, returning early the next morning. Mustering the herds is, therefore, an easy business; for the parties of riders have simply to visit the various waterholes in succession, and collect the cattle as they go, all the herds converging on the main cattle-camp, which is situated as centrally as possible. When the muster is complete, and a dense mass of from two to five thousand head of bellowing animals has been rounded up on the spot selected, the work of 'cutting out' begins. A couple of experienced men mounted on well-trained horses work their way into the herd and choose out the cows with unbranded calves, or the bullocks that may be required, gently coaxing them outwards to the edge of the circle, and then deftly cutting them off from the main body and driving them to the place where a couple of blackboys are in charge of the selected animals. Vociferations and whip-crackings are strongly discountenanced on a cattle-camp where the man in charge knows his business. Everything is done as quietly as possible in order to spare both men, horses, and cattle. The skill acquired by an old stock-horse in this kind of work is wonderful. Once he has been shown the beast to be driven from the herd he will manage the business alone, if left to himself, dodging and turning with such rapidity that the most active cow finds it hopeless to circumvent him. A novice, however, would find it no easy task to keep his seat amid these gyrations. Many a poor Johnny Raw has added gaiety to the proceedings by suddenly flying in an undignified attitude in one direction, while his mount shot off in another.

Work on the cattle-camp is the most interesting and exhilarating of all that falls to the lot of the squatter and his assistants. All is animation: the dense mass of bellowing and perturbed beasts, visibly resentful of the interruption of their tranquil midday siesta; the riders careering around to prevent rushes and stampedes in various directions; the din of hoofs and raucous bellows; and the clouds of dust that overhang the whole scene. When several hundred head of cattle have to be 'cut out' operations may be prolonged until after sunset, and then follows the long, weary drive to the stock-yard. As early as possible next morning branding commences, for it is advisable to turn the cattle out again as soon as possible, because when they are confined lack of shade and water is apt to cause serious losses. After the calves are separated from their mothers, a rather delicate operation, and one that often taxes the agility of the operator, the former are one by one 'scruffed'—that is, seized by a couple of men and held down while knife and branding-iron are applied. Exceptionally big,

powerful calves are lassoed with green-hide ropes. The whole business is by no means pleasant, and it is a delightful sensation when all is over to rush to the nearest waterhole, plunge in and transfer to its cool contents the pounds of dust you have collected in the yards, and then substitute clean garments for the defiled rags worn before. At Bulgaroo, unfortunately, only a meagre shower-bath could be afforded, as after a hard day's work eight miles were too far to walk for a swim. That luxury had usually to be reserved for a Sunday.

Game on a western station in Queensland is at ordinary times very scarce. Kangaroos and the larger marsupials, owing to the constant attacks of natives and dingoes, are very rarely seen, and can only be found in the dry, scrubby country far back and almost inaccessible. Kites and crows at ordinary times are the only specimens of bird-life, though after rain ducks and waterfowl in abundance pay a fleeting visit to the freshly created swamps and lagoons. A beautiful little spoonbill duck with a bright pink spot below each eye is particularly noticeable, and vast flocks of pigeons occasionally frequent the larger waterholes. Emus are rather plentiful on the Diamantina, and I have seen as many as forty-eight together. Now and then the stockmen indulge in an emu-hunt, frequently without success, for the long stride of the bird taxes the powers of the fleetest horse. The sport, however, is a cruel one; for the emu is both inoffensive and beautiful when living, and quite useless when dead. The omnivorous blackfellow, certainly, will eat its flesh with enthusiasm; but his palate is not fastidious. The writer once tried emu-steak, and soon treated it as Macbeth recommends us to treat physic.

For the table the bustard is the king of game-birds on the plains. Weighing often over twenty pounds, fat, and of most delicate flavour, he is a prize worth securing. But he is very distrustful of human society; and as he frequents localities where there is no cover for stalking purposes, the sportsman has to resort to strategy to bag him. On foot there is no chance of getting within range, but if the stalker rides or drives in circles round him, gradually closing in nearer and nearer, he is thrown apparently into such a state of mental confusion that he cannot make up his mind whether there is danger or not until the fatal shot is fired. After a grass-fire these birds may often be seen in large numbers picking up roasted grasshoppers and other insects; but they are then far too wary to permit a near approach.

Dingoes, or native dogs, abounded on Bulgaroo run during my time. Probably they are now becoming scarce. Within the first six months following the original occupation of the country no less than a thousand of the animals were destroyed by poison. The method employed was simply to season small pieces of meat or fat with a few grains of strychnine, wrap them in paper (to prevent crows, &c., from taking them), and drop them at short intervals along cattle-tracks and about waterholes. The carcasses of dead beasts were also treated in like manner, and scores of unhappy dogs often paid the penalty for a single banquet. It was rather ghastly work; but the horrible mutilations inflicted by the depredators on young calves and foals, and the heavy losses sustained by the stock-owners, made it absolutely necessary. No cow could leave her new-born calf sleeping in a snug corner under the shade of a bush and wander away a few yards to graze but a sneaking marauder might seize and half-devour it before she returned. One year every foal born on the station was destroyed in this way, and hundreds of calves no doubt perished also. When camped out we had to be particularly careful of our saddlery and stock-whips. One night I was aroused by the stealthy movements of an animal close to me, and saw only a couple of yards away a dingo coolly investigating the contents of the ration-bags. For want of a better weapon I seized a billy and threw it against his ribs, whereupon, with a howl of surprise, he fled precipitately. During a severe drought the dingoes, like the cattle, suffered terribly. We frequently came across miserable brutes in so weak a condition from hunger that they could scarcely crawl along, and the stockmen killed them by scores with the handles of their whips or stirrup-irons.

In the foregoing rather desultory observations I have dealt exclusively with the outdoor life and occupations of the back-country settler. In truth, sleeping and sometimes eating are almost his sole indoor employments. Many of his nights, too, are spent under the starlit sky. Sunday is practically the only day when the squatter is 'at home.' At Bulgaroo station the day of rest was one of intolerable boredom. Reading was almost impossible, for to escape the plague of flies we had to submit to the plague of darkness. Whenever the door was opened and the bright sunlight admitted we had to take refuge within our mosquito-curtains to enjoy any comfort. As to eating, our meals consisted only of a gulp and a gobble. A perfect tornado of hungry insects would accompany the cook, dive into our eyes and ears, explore if possible our mouths and throats, tangle themselves up in our hair, sprawl in a black mass over the jam, sugar, meat, &c., and finally drown themselves in our tea. As Sydney Smith said, in the west of Queensland 'you eat flies, drink flies, breathe flies.' It was only by vigorously flourishing a handkerchief with one hand and rapidly plying fork or spoon with the other that the corporeal furnace could be supplied with the necessary amount of fuel. To eat was, indeed, a perpetual effort; but how the tea disappeared, flies and all, when the thermometer stood, as it usually did in summer, at from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade! Milk, by the way, except in the condensed form, we never tasted, although, as before mentioned, there were about five thousand head of cattle on the place. Preserved potatoes were our only vegetable.

The nights spent in the open during the wet season were long spasms of torture. As soon as the sun set and the tormentors of the day, the flies, had departed, the tormentors of the night, mosquitoes, assailed us with even greater virulence. In vain, to repel or at least mitigate the ferocity of their attacks, would we adopt the blacks' expedient of sitting in the middle of a circle of small smouldering fires until we felt nearly cured; our fiendish assailants would charge through the thickest smoke and pierce even the horny skin of the toughest old bushman with their delicate lancets. The varieties of the tribe were infinite: big, long-legged fellows called Scots Greys, which would dart in with a hum like that of a Jew's-harp, to be promptly reduced to paste; brown and gray imps, of numberless shades; and, worst of all, minute black demons that settled on the skin light as thistledown, gorged themselves until scarce able to fly, and left behind a most irritating reminder of each visit. Often, worried beyond endurance, the writer would wriggle out of his blanket, in which for defence he had rolled himself like an Egyptian mummy, seize a smouldering 'argol,' and walk up and down for hours to try to obtain some relief. But for insect-pests life in Central Australia would be most agreeable. The persecution endured from them, however, is destructive of all comfort. One can never enjoy a decent meal, a tranquil hour for reading, a pleasant ride or walk, or an untroubled sleep.

Of what are called 'social' pleasures we dwellers in the Never-Never were entirely deprived. Once a fortnight—in the wet season once every five or six weeks—our only regular visitor, the mailman, would ride up to the station, deposit his bag of papers and letters, replace it by an empty one, catch and saddle a fresh horse, and pass on. Having between three and four hundred miles to ride weekly, he had no time to waste in conversation. Now and then a travelling drover passed, or a swagsman, who, if in funds, would buy flour, sugar, tea, beef, and tobacco, which are the necessaries of a bushman's life, at the station store; if destitute he would receive gratis supplies sufficient to carry him on to the next station. Prices, it may be mentioned, were rather high: flour and sugar each one shilling a pound, tea four shillings and sixpence, tobacco about the same, and so on. Nothing could be got for less than a shilling; and for want of coin cheques were the chief circulating medium. The long distances that intervened between the various stations and the inconveniences of travel fortunately deprived us of the attentions of the sundowner. This professional sturdy beggar of Australia does not relish walks of thirty or forty miles between his places of refreshment, and so preys on the unlucky squatters in the settled districts only. Occasionally a jovial stockman off for his periodic spree would pass by, gay in his snowy moleskins, red shirt, and cabbage-tree hat. One of our men, after three years' hard work on the station, went off in this fashion, mounted on a valuable horse, and with a cheque for seventy pounds, his accumulated wages, in his pocket. Six weeks later he reached the coast, a dejected figure, on foot, penniless, and utterly dismantled. It is not necessary to travel the road between Jerusalem and Jericho to fall into the hands of—publicans.

No serious attempt will be made to discuss the financial and practical aspects of the life of a back-country squatter. It may, however, be remarked that the business is, in a large degree, a lottery. A few good seasons mean rapidly increasing herds, large numbers of fat bullocks, and perhaps a handsome fortune if a sale of the property be effected before nature's pendulum commences its backward swing. On the other hand, a succession of dry seasons at the start may deprive the pioneer of all his capital and reduce him to the position of manager (on behalf of some bank or capitalist) of the property that he formerly owned. In the early days enterprising men with little or no capital had a good chance of becoming wealthy pastoralists. Abundance of magnificent grazing country could then be had in return for the labour of finding it and applying for it, under lease, from the Government. A couple of good bushmen, with a blackboy and a small outfit of horses, provisions, &c., might, after a single successful exploring trip, acquire at nominal prices grazing rights for twenty-one years over thousands of square miles of valuable country. Then, with the lease or leases in their pockets, they could approach capitalists or station-owners whose runs were becoming overstocked, and, in return for a substantial consideration, transfer to them their interest in half the areas selected, reserving the remainder for themselves. The money received for the portion transferred would enable them to stock the land retained, and the successful adventurers would then have become the proprietors of a fine station at a trifling cost. By repeating the proceeding they might—and often in bygone days did—obtain several additional stations, and ultimately become very wealthy men. In the Northern Territory and the Kimberley District of West Australia land-grabbing of this kind may still be indulged in, although it is no work for a novice. In the eastern states no land worth taking up now remains unoccupied. The intending pastoralist must buy his station ready formed, and pay as a rule a good price for it. The usual custom is for a station property to be sold at so much a head for the cattle running on it; lease-hold rights, fencing, buildings, and improvements being thrown in. Thus a fair price for a run of, say, four hundred square miles of country, with a carrying capacity of six thousand head of cattle, and stocked with, we will suppose, five thousand, might be reckoned at about six pounds per head, or thirty thousand pounds for the whole property. If a large run were greatly understocked, of course the price per head of the cattle on it would be proportionately increased; and in

all cases, naturally, the quality and position of the country itself, the water-supply, &c., would count for much.

Just a final word of advice to a possible purchaser may be given. Let him on no account buy a station during a run of good seasons. If so, owners being reluctant to sell, he will be charged an enormous price. The best time to buy is during the last stages of a prolonged drought, when properties are, often by compulsion, thrown wholesale on the market. The richest pastoralist Australia has yet produced, the late Mr Tyson, when questioned by his friends as to the secret of his success, was in the habit of defining the golden rule of the successful business man thus: 'Buy when others sell, and sell when others buy.' The philosophy of money-making could hardly be summed up with greater accuracy and terseness.

THE PALAIS-ROYAL

PART II.

IN some ways the most exciting and fullest portion of the history of the Palais-Royal now begins, but it has rather lost its interest for me. Philippe Egalité used it as a financial pawn with which to gamble, and if possible pay his debts. The last gentleman of the princely house had gone, and one is inclined to believe that Philippe's real father was to be looked for outside the family, as he himself formally alleged unavailingly, to save his neck, when he accepted the name of Egalité, after voting for his royal cousin's death. However, the present Palais-Royal is chiefly due to his greed and business instinct, and the story must be told.

The *salon* governed by his wife must be mentioned. Every one properly presented could sup on opera nights, and on other nights the intimates (about twenty) would meet. Madame de Genlis and many other cultured and charming women contributed to the gay and distinguished tone of the circle.

Advised by the economist Beaudeau, the Duke Philippe (then of Chartres) planned to make a vast sum, first, by encroaching on and surrounding the gardens with the buildings which now exist, with their hundred and eighty arcades and shops; secondly, by building the new streets of Montpensier, Beaujolais, and Valois, called after his sons.

Meantime, in 1781, the Opera was again destroyed by fire, and the town, to whom it now belonged, refused to use the site again. Philippe was determined to have a theatre, however. Hence the Comédie-Française was included in the plans of Victor Louis, a really great architect. By letters patent he was allowed to build the streets and galleries he had planned, despite the impotent curses of the older neighbours, whose amenity from being near the garden was destroyed without compensation. No effort was spared to stop him; every power from Parliament downwards was invoked, all in vain. Warned that he would ruin himself over such a huge scheme, the duke replied, 'Not at all, for every one throws stones at me.'* He promised to make it the joy of Paris and the rendezvous of fashion; to create 'a gathering of architecture great and homogeneous,' as Richelieu had planned. In September of this year the transformation was begun under Victor Louis, then fifty years old. There was a great public outcry when the Elm of Cracovie was cut down—so called, some say, because the affairs of Poland were so much discussed under it, others because it heard *tant et tant de craques* from the *Courier de l'Europe* or the *Gazette de Leyde*. It had become quite an institution where people met and exchanged news. Baron Grimm in 1784 describes at great length and with much enthusiasm the beauty of the ladies of various positions in and out of society, with their marvellous clinging Greek dresses, almost transparent, and huge hats, who promenaded under the arcades and in the leafy avenues on the fine evenings. The soft effects of the one hundred and eighty lights of the arcades and of the new lamps *à la quinquet* of the cafés and shops were bewitchingly becoming to the charming promenaders. The three sides of the garden were enclosed by the present buildings as they are now, except that three fleurs-de-lis carved in the stone over each arch were removed in 1830.

The plans for the side next the palace could not be carried out owing to want of funds, and the famous Galeries de Bois were constructed in 1784. Here the double promenade, with the three rows of small shops known as the Camp des Tartares, became for half a century the most elegant, the most mixed, and the most 'fiery rendezvous of business and gallantry.' It took hours to get from one end to the other at times. Hideous sheds of wood, on the gardens side a few barred windows and black stove-pipes, on the side of the now misnamed Cour d'Honneur mean and irregular coach-houses and 'leans-to,' gave the court the aspect of a *Pantagruelique hôtellerie*. Each miserable shop, about six yards square, fetched as much as a thousand crowns. They were occupied by booksellers (founders of great firms like Didot), great merchants, dressmakers, tailors, and bad characters

* Carlyle wrote: 'The chestnut avenues shall fall: time-honoured boscages, under which the opera Hamadryads were wont to wander, not inexorable to man. Paris moans aloud, . . . the Palais-Royal shall again, and more than ever, be the Sorcerer's Sabbath and Satan-at-Home of our planet.'

of all kinds, who purveyed the most marvellous variety of wares, while monstrous and disgusting exhibitions were numerous. Louvet de Couvray, the author of *Faublas*, entitled his novel on Parisian morals after this Camp des Tartares, says Sandoz. A curious contrast to this plague-spot, which has also disappeared, existed for some years a few paces distant. The famous underground circus, occupying nearly half of the gardens next the Galeries de Bois, was built in 1786 and destroyed by fire in 1798. It was not rebuilt, and the gardens were restored. After various vicissitudes it was leased to Désaudray, a savant, who made it famous as a Lycée des Arts. It was regarded as one of the phenomena of the Revolution. It was composed of ninety-two members, including Berthollet, Berthoud, Boissy d'Anglas, Lavoisier, Lebrun, Parmentier, &c. It gave free lectures, and encouraged science by giving prizes and medals to students of all nations. Its first *séance* was attended by five thousand people, including the great artists and savants of the day. It needed some courage to open such a *lycée* in those days, when every scientific body had been dissolved and all instruction done away with.

The duke became popular again by lighting huge fires in the gardens, for the people, in the hard winter of 1788–89. He lived in the Valois wing, in the arcades numbered 178, 179, 180, where now is the Directoire des Beaux-Arts. The theatre was finished in 1790, and the whole of the new buildings cost nearly two million five hundred thousand pounds. His debts to his two thousand five hundred creditors were enormous—how made no one seems to know, though his parents had been extravagant to a degree for some years. He sold all his numerous châteaux and houses in and near Paris. Caring nothing for art, he even sold the part of the palace built by Mansard for the Galerie d'Énée and Catharine of Russia's collection of medals and engraved seals. Worse still, he sold surreptitiously to the foreigner the greatest collection of pictures in France, celebrated all over Europe. James Christie, a sailor who was starting a picture business in London, bought them for a hundred thousand guineas in 1790; but the arrangement fell through. The curious can still see the contract fully signed in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The duke ultimately sold most of them in 1792 for thirty thousand pounds to a Belgian banker, who sold them in England to the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Carlisle, and Lord Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford, for forty-three thousand pounds. These purchasers disposed of most of them again at a large profit. The few kept by the Duke d'Orléans became State property at his death.

Political clubs under various disguises used the Palais-Royal, and Victor Hugo described it as the 'centre of the revolutionary comet.' The gardens became the forum of the people. Here on the 12th July 1789 Camille Desmoulins, mounted on a table in front of the Café Foy, announced the dismissal of Necker and summoned the people '*Aux Armes*' to defend themselves against the royal mercenaries and to take the Bastille. To the question whether they would have green cockades (the colour of hope) or the blue of Cincinnatus (the colour of free America), the reply was green. The supply of ribbons running out, he pulled a branch off the nearest tree, and every revolutionary was soon to be distinguished by a similar mark. One of the few good modern statues in Paris was lately placed here to recall the young orator.

'*La vie, la mort, le plaisir rapide, grossier, violent, le plaisir exterminateur: voilà le Palais-Royal de '88*,' writes Michelet. Here, at No. 114, near where the present Café Véfour stands, the royal guard Paris, on the eve of Louis XVI.'s execution, as he could not find the Duke d'Orléans, stabbed to death Le Pelletier de St Fargeau, who had also voted for it. This crime so enraged the people that the king's last chance of pardon vanished. Here a dummy Pope, a Lafayette, a Jacobin in *carmagnole* and *bonnet rouge* were burnt in effigy. Here Royalist and Jacobin fought. Here the excellent fare of the restaurants was quietly enjoyed by men like Barras, De Thionville, Courtois. Here Barras lodged with Mademoiselle Montansier, of the Théâtre Montansier in the palace, and invited Bonaparte to dine and suggested that he should marry the old actress. Here later Bonaparte made his début in the *salons* of Mesdames Tallien, Château-Renaud, De Staël, and others. At this time the palace was becoming more royal in its sympathies, and the popular Royalist singer Ange Pitou then sang his sarcastic verses to huge audiences, who joined in the chorus.

In 1800 the Tribune was installed in the palace, now called the Palais et Jardin du Tribunat. In 1805 there were fifteen restaurants, twenty cafés, eighteen gaming-houses, eleven pawnshops, besides all the smaller establishments underground, the clubs of the day, the freak exhibitions, ventriloquists, &c. In the upper flats and garrets the much-written-about 'nymphs of the Palais-Royal' resided. All classes were welcome at the various gambling-dens, from the poor workman with his two-franc piece, the lowest stake allowed, to the foreign prince with his unlimited golden eagles. Adventurers and thieves of course abounded, often dirty, haggard, and livid from starvation. Towards midnight the shot that told of one more surrender to despair was not infrequent. The best known of these dens, No. 113, which seems to contain the unlucky number, ruined hundreds a night. Balzac in *La Peau de Chagrin* and Dumas in *La Femme au Collier de Velours*, among a crowd of others, describe it. Always open, it recalled Virgil: '*Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.*' There were balls and suppers given in these bright halls, and the seven deadly sins were the hosts. It is said that the beautiful city of Paris may still be said to live to some extent on the proceeds of gambling, though the old open houses are now illegal. Roughly, no

club can exist in France without a large profit from the play of its members, so large a proportion of the subscriptions is taken by the State. The Morgue and the Treasury are still largely upheld by the same iniquitous method.

In 1807 the Tribunat was dissolved by the Emperor Napoleon, and the Palais-Royal was again united to the Crown. The Bourse was installed on the ground floor just opposite the Galeries de Bois. Napoleon thought of joining the palace to the Louvre and the Tuileries by arches, galleries, and colonnades, and making the most magnificent royal palace in the world. Nothing was done, and it rather lost its political character. Its dominant character was its love of well-being and joy. It is described in 1813 as the greatest fair in the world, its pleasures and seductions multiplying at each step, as varied as the decorations: tailors who would measure you and make you clothes while you lunched, every kind of eatable in the world, and cooks to make the most exotic and impossible dishes with the aid of an *Almanach de Gastronomie*. To see the Palais-Royal and die was then the vow of the foreigner. It was Paris in itself, and all Paris, and it was dreamed of as an enchanted palace of the *Arabian Nights*.

So thought the allies when they entered Paris on the abdication of Napoleon, and the Bourbons were hurrying back to recover their rights. In May 1814 Egalité's son, Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, went alone on foot to the palace of his fathers, piously kissed the first two or three steps of the grand staircase, and claimed the property. Despite difficulties, the architect Fontaine was able to get it ready for him by September, when he brought his family from Sicily. Next month the Duc de Nemours was born there. During the Hundred Days Lucien Bonaparte occupied it without interfering with the improvements which had been begun. Life under the arcades once again became exciting. With Waterloo a gambling fever seized the Bourse, still housed in the palace. The English and the Prussians insolently thronged the galleries and the cafés. The *émigrés* enjoyed once more the gay heart of Paris.

The duke had a hard task struggling to recover his father's property and rents. He had practically to accept a sum of money and buy back the Palais-Royal gradually. The Théâtre-Français again became part of it, and the duke restored it completely in 1822. Of course it now belonged to the State. In 1824 he got a large indemnity for his mother's property, seized at the Revolution, and set to work seriously, with Fontaine as chief architect, to restore the palace. It was calculated to cost eleven million francs and to take eighteen years. In 1828 they replaced the infamous Galeries de Bois—the leases of the shops there having run out—by the present Galerie d'Orléans. The Galerie de Chartres and the Galerie des Proues were also added, and at many other points the plans of Victor Louis were completed and the whole property isolated. The attic windows all round were allowed to be made *à la* Mansard, a design which gave the rooms a pleasanter light and more view; but Chabrol in 1875–80 restored all the attic windows to the *tabatière* or flat snuff-box model, according to the primitive plans, to the great detriment of the attics. The duke cleansed the galleries of the lower classes of tenants, and filled them with the most decorative shops.

In 1830 he gave a great dinner and fête to his brother-in-law, Francis I., king of Naples. Charles X. was present with his family, and all the notabilities of the time. The court was closed to the public, as the duke had been warned that there might be disorder; but a large crowd thronged the gardens after dinner and expressed their admiration, and Charles jealously reproached Fontaine for keeping his best work for the duke. The king's salutes to his people from the terrace of the Galerie d'Orléans were received in silence. In the middle of the night a great noise proceeded from the gardens, flames arose, and lighted lanterns were hurled about by unknown hands. The enemies of the duke regarded each other meaningly, and a guest remarked, 'This is very much a Neapoliton ball, for we dance on a volcano.' The duke told the king next day it was only some children's play.

The dissolution of the Chamber had required new elections, which were a triumph for the bourgeois and the Liberal party. All wondered what the king would do in the face of this majority, hostile if not to his person, at least to his retrograde ideas. He and his nobles wanted the right of primogeniture re-established, the Church to recover its ancient splendour, and the Court to lead the Parliament. The bourgeois liked the king as a safeguard against what they called the populace, whom they hated and scorned; they did not like the aristocracy, who scorned them. For themselves, they demanded a reduction of public expenditure, a slight diminution in the taxes qualifying an elector, the suppression of the Swiss mercenaries, more liberty for the press, and the re-establishment of the Garde Nationale. The populace really did not understand or take much interest in politics. They were Bonapartist and anti-clerical in opinion. They detested the aristocracy. The Bourbons they disliked chiefly because their accession was associated for them with the humiliations of their country.

The king refused their demands, and on the 24th July 1830 prepared the mandate doing away with the liberty of the press and altering the electoral régime. When the twenty-five Ministers were ranged round the table to sign, D'Haussey, Minister of Marine, asked the king if he meant to go on with it even if the Ministers refused to sign. Charles replied 'Yes' firmly, and they all signed.

When the mandate appeared in the *Moniteur* on the 26th July it was received at first in silent stupefaction. Then agitation began in the Palais-Royal, and soon there was a Camille Desmoulins on every seat. A postillion who rode to Fontainebleau

that night, and told his comrade the news, said the Parisians were very angry. There was to be no more Chamber, no more newspapers, and no more liberty of the press. 'So much the better,' replied the other; 'as long as bread is two sous and wine four, I don't care.' And he voiced the opinion of the people, who were not represented in the Chamber and had no organ of their own in the press. The bourgeois, though they mistrusted the people, did everything to stir them into revolt, and finally succeeded. On the 27th July the gendarmes cleared the mob out of the Palais-Royal gardens and shut the gates; but the crowds formed again under the galleries. The shops below the arcades were shut, and barricades erected in the Rues St Honoré, de l'Echelle, de Richelieu, and des Pyramides. No one knew what was happening. The Duke d'Orléans awaited the issue of events at Neuilly. He benefited by the faults of Charles; and the patriots, who were simply at first the lower classes round the Palais-Royal, whom the rich bourgeois had excited beyond control, accepted him as their champion, seduced by all the good that was said of him. A Provisional Government was formed, including Gérard and Lafayette. The latter had accepted the general command of the Garde Nationale, not as deputy but as an old patriot of 1789. The royal guards, taking the offensive, chased the inhabitants from the Place du Palais-Royal. On the 29th July Marmont, Duc de Raguse—hated by the people because his name recalled invasion and Paris devastated—who had been given command of the troops of Paris, tried to save the king by occupying the Palais-Royal and the surrounding streets with the Swiss and royal guards. The Rues de Rohan, de Valois, de Richelieu, and St Honoré were the scenes of the most bloody encounters. It was necessary to defeat the last of the royal troops entrenched in the Théâtre-Français and in the houses round. The carnage among the populace was frightful, but at last the cartridges of the royalists were exhausted, and they had to surrender; but the useless butchery which they had just caused rendered quarter impossible, and they were exterminated. At one o'clock the Louvre and the Tuileries were taken by the victorious people. Any one might now enter the Palais-Royal, and a curious but honest company calling themselves Le Régiment de la Charte bivouacked on the staircases. The merchants of the palace gave aid to the wounded. The combatants were as honest as they were brave. Men in tatters were watching that no disorder took place, and that nothing was stolen from the royal palaces. Lafayette wished to give five francs each to the poorest; they refused it. The enthusiasm was immense. Every one embraced. The central figure of this universal joy was Lafayette. A beating of drums having announced his arrival at the Palais-Royal, he had to resign himself to the fate of the hero of the *Maine*. History repeats itself after forty-one years. On the wheel of fortune at its highest point we have again General Lafayette, crushed beneath it the Comte d'Artois.

Charles X., in refuge, withdrew the mandate. Too late! The people refused to have him as king, and voted for the Duc d'Orléans. He hesitated. Chateaubriand implored him to remain faithful to the king, but he finally walked to Paris. On the 30th July the deputies carried an address to him at the Palais-Royal. Next day the duke finally consented, and saluted the people from the terrace.

On the 7th August 1830 the throne, being declared vacant, was given to the duke; and the Palais-Royal during several months sheltered King Louis-Philippe and his family. On the 1st October 1831 they abandoned it for the Tuileries. His sister and counsellor, Madame Adelaide, stayed on at the Palais-Royal. It was said that for the first time since the days of Richelieu the two palaces ceased to be rivals and lived in perfect harmony. The gardens and galleries of the Palais-Royal, the restoration of which was just finished, became henceforth a most well-behaved promenade. Already men forgot the ancient galleries so propitious for every adventure. The palace was purified; sin and luxury went to the boulevards. On the 31st December 1836, at midnight, the warrant against gambling closed out the last habitués, and the gaming-houses large and small shut their doors and put out their lights. The old Palais-Royal had lived.

(To be continued.)

CHIMES.

Listen to the tinkling tingle
Of the far-off rippling rhymes
From the crested steeple mingle—
Crooning, twittering chimes;
Listen to their mystic lays
Through the ivy-cloistered bays.

Hear them wailing, singing, sighing,
Notes of joy, then sad, forlorn;
Through the sky their arrows flying
From the silent morn,
Dying in the twilight pale
As the lingering shadows fail.

Far away, like curlews stealing
O'er a storm-washed, murky sea,
Come their calls with broken pealing,
O'er the wine-red lea,
Dying in the distance quite
As the sunset into night.

Hearts are breaking, men are falling,
In the cities black and grim;
Still the chimes with sweet notes calling
Chant the evening hymn,
Some to joy, and some to pain,
Some to loss, and some to gain.

Sad they are, yet sweet and lonely,
Softly, slowly stealing on
Through the flower-lit copses only,
Lightly, gently heard, then gone.
So like chimes our voices cease
Into silence, love, and peace.

WALTER SMITH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh.

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

SOME have wondered now and then why it is that the sentiment of Christmas is not quite the same in the great city as it is out in the lonely country, why it is that on the one hand the heart seems to have somewhat less of sympathy with the season, why it is that on the other this season brings with it more of a depressing sadness. For these things are so, and there are sound reasons which the man of the city may discover for himself if he sits in a contemplative silence by his fireside on Christmas Night, and as he stirs round the burning coals lets his fancy roam down along the dead years of the past and away into the far northland, or out into the east or the west, or along some country lane in sunny June, or up into the hills on a cool September day. The flood of recollection that comes upon him is dear and delightful; but there is some melancholy in it all, that deep melancholy of the things that are past, are gone for ever and ever. This man of the city is for the most part a phlegmatic fellow, whose soul has been a little chilled by closer contact with realities that are not presented with such coldness and grimness elsewhere, whose finer sentiments have often been a little dulled by that tenseness of strife and complexity of interest with which he is associated. And he is frequently the man to whom the London life, with all its strange and mystic influences, alternately stimulating and enervating, is after all not the natural one; he is a man with a past, and that past, away in the careless days of youth, was not lived amid the noisy din of the Strand or the nightly glare of the big lights of Piccadilly Circus, but in shady lanes and on hillsides, where under the starry skies of night the wind soughed as in a lullaby over sleeping Nature. The people who live in London, taking them generally, have probably more friends than those who live in smaller places; circumstances almost necessarily bring this state of things about. But the friendships of the town are often inclined to be a little more complex, and at the same time a little shallower, than the simple but deep and abiding associations that are made in the country. Home-life is more artificial in the town; the straining tendencies are all against the simplicity which is the essence of it in its best form; and so it comes about that even the old Londoner, the man with a hundred searching interests, one who loves London dearly for all the intellectual delight that she affords him, and could never live without her, yet never entirely loses a certain sense of loneliness. It may be forgotten for a while when the mind is sustained and exalted in a fevered present; but there are some moments of slackening and reaction, when the thoughts wander away to the past, with all its might-have-beens. It is at the Christmas-time that this is most often done, and even through the sadness of it all there comes a glow of pleasure when in spirit the lonely folk of the great city are with the generous, open-hearted companions of a former time and a simpler life, and it seems for once, as they sit by the fireside and see kind faces in the quivering flames, that their souls are warmed, that they are drinking the old wine of heaven and are the better for it.

* * *

It has been commonly remarked of late that cases of nervous breakdown are very much upon the increase, and some casual inquiry has been made into the matter in certain medical and other circles. This increase was most noticeable during the recent autumn and at the beginning of the winter. Twice in one day great headlines in the papers told us of the strange and unexpected deaths of men of some considerable distinction from this cause, and it is quite certain that the state of the nervous system of the average man living in a great centre of population and industry, and being himself keenly engaged in the business and affairs of life, is one of much greater tension than it was ten years ago, and is much more liable to suffer from shock. Neurasthenia is now one of the commonest of complaints, and we are assured that every medical practitioner who has an extensive practice in the great cities,

 [*All Rights Reserved.*]

but particularly in the Metropolis, obtains an increasing number of nerve-patients year after year in proportion to the number of those who consult him with reference to other troubles. In so far as the recent epidemic, as it might be termed, is concerned, it is believed by the faculty that the depressing weather which was experienced during the summer and autumn months was one of the chief contributory causes. Our contemplative doctors tell us that at the best of times the townsman suffers from the want of sunshine, the great vitaliser. Even that which lights upon him has had some of its best properties removed from it by filtration through the peculiar atmosphere. The constant advice, therefore, of the nerve specialists to their patients is that they should retire to some place where the hours of clear sunshine are many and the conditions that prevail are the most bracing. But while the weather may accelerate a breakdown, the tendency towards it is created beforehand by the increasing strain on the nervous system due to the modern conditions of life, which we are assured upon medical authority are such as only the strongest nerves can bear without showing clear and often distressing signs of weakness, and for which in particular the increased facilities for transit and communication which have been so rapidly developed in recent times are responsible. Life has suddenly been made faster, more compressed. Two or even three of the old days are crowded into one, and the change has been brought about so quickly that Nature has not yet had time to adapt the man to the state he has to endure. Physically and nervously he is unequal to the conditions by which he is surrounded; and though for the time being the average duration of human life in the great cities may be as great as ever, or even, thanks to sanitary science, greater, this can be but a temporary maintenance, and in a very little while we may have to cease to regard the threescore years and ten as the natural span of life to which the man who lives wisely and carefully may, in the absence of any unexpected disease, reasonably expect to attain. If in the course of a few years it should come about, as some optimistic investigators do predict, that many of us will be flying through the air mounted on or amid wings of aeroplanes, what then will be the increase of this strain? There are some wise men who are shaking their heads and saying that they see no cause for satisfaction in this desperate raid by man upon the most cherished secrets of Nature. She has yielded him expedients by which he may run with the speed of the wind and sail faster than the fishes. From the earth she has lately given him new elements by which many of the conditions of his life may be completely revolutionised. The voice which less than a hundred years ago had a limit of a single room now speaks across the world. But the man, greedy beyond reason, will now leave the earth along which he has had to crawl since first he was evolved, and, usurping the privileges of the birds of the air, will fly through space. Little wonder that some philosophers are fearful as to what the end will be of these daring ravages, and seem to see in this man-flying an unforgivable trespass upon Nature, just as some others do when the bodies of living things are cut open that men may see the wonderful and mysterious workings of the organs within. Such reflections as these, gloomy to a certain degree as they must be, are more or less inevitable to many minds as we approach the beginning of another new year. In these days we come upon the opening of these new periods of time with more doubt and timidity and more nervous expectancy than was once the case.

* * *

As one effect of the nervous strain upon the people it is quite certain that the habit of taking drugs is largely on the increase. In a large proportion of chemists' shops you may now see glass cabinets containing little bottles of tabloid preparations of a narcotic character, such as veronal, which are sold freely and indiscriminately to whomsoever may ask for them and pay the little price that is demanded. Again, cigarette-smoking in its worst form—inhaling—is now more practised than ever it was. Among the younger men of the town engaged in strenuous mental occupations it is all but universal. It has a deadening influence upon the nerves, and it is a habit which, once contracted, is at least as difficult to cure in the victim as is the drink habit in a man who has completely surrendered to alcohol. On the other hand, we find that there is now an enormous and fast-increasing consumption of preparations of divers kinds which come under the general description of nerve-foods. Those who are concerned will tell you that there is 'a fortune' in any new thing of this kind which has some reasonable basis, and is thoroughly well advertised in a 'catchy' and appealing manner. Again, among the classes which suffer most from the nervous strain we find the system of teetotalism growing most rapidly, which in itself is a good thing; but the object nine times out of ten is not to serve a principle or promote happiness, but merely to be able to thresh out the very last ounce of available energy from an overworked brain. Then any new scheme, fanciful or otherwise, for enabling the individual to do more work and stand more strain is welcomed eagerly and tried. New foods and new ways of eating them are wanted; new forms of exercise are suggested; new systems of rest and sleep are tried. As each novel idea is brought along it is put forward in all the panoply of large type, and established temporarily as something of a mild sensation, something that will enable this poor beggar of an overworked and overstrained man to do a little more work and perhaps feel the strain a little less. Thus it was only the other day that we found the very greatest publicity—many printed headlines—being given to some curious and interesting statements made by Sir Lauder Brunton, indicating how the heart might be so suited that it

would feed the brain to the best advantage and enable it to labour to the full extent.

* * *

Perhaps here, for a little relief, we may tell his tale, particularly as it has been suggested that the experiments he has made for the promotion of mental activity may be responsible in the future for those who work in studies and libraries, in offices, in reading-rooms, and even in schools, assuming an entirely new position of head and body while at work. The suggestion that is indicated, let it be said at once, is that the head should be laid flat upon the table, or nearly so, while the person is engaged in his mental work; and here one is tempted to observe that it has indeed been found by most writers that when busiest and working hardest they have their bodies arched and bent forward and their heads low down towards the paper. Not one of them in twenty will do his work sitting upright with shoulders square according to the method that was enjoined upon them by their schoolmasters. It is not that this position is uncomfortable; it is simply that it is found that ideas will not come, and that if they do come, they cannot be well developed to their consummation in written words when this attitude is maintained. There is at all events this in preliminary to support the suggestion of Sir Lauder Brunton. His simple premise is that the efficient working of the brain is largely dependent upon the supply of blood to that organ, that prolonged physical exertion enfeebles the circulation, and the task of the heart to pump blood up to the brain becomes more difficult, and that in such circumstances, if it is the object to get the brain to work better, it is necessary to render the heart some assistance in its uphill task. He narrates a personal experience in favour of his point. Once, he says, after a long day's work, he was called upon at night to write an article immediately. He attempted the task, with pen, ink, and paper before him, but was unable to obtain a single idea or to write down a word. Philosophically he set himself to reason out this aggravating situation. His brain was the same as it was yesterday, and it worked satisfactorily then; why would it not do so now? Then he remembered that the day before he was not so tired, and very likely his circulation was a little brisker; so perhaps he should now give his heart some help in its work of pumping the blood. Therefore he laid his head flat upon the table, and at once the ideas began to flow and his pen to record them upon the paper. A good start having been made, he thought he might resume the ordinary sitting posture; but when he did so his mind immediately became a blank again, and necessity compelled him to lay his head flat upon the table and finish his article while in that position. Sir Lauder Brunton says that since that time he has frequently adopted the same posture with satisfactory results when he wished to stimulate the brain after physical fatigue; and let it not be forgotten that this gentleman is one of the most distinguished physicians of the day. He says that incidentally in connection with the same subject he has studied some of the methods of writers and others who had acquired various habits owing to their unconscious efforts to increase the circulation of blood to the brain. It seems to him that this circulation is increased by the act of mastication, probably because of its stimulating some branch of the fifth nerve. An experiment that was made by Marey proved that during mastication the flow of blood through the carotid artery was accelerated, and perhaps it may be that this accounts for the various chewing habits that are prevalent even among people of education and refinement who have work to do. Thus it was a habit of the late Lord Derby to eat brandied cherries when he was engaged in severe mental labour, and Sir Lauder Brunton knows an editor who always eats figs when writing his leading articles.

* * *

It is in the winter that the stage and all that pertains to it interests the people most closely, and never did it do so more than now. There is a variety of good reasons why this is so. At the outset of the present season there was a great outburst of activity on the part of those associated with the production of the drama. They had been stimulated in divers ways. The previous season had been tolerably successful, though not really productive of great results. In the meantime titular honours were bestowed upon two of the foremost workers for the stage, and there came also that long-drawn-out discussion under official auspices upon the functions of the censor of plays and the question as to whether they should be exercised at all or not. The evidence was conflicting, but most interesting in its contents of individual opinion and anecdote. Then from the country and the seaside there came back a public sorely depressed from a want of sunshine and from an excess of rain, craving hungrily for something that would cheer its spirits. Here were the theatres given their best opportunity. Amid all this there were certain new movements astir in dramatic affairs, or revivals of old methods, and keen arguments upon various matters of method and procedure. Something in the nature of a very high-class repertory theatre became established in the West End, and then we had a most entertaining discussion upon the respective rights of control by the playwright and the player of the interpretation on the stage of the written words. This is a delicate question, and how the matter is administered in practice is a point upon which the public has not infrequently been a little curious. In the general way, the author of the play, the prime creator of the idea, is naturally somewhat jealous of the picture that he made in his mind, and would have it faithfully reproduced on the stage down even to the smallest inflection of voice. His efforts to this end are constantly great, and they are necessary, for it must happen in many cases that the mere words of the characters and the stage directions that are given

with them convey little idea of the author's conception or of the possibilities of the piece. This is certainly one reason why it is so difficult to gain an introduction as a playwright, and why many really good plays of modern production remain unacted, and will always do so. In an aside, however, one might remark that the care and patience exercised by managers in the examination of plays submitted to their judgment are much underestimated, and the trials they sometimes endure in this matter are not at all understood. Thus we heard recently of the case of one amiable and intelligent gentleman whose chief claim to distinction was that he had made a great fortune abroad. He came home with the impression that he was a Pinero, and by every means at his command set about establishing himself as such. He wrote a play, and forced it upon the attention of a leading agent, who examined it. 'Do you know how long your first act will take upon the stage?' the agent asked of Crœsus; and when the latter inquired how long, the agent answered that on a conservative calculation it would occupy nine hours! However, on this point of the respective powers and privileges of playwrights and players, the latter are apparently inclined to be self-assertive, and, leading ladies especially, take the view that the author-producer may easily go too far when coaching those whose duty it is to interpret the words that he has written. Thus we have had Miss Violet Vanbrugh observing, 'Let the author tell me I have got to leave the room with scorn; but please let me manage the scorn by myself!' and she remarks upon the keen annoyance that is felt by the player who has 'made a hit with one big, telling line' to have the author come along afterwards and require that line to be delivered with quite another inflection. It is a pretty point, and one that can hardly be settled. One feature of the most modern stagecraft that must impress the most frequent and thoughtful playgoers in these times is the increase in the number of leading actors and actresses who carry the unemotional style to what is surely a considerable excess. Of course they are managers only who have the privilege of this peculiar method; it is not permitted in the paid servants of the production. It is no doubt the fact that the true art is to conceal the art; but perhaps the concealment may be too complete after all, and the player who merely speaks, or it may be little more than whispers, the words of the part with never any inflection of the voice is surely making too much sacrifice to vanity.

* * *

The publishers of books tell us in a half-confidence that the season is quite a good one, that the public are buying well, and that on the whole the authors are writing not at all badly. It appears to be settled that the six-shilling novel shall continue to be priced at six shillings and sold at four-and-sixpence as it has been formerly. Experiments in other directions have not generally proved very satisfactory. Following upon some remarks that have been made in these pages upon the various emoluments that accrue to publishers and authors, upon the various degrees of starvation and ruin to which both classes are being subjected, and the difficulties that beset the new writer and the dangers of encouraging him, there are one or two items of gossip in literary circles in London which will be entertaining to the average reader. Thus we hear authentically that one well-known author has received one thousand pounds down, with a heavy royalty, for his new book, and that another has been paid seven hundred pounds for some short stories which in book-form, at all events, are not generally regarded as very saleable articles. Also, it is being said that the new writer of one of the most popular books of the year is not a man, as is generally supposed—the idea having been, if not encouraged, at all events not discouraged—but a young lady of great talent, ambition, and courage, who gave up a situation as secretary and typist in order to embark upon a bold adventure in literature. And, again, it is being said that from one new book, accidentally discovered, a certain minor publishing house has made as much profit as will almost clear its working expenses for the year. It may very well be taken, despite all the alarmist rumours and the eternal complaints of all concerned, that the business of the writing and publication of books is by no means in an unhealthy state. By the way, one sometimes feels that it is a little unfortunate that the general public are not kept better acquainted, by some system or other which is entirely lacking, with the productions of new literature in the Continental countries. Surely there might be more ventures on English translations of such than there are. This reflection applies particularly to German literature. Bismarck literature might very likely 'go' nearly as well as the Napoleonic, with which the public never appear to be satiated; but at the time of writing little or nothing has been heard here of a new biography of the Iron Chancellor, written by Professor Erich Marck, which contains some revelations that are of special interest to British readers. There is a piquant and seemingly new story of how, in the days of his youth, the subject of the book became fascinated with, engaged to, and nearly married a charming English girl.' The author of the book refers to her as a Miss Russell, and as belonging to the highest English aristocracy. At the time of this happening Bismarck was only twenty-two years of age, and had just put his foot upon the first rung of the Prussian bureaucratic ladder as a 'referendar' at Aix-la-Chapelle. He met Miss Russell at Wiesbaden in 1836, when she was out there with her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of C. The acquaintance was renewed in the following year, when Bismarck made open confession of his tender sentiments towards 'the British blonde of unusual beauty.' He was so overcome by these sentiments that he neglected pressing official duties in order that he might follow the lady to Switzerland, and

then, according to the biographer, a betrothal appears actually to have taken place. Bismarck exceeded his leave from official duties by two months, and then, suddenly remembering that he was a Prussian civil servant after all, he wrote to headquarters from Berne, with many apologies and humble requests for his grave fault to be excused. A little while later the engagement was broken off, when, where, or why nobody seems ever to have heard; but it is related that the young man of the great future took this final separation very much to heart, and that there are letters and incidents to show that for a long period he was in a gloomy and almost irreconcilable mood.

THE SEÑORITA DOLORES.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Calle de los Santos is a narrow, roughly cobbled street in the heart of Toledo. It is so narrow that a pannier-laden donkey cannot with ease pass through it. On either side are dark, overhanging houses, divided at intervals by passages which lead circuitously to the Arco de la Sangre and to the Zocodover.

There is a curious incongruity about the manner in which they bestow names in Spain. The Arco de la Sangre is no more notorious for the spilling of blood than many another spot in the City of Shadows; and certainly the Calle de los Santos is not the recognised abode of saints—it is where the *contrabandista* live, and more murders have been committed in the Calle de los Santos than in any other street in Spain, a hard-earned reputation of which many in Toledo are justly proud.

At one end is the Church of St Joseph, which casts deep shadows along the way. The hour of eight had just been sounded on its sonorous bell. In the shadow of a doorway crouched six men; they were the roughest of the rough, men one would expect to meet in the Calle de los Santos, of uncertain, vagrant nationality, with rascaldom writ plain on their faces.

One of them lighted a cigarette. 'Tis my luck!' he said, expectorating discontentedly; 'the moon is always shining when I have some work on hand.'

One of his companions laughed, and the sound was not pleasant to hear. 'The moon makes men light-headed; see that it makes you light-handed to-night. 'Tis just sufficient will creep in here, and not too much. The men who built the Calle de los Santos knew their business.' The speaker stopped suddenly and clutched the arm of the man nearest him. With a long, thin finger, stained brown with cigarette-smoking, he pointed up the road. Three men were passing across the steps of St Joseph's; they turned down the Calle de los Santos, and the six men crouched farther into the darkness of the doorway. They did it easily and without comment, as if from a habit born of long custom.

The three men walked quickly down the road, carefully choosing the middle. Opposite the doorway they stopped, and half-a-dozen knives were silently withdrawn and held in readiness.

Then the shortest of the three men advanced a few paces. 'Baptista!' he said in a low, distinct voice. 'Baptista!'

There was no reply, but to the two waiting behind their leader the darkness seemed to deepen.

'Señor Baptista!'

Still there was no reply.

'I come from Señor Morella.'

'Yes,' said a voice from the darkness.

'I have a letter from him for you.'

'I cannot read it now; it is too dark. Besides, I have other work to do.'

'Then I must read it to you.' The speaker tore open the envelope and read the message. It was short and to the point, and informed the six men waiting in the doorway that at the last moment their master had sent down a Señor Avila to take over command of the party.

Baptista was a man of many parts, and for a couple of minutes he swore fluently, with a strange mixture of Basque and Neapolitan oaths. 'And who is this Señor Avila?' he asked.

'I am this Señor Avila,' said the man in the road.

Baptista looked at the figure before him and laughed. The señor was little over five feet, and slight in build, and beneath a deep sombrero hung a cluster of dark curls.

Señor Avila's eyes flashed, and he drew a knife. 'My friends,' he said in a high-pitched, passionate voice, which, had Baptista and his companions been clever men, would have told them many things, 'courtesy does not cost much, and I expect it, even from half-bred Neapolitans; and if I do not get it I shall put my knife into those shadows, which would be a pity, for I should assuredly hit some one, you are so close together.'

Baptista came out and stood on the narrow, cobbled road. He was a tall and in his way a handsome man, with dark, flashing eyes and a heavy moustache. He looked disdainfully at Señor Avila.

The Spaniard returned the gaze in no wise abashed. 'The Englishman will be down here in about ten minutes. You will await him here with your companions in the shadows, since you do it so well. My friends and I will be on the other side of the road. When he comes, you will stop his horse and stun him; the rest you will leave to me. As soon as you have done your work you will disappear—you know how.' There was a wealth of meaning in the words.

Baptista smiled amiably. 'And if I do not disappear?' he said.

Señor Avila fingered his knife. 'Then I shall assist you,' he responded courteously.

Baptista was wise inasmuch as he knew when he had met his master, and he made no comment as Señor Avila walked away to join his companions.

The chimes of St Joseph's had struck out the half-hour, and the moon had risen to its summit and threw a white light amidst the shadows of the Calle de los Santos.

Baptista suddenly threw away the cigarette he was smoking. From the distance came the sound of a horse's hoofs; a few seconds, and a horseman came round the corner of St Joseph's.

Baptista's hands clenched and unclenched nervously. Despite the hero of romance, it is always the most fearless men who show some sign of temerity before the conflict.

As the horseman approached at a gallop he whispered a few words to his companions.

A few seconds, and nine men sprang into the roadway. There was a rush, a stifled cry as one of the Spaniards fell, then silence followed, and Señor Avila bent down beside the prostrate figure of Vincent. 'You haven't killed him?' he said fearfully.

Baptista regarded him with contempt. He possessed a sublime indifference for death. 'No, señor,' he replied; 'he is only stunned, and will awake in an hour. The blow I gave him would not hurt a babe.'

Señor Avila carefully searched the unconscious man's pockets; from an inner one he drew out a letter. Glancing at the address, he gave a sigh of satisfaction, and put it carefully away in the folds of his cloak.

Then he arose and addressed his two friends. 'You will carry him to where I told you.'

'And you, señor?' asked Marcos.

'I have business to attend to,' said Señor Avila, and he mounted Vincent's horse.

In five minutes the Calle de los Santos was empty; but in the shadow of a doorway lay the body of a Spaniard, the one Vincent had killed with a blow from his sword before he fell.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the Calle de Plata, which lies to the north of Toledo, there is or was an old Moorish house standing alone amidst a terrace of gardens which stretch down to the Tagus. It is not large, and is far less pretentious than many another house in Toledo; but it has played a great part in the history of Spain, and even to-day a Carlist cannot pass its ruins without feelings of sorrow and almost anger at the successful way it kept the secret entrusted to its care.

The night was warm; a hot, sand-laden breeze blew across the Tagus and in at the open windows. In the large room which led direct on to the *patio* were a couple of ladies. The elder of the two sat in a corner, beneath the light of some candles, reading. Although she was past middle age, there was still on her features a suggestion of that great beauty which had been hers in younger days. There was a look of weariness on her face, as of one who has passed through great trouble, or one who has had to relinquish some great power while still passionate to retain it; a Queen never forgetting her sovereignty, but before all things a woman, never forgetting her power over men. Such was Queen Christina, and for such there are always hours of pain when the heart is no longer young and the power to please has gone. It is said that many had killed themselves for hopeless love of her; her punishment lay in after-years when her kingdom divided against her, and she had to live on hour by hour in constant dread of treachery.

On the other side of the room sat the woman against whom Don Carlos was fighting, and from whom he would have wrested the crown had he possessed but half the courage that marked the more ardent of his followers, men who, scantily clothed and half-fed, resisted the arms of Spain and willingly laid down their lives for him.

The Queen Regent put down the despatch she was reading. 'It is warm, my child,' she said—'very warm.'

As she spoke the door opened and a servant entered. 'A messenger, señora, from General Vilenta.'

A couple of minutes later Señor Avila was bowing before the two Queens.

'You are not Señor Vincent,' said the Queen Regent sharply, 'for I know him. Who are you?'

If there was any fear at that moment in her mind, Queen Christina, one of the cleverest women who ever sat upon a throne, gave no sign of it.

'No, your Majesty; Señor Vincent has met with a slight accident on the way, and I have acted as his deputy.'

'Does General Vilenta know?'

'General Vilenta awaits your Majesties in Madrid.'

The Queen displayed no surprise. 'Ah,' she said, and opening the letter, read it through.

When she had finished she rose. 'We will be with you, ready, in half-an-hour.—Isabella, we leave for Madrid.'

'To-night?' said the Queen, who had as yet hardly fully realised all the uneasiness that attaches to a crowned head.

'In half-an-hour,' replied Queen Christina.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Vincent recovered consciousness he found himself in the señorita's *sala*; on the table by his side rested a bowl of roses. At first he felt only a vague sense of his surroundings. His head was aching with a dull, heavy pain, and he passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

With the action came remembrance—the Church of St Joseph, the men in the Calle de los Santos, and the sudden blow. Leaping to his feet, he turned out the contents of his inner pocket. The letter on which the hopes of Queen Isabella rested was gone.

'My God!' he said, and rushed to the door. Before he had taken a dozen steps Father Padrona entered. Vincent made to rush past him, when the priest laid a restraining hand on his arm. 'One moment, Captain Vincent,' he said—'one moment.'

'I cannot stop!' cried Vincent. His eyes were ablaze with self-anger and reproach. Every second he expected to hear the dull, heavy roar which would denote the price of his folly—the life of a Queen.

The grip on his sleeve tightened. 'The Queen is safe. I have myself seen her on the road to Madrid an hour since.'

'And the letter?'

'That too is safe.'

'How do you know?'

'I am Father Padrona,' said the priest with a funny little laugh, 'and I hear many things—very many things.'

He drew Vincent to the window. In the courtyard stood a couple of horses. 'In half-an-hour we will go to Madrid, you and I,' he said, 'and we shall arrive thirty-five minutes after the Queen.'

'We will start now,' said Vincent eagerly.

The *padre* looked at him. 'We will start in half-an-hour. Meanwhile I will tell you a little story—a story about red roses, my friend—red roses.'

'What do you mean?' said Vincent.

'Will you start now?' asked Father Padrona with a quiet little smile.

Seeing the look of doubt on Vincent's face, he drew a wooden crucifix from the bosom of his cassock and held it before him.

'By this,' he said with an impressive dignity, 'I swear your letter is safe and the Queen in Madrid.'

The action told more than the words, and Vincent flushed. 'I beg your pardon, father,' he said, and sat down.

'I am not surprised that you doubt me,' said the *padre;* 'it is one of the compensations for living in this blessed land of indolence and deception.'

Among the many tales that Father Padrona had heard was the one of Señorita Dolores's life, and he told it to Vincent simply and directly, omitting nothing and adding nothing.

When he had finished Vincent leapt to his feet. 'Father,' he said, 'I have been a pure, unadulterated ass!'

Father Padrona had spent many years in England, and understood the meaning of the particularly Anglo-Saxon idiom. 'It is well to find out one's folly in time,' he said; and a funny, almost wistful, look came over his face, as if he too had once made an error of judgment and had found out his mistake too late. 'We will start for Madrid now,' he said a minute later.

The two men hurried into the courtyard, and the *padre* untethered the two horses. 'They are good animals,' he said, noting the look of admiration on Vincent's face.

'I was wondering why we did not get such horses in the army,' said the Englishman.

The *padre* leapt lightly into the saddle. As he felt the flanks of the animal beneath him a burden seemed suddenly lifted from off his shoulders. A boyish look of excitement lit up his eyes. He was no longer a priest but a man; and, looking at him, Vincent wondered what his past history had been.

'That is one of the Church's secrets,' he answered, as he led the way into the Plaza.

There was an unusual quiet everywhere as they rode through the streets of Toledo. Of men, so of silence, there are degrees of it. There is the silence which one can trust and feel at rest in—it diffuses everywhere a sense of calm and peace; and there is that which is the very reverse—it is too deep, too heavily charged and oppressive. And the silence that rested on the streets of Toledo as Vincent and the *padre* rode through them was of the latter category, and both noticed it.

The priest threw back his cassock. 'Phew!' he said; 'it is hot. My son, we will walk through the town; we can gallop when we reach the country. A lot depends upon to-night, and we may be stopped if we show too much haste. They do not understand the value of time in this country, and are suspicious.'

'They will not stop me again!' said Vincent through clenched teeth; and the *padre* smiled.

They had passed through the Puerta del Sol and reached the open country. Ahead lay the wooded road through Ventni.

Suddenly from behind them there came a heavy roar, and a column of flame leapt into the sky. For a second it illumined the streets of Toledo. High above them, thin columns of smoke broke into the moonlight and hung over the city.

'They are exactly two hours late,' said the *padre,* drawing out a heavy nickel watch with a much dented and tarnished case.

'Thanks to Dolores,' said Vincent in a strange voice.

'Thanks to a woman,' responded the *padre* with a shrug of the shoulders, and they continued on their way.

Galloping across the silent, moonlit country, each realised that by his side was a man who understood and loved horses, and a man who knew how to treat them.

As they rode into the streets of Madrid, Vincent turned to his companion. 'You have not always been a priest?' he said.

'No, my son,' answered the *padre;* 'once I was a pure, unadulterated ass.' And with that he changed the subject. Only once did he refer to it again, and then only indirectly when they reined in before the *palacio.* Father Padrona leant across his saddle and looked along the road they had traversed. A

high colour was upon his cheeks. 'It has been a grand ride, my son; it is such nights that make my life worth living.'

Then he dismounted.

CHAPTER XVI.

INSIDE the *palacio* itself there was a scene of bustle such as had not been witnessed for many months. The corridors were thronged with the officers of the Guardias Royales. In the anteroom stood groups of men in uniform blazing with decorations discussing the *coup d'état*, of which the next few hours was to witness the success or failure.

Amongst them all passed General Vilenta, the soul of imperturbability, with a ready smile and word for all whom he encountered.

'He is iron!' said one who watched him pass, turning to a lady at his side.

She shivered. 'I often wonder if he has a soul,' was her reply.

Only once did the General show any signs of the great responsibility that lay upon his shoulders. It was when it neared the hour at which the two Queens should arrive if all had gone well. No one saw it. He was in a corridor alone. With a heavy sigh, he sat down on a lounge and drew out his watch. As he watched the minute-hand slowly passing round, the look on his face told plainly of the tremendous strain under which he was working. '*Oh Dios!*' he whispered.

As the door swung open and an orderly entered he rose to his feet again.

'Ah Miguel,' he said calmly—'you. Remember, your place is in the grand vestibule to-night, and if there is trouble later you are to slip out to the barracks.' The iron mask had fallen, hiding all feelings, and he was the soldier again, with a mind too great to overlook the smallest detail.

Twenty minutes later there was the sound of horses in the *patio*, the great doors of the palace swung open, and on the marble steps stood General Vilenta, hatless and calm. Even at that moment, when the feelings of those around, suffering from the tension of hours of suspense and anxiety, relieved themselves in a buzz of whispered conversation, there was no sign of triumph or relief visible upon his face. Not even a passing gleam of surprise crossed it as, walking up the steps behind the two Queens, came the diminutive figure of Señor Avila.

Graciously the Queen Dowager accepted his arm, and with the officers closing up behind them they passed into the room set apart for the Queen's reception.

'General,' she said, 'I am sorry to hear of Captain Vincent's accident. I was anxious to meet this young Englishman who has done so much for our cause, but you sent us a most excellent substitute.'

The General betrayed no sign that the Queen's remark conveyed any news to him. 'He is a tried man,' he answered, wondering what had befallen Vincent.

The Queen Dowager tapped him lightly on the arm with her fan. 'For once, General, I have outwitted you;' and she whispered a few words into his ear.

More than once during the next hour General Vilenta covertly watched the señor; in fact, it was seldom that he allowed the little man to pass out of his sight. As soon as possible he retired into a private room for a few moments, and sent an orderly to fetch him. He spent the time awaiting his arrival pacing up and down the room. There was a frown upon his face. 'I wonder why,' he said to himself more than once.

Presently the door opened, and Señor Avila entered.

As soon as they were alone the General approached with outstretched hands. 'Señorita Dolores,' he said, 'why have you done this?'

The girl looked at him and sank upon a couch.

'You have saved our Queen,' continued the General. 'Why have you, above all women, done it?'

'You know I am a Carlist spy?' she said.

'I know you were,' said the General.

The strain of the past few hours proved too much for the señorita. She rose and stretched out her arms. 'Then why do you not arrest me?' she said with a funny little catch in her voice. Then she sank back upon the couch.

As if in answer to the General's question, an orderly appeared at the door. 'Captain Vincent has arrived and wishes to see you.'

Close on his heels entered Vincent and Father Padrona. The Englishman walked straight up to the General. 'I have failed,' he said simply. Then he noticed the figure upon the couch. 'Señorita Dolores!' he said.

The General looked at them for a second, hesitated, then, perhaps reading something in the *padre's* eyes, took him by the arm and led him from the room. 'We are not wanted here,' he said, 'and I understand now. And a woman has done what I could not do—save a Crown!'

Arm-in-arm the man of war and the man of peace passed into an anteroom together, and for the second time that day Father Padrona told the story of Señorita Dolores.

When they were alone Vincent knelt by the señorita's side. 'Dolores, dear Dolores,' he said, 'I have come to take back that rose if you will give it to me.'

She drew herself up. 'I am a Carlist,' she said; 'have you forgotten? That is why you went away.'

'I have learnt since then'—Vincent hesitated, afraid lest he should betray the *padre*—'many things.'

The señorita looked at him with a glad smile. 'And who told you—the priest who hears so many tales—Father Padrona?'

'Yes,' replied Vincent.

'Still, I cannot marry you,' she said. 'Remember, I have betrayed my cause, and my life is worth'—— She made a slight gesture.

Vincent rose and stepped back a few paces.

'Here,' he said, 'perhaps; but to-night I resign my commission, and to-morrow, if you will have it so, we will leave Spain, and commence a new life in England.' He stretched out his arms towards her. 'Dolores!'

The girl took a red rose from her cloak, then she rose, and holding it out, came slowly towards him.

CHAPTER XVII.

A QUARTER of an hour later Vincent stood before his commander.

'I know why you have come,' said the General, 'and it will be Spain's loss. When do you leave?'

'To-morrow,' replied Vincent.

The General nodded. 'Perhaps it is as well; and you will have a company of your old corps to guard you; we can spare them now. You will go by way of Portugal. The northern roads are still blocked. I had hoped you would clear them.'

'I shall go the quickest way,' replied Vincent.

General Vilenta smiled. 'I can understand,' he said; 'you have learnt the third lesson, and you are not a Spaniard. The Queens have expressed a wish to see you both. As soon as the señorita is ready we will go in.'

'You have told her, then?'

The General smiled. 'The Queen knew all along. She is a wonderful woman. Vincent, I am not an admirer of women as a rule, especially when they play with the edged tools of politics; but for two I have the greatest respect—one the Queen Christina, the other the señorita who is to become your wife.'

THE END.

THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

PART III.

NEVERTHELESS, the Palais-Royal was to awake to the sound of arms at no very distant date. On the 23rd February 1848 agitation reigned all around. On the 24th barricades were erected, and there were bloody charges, with cries of 'Reform!' In spite of the concessions of Louis-Philippe, the riot became revolution. At this time the Place du Palais-Royal was not as large as it is now; the Château d'Eau, built by De Cotta in 1776, being in the centre, with narrow streets at each side leading to the Tuileries.

The Palais-Royal was attacked by the mob, and the Garde Nationale at the stable side. The troops defended it and the Château d'Eau, and would not surrender even when all their officers were wounded or dead. Dr Lessere, to save useless bloodshed, filled an oil-barrel with shavings, rolled it against the door of the château, and set fire to it. The soldiers soon evacuated their post. Marshal Gérard, on horseback, and carrying a green branch, read the act of abdication of Louis-Philippe on the Place. The people invaded the Tuileries, which he had just abandoned. They forced the gates of the Palais-Royal at the Galerie de Valois, and pillaged the entire place. A superb collection of two thousand five hundred engravings, a collection of ancient portraits and historical pictures representing the chief events which had occurred at the Palais-Royal since its origin, the furniture, and even the statues in the gardens, all were burnt, stolen, or destroyed. Thus disappeared the works of the most famous artists, Van Dyck, Mignard, Champaigne, &c., which had been lately brought together by Louis-Philippe. A few escaped, luckily, such as 'Le Cuirassier' of Géricault, now in the Louvre, which had been lent by the king to a charitable exhibition in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Others were kept and resold by the more practical invaders. All that could be recovered were afterwards given back to the Orléans family.

An ambulance had been arranged in the Galerie d'Orléans at the beginning of the action, the inhabitants bringing out their mattresses. The Café d'Orléans made tea and drinks for the sufferers, Chevet supplied food, and wine and cognac were taken from the cellars of the Duc de Montpensier, who had just escaped.

Immediately after the proclamation of the Republic the palace became the Palais-Nationale and State property. Here were revived the furious harangues of the year II. (1794), and the apartments were invaded by clubs of all shades and degrees of violence, the most ardent being 'The Society of the Rights of Man.' Afterwards the Comptoir Nationale d'Escompte was housed in the palace, and the Garde Nationale also for a time. In 1850–52 public exhibitions of painting and sculpture were given here. A huge temporary building on the plan of Prosper Chabrol, which cost one hundred and fifty-nine thousand francs, was erected for the purpose in the Cour d'Honneur, and was demolished in 1852. In the same year the palace, renamed Palais-Royal, was given by the Emperor Louis Napoléon as a residence to his uncle, the old King Jérôme of Westphalia, and to his son, Prince Jérôme Napoléon. The old king, 'essentially a gentleman, paternal, affable, and of honesty undeniable,' scarcely quitted the palace. He soon collected round him a little Court whose charm made up for its want of magnificence. His horses were his one extravagance; and, not wishing his carriages to be confused with those of the emperor,

he ordered his master of horse to find him within a month a service of twenty black carriage horses and twelve white mares. The master of horse had them trained and ready by the appointed date, and he describes how he shut the gates of the *cour intérieure*, and in this small square showed off the animals harnessed in twos and fours, and going round at full gallop, with postillions, and received modestly the compliments of his patron. King Jérôme died in 1860. The Ministry of Algiers and of the Colonies, which had been installed in the palace two years before, with Prince Jérôme at its head, was also done away with in this year; but the prince, who had married Princesse Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, in 1859, stayed on in the apartments. At this period Louis Napoléon made the access to the palace and the theatre more easy by pulling down some private houses and giving the ground to the town, who turned it into the Place du Théâtre-Français.

In 1860–64 the present theatre was built. The architect, Prosper Chabrol, gave to the interior of the palace a more noble and simple appearance, with a more severe style of decoration and less profusion of details. A little Court, cosmopolitan, sceptical, joyous, and *spirituelle*, here surrounded Prince Jérôme, whose economy was much less strict than that of his father. Great ladies, politicians, and officials rubbed shoulders with writers, artists, and actresses of the Théâtre-Français. The Princesse Mathilde was often here, and the Duchesse de Grammont, with the Comte d'Orsay, her brother; also Lord and Lady Holland, Sir Henry Lennox, M. Petrucelli della Gatina, the Prince Danilo, the brothers De Goncourt, Thiers, Arsène Houssaye, Edmond About, Flaubert, Paul de Musset, Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Émile Augier (whose anti-clerical *verve* was the joy of the famous Friday dinners), and, lastly, Émile de Girardin, the friend who had most influence with the prince. The princess, who was very pious, built an oratory on the Cour de Nemours, of which one can still see the stained-glass windows from the Place du Théâtre-Français.

The Government, with a view to making a grand entrance to the gardens at the end next the Rue Vivienne, thought it would be wise to shut up the smaller passages and to suppress all the tables of the lemonade-sellers in the gardens, so propitious to Camille Desmoulins and other *motionairés*. They made Louvet, proprietor of the Café de la Rotonde, an exception. The cafés and shops under the arcades benefited by the prosperity which marked the sixties under Louis Napoleon. It was into this palace, enjoying the quiet evening of old age, that burst, on 19th July 1870, the news that war was declared with Prussia. Prince Jérôme, who had been away and had not voted for the war, told the emperor and his Ministers that they were fools or traitors. Hearing the soldiers shouting '*A Berlin!*' as they passed, he said that if they ever returned from Berlin it would be without having got there.

On the 4th September 1870 a battalion of the Garde Nationale peacefully took possession of the Palais-Royal. Princess Clotilde left it haughtily, respectfully saluted by the crowd. The palace again belonged to the State, and during the Commune it had a governor. On the 23rd May 1871 an order was given by the Comité du Salut Public to burn the palace and fall back on the Hôtel de Ville. Leopold Boursier, then governor, and other officers, along with the crowd, brought barrels of paraffin, and deliberately prepared fires in the Pavillon de Valois up against the Théâtre-Français, in the Cour de Nemours, and in the building between them facing the Cour d'Honneur. They had previously damaged and stolen many valuable objects. It was 3 A.M. on the 24th May when they lighted the fires, with cries of '*Vive la Commune!*' The Pavillon de Valois, saturated with paraffin, blazed up immediately. The inhabitants of the quarter knew that if the flames were not mastered the palace, the theatre, and the Rue de Richelieu would all be destroyed. But they dared not leave their houses, because Communists in ambush on the roof of the Hôtel du Louvre and behind a barricade in the Rue de Rivoli fired without mercy on all who tried to subdue the flames. However, some heroes, headed by Monsieur Alfred Lesaché, ran to the rescue. Water was very scarce, but they got a fire-pump, which the fusillade forced them to abandon several times. They cut off the Pavillon de Valois and sacrificed it to save the Théâtre-Français. About 5 A.M. twenty-nine workmen of the Banque de France arrived with another fire-engine. They managed to extinguish the fire starting in the Pavillon de Nemours, and thus saved many precious objects belonging to Prince Jérôme. Other firemen, including fifty men of the Bataillon de la Banque, and finally some regular soldiers, joined the rescuers. The Valois wing and a portion of the central building were the only parts devoured by the flames. The men from the Bank had saved the whole quarter, and when the Garde Nationale was disarmed the Bataillon de la Banque were alone allowed to keep their arms in recognition of their bravery. The grateful inhabitants also got up a large subscription for their deliverers.

The creation of the Avenue de l'Opéra and the movement of the richer classes to the west, the increasing difficulty of access owing to the closing of some of the passages to squeeze in more shops, the later dinner-hour which made the old promenade after dinner impossible, the suppression of the tables in the cafés in the gardens under the Second Empire, &c., in addition to the closing of the gambling-houses and the expulsion of vice already noticed, account for the present decadence of the Palais-Royal. Attempts have been made by organising fêtes and historical pageants to put new life into its old bones, but in vain. The charm of the place at present, with its wonderful memories of the great past, is the peace and quiet beauty of this oasis in the busiest and most populous

centre of Paris. It is the happy hunting-ground of bourgeois children and their dogs and pets of all kinds.

Champier writes: 'We would wish it an old age worthy of the generations which have survived there, fought, loved, played, worked; worthy of the episodes of its changing history, which was so often that of France — by turns severe, joyful, dashing, open-hearted, and finally morose as a ruined gentleman who is not certain of the next day.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN ELECTROLYTIC BLEACHING-PROCESS.

A WELL-KNOWN electrical engineer has recently perfected an electrolytic bleaching-process, the introduction of which should prove of far-reaching importance to many industries. Recently, in the course of some private demonstrations, the possibilities of the new discovery were very convincingly shown to the writer. First a pocket-handkerchief was soaked in ordinary office red ink, and then immersed in a dish containing the colourless and odourless bleaching-agent. Instantly the red stain disappeared, and the handkerchief was left as white as when new. The same result followed the treating of black ink and other stains; they disappeared as if by magic from the affected article. In laundries, where the removal of stains from white fabrics is at present accomplished by the drastic agent chloride of lime, which rapidly corrodes the fibres of the textile, the new process should be found extremely useful in the treatment of table-cloths, white dresses, and so forth, which are so liable to become stained in use. The electrolytic agent can only be used for white materials, since if applied to coloured textiles it will remove not only the stain but the colouring of the fabric as well. The stain, say of ink, is not merely dissolved from the article, but is rendered quite transparent in the electrolytic solution. This was graphically proved by filling a test-tube half-full of red or black ink. When the electrolytic solution was poured into the tube the conversion of the red, black, or blue into the colour of pure water within the course of two or three seconds was visible, and recalled the magician's well-known trick of converting wine into water in a large decanter, with the exception that in this case 'there is no deception.' The inventor has also applied his process to pulp manufacture, wherein at present the manufacturers can only obtain a creamy or ecru tone with the bleaching-agents at their command. By electrolytic agency, however, the pulp is rendered the purest white. Though the general *modus operandi* is to use the electric current while bleaching is in progress, the liquid can be kept for a short while in a non-actinic bottle, and in the event of an ink-stain, say, on a white dress, a little poured from the bottle on to the mark will bring about its complete eradication. No rubbing is required, and the absence of any kind of corrosive agent in the solution is an absolute guard against any deterioration of the fabric at the part treated.

AUTOMATIC FOG-SIGNALLING FOR RAILWAYS.

As is well known, the envelopment of our iron roads with thick fog paralyses traffic and burdens the railways with a heavy expense, not only in the consumption of the detonators to give an acoustic warning to the engine-drivers, but in the wages of the men who place the detonators upon the metals for each succeeding train. A retired Dutch naval officer, however, has devised a cheap, simple, efficient, and highly reliable means of accomplishing the same object, without the services of the fogman, by automatic electrical agency, working in such a manner that it acts as a complete check upon the signalman. The detonator, comprising a special cartridge, is discharged beside the track at a height level with the driver in his cab, and the sound of the explosion is projected through a funnel-shaped horn in the direction of the approaching train, so that the driver receives the full blast of the signal. In a box placed alongside the track is mounted a wheel carrying around its periphery a continuous groove, in which the cartridges are slipped in much the same way as the rifleman carries his ammunition in his bandoleer. This wheel is caused to revolve by a heavy weight on the same principle as a weight-driven clock. The cartridges are of special design, carrying a small metal cap on one side, into which is inserted a small screw, having at its inner end a short piece of platinum wire, one end of the latter being connected to the cap itself, which is insulated from the screw by a piece of ebonite. The platinum loop thus formed is surrounded by a small charge of gun-cotton, around which is packed common black powder or any other explosive. The wheel can only revolve the space of one cartridge at a time, and when brought into the firing position, which is the neck of the trumpet, is held there by a metal spring-buffer, the end of which presses against the cartridge-cap. This part of the apparatus is suitably connected to the rails by wires (a length of each rail being insulated) and the batteries. An electrical circuit is thus formed which is broken by the distance between a pair of rails. When the engine passes into this section the current flows from one rail to the other through the engine itself, the circuit is completed, the platinum loop in the cartridge is fused, the gun-

cotton fired, and the cartridge exploded. The apparatus is exceedingly simple both in design and operation. After the discharge the circular magazine advances sufficiently to bring the next cartridge into firing position for the next train. Should the line be clear and the semaphore lowered, the device acting in conjunction therewith is thrown out of action, so that no detonators are uselessly fired. Should any breakdown in the apparatus occur, it immediately gives the danger-signal and communicates the fact to the signal-box with which it is working. After each explosion it sets an alarm-bell ringing in the box until the latter is disconnected by the signalman turning a switch, whereby he performs a definite action acknowledging that he has received the signal that the approaching train has been stopped in the block. Suitable arrangements are also provided to warn the signalman when the magazine requires recharging; and should he ignore the fact the last cartridge explodes, pulling up the train whether the line is clear or not, and the block mechanism is held fixed and cannot be reopened until the signalman recharges the fogging apparatus. The system has been tried, and has demonstrated its efficiency and reliability.

A NOVEL FLEXIBLE RULE.

Though the flexible rule is a convenient little device, its handiness has been very appreciably extended by a new ingenious feature in its design. The actual rule comprises a strip of flexible steel graduated in the usual manner, but from one end to the other it is centrally pierced with small triangular cuts, the wedged-shaped tongues thus projecting being bent over so as to grip a piece of lead wire which is inserted lengthwise along the metal strip. The result is that, although the flexibility of the rule is still preserved, once bent in a certain position it will retain that shape until it is reset, and will not spring back, as in the case of the ordinary rule of this type; and as one face of the rule is quite flat it can be used with a pencil. The device affords a simple and efficient means of drawing curves, and will be much appreciated by those who suddenly want to prepare a design on the spot for, say, the bend of a pipe, a suggestion for moulding, and so forth more correctly than is possible by just rough sketching. The advantage of this rule is that there is no tendency to kink. Being inexpensive and serviceable, it will be found a useful acquisition to the pocket of many workers, and capable in many instances of doing quite as good work as more cumbersome and costly instruments.

A SIX-MILE IRRIGATION-TUNNEL.

Within the past few years the importance of irrigation has been fully realised by the United States Government, and several huge and comprehensive projects have been undertaken to divert the superfluity of water in one territory for the purpose of reclaiming the arid, waterless land of another district. In this reclamation work one of the most arduous undertakings has been carried to success in the face of remarkable difficulties. This was the piercing of a mountain range in the southern corner of Colorado by a tunnel six miles in length, so as to tap the waters of the Gunnison River, and turn the supply thus obtained to the parched Uncompahgre sage-brush desert twenty miles distant, by swelling the volume of the Uncompahgre River. The district in which this mountain range is situated is among the wildest even in Colorado, and the survey itself was an epoch-making achievement. But the boring of the tunnel was a sore tax upon the engineers, and the difficulties encountered threatened to dispute the feasibility of the idea as propounded by the surveying parties. A private firm who undertook the contract gave it up in despair, and then the Government Reclamation Service took it personally in hand. The tunnel was driven from both sides of the range simultaneously. At the west end the rock-hogs had not proceeded far before they pierced a large pocket charged with carbonic acid gas. The men abandoned their work, and it was some time before the air was purified to enable the rock-face to be approached again. Then subterranean springs, treacherous slipping gravel, and veins of other gases were tapped in turn. The temperature rose to unbearable degrees, and it required one hundred horse-power alone to drive the ventilating-fans. Labour was another difficulty. Men were paid about twelve shillings and sixpence per day, and with free lodging and baths could save about three pounds a week after paying all expenses, including three shillings a day for food. But their average stay was about two weeks. The isolation of the workings depressed them, besides which there were many other places where they could command big wages. The tunnel is ten and a half feet wide by twelve in height, and is lined throughout with concrete. Emerging from the mountain, the concrete canal winds through scorching valleys and pierces intervening adobe hills to the extent of two thousand feet, until the Uncompahgre River is gained. Thirteen hundred cubic feet of water drawn from the Gunnison are discharged into the Uncompahgre River every second, and by this means more than two hundred square miles of sun-baked desert has been reclaimed for fruit-farming, at a total cost of eight hundred thousand pounds.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

By dint of much patience and dogged perseverance, Dr Wülffing announced some time ago the perfection of a blue-black oxide of iron from ferrous liquors which constitutes a most excellent protective paint for iron. The commercial possibilities of the process aroused considerable interest, and the process was described in the 'Month' some time ago. Further investigation of the subject, however, has revealed the astonishing fact that the same idea was described years before

by a Scotsman, Dr William Gregory, sometime of Aberdeen, and subsequently of Edinburgh. His process is practically the same. Dr Wülffing pursued his patient labours in absolute ignorance of Dr Gregory's success, for the simple reason that the significance of the latter's work was not realised at the time, and few chemistry books have even mentioned his efforts in this direction. Some of the more severely technical treatises, such as one co-edited by Liebig, fully describe the process and adequately credit Gregory for his efforts, so that the fact cannot be disputed. Though Gregory's work does not detract from the merit of Wülffing's investigations and success, yet it transfers the honour of the discovery of the artificial production of magnetic iron from Germany to Scotland. It affords a striking instance of how an invention may be born before its time, then quite forgotten, and afterwards rediscovered by another worker in the same field, who effects his task when the time is opportune and receives all the honour extended to the discoverer of an important new invention. Such experiences are, however, inseparable from research and inventive effort.

THE 'PORHYDROMETER.'

Shipping circles have been interested in the remarkable invention of an Italian engineer, Emilio di Lorenzi, the function of which is to determine accurately the weight of a ship's cargo. The device is extremely simple. In the centre of the vessel is a cylindrical chamber extending from a point below the light-loadline, which denotes the empty vessel, to one above the maximum loadline. In the chamber is a float or aerometer, the upper end of which is connected with one extremity of a lever, while the other end acts upon a steelyard similar to those used in ordinary weighing-machines. The float-chamber is connected by some suitable means with the water in which the vessel is floating, so that the water-level within the chamber may always be at the same level as that outside. When the vessel is loaded or the cargo discharged, this action brings about a more or less immersion of the float, thereby indicating fluctuations in the weight of the cargo. These differences are recorded on the steelyard, and show the weight of the load taken on board or removed from the ship. It will be seen that by this ingenious arrangement the ship is really converted into a gigantic weighbridge, and the apparatus is so sensitive that it will notify the weight of a person stepping on or off the ship. The device is applicable to any class of vessel from the barge to the gigantic liner, and in every instance will perform its task with remarkable accuracy. The aerometer, which is the 'mainspring' of the apparatus, has to be specially designed in regard to its external shape and so forth for the vessel upon which it is installed, but otherwise all the parts are standardised. Once set, the machine can never become deranged, and varying densities of the water do not affect the accuracy of its readings. The device was thoroughly tested by the Italian Government, and the readings were found to be so correctly given that the Customs were authorised to accept any readings by porhydrometer. This is a vital consideration to shipping-men, for there is a difference of 200 per cent. in weighing-dues at Italian ports in favour of this instrument. To the captain compelled to coal abroad it acts as an infallible check upon the quantity of coal delivered to the ship, and its utility is still further increased by the fact that in the event of the vessel so equipped springing a leak it will instantly notify the captain by ringing an electric alarm-bell. Being inexpensive and easily fitted, it should form an indispensable acquisition to the up-to-date ship.

THE 'PANFLEX' SPRING MOTOR-WHEEL.

Many devices for overcoming the troubles of the pneumatic tire, but without any sacrifice of its all-important resiliency, have been evolved from time to time. The general trend of such efforts has been towards substituting the air-cushion by an arrangement of coiled springs which would absorb all shock and vibration. The majority of these, however, have proved unsatisfactory, and consequently the pneumatic tire, with its liability to punctures, is still tolerated by the motorist. The latest device to this end, however, is the most perfect substitute for the pneumatic tire that has yet been produced. It is the invention of the Hon. C. A. Parsons, M.A., M.Inst.C.E., and is known as the 'panflex'—flexible in all directions. It comprises two metal rims designed to form a metal channel between them on the inner side, the face of which is perfectly smooth in the case of a non-driving wheel, and corrugated for a driving-wheel. The inner part is the hub with the spokes projecting for a short distance, the outer extremities of which end in a tire shrunk on. Outside this tire radiate in all directions a series of specially formed powerful springs of the coiled type. The ends of the springs are screwed and soldered into caps, one cap being bolted to the tire shrunk on to the spokes, while the outer end is free. The outer end of the spring, however, has its cap grooved and shod with treads of rubber. Inside each spring a hollow steel tube is longitudinally inserted, and secured to the lower cap. There is no rigid connection between the spring and rim of the wheel, the rubber-shod ends of the coil springs being kept in position by the two metal rims on the outer tire, which prevents them from jumping out of position. When the wheel rests on the ground the weight of the car depresses the springs where the wheel is in contact with the ground, and those at the top are free of the rim. When the car is moving the spring-spokes, as it were, walk round the inner face of the outer tire, the rubber shoes of the springs forming a tight grip upon the metallic surface, so that slipping is quite impossible. In the case of the driving-wheels this grip is considerably greater, owing to the corrugated surface with which the

shoes come into contact. The wheel itself is fitted with a solid rubber tire. These wheels have been used on a high-powered car, and their resiliency is very pronounced. Whereas a run of about four thousand miles represents the life of the average pneumatic tire, the panflex will run for ten or twelve thousand miles without any repairs. With this new tire, the tire expenses, instead of being about a penny per mile, are only about one farthing—a very considerable economy. Expenses are confined to the renewal of the solid rubber tire and the rubber shoes at the ends of the spiral springs, and experience shows that their life runs into at least ten thousand miles. The chance of a spring breaking is very remote. If it does, it can be replaced in a few minutes on the road.

PASTEURISATION OF BOTTLED LIQUIDS.

Within the past few years pasteurisation of bottled liquids of all descriptions, to keep them in perfect condition for long periods, has come more extensively into vogue. Several devices to this end have been introduced, one especially proving very efficient. This is the Gasquet system, which possesses many ingenious features and excellent advantages. In this process the requisite preservation is carried out in such a manner that the treatment is uniform, and each bottle is bound to be exposed to the same degree of heat for the same length of time, two most important points in successful pasteurisation. The instrument is of simple design, and is most economical in its operation, as experience in breweries in the treatment of bottled beers has sufficiently shown. The heat of the water around the bottles is gradually raised until it finally attains one hundred and fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, at which point it is maintained for a certain length of time, and there are certain warning devices attached which enable the work to be accomplished with mathematical accuracy. The heat is then slowly reduced to a prescribed point, when the bottles may be safely removed from the machine. This gradual heating and cooling operation not only protects the bottles against breakage, but also preserves the flavour of the liquid contents, which is a vital consideration. The wear and tear of the apparatus is very small, being limited to the suction and delivery pipes. The same water is used over and over again, and two or three men are quite capable of tending a machine treating four thousand bottles or so per hour. Steam consumption also is very low. The apparatus can be made to meet any dimensions or to suit any convenient corner without impairing its efficiency.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE OLD GLASS-PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS.

By SARAH WILSON, Author of *The Romance of our Ancient Churches.*

WE know it was John Thornton of Coventry who painted the glass in the great east window of York Minster in 1405. An indenture drawn up in the reign of Henry the Eighth gives us the names of the artists who painted four of the windows in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. The two first mentioned are Francis Williamson of Southwark, glazier (they all called themselves glaziers in those days); and Simon Symonds, glazier, of St Margaret's, Westminster, who agreed to glaze these four windows with imagery, in orient colours, of the Old Law and the New, in every way in manner and goodness like those in the King's Chapel at Westminster, and like the work of Bernard Flower, deceased, for which they were to be paid sixteenpence per foot. A second deed tells us of Richard Bounde of St Clement's Danes, Thomas Reve of St Sepulchre's, and James Nicholson of Southwark, all glaziers, who agreed with the authorities to set up eighteen windows in the upper story of King's College Chapel, like those of the King's new chapel at Westminster, as Bernard Flower, then deceased, had undertaken to do. Dugdale mentions a John Prudde of Westminster, who agreed to paint the windows of the chapel in which the Countess of Warwick was interred at Tewkesbury with stories and images of the finest colours—blue, yellow, red, purple, sanguine, and violet—which stories were to be traced or pictured by another painter in rich colours at his charge, and for which he was to receive two shillings for every foot of glass. In Walpole's catalogue of engravers we find it stated that Mr Francis Price, engraver, executed a portrait in mezzotinto of Mr Henry Gyles, the glass-painter, in the reign of Charles the Second. Thus we have the names of nine individuals who practised this art either in Lancastrian, Tudor, or Stuart times. Further research would doubtless give us more.

We next hear of two painters named Price, who in an advertisement issued from Hatton Garden in the early part of the eighteenth century stated that their art had fallen in estimation of late in consequence of an impression that the secret of making the red colour in glass was lost, and they gave notice that they could make it exactly as it had been made in former ages. Some of their work has been identified in Denton Church, Norfolk, and in a chapel at Copt Hall, near Epping. Still later particulars are known in connection with the work of Benjamin West for St George's Chapel, Windsor

Castle, which was executed by Forest and Jervis in 1788.

We are fairly rich in specimens of the works of the old glass-painters. The wave of destruction that passed over the land in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries cleared away a large number, but still we can look upon some splendid examples. The petition of the women of Middlesex, dated 1641, and signed by twelve thousand names, doubtless put many custodians of such treasures on their guard. These petitioners stated their desire that 'prophane glasse windows whose superstitious paint makes many idolators may be humbled and dashed in pieces against the ground; for our consciens tels us that they are diabolical, and the Father of Darkness was the inventor of them, being the chiefe Patrone to damnable Pride.' Several windows were taken out of their places and safely hidden till the time came when they could be restored to their original setting; as in the case of the Jesse window at Llanrhaiadr. In various country churches we may see gatherings of fragments of ancient glass eked out with new, placed in some of the less prominent windows, as in St Michael's Church, Alnwick, where, in a small window in the west end a cluster of such relics bears three words, 'Janete et Esebella,' an evident effort to perpetuate identities now utterly forgotten. In Leicestershire there are but few village churches without such fragments; in short, they are of frequent occurrence.

The earliest glass, as is well known, aimed only at the effect of glass mosaic-work. The figures on it were outlined with thick black lines, and the backgrounds were merely flat surfaces of rich reds and blues. Later, in the fourteenth century, there were canopies over the figures, heraldic embellishments, and other devices. As time went on perspective and shadows were introduced, and a more pictorial treatment came into vogue. The whole of a window, though divided into several lights by mullions, was treated as one picture with various figures in it, and with distant landscapes in the background. After many years of development on these lines a reaction set in; and the best authorities contended that the work of the glass-painter should not arrest the eye when one entered a building to the exclusion of the other details, but should be subservient to the general effect, and await more minute inspection for recognition of the subjects treated. It was advanced, too, that brilliancy and transparency being the proper qualities of glass, they should be made evident, and the leadwork with which the figures were outlined should be treated as part of the design and not hidden. An enthusiast, Mr Charles Winston, employed chemists to analyse the colouring matter of old glass; and there ensued a very successful revival of the art towards the middle of last century.

Some of the glass in Canterbury Cathedral is claimed to be the oldest in the land. This is attributed to the twelfth century. There is one window of later workmanship on the north side of the choir for which a Spanish ambassador is said to have offered ten thousand pounds in vain. There are ten prophets, twelve apostles, and fourteen bishops delineated in it, and the rest of the glass is filled with ecclesiastical devices. The great west window contains the arms of Richard the Second, and has several figures, including ten saints and twelve apostles, with two youths kneeling, besides representations of seven kings with crowns and sceptres. The effect of all this superb glass, so gem-like in its brilliancy, is much the same as that of a vast shrine covered with jewels, such as was shown to Erasmus, when he declared the rich sight was more than a royal spectacle.

The windows in Fairford Church have been attributed to the genius of Albert Dürer, who with Lucas of Leyden and a French painter in Marseilles executed work of the kind. In Dürer's diary, telling of his visit to Antwerp, he mentions intercourse with four glass-painters there. One Master Dietrich gave him some red colour obtained from newly baked bricks; and he bought for four stivers a quantity of kettle-brown, an alkali the ashes of which are used in the making of glass. Thus, though we may not be able to prove that he executed the Fairford glass, we can be sure there are good grounds for believing that he added glass-painting to the other arts he practised. There is Flemish work to be met with elsewhere.

Lincoln, Salisbury, and Gloucester Cathedrals have good specimens of ancient glass. The great western window of the last-mentioned escaped destruction at the Reformation, but was removed in 1679 in consequence of an order of the chapter, in which it was called 'a certain scandalous picture of ye Holy Trinity.' When the glass was taken out it was obediently broken up by a precentor who afterwards became bishop. The pieces seem to have been collected and preserved, for there is a local impression that much of it has been put back in its old place. The glass in the east window was not condemned, and a few years ago was taken out, cleaned, and restored at a cost of six hundred pounds. The western window of Salisbury Cathedral is of thirteenth-century glass; and there is some Flemish glass in this edifice. The Five Sisters of York are of an earlier date than John Thornton's work. Worcestershire has some good glass in the churches at Maseley, Great Malvern, and Bredon. Oxfordshire and Shropshire are also fortunate, and Kent has a fair store.

Besides the actions depicted by figures and the wording of inscriptions on scrolls and borders, the work of the old glass-painters had another language. This was colour. Their deep blues and ruby-reds and other colours had as much meaning as beauty. Just as the particular colour used in heraldry makes a 'difference,' so their tints conveyed a special meaning to those who understood. This language of colours was inaugurated when the rainbow was set in the skies for a covenant; and it is advanced that, in the same way as we still speak of signing our

names—a lingering survival of the custom formerly performed with a device—this devout aspect of colours has obtained in all countries and through all the centuries. To-day brides wear white and mourners don black, and, among other associations, we think blue is true or represents truth. A French antiquary of much learning, M. Frederic Portal, has divided the subject into three branches—divine, consecrated, and profane—from all of which he has gathered a conviction of the identity of primitive religions and the importance colour formerly played in the presentment of religious ideas. Thus, from his point of view, the great glass windows had two significations—the apparent and the hidden. The miniaturists as well as the glass-painters worked in the light of this knowledge. They represented St John in a green robe, to signify regeneration; St Peter in a golden yellow, the emblem of faith; they draped Christ and the Virgin in red and blue, signifying divine love and truth; when they wished to represent the Messiah in His ministry they robed Him in blue, when He was represented as combating temptation they made His robes black, and during the Passion they made them violet; Judas they draped in yellow, the colour ordinarily worn by Jews in the Middle Ages; and we learn from Bede that the tomb of Jesus was painted of the intermingled colours of red and white in the seventh century. The Cross was often painted a green colour to signify regeneration, and in the case of the glass in Chartres Cathedral it was given a border of red, the symbol of divine love.

When we remember the limitations attending the manufacture of the glass, owing to the absence of the knowledge that discoveries in chemistry have now made familiar, our appreciation of the achievements of the old artists can but be increased. It has been suggested that the excellence at which they arrived was looked upon as their personal property and the way in which it was accomplished kept a profound secret; and that each artist probably never disclosed his mystery of recipes, pigments, fluxes, and processes. Be that as it may, as we look upon the productions of their art, and note the delicacy and grace of their touch and treatment, and think of the significance of the subjects they chose and their relation to the current thought of their day, we may call to mind the symbolism of their colours, and find ourselves impressed with the amount of learning, culture, devotion, and piety that must have filled the hearts of the old glass-painters.

SEA-FOG.

The sails drip idly, and no hand can steer;
The blank fog, redolent of gloom and death,
Smooths the cowed ocean to a stagnant mere,
And one dark nothingness, a prospect drear,
Falls, and engulfs us with its icy breath.

The pale lookout, his lonely watch to keep,
Stands shivering, peering vainly through the dense
Gray atmosphere, whose dank uneasy sleep
Is faintly shaken as chill whispers creep
Athwart a silence audible, intense.

The ship lies stifled, longing for the brave
Fresh breeze, whose sunny breath will lift the pall
And resurrect her from her dismal grave,
Fill her white wings, and waft her o'er the wave,
Setting her dancing to the ocean's call.

JULIAN TENISON.

Volume XII. of the Sixth Series of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL *is now completed, price Nine Shillings.*
A Title-page and Index, price One Penny, have been prepared, and may be ordered through any bookseller.
A cloth case for binding the whole of the numbers for 1909 *is also ready.*
Back numbers to complete sets may be had at all times.
Annual subscription, including postage to any address, either at home or abroad, 9*s.* 6*d.*

The January Part of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL (published about 21st December) will contain the opening instalments of an original and striking story

ENTITLED

LAURISTONS,

By JOHN OXENHAM,

Author of 'Barbe of Grand Bayou,' 'John of Gerisau,' 'Giant Circumstance,' 'Our Lady of Deliverance,' &c.

Also the first instalment of 'THE FORGOTTEN ROCK,' a powerful short story by Mr JOHN FOSTER, author of 'The Luck o' the Spey,' &c.

There will be Novelettes and Stories by other writers, and the usual entertaining and instructive Articles.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

HARRIS OF THE MOUNTAIN.	By Captain Cecil North	Page 1
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.	By Kate Mellersh	" 14
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.	By R. L. Mackie	" 15
THE LOST LAND OF FAERIE.	By Maria Steuart	" 18
LONE WOLF.	By C. G. D. Roberts	" 19
NINE YEARS OLD.	By Edith L. Elias	" 25
THE KLOOF OF THE CRYING CHILD.	By H. A. Bryden	" 26
NELSON'S MONUMENT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.	By E. G. Moore	" 31
WHEAL CATHERINE OF TRENCROM.	By Alfred Colbeck	" 32
THE INVISIBLE NUN.	By W. Shaw Sparrow	" 44
COLLEGE WATER.	By Will H. Ogilvie	" 48

CHRISTMAS 1909.

HARRIS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

AN ECHO OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

By Captain CECIL NORTH,

Author of 'The Moorish Treasure,' 'The Hermit of the Irati,' 'Hoppy,' &c.

PAUL BOULTON, coat-tails flying and cane swinging viciously, strode out of the club and down Piccadilly, his handsome face, usually so bright and debonair, overcast with disgust and anger. 'After her money! After her money!' he muttered. 'There was no mistaking Granville's words nor whom he meant: "Paul's after her money." I heard it quite distinctly; and besides, when he caught sight of me close beside him, his face and those of the other chaps were quite enough to tell me whom they had been gassing about.

'Curse the wretched money!' he went on furiously, as he cannoned off an inoffensive old man who came hurriedly round a corner. 'Why must it be always set down to fortune-hunting if a poor man happens to fall head over ears in love with a girl who is blessed with heaps of stuff? But there it is: just because Tommie rolls in it, every fellow who is attracted by her sweet face and jolly ways—and goodness knows I am not the only one!—is put down as a scurvy money-grubber unless he has a pile of his own. As for my modest income, it wouldn't do much more than pay the washing if I married her. She'd have me, too, I feel pretty sure, after what she said at Lady Bertha's dance, bless her dear heart! But I'd sooner she thought me that most horrible of things, a male flirt, than be branded as a fellow living on his wife's money.'

Meanwhile the young lady in question, Miss Taormina Harris—called thus after the Sicilian town wherein she happened to have been born, but known to her friends as Tommie, the only child and heiress of the late Sir Scrimgeour Harris, whose wealth was reputed to be very great—sat in a cosy drawing-room of her beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, lazily sipping her tea and chatting with her aunt, who lived with her and carried out the duties of chaperon in a liberal spirit—Mrs Rupert Restall.

Tommie, without being a beauty in the lady-novelist's style, was nevertheless very good to look upon: just one of the crowd of tall, fair-haired, white-toothed, blue-eyed girls, the like of whom you may see in numbers at any fashionable gathering during the London season. Like hundreds of other nice women in the same 'smart set,' as the literary ladies love to call that stratum of society of which they write so glibly and are so profoundly ignorant, her mind and life were as clean as her delicately white hands in spite of these same ladies, who would have us believe that to be pretty, smart, and popular in society means being, on the quiet, what the charwomen would call a 'thoroughly bad lot.'

'I cannot see it, child,' Mrs Restall was saying. 'You allow that Paul Boulton is the sort of man you would like to marry, and show, by a thousand little things, that (to put it plainly) you are extremely fond of him; and yet, though it's palpable enough that he is very much in love with you, he doesn't propose to you evidently because of some rubbishy ideas about your money. And you, on your side, calmly sit there and tell me that if he did ask you to marry him, you don't feel sure that, in spite of what your heart tells you, you would have him, because, forsooth, he might after all be only attracted by your fortune, like the rest of 'em! Good gracious! there's a maid and a man who would jump into each other's arms if they hadn't two penny-pieces to rub together, and never dream of doubting their mutual love; and just because one happens to be blessed with the wherewithal to secure their future from being worried with sordid cares, they fight shy of each other, and can't see that the money has nothing to do with it, and that if the man had it instead of the maid they would have been married and happy long ago. Oh, I've no patience with such a pair of idiots!'

Tommie, who had listened to her aunt with evident amusement, smiled serenely. 'You dear old sweetie,' she said, 'you take so much for granted! It's quite true that I do like Paul Boulton most terrifically, and I really think that he *is* honestly in love with me, for his devotion seems sincere and as if he meant it. But there, you see, so did that of others; and I am convinced now, from their behaviour after I refused them, that, with the exception of poor Jimmy Vereker, who was killed in South Africa, it was really my wretched money that was at the bottom of their attentions.'

'Oh, well, my dear, go your own way,' grumbled Mrs Restall. 'I wash my hands of you and your love-affairs. I suppose it will come out all right in the end; but, for goodness' sake, don't—oh, don't—encourage that horrible man Daunte! If ever there was a downright fortune-hunter, there's a specimen, in spite of his good looks and title.'

Tommie gravely raised a long-handled pair of glasses to her pretty eyes and attentively scanned her aunt's plump, gem-covered fingers. 'Yes, you darling,' she remarked with solemnity, 'they are a little sticky; run away and wash 'em, and perhaps you will feel better. As for Lord Claud Daunte,' she went on with a sudden change of manner, 'you may rest quite easy in your mind concerning him and his love-affairs. Nothing would induce me to listen seriously to him. I don't know, but I almost think that I detest the sight of him.'

Mrs Restall stared. 'What an odd girl you really are, Tommie!' she at length exclaimed, shaking her head gently. 'If those are honestly your ideas, why on earth, may I ask, do you let the creature dangle after you as you do?'

'Oh, I don't know. Why do I do anything? Why do I eat and drink and sleep? Why am I so rich? Why am I alive? Oh, how sick and weary I am of it all! I've a good mind to'——

'Mr Boulton,' announced a footman, flinging wide the door, and ushering in a tall, good-looking fellow, whose lean flanks and bronzed face, with the tell-tale white patch caused by the forage-cap, betrayed the soldier.

'How do, Mrs Restall?—How do, Miss Tommie? May a poor, parched fighting-man, half-choked with Long Valley dust, beg a cup of tea? By the bye, I've a bone to pick with you, young lady! Why weren't you at Lady Oban's dance last night? You said you were going!'

'I was!' cried Tommie. 'We went on from the Pembrokes'. Why weren't you there?'

'What's the use of talking like that? You know quite well that of course I was there and stayed as long as I could. But we were under orders for a rotten early field-day this morning, parading at a hideous hour; so I had to hook it at about one—only just in time, too, to catch the "cold meat," and then had to walk all the way to camp from Farnboro' Station, for there wasn't a cab there, for a wonder. Didn't get to bed at all, as a matter of fact, which accounts for my boiled-owl appearance.'

'Catch the cold meat!' exclaimed Mrs Restall. 'What on earth do you mean, Mr Boulton?'

The young man grinned. 'Oh, that's what we call the train that goes from Nine Elms Goods Station about one o'clock every morning. The railway people put on a first-class carriage for the convenience of fellows who have to get back at Aldershot for early work of any kind, and who miss, or who don't try to catch, the last passenger-train at midnight. That's all right enough for doing a dinner or theatre; but for a dance, if you can't sleep in town, the "cold meat" gives you practically another hour, which

means a lot if there is anybody there you particularly want to see.'

'Yes, I understand so far; though to be jolted down in the small hours in a luggage-train to a station five miles from your ultimate destination appears to me to be hardly good enough, especially for you young men who love comfort so—unless, of course, the somebody happens to be particularly charming. Still, why, oh why, the cold meat?'

''Cause it takes the dead bodies down to Brookwood Cemetery,' laughed Boulton. 'Jolly expressive name, too, don't you think—— Eh, what?'

Mrs Restall gave a shriek. 'Oh, you perfect horror!' she cried in the shrill tones affected by fashionable women as she rose from her seat; though Tommie openly joined in the youth's mirth, like the pair of big children they were.

'After that, I really must remove myself from the neighbourhood of such ghoulish people. I've *trente-six mille* letters to write, and so I'll leave you two babies to your quarrels; for, in spite of your indecent approval of his sepulchral jokes, Tommie, I see that Mr Boulton still means picking that bone with you.'

'Poor darling!' cried the girl as her chaperon moved towards the door. 'Of course, after cold meat we always pick the bone. Run away from the nasty people, then, and write your thirty-six thousand letters—meaning six, I suppose—and don't forget that the victoria comes round in an hour to take us to Clothaire's. And do try to be punctual for once in a while!'

'And now,' said the brown young man as the door closed behind the swishing Restall skirts, and his laughing eyes grew grave, 'I want to say something that you probably won't understand, Tommie, and which, I suppose, will make me appear quite mad in your eyes. As for the bone, we will consider it picked. I quite understand how it was that I didn't see you last night, and so couldn't ask you a very important question—a question of life and death to me.'

'It 's coming!' said Tommie to herself. 'I've heard that preamble before. Oh dear me, I wish I knew! Is it me or my money he 's in love with?'

'You must have seen for ever so long,' he went on, 'how awfully fond I am of you, Tommie dear; and last night I had resolved to put my fortune to the test and ask you. Well—er—er—now I 'm blest if I can do it!'

'What 's come to the boy?' thought the amazed Tommie. 'Was there ever such a thing as this? He implies in so many words that he loved me, and wanted to marry me, last night, and then comes here and stutters out that to-day he 's changed his mind! Why say anything at all about it, then? Is the boy quite cracked, or has the Aldershot sun been too much for his poor head?' But she quietly said—though her sinking heart told her that, now she had lost him, the man beside her was of a truth the only one in the world for her—'Please don't distress yourself, Mr Boulton. I won't pretend not to understand you. That 's not my way, you know. What has happened to you since last night, or why you wanted to tell me all this, doesn't really interest me in the least. Perhaps the Oban fizz was responsible for your very kind intention towards me yesterday. Anyhow, you would have been disappointed had you met me and succeeded in carrying out your benevolent ideas. We are good chums, aren't we? And that 's what we will remain, if you please; so never attempt to spoil it, Paul, my dear boy;' and she patted his arm with a frankly sisterly, not to say patronising, air. 'There, now,' she continued, smiling on the mortified lover in the most friendly way, 'I 'm sure you feel better after your quite unnecessary confession; so I 'll run away too, for I also have letters to write. You can find your own way out, can't you? Bye-bye! Sure to see you again soon, somewhere or other;' and an outwardly very cool and self-possessed, but inwardly stormy, young woman rose swiftly from her seat and swept gracefully towards the door.

But this was quite too much for Paul. Springing to his feet with a cry of 'Oh, I say, Tommie, don't go; wait till I tell you more about it! It was something that ass Granville said in the club this afternoon that—— Oh, I say, Tommie, do stop; you must listen! Oh, what rot!' as the lady, without taking the least notice of his words, passed through the door and closed it quietly behind her—if the truth must be told—within an inch of her distracted lover's somewhat Wellingtonian nose.

'And now, what 's to be done?' queried the discomfited warrior, as with a rueful countenance he pulled his neat little pointed moustache until he must have sensibly increased its length. 'I seem to have made a pretty large ass of myself. It 's all that brute Granville's fault. I've gone and done it now and no mistake, and completely settled my hash. And I know, too, in spite of what she said just now, that Tommie likes me better than the rest of the crowd. Why didn't I let things alone? I can't help her having tons of stuff, and God knows it was for her dear little self I wanted her. It 's foolishness, after all, having such old-fashioned pride. Who cares nowadays what people think or say about one? Oh my sacred aunt, what 's to be done now? The club, I suppose, and a drink and a think. That 's the ticket, clear thinking—like old Haldane and his Territorials! I 'm off.'

But thinking invoked by drinking is not usually a success; and the blighted Paul's case was no exception to the rule, for indeed there was little that was clear about it. Nor did any-

thing come of the attempt save a worse confusion of ideas, and so presently the futile effort to solve the difficulty was given up and relief sought for and found in the eminently peaceful columns of the *Pasture*. Here, under the heading of 'Angling News,' a glowing correspondent, over the signature of 'Veritas,' gave some very vivid particulars of a fishing expedition undertaken in the valleys of the Western Pyrenees, where the mountain streams rush down into the lowlands of the little-known Basque country, and where, according to the author, the merry trout were to be captured in their hundreds by any one equipped with more delicate tackle and lures than the coarse gut and crude bundles of feathers used by the local sportsmen.

Fired by this contributor's account of red-letter days spent amid glorious scenery, where the fisherman, his basket overflowing with spotted half-pounders, wended his homeward way to his picturesque inn to eat the eat and sleep the sleep of the just amid surroundings of the most scrupulous civility and cleanliness, &c.

Paul, who was an enthusiastic and not unskilful wielder of the rod, had suddenly a most magnificent inspiration. 'I'll do it!' he cried. 'I'll do it! I'll get leave; I know how to work that! The Colonel's wife, dear little soul, will do anything for me if I dance half the night with her at the assembly rooms to-morrow. And then, in the solitude of the boundless mountains, untrodden by Englishmen since the army of the great Wellington drove the Frenchmen over them, I'll get over my troubles in communing with the trout and nature; and—and—well, in plain English, I'll hook it, and see how I feel after a month's absence from my naughty Tommie's charms.'

Then he paid for his drinks, which, it will be judged, had been of a certain potency; cocked his well-ironed topper a shade, but only a shade, out of the perpendicular; and, full of dreams and noble resolves, swaggered for the second time out into Piccadilly, where we can now safely leave him.

The front door at the Grosvenor Square house had hardly banged five minutes behind the dismissed suitor when the overfed footman was again obliged to throw down his 'penny dreadful,' and once more sullenly crawl up the kitchen stairs, to answer the irritating electric bell, with the rude but truthful remark, ''Ere's another of them mashers, I'll bet!'

Lord Claud Daunte was a fine figure of a man, and he knew it. Anywhere between the thirties and forties, tall and spare of frame, swarthy as a gipsy, hair and eyes of a raven-black, in his dark-gray frock-coat, neat tie (the only bit of bright colour about him), and pale-lavender gloves, he looked the smart, well-born man of the world which *Debrett*, with admirable conciseness, set down that he was. He was remarkably popular with women, who, infallible concerning their own sex, are easily mistaken in the other. But men knew better. Though he went everywhere, was a good shot and horseman, and had done nothing as far as was actually known to account for it, men—with the exception of a certain rather fast set—fought more or less shy of him; and though he had hundreds of acquaintances, he possessed no real friends. He had once been in a crack cavalry regiment, but left heavily in debt; and how he managed to live now as he did, enjoying all the good things of life and going everywhere that the butterflies of fashion went, was one of those human puzzles so common in the London world. His father was notoriously as poor as a church mouse, and the source of Lord Claud's income was a mystery.

Tommie—that slightly self-willed, not to say obstinate, young person—had always been gracious towards this scion of nobility. Well aware of his unpopularity among the right sort of men, she had nevertheless allowed herself, in a spirit of contrariety, to show him more favour, dance oftener with him—nay, let it be honestly said, flirt more openly with him, not from any special pleasure in the process, but from the human and more particularly feminine trait of championing the under-dog — than any of her other admirers.

At Lady Oban's dance the previous night he had been extremely pressing in his attentions, and the girl had felt that if she had so wished, and given him an opportunity, she would certainly have had another scalp to hang on her already well-garnished belt.

She had, however, as she so well knew how, easily postponed the operation; but she now, as she swept downstairs again to the drawing-room to receive her new visitor, popped her head into her aunt's boudoir *en route*, and told her not to leave her letter-writing. For, still hot and angry with Paul, she was determined to let Lord Claud make his proposal if he had a mind to; it would be soothing to her feelings, she felt, though she had not the slightest intention of accepting the man.

As she expected, after the usual greetings had passed between them, Lord Claud commenced the attack, but with such a confident manner and assured air of success that the girl laughed softly to herself as she pictured the tumble he was presently going to take.

But when the crucial moment arrived, and he got his answer—a soft and gentle one, it is true, but final and decided nevertheless—he betrayed none of the feelings usually associated with the rejected lover, but smiled genially instead, and made the following curious and irrelevant remark: 'Do you know, Tommie,' he said, 'some quite too delightful love-letters from a girl who was at school at Hastings years ago came in an unexpected manner into my hands

the other day. They were written to a valet who called himself Captain Cyril Vere, a sort of second Koepenick captain masquerading as a gentleman down there. They are quite the funniest things I have ever read. I 'll show them to you before any one else, so that you may have the first laugh. They will amuse you most awfully.'

The girl sprang to her feet with a low cry of horror. The blood left her cheeks and then flew back again in a crimson wave. She faced the still smiling man with blazing eyes and clenched hands. 'You would betray a girl's secrets like that, my lord?' she cried in fine scorn. 'Ah, now I know why decent men avoid you, and whence comes the money that enables you to live as you do without any visible means of income! You are a cad, Lord Claud Daunte, and, what is worse, a cowardly blackmailer!'

Lord Claud gazed at her with an air of the greatest astonishment. 'Are you mad, Tommie?' he asked. 'What on earth do you mean? Cad—blackmailer—because I happen to have a few schoolgirl-letters which I was going to show you to make you laugh! Come, come; that is taking the matter in quite the wrong light! But if you really mean that you take an interest in the things—or maybe you know the writer, eh?—why, I 'll give them to you the day you tell me you will marry me, and you can send them back to their fair, if foolish, owner. A valet! Fancy, it seems almost a pity to deprive town of such a capital joke, though, doesn't it?'

Tommie sat down suddenly; the cold-blooded fiendishness of this man's behaviour appalled her. Well she understood him! The letters he alluded to so lightly were her own! She had been the amorous schoolgirl, their author. Her mind flew back to the time when, at Hastings, years before—how old was she? Sixteen perhaps—she had embarked upon her first love-affair, a harmless, if surreptitious, thing with the dashing Captain Vere. Yes, she had written to him shoals of silly letters, though she could not remember much about their contents. But they were doubtless lovelorn enough to provide material for an immense amount of ridicule at her expense should they ever get whispered about, and ridicule was a thing she could not stand. It was all very well to say that Daunte could not make them known without utterly damning himself in the eyes of everybody. She felt sure that he was capable of doing it, and yet finding a method of avoiding his name coming out in connection with them; he was as clever as he was unscrupulous. Her heart sank as she thought of the grins and nudges that would greet her appearance in society should the story of her valet, her Koepenick captain—that name would just give the necessary neat handle to the anecdote—get about. She must find some way out of it. Why not marry the man and lead him a life that would amply revenge her? No, she could not do that; there was Paul!—Paul, the quixotic donkey who had insulted her that very afternoon! Her blood boiled up afresh at the recollection of that painful interview. What a bad time she was having, to be sure! She might perhaps, if she kept cool, gain time. Time was everything. She might think out something, or something might turn up, to save her. She would be diplomatic and keep the man at bay for the present.

She looked steadily at her persecutor. 'Forgive me, Lord Claud,' she said; 'I lost my head for a moment. The name Cyril Vere told me at once that the matter you spoke of concerned a very dear friend of mine who—er—who was at school with me, and I was alarmed and indignant for her sake. I would do much for her, even to the extent of agreeing to your proposals; but I cannot be sure of my feelings just yet. Ask me again at the end of the summer. I shall know then if I can like you—I do not say love you—sufficiently to be your wife. Yes, that is how it must be for the present, Lord Claud. Please say nothing to anybody about anything just yet, and in two months' time come to me again and you shall have a final answer.'

Daunte was a wily man. He knew—none better—when to be hard and when not to unduly press a victory; for it was a victory, he felt sure, that he had thus ingloriously gained. So, inwardly exultant, though outwardly discreetly grave, he took poor Tommie's hand, bowed low over it, lightly brushing it with his lips, and murmuring softly but very distinctly, 'So be it, lady fair. I accept my fate. For a couple of months you shall see nothing whatever of me; and then, when I come to you again, I pray that you will make me the happiest man on earth,' he quietly left the room and the house.

But once in the friendly shelter of a cab and free from window observation, he gave full vent to his feelings. 'Got her, by Jupiter!' he cried; 'yes, her and her money. A blackguardly trick, some thin-skinned fools would call it; but all 's fair in love or war. And I really am rather fond of her in a way, though there will be a bit of a rumpus, I expect, in another quarter when my engagement gets about. But money can do anything. Ah! that 's the real magic nowadays, and once the knot is tied I shall have heaps of that to smooth away all troubles. How lucky it was that I took that fellow Soames into my service—I beg his pardon, Captain Cyril Vere! Fancy coming across such a lever as those letters by chance like that—poor, harmless little schoolgirl-letters as they are, too!—practically worth nothing to anybody else, yet to me full value, as it has turned out, for the fifty pounds

I gave for them—the exorbitant ruffian! But Master Soames must be out of the country before my engagement is known. Although his little game with the fond schoolgirl has turned out trumps for me, he might just have kept a letter or two back—who knows?—and I have no intention of allowing Lady Claud Daunte to be blackmailed. Ha, ha, ha! She won't be in a hurry to tell anybody, so that I'll make my plans directly; and then when she says "Yes," I'll have everything ready to start Soames off to America at once. Two months is not long, and I was right to give in to her. Of course she hopes that something will turn up to checkmake me. But I can't see what there is to fear. I have the letters; and, by Gad! I'd use 'em, too, and laugh her out of England. She knows that well enough, and will go through with it, never fear. Her fortune is absolutely safe, all invested in gilt-edged securities; she's no Yankee heiress with her money at the mercy of Wall Street. And it will be mine in six months; not a day longer will I give her. Yes, my haughty young Tommie, I think you've met your master! Good business!'

Yet had Lord Claud been able to foresee what the result of thirty shillings' worth of angling literature, contributed by a total stranger to him and his affairs to the columns of a sixpenny weekly paper, would be to him and his nefarious schemes, he would hardly have been so complacent.

But Providence has wonderful means of settling matters as it desires in spite of all our clever attempts to arrange them in our own good or bad fashion, and in this instance it simply sufficed to bring two men and the *Pasture* together and the trick was as good as done. Claud Daunte, like Paul Boulton, was a fisherman, and the haverings of 'Veritas' caught his eye. The man's picturesque description of scenery and sport in the Pyrenees also caught his fancy, and a trip to this angler's paradise appeared exactly to fall in with his plans. He had promised Tommie that she should see nothing of him for two months; and he had an idea that it would look well, and perhaps favourably impress the girl, if he left the country and freed her from any chance of meeting him for the greater part of that time. He looked forward to a comfortable future without too much friction, and hoped that, once married, Tommie would forget, or at all events forgive, the means he had used to get her. He believed, in his vanity, that she really liked him better than anybody else, and meant to turn this into real affection in course of time. He knew nothing of her love for Paul. How could he? There were so many flies buzzing round the golden honey-pot, and none seemed so favoured as himself.

Now 'Veritas' had given the little town of Tardets on the Saisons river, in the Basque provinces of the Basses Pyrénées, as a good centre at which to stay, also mentioning the most comfortable and moderate inn out of the three the place supported.

Here, then, at the Hôtel Soulé, arrived late one glowing afternoon, when the setting sun was flooding the mountain-tops with crimson and gold, his lordship—rods, baggage, and all—to encounter just coming out of the door, armed with rod and flies for the negotiation of the evening rise, no less a person than his friend—Paul would have repudiated the term, but we use it for want of a better—and now no-longer-to-be-feared rival, Paul Boulton.

They met as is the fashion of Englishmen.

'Hallo!' said Daunte.

'H'are you?' said Boulton.

'Fishin' any good?' said Daunte.

'Rotten!' said Boulton, and went his way.

And this, alas! was true.

Encircling them, the glorious mountains—rearing their chestnut-clothed slopes to the skies, while farther back the higher peaks, naked and scarred, thrust upwards, deep into the fleecy clouds—were there in all their majesty, as faithfully described by 'Veritas.' Beside them, the rushing river—in appearance an ideal trout-stream, brawling noisily from a narrow gorge to spread out in the wider part of the valley into gliding reaches and sunny shallows, with here and there deep, rock-bound pools that should afford sanctuary to aldermanic fish, the cozening of which with the most ethereal of floating flies would be indeed a joy—was there, as more or less honestly portrayed by the scribe; but where were the denizens of these limpid waters? Where were the pounders and half-pounders, laden with which—again according to 'Veritas'—would the merest tyro in the gentle art nightly stagger joyfully home, provided that his tackle was fine and had been bought (address mentioned) at the shop enjoying the author's patronage?

They existed only in that person's fertile imagination! What rivers, however trouty, designed by nature, could resist the treatment accorded to the waters of the Basque country? Netted by day and by night, the deeper pools (whose rocky bottoms render this impossible) treated to lime and other poisons (occasionally varied by dynamite), night-lines thickly fringing the banks whenever the water is coloured, and an utterly disregarded close season—what wonder, then, that it is only in the most inaccessible parts that the harassed fish can find a haven? Fishery-laws there are in France, and the Basque country is supposed to come under them; but they are entirely in abeyance as far as that part of the land is concerned, those charged with their enforcement carefully ignoring the poaching openly carried on under their very eyes. Kind friends see to it that their tables do not lack fish; and, drawing their pay regu-

[*Christmas Number.*

larly, they pass their lives peacefully in the cafés, far from the river-banks, and as long as they interfere with nobody, nobody interferes with them.

But if the fishing is a fraud, there are hundreds of miles of picturesque water in this land of rivers to be tried and explored for the trouble of it, for you fish where you will in the Pyrenees. Delightful little-known valleys abound, each with its stream, and its old-world villages buried away, where the stranger is comparatively unknown, and, when he does appear, a person to be entertained with the best—provided, of course, that he behaves as a gentleman, for the Basques are an ancient and proud race.

Within twenty-four hours of London, yet, for the major part, with their simplicity still unspoilt (though the auto-car will soon abolish that), these grand mountains, full of historic interest to the soldier, who can still discover the old redoubts of the Peninsular war, afford a delightful summer jaunt; and both Boulton and Daunte, though they cursed 'Veritas' with fervour in the beginning, began to look upon his fairy tale with more lenient eyes after they had been a few days in his mendacious fishing-paradise.

They saw little of each other. Out all day, they met only at the evening meal, which they took together in the dining-room of the inn. They were on guardedly friendly terms: for though each believed the other to be an admirer of the heiress, they were also aware that they were but two of a crowd, and neither knew the extent to which the other's devotion had been carried. Hence they spent their evenings peacefully enough over their pipes and coffee, sitting outside on the pavement in front of the old nail-studded oak door, too tired to talk much, and watching the great droves of belled sheep and cattle as they went tinkling past in the white moonlight on their night-marches from the hot and thirsty plains to the cool, green pasturage of the higher mountains, where they were destined to pass the summer.

One day, far up at the head of a small and narrow valley, a branch of the main one down which the big river ran, Paul Boulton was overtaken by one of those tremendous thunder-storms which during the hot months cruise about the peaks, bringing much-needed rain and relief to those lofty regions, and tantalising by their close proximity the sweltering plains below, which they threaten but seldom bless with the longed-for moisture pent in their dusky bosoms. Drenched to the skin, and almost blinded by the continuous lightning which darted about from point to point in flaming ribbons, he was glad to shelter in a small farm-house which he happily stumbled upon, perched high on the mountain-side. Here he was most hospitably welcomed by the Basque owner and his wife, the former a stalwart, clean-shaven fellow, whose red-gold hair and bright-blue eyes struck a strange and unaccountable note where raven locks and swarthy skins were the almost universal rule. In spite of Paul's protests—who, like all his kind, hated a fuss—nothing would content this worthy pair but that the slumbering logs in the huge open kitchen hearth should be blown up by the asthmatic and complaining bellows into crackling, ruddy life, and his wringing coat and flannel shirt put in front of them to dry, while the man's best Sunday garment should be brought from its workaday repose to cover his guest's naked shoulders.

Now, Paul, when he first joined his distinguished regiment, had allowed—in all the youthful pride of the newly made subaltern—a soldier-artist in indigo and needles to tattoo, with more or less skill, the regimental number and crest on his forearm; and the blue device, visible as he shed his wet shirt, caught his host's curious eye.

The effect was remarkable. Rushing up, he seized unceremoniously upon the Englishman's wrist, and gazed earnestly at the strange sight, shouting excitedly the while to his wife (who had withdrawn to the inner room) in their weird but not unlovely Souletin tongue.

'Gently—gently, my friend!' quoth Paul in French, which he spoke fluently. 'When you have quite done with that arm, which happens to belong to me, perhaps you will let me complete the process of extricating my head from this wet rag? Ah, that's better! And now, might I ask what the devil is the matter with you, and why does the sight of this little ornamentation appear to have driven you slightly *toc-toc?*'

'A thousand pardons!' cried the farmer, still trembling with suppressed emotion. 'You must truly wonder at my want of manners! But wait—ah yes, wait a moment until my wife brings the box, and then you will be more astonished than ever, and will comprehend why it is that the sudden sight of that picture on your arm caused me so much excitement. But here comes the wife; I hear her dragging it,' he continued, rushing to the door which evidently led into the bedroom and throwing it open. '*Vous voilà, Marie;*' and there appeared the woman, backing slowly into the kitchen, painfully pulling after her over the black oaken floor a long but narrow box, which she deposited with a grunt of satisfaction at the feet of the wondering Paul. Then, to the accompaniment of a stream of unintelligible words, the key was produced and fitted into the common lock, the lid jerked back, and a large piece of old sheeting having been raised, there underneath, to Paul's immense amazement, was disclosed (shako, sword, cross-belts, and all) the faded, war-worn uniform of an officer in his own regiment of at least a hundred years ago!

There was not a shadow of doubt about it: the plates on the cross-belts and the clasp of the sword-belt bore the very crest and number, the reproduction of which on Paul's arm had first attracted his host's attention.

'Good heavens!' muttered the Englishman. 'A relic of the Peninsular war! This man's ancestors must have stripped some poor devil's body and kept his kit in the family for some unknown reason.—How did you get these things, sir?' he asked a shade sternly, the sight of this honoured old uniform in the hands of the hereditary enemy calling up vague pictures of battlefield ghouls, sharp knives, and wounded men, in spite of White Cities and *ententes cordiales;* but he was hardly prepared for the answer, which came clean, sharp, and to the point.

'He was my grandfather, sir,' said the Basque, 'and these were the clothes he came to us in.'

'But, good gracious, man, he must have been an Englishman—and an officer, too! How could he be your grandfather? Tell me all you can about him!'

'But certainly, sir, with pleasure, if you will sit down. It is little enough; perhaps you who carry the same marks can tell us more. An officer, say you? *Tiens, tiens! c'est bien drôle!* We did not know—how could we?—and he never said so. We thought him a simple soldier, or a sergeant at most; and, begging your pardon, he was not an Englishman, but of a neighbouring country and of our own religion—an Irelandais, he said he was, and no friend of the perfidious English, though he fought for them. He was a mercenary—as are all your soldiers, so I have heard.'

'Umph!' snorted Paul, reddening. 'Never mind about that; you 've heard wrong, though it would take too long to explain to you now. Get along with your story, please, and begin at the beginning.'

'*Pardon, monsieur,*' said the Basque politely and with the true mountaineer's courtesy; 'no offence. It's quite simple. There had been much fighting among the valleys round about here, and my great-grandfather had been out at night with his wife looking for anything useful that might have been—er—thrown away. They found this Irishman in a bush-covered hollow; he was badly wounded and quite unconscious. See, the old blood-stains are still on his coat! He had red hair and blue eyes, like mine—then an unknown colour in this country, but not so since, I am told; and this so interested my great-grandmother that she persuaded her husband to help her to carry him home here. They managed this successfully together, and cared for this strange guest as well as they could, treating his hurt, after our mountain fashion, with herbs and poultices; and by-and-by he got quite well, except that his memory at times was not very clear. My grandmother, the only child of the home, was, I believe, a very pretty girl. Anyhow, she and the Irishman fell in love with each other; and he being, as I said, of our faith, there was no difficulty. He also had a belt full of English gold, excellent stuff, round his waist when they found him. What an honest couple—*hein, monsieur?* And the long and the short of it was that he stayed here and got married, and the money was very useful. He remembered little of the past, except that he was weary of war, he said; and when the old people died and the farm came to my grandmother, they worked it very well together. They had but one child, a son, who was my father, and that is all I know. Nobody ever came to look for him, and he said he never wanted to go away any more. And when he died my father buried him at Lacarry, where all of us lie; though I think his grave must have been used again by this time, for I have not noticed his cross for many years. Now it is my turn. Tell me, please, sir, why you bear the same marks on your arm as are on the belts of my grandfather.'

'Because I am an officer in the same regiment as was your grandfather,' answered Paul, 'and when I return to it—I am on leave now—I will search in the records and see what I can find out about him; there surely will be something. But what is your name? Of course it will be the same as his?'

'Well, I suppose so,' laughed the farmer gaily. 'Arismendi it is—a good old Basque name.'

'Arismendi?' pondered Paul. 'That can't be so. At least,' he added hastily, 'I mean, it couldn't have been your grandfather's real name; he probably didn't remember it. A bother that! Still, a missing officer, given his regiment and the neighbourhood of the fight, shouldn't be an impossible thing to trace, though what good it will do after all I really don't quite see.'

'Ah, well, monsieur, as you will! It has been a great pleasure to talk to you and learn that my grandfather was an officer of that fine army that would have conquered any but the soldiers of Napoleon. Oh yes, I have been to school and learnt history.'

Paul smiled, but said nothing. He had once seen an officially approved school text-book in which was given a table of navies of the world, in order of size, and France headed the list. England was only mentioned in a microscopic footnote, stating, 'This table does not include Angleterre;' and he quite understood how history might be taught after the same rather puerile fashion.

But his coat was now almost dry, and the storm had gone on its noisy way; and so, with repeated handshakes, and minus the contents of his cigar-case, which was all he felt he dared

[*Christmas Number.*

offer the farmer for his hospitality, he found his way back to his inn in time for a late but, as usual, excellent meal; afterwards, over his pipe, recounting his day's adventures to a rather sleepy fellow-lodger.

It did not appear to interest Lord Claud to any great degree. He said little, except to ask one or two questions, one of which was, Had Paul carefully gone through the contents of the box? The answer that he had not disturbed the things except to look at the badges seemed to satisfy his listener's languid curiosity, and presently the latter said good-night and slowly went off to his room.

They had been sitting, as usual, outside in the dark; but had Paul been able to see the eager interest in his companion's eyes as he listened to the story of his day's doings he (Paul) would not have remarked to himself, as he too shortly afterwards sought his bed, 'Silly sort of chap, Daunte; didn't take the slightest interest in this discovery of mine. If it had been a pretty girl, now, it would have been quite another kettle of fish, I 'll be bound.'

But no sooner had Lord Claud reached the seclusion of his bedroom than his indifferent manner completely vanished.

'By Jingo!' he cried, uttering his thoughts aloud and pacing up and down the polished floor, as was his habit when under the influence of strong excitement; 'and he never saw it! Arismendi? Why, it 's as plain as a pikestaff! Mendi means "of the Mountain" in Basque; I remember that quite well among the other items of information our garrulous host showered on our devoted heads the other evening. Mendibista, view of the mountain; Mendiarris or Arismendi—it doesn't matter which—Arris of the Mountain or Harris of the Mountain. Perhaps that ass Boulton doesn't know that Tommie's great-uncle, from whom the family dollars came, was the lieutenant who was in his regiment in the Peninsular days, and was reported missing after one of the numerous affairs towards the end of the war, leaving no kith or kin but a brother, her grandfather. His death was allowed to be presumed after a long interval, and thus the money came down to her eventually. I took very good care to find out all about it before going in for the heiress, for in these matters one can't be too careful; and now here 's a direct descendant of the missing man turned up in this Basque boor, I 'll bet a hundred! I must investigate myself and see if I can't find some more certain proofs than the man's story; though I fear it 's right enough. They should not be difficult to suppress, if I do. I suppose any papers, even the kit itself, could be bought if necessary. Tommie must never get an inkling of this affair, that 's clear, for she 'd give up her fortune like a shot if I know anything of her quixotic temperament; and, nice little girl as she is, without her money she would be no sort of a wife for your humble servant.

'Let me see, now,' he went on reflectively. 'I must find out to-morrow exactly whereabouts this devil of a farm lies, and go up there on the quiet and make a thorough examination of that box. I don't suppose that oaf downstairs will bother much about it when he gets to England; something else will have filled his fat head by then. But even if he does discover in the regimental records that there was a Lieutenant Harris in the corps during the war, it 's a hundred to one that he will be put down as killed and not missing. I know the slack way these precious documents are kept, and I 'll be bound my lad won't connect the ancient lieutenant with Arismendi or our fair Tommie. No, I think it 's safe enough; and if once I put my fingers upon any proofs of identity that may exist, we may take it for granted that this worthy Basque will remain as he is—not have his simple life ruined by a sudden access to wealth. Ha, ha! Besides, what business have outsiders with these things? It would be a cursed shame, even were she not going to be Lady Claud, to upset our Tommie's apple-cart and hand over her money to a savage who would probably drink himself to death in a year. "Where ignorance is bliss," &c., applies here, if anywhere; and so we 'll let this Basque descendant of the Harrises stew in his own juice.'

. . . . . .

It was market-day in Tardets, the bi-weekly and eagerly anticipated occasion when the simple mountain-folk, forsaking their ungetatable farmsteads at dawn, slowly descended from east and west and south into the main valley, by breakneck and perilous paths, to forgather on the crowded 'Place' for drink and gossip.

The men walked, usually driving before them an antiquated and meagre cow or a couple of complaining pigs, ostensibly for sale, but of a truth only to serve as a pretext for their owners to take a holiday. These useful, if fearsome, animals seldom changed hands; they spent that part of the long day unoccupied by their toilsome travels in blissful repose under the friendly plane-trees the while their noble masters smoked, drank, and argued in the cafés, which are more numerous in French villages than are even the public-houses in ours. At the end of the day, somewhere about five o'clock, these patient quadrupeds, well knowing their business, would start upon their return journey, and, carefully leading their by this time yawning proprietors, would at some hour during the night safely gain the haven of their untidy homes.

The women generally rode on donkeys or mules—many on high and clumsy pack-saddles, some astride. They represented the real business part of the expedition, and each bore on her lap or suspended beside her mount baskets

of eggs, consumptive-looking vegetables of the commonest sort, and—this, alas! invariably—bunches of skinny, woebegone fowls, hanging head downwards, their beaks agape, and with their wretched legs so tightly tied together with cruelly thin string or yarn that their swollen feet looked like so many unwholesome puff-balls. Happily their martyrdom was confined to the single journey. Chickens were always marketable goods; and though the haggling housewives who bought them with so much violent gesticulation would throw them down, still tied, in the corner of the kitchen or scullery, and leave them thus for the night, at all events their weight did not hang from their ankles any more, and the next day would surely see them fulfilling their appointed destiny of still further increasing the barrel-like proportions of monsieur the precepteur, the brigadier of gendarmerie, or some other equally well-to-do functionary.

It was on such a day as this, about a week after his discovery of the old uniform, that Paul, wandering about the crowd, snap-shotting such figures as took his fancy, encountered his friend Arismendi. He took his photograph, and a glass of sour wine with him, for the red-headed man would not be denied; and it was as they stood chatting outside the café that he was considerably astonished by the Basque remarking, 'Your friend was cleverer than you, monsieur, for he found a paper in my grandfather's red coat, sewn inside the lining. He said it was written in English, and was an account of some of the battles, which, however interesting, was of no value except to a writer of military history, which was what he happened to be himself. Of course, that being so, I would have gladly given it to him for nothing; but as he offered me twenty francs for it, why, I took it. Business is business, you know, and a louis d'or is not to be had for nothing every day.'

Paul stared. 'You must be mistaken,' he said. 'I haven't any friend here—at least, not now,' he corrected as he remembered Daunte. 'There was another Englishman staying at the inn, but he has been gone some time now. When was it he came up to you, and what was he like?'

'Two days only after you, monsieur,' replied the farmer; 'and as to describing him, all I remember was that'—— And then he proceeded to give a somewhat fanciful sketch of his visitor, but one quite accurate enough to enable Paul to recognise it as being meant for Lord Claud Daunte.

'Yes,' he said reflectively; 'that, no doubt, was the gentleman at the inn. But it was strange that he made no mention to me of having gone to see you! I dare say the paper wasn't of sufficient interest for him to speak about. I shall likely be your way again before I go; and if I do I'll look you up. Just now I must be off—no, not another drop, thank you. *Au revoir.*' And pushing through the noisy throng, Boulton slowly made his way back to his quarters.

'Most odd!' he mused. 'There must have been something more in that business than I have yet grasped. Daunte is not the sort of chap to be writing military history. Good Lord, what a liar! And then there is a secretiveness about this visit to Arismendi's farm, and the finding and taking a paper,—ay, and, by Jove! his sudden resolve to go home—the next day, it would be, though he told me he meant to stay on another couple of weeks—that is distinctly fishy. And yet I suppose that it is, after all, no business of mine, except that this mysterious old officer certainly belonged to my regiment. I wish now that I had gone through his kit at the time. Stupid of me, but I never dreamed of hidden papers; I thought, naturally enough, that the farmer would have known of anything of that sort, and shown it to me. Well, well, I'll go and have another look; there may be something yet to see—something that may give me a clue to Master Daunte's little game, for that he has a little game I am pretty well morally certain.'

True to his resolve, he went a couple of days later to the secluded farm once more, and this time he carefully examined the contents of the box. But nothing rewarded his efforts, and he was about to make his farewell—not, it must be confessed, particularly disappointed, for, except for a certain curiosity, he felt no especial interest in the case—when his host's wife, who up to then had remained a stolid and passing spectator of his search, quietly remarked, 'There is some writing on the sword, I remember, if monsieur could pull it out and look.'

Paul obeyed, though with difficulty, the old blade sticking hard in the scabbard. But hardly had he drawn it a few inches when he uttered a hastily suppressed exclamation of astonishment, for there, close to the hilt, staring at him in tarnished damascened letters of gold, was not only the maker's name, but 'E. A. Harris, 52nd L.I., Hexford Manor, Oxon.,' together with a crest—a mailed hand, on which was perched a falcon.

And no wonder that Paul could hardly credit the evidence of his eyes; for here, in a remote gorge in the Pyrenees, he saw before him the name, country address, and family crest of the girl he loved, and had, he thought, lost, in far-away London town!

His first impulse was to blurt out his discovery, his second to be silent; and when Arismendi's voice broke upon his ears with the question, 'Well, monsieur, does that tell you anything?' he had managed to collect his scattered thoughts.

'Yes; the name of the maker of the sword,' he answered quietly. 'It is not much; but it may help me to identify who exactly was your grandfather, if the shop is still in existence. But keep everything just as it is now,' he continued; 'and, above all, do not allow a soul to examine the contents of this box until you hear from me, which will be when I have had time to make the proper inquiries. And mind you don't allow that gentleman who took away the paper, should he come here again, to know anything about the maker's name on the sword. If he should bother you, keep him at arm's-length; tell him nothing; keep the box hidden. All this you must do, because'—as an afterthought struck him—'there may be money for you if you do as I tell you. I don't know yet; but I do know if this gentleman comes again it will be to cheat you out of it, so look out.'

'A nice character I have given friend Daunte,' he said to himself as he descended the steep path a few minutes later; 'and for no reason, I am afraid, except innate distrust of the fellow. Well, I can have done no harm. I must get back to England, though, at once and see into this business. It's an ancestor of Tommie's, that's certain; but who it was and how this will affect her, if at all, I haven't the least idea. But there is something very serious in it, I fear. Daunte's secrecy about his visit up here, and his taking that paper and subsequent bolt for home, mean something; and that something I'm going to ferret out and put a stop to, if necessary, for Tommie's sake. Who knows what mischief a man like that may not be contemplating?'

. . . . . .

'Ah, my dear Mr Boulton, where have you been hiding yourself all this time?' exclaimed Mrs Restall as she shook Paul cordially by the hand and made room for him beside her on the sofa in the Grosvenor Square snuggery where we first made her acquaintance in the opening portion of this story. 'Tommie isn't in. She 'll be so dreadfully sorry to have missed you; she won't be back till just before dinner. But now that you have found your way here again, perhaps you 'll deign to honour us with a little more of your company. You may cheer her up a bit, for I don't know what has come to the child lately; she 's as moppy as a sick crow,' she rattled on. 'You really must not neglect your old friends in this way! We heard that you had gone on leave. How you managed it at this time of year is a mystery. But now that you are back again you must tell us why you ran away in the middle of the London season, and carry a face—my dear young friend, if I may say so—as long as an undertaker's.'

'So 'd you if you were as worried as I am,' quoth Paul gloomily. 'Look here, Mrs Restall: you are such a good sort, and have always been so friendly towards me, that I am going to tell you what 's the matter, and ask you to give me your advice and tell me frankly what you think I ought to do. But you will treat everything I say in confidence, won't you, please?' he added hastily.

Mrs Restall considered him a moment in silence and then shook her head. 'Paul Boulton,' she said solemnly, 'I may or may not guess what ails you; I fancy I do, for I have not been blind these last months, and I am quite ready to hear your woes. But only on one condition; and that is, that you must have perfect confidence in my discretion, and allow me to be the best judge whether I shall tell anybody all or any part of what I hear from you. I positively refuse to be bound down to a silence which I may find, after hearing your story, most regrettable to have to keep. I am old enough to be your mother, dear boy,' she went on sweetly and gravely. 'Come, treat me as you would have treated her had she been alive; she was one of my dearest friends. And if you can't do that, then let us say nothing more about it, and we will talk about other things.'

Paul hesitated. Not on account of his love-affairs—these, he felt convinced, would find a sympathetic ally in Tommie's aunt; but had he any right to speak about the other thing? He was torn by conflicting emotions. When he thought of the heiress, perhaps no longer such—for he had without difficulty discovered that the Lieutenant E. A. Harris, formerly of his regiment and of Hexford Manor, Oxfordshire, whose death intestate at the close of the Peninsular war had been taken for granted, had been Tommie's great-uncle, whose wealth she now enjoyed—his heart leapt for joy. If the Basque's story were true—and the fellow's appearance alone almost confirmed it—he was the real heir to the money, which consequently no longer would stand in the path of his wooing. But could he honourably bring this, to him, desirable change about? It was all a dreadful tangle; but surely this kindly woman of the world, his mother's old friend, was the proper person to unravel it. And, besides, there was Daunte to be considered. Whatever he, Paul, might do, this doubtful scion of a noble house might undo; for that he scented a mystery—if, indeed, he had not already solved it with the aid of the filched paper—was certain. Yes, that decided it: Mrs Restall was the proper person to confide in without reserve. She should tell him what she considered the proper course to pursue, and share his responsibility.

Tommie's aunt listened at first with a pleasant sort of maternal air, as if she knew exactly what was coming and the remedy she was prepared to suggest. But as Paul's tale progressed her demeanour became grave and concerned

in the extreme, and when he had finished she gazed at him in blank astonishment.

'Incredible! Impossible! I cannot believe it!' she exclaimed. 'Of course we must have legal proof of the marriage before we can do anything. And then, why, we must tell Tommie, I suppose; there can be no question about that, I fear. And everything being clear and above-board, there is no doubt what she will do, I know. But do not distress yourself, dear lad; she will not be penniless though all this luxury must go. She will still have quite a respectable little income inherited from her mother, which nobody can touch — about seven hundred a year or so. I am betraying no confidences when I tell you that I am sure she is fond of you. And your quixotic ideas will not shy at her having this small fortune, I dare say; and when she is no longer the rich Miss Harris, perhaps you will both behave like sensible people.'

'Oh, you are a brick!' cried Paul. 'I've got a little too—about three hundred a year—and, by Jove! I'll ask her to-morrow. We shall do on a thousand, and no darned idiots like Granville & Company can possibly call me a fortune-hunter then.'

'Steady, steady, young man!' laughed Mrs Restall. 'Aren't you going ahead a bit too fast? We must not be in too great a hurry to conclude that this misfortune—for, in spite of you, I cannot regard it otherwise—is really a *fait accompli*. There is much to be done before I shall be really convinced that Tommie's money has to leave her. Come, to business. I will get ready at once, and we will go together, if you are free, to my own lawyer—a clever, discreet man — and instruct him to look into this matter, and send out a confidential clerk to — what do you call this out-of-the-way place—Tardets?—and examine all the marriage-registers round about—for I suppose they do have such things in France, don't they?—without this Basque person knowing anything about it.'

'Yes, I expect they have books and things like that in the churches and *mairies*,' answered Paul; 'but goodness knows what may have happened to them — the old ones, I mean—during the stormy times at the end of the war.'

But his fears were unfounded. Wellington enforced a severe discipline; and the agent, sent out within twenty-four hours of Mrs Restall's visit to her man of law, had no difficulty in finding proofs of the marriage he sought both in church and *mairie*, and he soon returned with properly attested evidence that left no doubt that Jean-Pierre Arismendi, of the Basteretche Farm, perched high up in the recesses of the Amphoura valley, by Tardets-Sorholus, in the department of the Basses Pyrénées, France, was the rightful owner of the Harris thousands.

Then, with much misgiving, Mrs Restall told Tommie; and, as she had quite expected, the girl, though her astonishment and momentary dismay were intense, did not hesitate to declare her intention of putting the right person in possession of his own with the least possible delay. Yet that delay must include, she positively maintained, a period of at least three weeks, during which the secret of the discovery must be kept — not a step taken, not a hint allowed to leak out.

She would give no reason for this to her aunt, nor would she give the ardent lover Paul an answer to the question he hastened to ask her the moment it was certain that she was no longer a great heiress. She did let him know, however, in her usual frank way, that she had forgiven him his extraordinary behaviour the day after Lady Oban's dance, and was not indifferent to his affection. But she resolutely refused to say more for the present, telling him that for the next couple of months or so she must remain a perfectly free agent.

Both Paul and Mrs Restall were much mystified by this queer condition, the latter, with true womanly want of reason, insisting on connecting her niece's behaviour with Lord Claud Daunte, though the lover laughed the idea to scorn.

'Dear lady,' he said, 'Tommie cares for me; of that I am cock-sure, and consequently Daunte won't have a look in. The man's away—has been for ever so long now, as you know. I met him in the mountains; and though I agree with you that he has probably found something in the paper he sneaked, and may be even now hatching some scheme or other, Tommie can't possibly know of anything of the kind. And besides, blackmail—— No, dash my buttons! the man's a gentleman after all, and, however mysteriously he may get his living, he couldn't be as bad as that. Besides, Tommie wouldn't listen to any idea of buying his silence about the new claimant even if Daunte had found out what we have; that we know'—he said 'we' already—'and ain't we going to hand over the dollars on our own virtuous initiative? No, my dear aunt-in-law-to-be, Daunte's not in this show.'

But to all of this Mrs Restall simply answered, 'You 'll see, Master Cocksure. I don't care in the least for all your fine reasons and arguments. Mark an old woman's words, Lord Claud is at the bottom of this waywardness of Tommie's. I can't explain why I think so, but I 'm certain I 'm right.'

. . . . . .

Meanwhile his lordship was lying quiet in the country, and keeping his promise not to come near what he now looked upon as his certain victim until the stipulated two months had expired. For he too, since his return to England, had not been idle, and had made certain

discoveries through the medium of a private-inquiry agent and the records in the mayor's office at Tardets.

The letter he had found had previously, too, put all doubts at rest; for it was a declaration in English, signed and dated by Lieutenant Harris of the 52nd Regiment of Light Infantry, to the effect that, tired of wars, wounds, and all the shams of society and wealth, he had married Marie Bertzacoitie of Basteretche Farm, &c., and intended to live and die where he was, and let the world and his brother consider him dead.

Secure in the possession of this dangerous document, the discovery of which by Boulton or any other meddler would have completely upset his designs upon the heiress, and convinced that, so far, his late fellow-fisherman had either taken no steps to unearth the fantastic Arismendi, formerly of the 52nd, or had been baffled at the very outset by the name, and had not persisted, Daunte, at the end of the two months, after announcing his intention by letter, made the momentous call at Grosvenor Square which he hoped would put him in the triumphant and envied position of the accepted suitor of a rich and beautiful girl.

His reception by his fair young hostess—whom he found all alone, smiling, and not looking in the least unhappy—created a most pleasant impression. If not exactly gushing, Tommie was completely gracious; and when, after tea and a general skimming of the topics of the hour, Lord Claud thought the moment had arrived to bring matters to a head, the schemer entered upon his task practically sure that his victory was already achieved.

'And now, Tommie,' he softly said, 'I have kept my word and not bothered you, as you asked; and I expect you to do the same, and tell me—er—let us speak plainly—is it to be peace or war?'

'Peace, of course, Lord Claud,' the girl answered brightly. 'I have thought the matter well out; and though I think you were rather horrid to me at our last interview, I know the saying about all being fair in love or war is generally accepted as true, and so I made all excuses for your love for me, which I believe is of that kind which will use any means to attain its end. So here is my answer: if you still want me, I'll marry you whenever you like.'

Lord Claud could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. No fuss, no appeals to his honour, a clear surrender to—he almost felt inclined to believe—not fear of the schoolgirl-letters, but his own fascinating self. Here, indeed, was an easy and triumphant ending to his schemes; here was the fortune, practically in his own hands, about which he had so often dreamed. He would destroy that old paper of Harris's to-night; it was better out of the way now that all was right. And, yes, by Jove! he'd clinch the affair now with Tommie by giving her the packet of rubbish which he had brought with him; for, once having taken back her letters, he knew the girl would not go back on her word.

So, with an excellent imitation of real passion, he caught her in his arms and kissed her, and then, with the best grace in the world, drew out his offering, and, pressing it into her hands, said smilingly, 'Now, darling, there is my part of the bargain. There are your sweet little love-letters, which, I need hardly say, now that you have given yourself to me, I never intended to use except as a means of trying to frighten you into leaving off flirting, and to induce you to settle down with the one of all your troop of adorers whom I knew you really loved after all.'

'Ah!' The girl clutched the precious packet with eager hand and blazing eyes. Then, seeming to remember herself, she dropped her heavily fringed lids, and, quietly rising from her seat, walked across the room to a large and handsome writing-table, where she placed the letters under the solid flap that covered the interior and its many drawers, snapping it down with a resounding click of the patent spring-lock. Then she returned to her accepted admirer, who had witnessed her act with an amused smile, two bright pink spots showing vividly on her pale cheeks, a prey to the liveliest fear, though outwardly calm and self-possessed.

Half her task was done, but it was the easier one. She had promised to marry a man she hated and despised, staking all her hopes of future happiness on the effect produced by her next words. Should her estimate of the coward before her, and his real reasons for wishing to make her his wife, be a wrong one, then indeed would her fate be a dark one.

'Lord Claud,' she said sweetly, looking shyly at her lover, 'I forgot to tell you there has happened something that will affect our fortunes rather, though we shall still have enough, with your income—which I know is not large, is it?—to live in some quiet little country town, perhaps in Ireland or abroad. It has just been discovered that my great-uncle, Ettrick Harris, who was supposed to have been killed in the Peninsular war, and whose money came to grandpapa, was'——

But Daunte, pale and trembling, sprang to his feet with a stifled cry of rage. 'Tricked, by heaven!' he hissed. 'I might have known it all along! Oh, fool that I was to trust your smooth tongue and lying lips! So that was the explanation of your unexpected sweetness, was it? Ah, you think that you will still become "my lady," don't you? A pretty little plan to foist your penniless self on to me and catch a title! But you need not congratulate yourself yet. I wouldn't have you as a gift, a pauper masquerading as a wealthy woman to get a

decent husband! I'll be even with you yet! I'll'——

'Don't you think you'd better go?' cut in Tommie, who, bursting with joy at the accuracy of her judgment and the success of her daring scheme to obtain her letters and her subsequent freedom, had risen during this tirade and stood calmly, her hand upon the bell.

The beaten schemer glared at the slim, white-robed figure that had so cleverly won the game; he could almost have found it in his heart to strangle her. Instead, with a curse, he strode to the door, passing out of it and her life at the same moment. Nor did he ever cross her path again. Afraid of the story of his discomfiture getting about, and ashamed to face the ridicule that would ensue, he decided to leave his country for another where his title and talents would be more appreciated. In America he throve exceedingly; and entering into politics as a naturalised citizen of the screaming eagle, he soon gained a position of the highest civic importance.

And so Tommie was free, and married the right man after all. She handed over her fortune to the lawful owner, who did not drink himself to death, as his lordship had so amiably prophesied, but became instead the owner of many farms in the rich Pyrenean valleys, mayor of Tardets, then deputy of his *département*, and finally, easily tracing his descent—money being as great a wizard in republican France as in monarchical England—from a noble family that flourished at the time of Charlemagne, blossomed into the Comte de Basteretche, with a château in the foothills and mansions at Pau and Biarritz.

And good fortune came also to the young couple he had dispossessed. An erratic and romantic old lady, learning of Tommie's straightforward and honourable dealings with her unknown Basque cousin, immediately made a will in her favour, a thing she was constantly doing to complete strangers who had done any action she admired. Luckily she took herself off to a better world before she could revoke her testament and make another for the benefit of the next person who caught her wayward fancy. The will held good, and the Boultons became extremely wealthy people; and if Lord Claud heard of it—and it was in all the newspapers—it must have given the finishing touch to his defeat.

. . . . . .

And the purple mountains still frown down upon the plains, and the bubbling river still winds down from the gorges to the sea. And 'Veritas,' the mendacious one, still from time to time contributes his fairy tales—unaware, doubtless, of the far-reaching effects which the perusal of one of them at least had upon the lives of many people.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We look up bravely at the lowering sky,
We turn our faces to the bitter blast,
We brace our nerves to leave the well-loved Past—
Where lie life's smiling lowlands—and we hie
Upward and onward. Never once a sigh
Passes our lips. For us the lot is cast;
We march along, undaunted, to the last.
God points the path; we climb it till we die!

Yet who amongst us, in some stilly night,
Creeps not away unto some spot where lean
The trees of dreamland—where the mystic light
Shines through the shimmering leaves on grasses green
That grow upon a grave, where, cold and white,
Lies buried deep our one, sweet Might-have-been?

KATE MELLERSH.

Four Hundred Years Ago.

By R. L. MACKIE.

HARDLY six weeks have passed since the news first came to St Andrews, yet in that time how much has happened! At times it seems only yesterday, at times it seems years ago, since I stood on the skirts of the crowd that circled the market-cross and saw the sun glitter on the tabards of the heralds. The trumpets rang out; then in clear, passionless tones the Marchmont Herald bade us know that it was the pleasure of our sovereign lord James the Fourth to lead an expedition into England, and that all his liege subjects who could bear arms were expected to assemble on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh before the seventeenth day of August. Another blast from the trumpets, and the crowd broke up into chattering groups.

We of the Cathedral clergy had expected the news for some time, for we had heard of the French queen's gift to King James, and we knew his chivalrous nature. The present hour seemed to smile upon us, for Henry of England was abroad, engaged in a desperate adventure, while Scotland had never before been so powerful or so ready to act as one man in the cause of her king. Yet a strange heaviness settled on my spirit as the blare of the trumpets died away; it seemed as if the light had gone from the sky, although the August sun still shone unclouded over my head. I turned suddenly and went along the narrow streets to the Cathedral. How peaceful and reassuring it seemed in its calm, austere beauty! There, in the silence of the nave, I knelt before a little altar and prayed that the hearts of our warriors might be pure and their arms strong in the day of battle. But though I felt stronger, the weight of fear still hung about me.

In the next ten days there was much riding of messengers to the scattered hamlets and castles in the outlying districts, much clanging of hammers on helmet and breastplate, much clattering of horse-hoofs and tread of armed men; while in the Castle lights burned all night, for our young Archbishop sat late at the council-board. He was to lead the St Andrews levies in person, being as much a knight as a priest—slow to hang back when danger threatened the realm. He had been made Archbishop at eighteen, while I, who counted sixty years to my life—forty-two of them spent in the service of the Church—remained a simple canon of the Cathedral. Yet I loved the boy for his pure, brave, open heart, and for that nameless Stuart grace of his; and it almost vexed me that he was going to venture his life in the press of armed men.

On Monday the 15th our little army had to set out for Edinburgh. On the Sunday Mass was said in the Cathedral, the Archbishop himself celebrating, while I was one of the assistants. A moving sight it was when one looked upon these kneeling figures, most of them already clad in their armour, and thought of the perils they had to brave before they could return! Yet as the sacred words fell on my ear, and the soft notes of the *Agnus Dei* thrilled out, death seemed indeed a little thing if one could meet it with a pure heart.

The service had ended and we were leaving the vestry, when I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I turned and found myself facing the Archbishop. 'Come to the Castle to-night after complines,' he said. 'I shall give orders to my guards, and they will admit you without any trouble. This may be my last night in St Andrews, and I must talk.' With these words he left me, and I noticed that his gait was heavy and his eyes sunken like the eyes of one who fasts or broods over a hidden care.

At ten o'clock I went to the Castle, and found the Archbishop in a little room on the northern side. He came up to me and gripped my hands; then he led me into the light and made me sit down. I waited for him to speak, but for five minutes the silence was unbroken.

'I am unwilling to speak,' he said at last, 'for my words will seem mere foolishness. I feel that all is not right with this expedition.'

He looked over to me; but I was silent, for his words echoed my own thoughts.

'You know,' he continued, 'I think that no cause which we Stuarts undertake will ever prosper. People smile at the name of my father the king, and think that he is the happiest and the most careless of mortals. But about his waist, even under the gayest carnival dress, he wears an iron chain. How many of them know that? How many of them know of those terrible fits of black despair, when he puts on the clothes of a monk and, in some lonely monastery, spends day after day in hopeless brooding? How many of them have heard of those wild ambitions, those mad hopes, that shoot across his tangled mind, or of that cherished dream in which he sees himself leading the armies of Christendom to the Holy Sepulchre?

And can we look for success with such a leader? No; there is a doom upon our House, and it will not be long before James the Fourth follows in the way he made his father tread.'

He was pacing the room now, with flushed face and tightly clenched hands. 'As for myself,' he went on, 'strange thoughts beat upon my brain, and I do not know where to turn. Men sneer at the "boy-Archbishop;" but, believe me, I would fain have done something for the Church and for Scotland. I was a pupil of Erasmus, remember, and I dreamed once—— No matter; I am done with all that now.'

I saw that it was time for me to speak. 'Oh, my lord, why will you say these things? You are only twenty-two, and you have a long life before you—a life which, I know, will be fragrant with good deeds. To-morrow you set out to win your spurs, and in a few weeks the bells will be ringing for your return. It is good that you should think soberly of what lies before you, but you have no cause for fearfulness or despair.'

'Your words sound well, good father,' he replied; 'but they cannot reason this black foreboding out of my brain. I can attend to the business of the expedition; but all the time it seems far away from me and of little account. I cannot sleep at nights; and when I do fall into a doze I start up suddenly, for I fancy I hear my father calling me—calling for help. I can almost swear that I hear the voice echoing in the room after I am wide awake; but my father is in Edinburgh, fifty miles away. Then at times I will grow passionately fond of trivial, everyday things—the very voices of men in the streets, or the creaking of a country-man's cart, or the sound of a spinning-wheel; and it seems hard to turn one's back on this comfortable, home-like world of ours. I am only twenty-two, as you said, and this makes it all the harder.'

I felt that I could not allow this to go on; so I said, 'My lord, you must put these foolish fancies behind you. You have sat too long over the council-table, and this is the result. With a good night's rest your cheerfulness will return. Meantime you must set your face sternly against these black imaginings. You are Archbishop; but I am an old man, and I tell you that a man's time never comes till his work has been accomplished, and yours is yet to be done. The issue is not in our hands: why should we trouble when a Judge wiser than mortal men has the decision?'

So I spoke, striving to comfort him, but in vain; for his fears were my fears, and my heart was heavy within me. He had sunk into a chair while I was speaking; now he rose slowly to his feet. 'I go to-morrow,' he said, 'and I want to look once more on this wild North Sea of ours before I leave.' He opened a little door opposite the one by which I had entered, and beckoned me to follow. I found myself on a little platform seventy feet above the waves which were crashing and grinding on the rocks. Behind us loomed the dark bulk of the Castle, shutting out any view of the town; before us was the blackness of the night, broken only by the glimmer of a star or the faint flash of a breaking wave. I knew that I was in a castle full of armed men, beside a crowded city; but never before had I felt so solitary. I could see the youth at my elbow gazing out into the darkness, and I wondered what thoughts possessed his mind. I knew they were hard to bear; and, as an older man should, I went over to him and placed my hand on his shoulder. At that moment a sudden light shot over the sky and died away, only to glow more brightly a moment after. We both started and turned our gaze to the north, where the light had appeared. Now, to our astonishment, we saw a great arch of luminous white, from which darted jets of white and crimson flame. It was a beautiful but a terrifying sight, and I saw that the boy-Archbishop looked like a ghost.

'My lord, be not afraid,' I said; 'it is only the northern light. I have seen it often in the many years I have lived here. It means nothing.'

'Yes, you try to speak calmly, good father; but you know what it means. Men call these quivering streaks of light the Merry Dancers, and cross themselves when they see them. Yes; the Merry Dancers are flaming in the sky to-night, and we start for England to-morrow! Come into the light and close the shutters, and let us try to forget what we have seen.'

Again we found ourselves in the little room. My lord stood trembling for a moment with his hand at his head; then he turned to me. 'Leave me, good father, leave me, and pray for me to-night. God only knows what the end of this will be! Leave me, and stand at the West Port to-morrow as we ride away. Good-night.'

Fain would I have comforted him; but there was no comfort in me, filled as I was with my own fears. So, with a few formal words, I took my leave.

Morning came—not gray and cloudy as befitted a day of departure, but very bright, with a soft breeze from the south. I had been early astir, for my thoughts would not give me much rest, and when I heard the trumpets blowing from the town I hurried along the clamorous streets till I came to the West Port. I waited for half-an-hour among the gathering crowds till the trumpets grew louder, and near the Church of the Holy Trinity I could see the glittering of spears. Along the street they came: two hundred archers and spearmen from the neighbouring country marching first, led by Melville on

Strathtyrum; then two hundred spearmen and cross-bowmen from the town, with the Provost riding somewhat awkwardly at their head; then, under the golden banner with the bend-sinister, marched fourscore pikemen and arquebusiers from the Castle. Last came a band of about fifty horsemen—churchmen in armour, country lairds, and cadets of honourable houses—the bodyguard of the Archbishop; and, in the midst of them, the Archbishop himself, with his melancholy, fate-stricken face. When he saw me he halted his horse, and I pushed through the crowd at his signal. He bent over me, and I could catch the words, 'Pray for me, good father; pray for me.' Then, with a wave of his hand, he rode off.

. . . . . .

And now, as the fields turned from green to gold and the apples gleamed red in the orchard, there passed a weary month. There were none in the town but women and children and aged men, and often as I passed along the streets at night I could hear a sound of weeping. News reached us at rare intervals; we knew about the end of August that James had entered England, but after that we heard nothing. On the night of Friday the 9th of September the Merry Dancers again appeared in the sky, brighter and more terrible than before; and many a one thought of the five hundred of our own people in England, and said a prayer before he went to rest.

Now, who will believe what I am about to tell? You will say that I am crazed with sorrow and have had bad dreams. But the thing I saw was no dream. It was on the night of Sunday the 11th of September. I could not sleep, and, as the night was warm, I stole from my cell and crept into the cloisters. For some minutes I paced round and round, trying to fight down my thoughts; then I stopped short. What sound was that? Surely the note of the organ, and—yes, a faint light gleamed from one of the farthest windows! But it was long past the hour of complines, and I knew that the Cathedral must be empty. Again the sound swelled out; there was no mistaking it this time—the organ was playing. Slowly I opened the door in the north-west corner of the cloisters, and silently I glided into the nave. It was quite dark where I stood; but as I looked from behind the great pillars I could see dim lights burning in the choir. And now I heard the voices of singers blending with the organ-music, and I could make out the words:

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine;
Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine;
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

It was the beginning of the Requiem Mass! Why had I not heard of this service, and why was it being held at this strange and almost forbidden hour? I felt that I must unravel the mystery; so I crept nearer the choir, keeping in the obscurity of the aisle all the time. Suddenly a cry of entreaty rang through the length of the minster, and I shrank into the darkness:

Kyrie eleïson!
Christe eleïson!
Kyrie eleïson!

They were the old familiar words—words we repeated seven times a day; but never had I heard them sung with such passion and entreaty. The notes died away, and I could hear the words of the priest, clear and slow, echoing in the vault above me. Slowly I drew near the rood-screen and glided to the door of hammered ironwork which separates the choir from the nave. I had almost gained it when the organ rang out again, and the singers took up the words of that awful hymn:

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

I had sung it often, light-heartedly enough at times; but now it made me shudder as if I were lost in some great darkness, and only with the last lines did my courage return:

Lacrymosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Pie Jesu!
Jesu Domine!
Dona eis requiem.

Now, while the creed was being chanted, I drew near and looked through the door. There were few lights save the candles on the altar, but in the dimness I could see that the choir was filled with the shapes of armed men. Who were they, whence had they come, and why had they chosen this hour for their service? I felt afraid, yet I could not leave the place; I *had* to get to the bottom of the mystery. I pressed my face against the grille-work and peered into the choir; I gave a little start and gazed again. There could be no doubt of it—our men had come back from England, and their ranks were thinned but little! Yes; but why had they stolen through the streets without warning any one of their coming, and why were they singing a Requiem Mass at such a time? In vain I puzzled myself over these questions while the service went on; and the sight of the priest who was officiating made me wonder still more, for it was the Archbishop himself who

stood at the altar. I was glad and fearful by turns—glad that they had all come home, fearful of I know not what. So I stood, almost in a trance, through that beautiful, solemn service, till the closing invocation surged up and died away:

Lux æterna, luceat eis, Domine; cum sanctis tuis in æternum, quia pius es.
Dona eis requiem æternum, et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Cum sanctis tuis in æternum, quia pius es.

The benediction was said, the doors swung open, and the Archbishop stepped down, followed by his attendant priests. I sprang forward to welcome him; but he passed on with calm, regardless gaze, and disappeared into the shadows of the nave. I stared after him in astonishment; but he never turned, and the crowd of armed men soon distracted my attention. There they were: the Archbishop's own men; the townsfolk, with their Provost among them; and the spearmen and archers from the country-side, though Melville of Strathtyrum did not walk with them. I knew many of them; but they all hurried past me with cold, set faces, and as they passed it seemed as if a chilling blast of wind swept through the minster in their train. Soon the last of them disappeared into the darkness of the nave, and I heard a sound as of a door being shut.

. . . . . .

I must have fallen asleep where I stood, worn out with anxiety; for when I next looked round the September dawn was beginning to light the Cathedral, and I was lying beside the rood-screen. I went over to the little shrine in the southern aisle and knelt there for a brief space; then I passed out into the town, for I was determined to hear more of this strange home-coming.

To my surprise, there was no stir in the streets—no noise save the pattering of autumn leaves on the walks. I walked the whole length of the town, but I met no one till I came to the West Port. The gates were open, and two-score men in hacked and battered armour were marching through. At their head rode Melville of Strathtyrum, very pale, with a bandage round his head; and six men, carrying some heavy burden, brought up the rear. Their leader reined in his weary horse when he saw me.

'You have let your friends outstrip you,' I said. 'When I saw them last night, and you not among them, I feared the worst for you; but now—welcome home!'

He stared at me as if he were trying to grasp my meaning; then he bit his lip. 'This is no time for jesting, sir priest. What friends do you mean?'

'Why, the rest of the company that left here a month ago. They were in the minster last night.'

Melville crossed himself, and his voice trembled as he answered me. 'What you mean, good father, I cannot tell. This I can tell, that Scotland is a broken country. Three nights ago the English met us at Flodden'—He choked, and could not go on for full two minutes. 'That great army is scattered; the king'——

'Surely he has not been captured?' I gasped.

'He is dead, and thirteen of his earls lie with him.'

A mist rose before my eyes, and my heart drummed wildly at my ribs. When I spoke the sound of my own voice astonished me; it seemed as if it came from a great way off. 'Our Archbishop has escaped—he must have escaped. I saw him a few hours ago. He will guide the nation in these dark times.'

'I cannot fathom the meaning of these dark sayings,' said Melville curtly. 'The Archbishop is here.'

'Where?' I asked in surprise, glancing round the company.

He pointed to the burden which six of his men bore. 'There! Desperately did we fight for it, and we have brought him home. The other five hundred who shared his fate we have left on the field. Let me go, good father, for I cannot speak!'

I watched them march into the town, and in a short time I heard a great cry go up to heaven. Such a cry went up from every town and village in Scotland that morning—the lament for those who would never return.

THE LOST LAND OF FAERIE.

OUT in the woods I used to stray—
I used to see the fairies play,
I knew what beast and bird did say,
Where went the eagle through the air,
And on the rock the serpent's way. . . .
But since my hand my lover kissed
That other world is lost in mist!

Out on the cliffs I used to go
To watch the tide's strange ebb and flow,
The seal-folk playing down below,
The mermaids combing out their hair—
Their secrets all I used to know. . . .
But since my lover kissed my lips
That other world is in eclipse.

MARIA STEUART.

LONE WOLF.

BY C. G. D. ROBERTS,

AUTHOR OF 'AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE,' 'THE KINDRED OF THE WILD,' &C.

CHAPTER I.

NOT, like his grim ancestors for a thousand generations, in some dark cave of the hills was he whelped, but in a narrow iron cage littered with straw. Two brothers and a sister made at the same time a like inauspicious entrance upon an alien and fettered existence. And because their silent, untamable mother loved too savagely the hereditary freedom of her race to endure the thought of bearing her young into a life of bondage, she would have killed them, mercifully, even while their blind baby-mouths were groping for her breasts; but the watchful keeper forestalled her. Whelps of the great gray timber-wolf, born in captivity and therefore likely to be docile, were rare and precious. The four little sprawlers, helpless and hungrily whimpering, were given into the care of a foster-mother, a sorrowing brown spaniel bitch who had just been robbed of her own puppies.

When old enough to be weaned, the two brothers and the sister, sturdy and sleek as any wolf-cubs of the hills, were sold to a dealer in wild animals, who carried them off to Hamburg. But Lone Wolf, as Toomey the trainer had already named him, stayed with the circus. He was the biggest, the most intelligent, and the most teachable cub of the whole litter; and Toomey, who had an unerring eye for quality in a beast, expected to make of him a star performer among wolves.

Job Toomey had been a hunter and a trapper in the backwoods of New Brunswick, where his instinctive knowledge of the wild kindreds had won him a success which presently sickened him. His heart revolted against the slaughter of the creatures which he found so interesting, and for a time, his occupation gone, he had drifted aimlessly about the settlements. Then, at the performance of a travelling circus, which boasted two trained bears and a little trick-elephant, he had got his cue. It was borne in upon him that he was meant to be an animal-trainer. Then and there he joined the circus at a nominal wage, and within six months found himself an acknowledged indispensable. In less than a year he had become a well-known trainer, employed in one of the biggest menageries of America. Not only for his wonderful comprehension and command of animals was he noted, but also for his pose, to which he clung obstinately, of giving his performances always in the homespun garb of a backwoodsman instead of in the conventional evening-dress.

Lone Wolf! It seemed a somewhat imaginative name for the prison-born whelp; but as he grew out of cubhood his character and his stature alike seemed to justify it. Influenced by the example of his gentle foster-mother, he was docility itself toward his tamer, whom he came to love well after the reticent fashion of his race. But toward all others, man and beast alike, his reserve was cold and dangerous. Toomey apparently absorbed all the affection which his lonely nature had to spare. In return for this singleness of regard, Toomey trained him with a firm patience which never forgot to be kind; and made him by the time he was three years old quite the cleverest and most distinguished performing wolf who had ever adorned a show.

He was now as tall as the very tallest Great Dane, but with a depth of shoulder and chest and a punishing length and strength of jaw that no dog ever could boast. When he looked at Toomey his eyes wore the expression of a faithful and understanding follower; but when he answered the stares of the crowd through the bars of his cage the greenish fire that flamed in their inscrutable depths was ominous and untamed. In all save his willing subjection to Toomey's mastery he was a true wolf of the savage and gigantic breed of the north-western timber. To all spectators this was aggressively obvious; and therefore the marvel of seeing this sinister gray beast with the murderous fangs so submissive to Toomey's gentlest bidding never grew stale. In every audience there were always some spectators hopefully pessimistic, who vowed that the great wolf would some day turn upon his master and tear his throat. To be sure, Lone Wolf was not by any means the only beast whom the backwoodsman had performing for the delectation of his audiences. But all the others—the lions, the leopards, the tiger, the elephant, the two zebras, and the white bear—seemed really subdued, as it were hypnotised into harmlessness. It was Lone Wolf only who kept the air of having never yielded up his spirit, of being always, in some way, not the slave but the free collaborator.

Ordinarily, in spite of the wild fire smouldering in his veins, Lone Wolf was well enough content. The show was so big and so

important that it was accustomed to visit only the great centres and to make long stops at each place. At such times his life contained some measure of freedom. He would be given a frequent chance of exercise in some secure enclosure where he could run and jump, and stretch his mighty muscles, and breathe deep. And not infrequently, after dark as a rule, his master would snap a massive chain upon his collar and lead him out on leash like a dog into the verdurous freshness of park or country lane. But when the show was on tour, then it was very different. Lone Wolf hated fiercely the narrow cage in which he had to travel. He hated the harsh, incessant noise of the grinding rails, the swaying and lurching of the trucks, the dizzying procession of the landscape past the barred slits which served as windows to his car. Moreover, sometimes the unwieldy length of the circus train would be halted for an hour or two on some forest siding to let the regular traffic of the line go by. Then, as his wondering eyes caught glimpses of shadowed glades, and mysterious wooded aisles, and far-off hills and horizons, or wild, pungent smells of fir-thicket and cedar-swamp drew in upon the wind to his uplifted nostrils, his veins would run hot with an uncomprehended but savage longing for delights which he had never known, for a freedom of which he had never learned or guessed. At such times his muscles would ache and quiver till he felt like dashing himself blindly against his bars. And if the halt happened to take place at night, with perhaps a white moon staring in upon him from over a naked hill-top, he would lift his lean muzzle straight up toward the roof of his cage and give utterance to a terrible sound of which he knew not the meaning —the long, shrill gathering-cry of the pack. This would rouse all the other beasts to a frenzy of wails and screeches and growls and roars, till Toomey would have to come and stop his performance by darkening the cage with a tarpaulin. At the sound of Toomey's voice, soothing yet overmastering, the great wolf would lie down quietly, and the ghostly summons of his far-ravaging fathers would haunt his spirit no more.

After one of these long journeys the show was halted at an inland city for a stop of many weeks; and to house the show a cluster of wooden shanties was run up on the outskirts of the city, forming a sort of mushroom village flanked by the great white exhibition tents. In one of these shanties, near the centre of the cluster, Lone Wolf's cage was sheltered, along with the cages of the puma, the leopard, and the little, black Himalayan bear. Immediately adjoining this shanty was the spacious open shed where the elephants were tethered.

That same night, a little before dawn, when the wearied attendants were sleeping heavily, Lone Wolf's nostrils caught a strange smell which made him spring to his feet and sniff anxiously at the suddenly acrid air. A strange, reddish glow was dispersing the dark outside his window. From the other cages came uneasy mutterings and movements; and the little black bear, who was very wise, began to whine. The dull glow leapt into a glare; and then the elephants trumpeted the alarm. Instantly the night was loud with shoutings and tramplings and howlings and rushings to and fro. A cloud of choking smoke blew into Lone Wolf's cage, making him cough and wonder anxiously why Toomey didn't come. The next moment Toomey came, with one of the keepers and an elephant. Frantically they began pushing and dragging out the cages. But there was a wind, and before the first cage, that of the puma, was more than clear of the door, the flames were on top of them like a leaping tiger. Panic-stricken, the elephant screamed and bolted. The keeper, shouting, 'We can't save any more in this house. Let's git the lions out!' made off with one arm over his eyes, doggedly dragging the heavy cage of the puma. The keeper was right. He had his work cut out for him, as it was, to save the screeching puma. As for Toomey, his escape was already almost cut off; but he could not endure to save himself without giving the imprisoned beasts a chance for their lives. Dashing at the three remaining cages, he tore them open; and then, with a summons to Lone Wolf to follow him, he threw his arms over his face and dashed through the flames.

The three animals sprang out at once into the middle of the floor; but their position seemed already hopeless. The leopard, thoroughly cowed, leaped back into his cage and curled up in the farthest corner, spitting insanely. Lone Wolf dashed at the door by which Toomey had fled; but a whirl of flame in his face drove him back to the middle of the floor, where the little bear stood whimpering. Just at this moment a massive torrent of water from a fire-engine crashed through the window, drenching Lone Wolf and knocking the bear clean over. The beneficent stream was whisked away again in an instant, having work to do elsewhere than on this already doomed and hopeless shed. But to the wise little bear it had shown a way of escape. Out through the window he scurried; and Lone Wolf went after him in one tremendous leap just as the flames swooped in and licked the floor clean, and slew the huddled leopard in its cage.

Outside, in the awful heat, the alternations of the dazzling glare and blinding smoke, the tumult of the shouting and the engines, the roar of the flames, and the ripping crash of the streams, and the cries of the beasts, Lone Wolf found himself utterly confused. But he trusted, for some reason, the sagacity of the bear, and followed his shaggy form, bearing diagonally up and across the wind. Presently

[*Christmas Number.*

a cyclone of suffocating smoke enveloped him, and he lost his guide. But straight ahead he darted, stretched out at top speed, belly to the ground; and in another moment he emerged into the clear air. His eyes smarting savagely, his nose and lips scorched, his wet fur singed, he hardly realised at first his escape, but raced straight on across the fields for several hundred yards. Then, at the edge of a wood, he stopped and looked back. The little bear was nowhere to be seen. The night wind here blew deliciously cool upon his face. But there was the mad red monster roaring and raging still as if it would eat up the world. The terror of it was in his veins. He sprang into the covert of the wood, and ran wildly, with the one impulse to get as far away as possible.

Before he had gone two miles he came out upon an open country of fields and pastures and farmyards and little thickets. Straight on he galloped, through the gardens and the farmyards as well as the open fields. In the pastures the cattle, roused by the glare in the sky, stamped and snorted at him as he passed, and now and then a man's voice yelled at him angrily as his long form tore through flower-beds or trellised vines. He had no idea of avoiding the farmhouses, for he had at first no fear of men; but at length an alert farmer got a long shot at him with a fowling-piece, and two or three small leaden pellets caught him in the hind-quarters; they did not go deep enough to do him serious harm, but they hurt enough to teach him that men were dangerous. Thereupon he swerved from the uncompromising straight line of his flight and made for the waste places. When the light of the fire had quite died out behind him the first of the dawn was creeping up the sky; and by this time he had come to a barren region of low thickets, ragged woods, and rocks thrusting up through a meagre, whitish soil.

Till the sun was some hours high Lone Wolf pressed on, his terror of the fire now lost in a sense of delighted freedom. By this time he was growing hungry, and for an instant the impulse seized him to turn back and seek his master. But no, that way lay the scorching of the flames. Instead of turning, he ran on all the faster. Suddenly a rabbit bounded up almost beneath his nose. Hitherto he had never tasted living prey, but with a sure instinct he sprang after the rabbit. To his fierce disappointment, however, the nimble little beast was so inconsiderate as to take refuge in a dense bramble-thicket which he could not penetrate. His muzzle, smarting and tender from the fire, could not endure the harsh prickles, so after prowling about the thicket for a half-hour in the wistful hope that the rabbit might come out, he resumed his journey. He had no idea, of course, where he wanted to go, but he felt that there must be a place somewhere where there were plenty of rabbits and no bramble-thickets.

Late in the afternoon he came upon the fringes of a settlement, which he skirted with caution. In a remote pasture-field, among rough hillocks and gnarled, fire-scarred stumps, he ran suddenly into a flock of sheep. For a moment he was puzzled at the sight; but the prompt flight of the startled animals suggested pursuit. In a moment he had borne down the hindermost. To reach for its throat was a sure instinct; and he feasted with a growing zest of savagery upon the hot flesh. Before he realised it, he was dragging the substantial remnant of his meal to a place of hiding under an overhanging rock. Then, well content with himself, he crept into a dark thicket and slept for several hours.

When he awoke a new-risen moon was shining, with something in her light which half-bewildered him, half-stung him to uncomprehended desires. Skulking to the crest of a naked knoll, he saw the landscape spread out all around him, with the few twinkling lights of the straggling village below the slopes of the pasture. But not for lights, or for villages, or for men was his concern. Sitting up very straight on his gaunt haunches, he stretched his muzzle towards the taunting moon, and began to sound that long, dreadful gathering-cry of his race.

It was an unknown or a long-forgotten voice in those neighbourhoods; but none who heard it needed to have it explained. In half-a-minute every dog in the settlement was howling, barking, or yelping in rage or fear. To Lone Wolf all this clamour was as nothing. He paid no more attention to it than as if it had been the twittering of sparrows. Then doors opened and lights flashed as men came out to see what was the matter. Clearly visible, silhouetted against the low moon, Lone Wolf kept up his sinister chant to the unseen. But presently, out of the corner of his eye, he noted half-a-dozen men approaching up the pasture, with the noisy dogs at their heels. Men! That was different! Could it be that they wanted him? All at once he experienced a qualm of conscience, so to speak, about the sheep he had killed. It occurred to him that if sheep belonged to men there might be trouble ahead. Abruptly he stopped his serenading of the moon, slipped over the crest of the knoll, and made off at a long, tireless gallop which before morning had put leagues between himself and the angry villagers.

After this he gave a wide berth to settlements; and, having made his first kill, he suddenly found himself an accomplished hunter. It was as if long-buried memories had sprung all at once to life—memories, indeed, not of his own but of his ancestors; and he knew all at once how to stalk the shy wild rabbits, to run down

and kill the red deer. The country through which he journeyed was well stocked with game, and he fed abundantly as he went with no more effort than just enough to give zest to his freedom. In this fashion he kept on for many days, working ever northward just because the wild lands stretched in that direction; and at last he came upon the skirts of a cone-shaped mountain, ragged with ancient forest, rising solitary and supreme out of a measureless expanse of wooded plain. From a jutting shoulder of rock his keen eyes noted but one straggling settlement, groups of scattered clearings wide apart on the skirts of the great hill. They were too far off to mar the vast seclusion of the height; and Lone Wolf, finding a cave in the rocks that seemed exactly designed for his retreat, went no farther. He felt that he had come into his own domain.

CHAPTER II.

THE settlers around the skirts of Lost Mountain were puzzled and indignant; for six weeks their indignation had been growing, and the mystery seemed no nearer a solution. Something was slaughtering their sheep—something that knew its business and slaughtered with dreadful efficiency. Several honest dogs fell under suspicion, not because there was anything whatever against their reputations, but simply because they had the misfortune to be big enough and strong enough to kill a sheep if they wanted to; and the brooding backwoods-mind, when troubled, will go far on the flimsiest evidence.

Of all the wrathful settlers, the most furious was Brace Timmins. Not only had he lost in those six weeks six sheep, but now his dog, a splendid animal, half-deerhound and half-collie, had been shot on suspicion by a neighbour on no better grounds apparently than his long legs and his long, killing jaws. Still the slaughtering of the flocks went on with undiminished vigour. And a few days later Brace Timmins avenged his favourite by publicly thrashing his too hasty neighbour in front of the cross-roads store. The neighbour, pounded into exemplary penitence, apologised, and as far as the murdered dog was concerned the score was wiped clean. But the problem of the sheep-killing was no nearer solution. If not Brace Timmins's dog, as every one now made prudent haste to acknowledge, then whose dog was it? The life of every dog in the settlement, if bigger than a woodchuck, hung by a thread, which might, it seemed, at any moment turn into a halter. Brace Timmins loved dogs; and not wishing that others should suffer the unjust fate which had overtaken his own, he set his whole woodcraft to the discovery of the true culprit.

Before he had made any great progress, however, on this trail, a new thing happened, and suspicion was lifted from the heads of all dogs. Joe Anderson's dog, a powerful beast, part sheep-dog and part Newfoundland, with a far-off streak of bull, and the champion fighter of the settlements, was found dead in the middle of Anderson's sheep-pasture, his whole throat fairly ripped out. He had died in defence of his charges; and it was plainly no dog's jaws that had done such mangling. What dog, indeed, could have mastered Anderson's Dan?

'It's a bear gone mad on mutton,' pronounced certain of the wise ones, idling at the cross-roads store. 'Ye see as how he hain't et the dawg noways, but just bit him, to teach him not to go interferin' as regards sheep.'

'Ye're all off,' contradicted Timmins with authority. 'A bear'd hev' tore him, an' batter him, an' mauled him more'n he'd hev' liked him. A bear thinks more o' usin' his forepaws than what he does his jaws, ef he gits into any kind o' an onpleasantness. No, boys, our unknown friend up yonder's a *wolf*, take my word for it.'

Joe Anderson snorted, and spat accurately out through the door. 'A *wolf!*' he sneered. 'Go chase yerself, Brace Timmins! I'd like to see any wolf as could 'a' done up my Dan that way!'

'Well, keep yer hair on, Joe,' retorted Timmins easily. 'I'm agoin' after him, an' I'll show him to you in a day or two as like as not.'

'I reckon, Joe,' interposed the storekeeper, leaning forward across the counter, 'as how there be other breeds o' wolf besides the sneakin' little gray varmint o' the East here, what's been cleaned out o' these parts fifty years ago. Ef Brace is right—an' I reckon he be—then it must sure be one o' them big timber-wolves we read about, what the Lord's took it into His head to plank down here in our safe old woods to make us set up an' take notice.—You better watch out, Brace. Ef ye don't git the brute first lick he'll git you!'

'*I'll* watch out,' drawled Timmins confidently; and, selecting a strong steel trap-chain from a box beside the counter, he sauntered off to put his plans in execution.

These plans were simple enough. He knew that he had a wide-ranging adversary to deal with; but he himself was a wide ranger, and acquainted with every cleft and crevice of Lost Mountain. He would find the great wolf's lair, and set his traps accordingly—one in the runway, to be avoided if the wolf was as clever as he ought to be, and a couple of others a little aside, to really do the work. Of course he

would carry his rifle, in case of need; but he wanted to take his enemy alive.

For several arduous but exciting days Timmins searched in vain alike the dark cedar-swamps and the high, broken spurs of the mountain. Then, one windless afternoon, when the forest scents came rising to him on the clear air, far up the steep he found a climbing trail between gray, shelving ledges. Stealthy as a lynx he followed, expecting at the next turn to come upon the lair of the enemy. It was a just expectation; but, as luck would have it, that next turn which would have led him straight to his goal lay around a shoulder of rock whose foundations had been loosened by the rains. With a kind of long growl, rending and sickening, the rock gave way, and sank beneath Timmins's feet.

Moved by the alert and unerring instinct of the woodsman, Timmins leapt into the air. Both high and wide he sprang, and so escaped being engulfed in the mass which he had dislodged. On the top of the ruin he fell; but he fell far and hard, and for some fifteen or twenty minutes after that fall he lay very still, while the dust and débris settled into silence under the quiet flooding of the sun. At last he opened his eyes. For a moment he made no effort to move, but lay wondering where he was. A weight was on his legs, and glancing downward he saw that he was half-covered with earth and rubbish. Then he remembered. Was he badly hurt? He was half-afraid now to make the effort to move, lest he should find himself incapable of it. Still, he felt no serious pain. His head ached, to be sure, and he saw that his left hand was bleeding from a gash at the base of the thumb. That hand still clutched one of the heavy traps which he had been carrying, and it was plainly the trap that had cut him, as if in a frantic effort to escape. But where was his rifle? Cautiously turning his head, he peered around for it; but in vain, for during the fall it had flown far aside into the thicket. As he stared solicitously, all at once his dazed and sluggish senses sprang to life again with a scorching throb which left a chill behind it. There, not ten paces away, sitting up on its haunches and eying him contemplatively, was a gigantic wolf, much bigger, it seemed to him, than any wolf had any right to be.

Timmins's first instinct was to spring to his feet with a yell that would give the dreadful stranger to understand that he was a fellow it would not be well to tamper with. But his woodcraft stayed him. He was not by any means sure that he *could* spring to his feet. Still less was he sure that such an action would properly impress the great wolf, who, for the moment at least, seemed not actively hostile. Stillness, absolute immobility, was the trump-card to be always played in the wilderness when in doubt. So Timmins kept quite still, looking inquiringly at Lone Wolf. And Lone Wolf looked inquiringly at him.

For several minutes this waiting game went on. Then, with easy nonchalance, Lone Wolf lifted one huge hindpaw and vigorously scratched his ear. This very simple action was a profound relief to Timmins.

'Sartain,' he thought, 'the crittur must be in an easy mood, or he'd never think to scratch his ear like that. Or mebbe he thinks I'm so well buried I kin wait, like an old bone.'

Just then Lone Wolf got up, stretched himself, yawned prodigiously, came a couple of steps nearer, and sat down again, with his head cocked to one side and a polite air as if asking, 'Do I intrude?'

'Sartain sure, I'll never ketch him in a better humour,' thought Timmins. 'I'll try the human voice on him.'

'Git to h—— out of that!' he commanded in a sharp voice.

Lone Wolf cocked his head to the other side interrogatively. He had been spoken to by Toomey in that voice of authority, but the words were new to him. He felt that he was expected to do something, but he knew not what. He liked the voice; it was somewhat like Toomey's. He liked the smell of Timmins's homespun shirt; it too was something like Toomey's. He became suddenly anxious to please this stranger. But what was wanted of him? He half-rose to his feet, and glanced around to see if, perchance, the inexplicable order had been addressed to some one else. As he turned, Timmins saw, half-hidden in the heavy fur of the neck, a stout leather collar.

'I swear,' he muttered, 'if 't ain't a *tame* wolf what's got away!' And with that he sat up; and, pulling his legs, without any very serious hurt, from their covering of earth and sticks, he got stiffly to his feet. For a moment the bright landscape reeled and swam before him, and he had a vague sense of having been hammered all over his body. Then he steadied himself. He saw that the wolf was watching him with the expression of a diffident but friendly dog who would like to make acquaintance. As he stood puzzling his wits, he remembered having read about the great fire which had recently done such damage to Sillaby & Hopkins's circus, and he concluded that the stranger was one of the fugitives from that disaster.

'Come here, sir! Come here, Big Wolf!' said he, holding out a confident hand.

'Wolf!' That was a familiar sound to Lone Wolf's ears; it was at least a part of his name. And the command was one he well understood. Wagging his tail gravely, he came at once, and thrust his great head under Timmins's hand for a caress. He had enjoyed his liberty, to be sure, but he was beginning to find it lonely.

Timmins understood animals. His voice, as he talked to the redoubtable brute beside him, was full of kindness, but at the same time vibrant with authority. His touch was gentle, but very firm and unhesitating. Both touch and voice conveyed very clearly to Lone Wolf's disciplined instinct the impression that this man, like Toomey, was a being who had to be obeyed, whose mastery was inevitable and beyond the reach of question. When Timmins told him to lie down he did so at once, and stayed there obediently while Timmins gathered himself together, shook the dirt out of his hair and boots, recovered his cap, wiped his bleeding hand with leaves, and hunted up his scattered traps and rifle. At last Timmins took two bedraggled but massive pork sandwiches wrapped in newspaper from his pocket, and offered one to his strange associate. Lone Wolf was not hungry, being full of perfectly good mutton; but, being too polite to refuse, he gulped down the sandwich. Timmins took out the steel chain, snapped it on to Lone Wolf's collar, said 'Come on!' and started homeward. And Lone Wolf, trained to a short leash, followed close at his heels.

Timmins's breast swelled with exultation. What was the loss of one dog and half-a-dozen no account sheep to the possession of this magnificent captive and the prestige of such a naked-handed capture? He easily inferred, of course, that his triumph must be due, in part at least, to some resemblance to the wolf's former master, whose dominance had plainly been supreme. His only anxiety was as to how the great wolf might conduct himself towards settlement society in general. Assuredly nothing could be more lamb-like than the animal's present demeanour; but Timmins remembered the fate of Joe Anderson's powerful dog, and had his doubts. He examined Lone Wolf's collar, and congratulated himself that both collar and chain were strong.

It was getting well on in the afternoon when Timmins and Lone Wolf emerged from the thick woods into the stumpy pastures and rough, burnt lands that spread back irregularly from the outlying farms. And here, while crossing a wide pasture known as Smith's Lots, an amazing thing befell. Of course Timmins was not particularly surprised, because his backwoods philosophising had long ago led him to the conclusion that when things get started happening they have a way of keeping it up. Days, weeks, months glide by without event enough to ripple the most sensitive memory. Then the whimsical Fates do something different, find it interesting, and proceed to do something else. So, though Timmins had been accustomed all his life to managing bulls, good-tempered and bad-tempered alike, and had never had the ugliest of them presume to turn upon him, he was not astonished now by the apparition of Smith's bull, a wide-horned, carrot-red, white-faced Hereford, charging down upon him in thunderous fury from behind a poplar thicket. In a flash he remembered that the bull, which was notoriously murderous in temper, had been turned out into that pasture to act as guardian to Smith's flocks. There was not a tree near big enough for refuge. There was not a stick big enough for a weapon. And he could not bring himself to shoot so valuable a beast as this fine thoroughbred.

'Shucks!' he muttered in deep disgust. 'I might 'a' knowed it!' Dropping Lone Wolf's chain, he ran forward, waving his arms and shouting angrily. But that red onrushing bulk was quite too dull-witted to understand that it ought to obey. It was in the mood to charge an avalanche. Deeply humiliated, Timmins hopped aside, and reluctantly ran for the woods, trusting to elude his pursuer by timely dodging.

Hitherto Lone Wolf had left all cattle severely alone, having got it somehow into his head that they were more peculiarly under man's protection than the sheep. Now, however, he saw his duty, and duty is often a very well-developed concept in the brain of dog and wolf. His ears flattened, his eyes narrowed to flaming green slits, his lips wrinkled back till his long white fangs were clean bared, and without a sound he hurled himself upon the red bull's flank. Looking back over his shoulder, Timmins saw it all. It was as if all his life Lone Wolf had been killing bulls, so unerring was that terrible chop-ping snap at the great beast's throat. Forward, just behind the bull's jaws, the slashing fangs caught, and Timmins was astounded to see the bull, checked in mad rush, plunge staggering forward upon his knees. From this position he abruptly rolled over upon his side, thrown by his own impetus combined with a dexterous twist of his opponent's body. Then Lone Wolf bounded backward, and stood expectant, ready to repeat the attack if necessary. But it was not necessary. Slowly the great red bull arose to his feet and stared about him stupidly, the blood gushing from his throat. Then he swayed and collapsed. And Lone Wolf, wagging his tail like a dog, went back to Timmins's side for congratulations.

The woodsman gazed ruefully at his slain foe. Then he patted his defender's head, recovered the chain with a secure grip, and said slowly, 'I reckon, partner, ye did yer dooty as ye seen it, an' mebbe I'm beholden to ye fer a hul' skin, fer that there crittur was sartinly amazin' ugly an' spry on his pins. But ye're goin' to be a responsibility some. Ye ain't no suckin' lamb to hev' aroun' the house, I reckon thinkin.'

To these remarks, which he judged from their tone to be approving, Lone Wolf wagged assent, and the homeward journey was continued.

[*Christmas Number.*

Timmins went with his head down, buried in thought. All at once, coming to a convenient log, he seated himself, and made Lone Wolf lie down at his feet. Then he took out the remaining sandwich, which he himself, still shaken from his fall, had no desire to eat, and contemplatively, in small fragments, he fed it to the wolf's great, blood-stained jaws. At last he spoke with the finality of one whose mind is quite made up.

'Partner,' said he, 'there ain't no help for it. Bill Smith 's agoin' to hold *me* responsible for the killin' o' that there crittur o' his'n, an' that means a pretty penny, it bein' a thoroughbred, an' imported at that. He ain't never agoin' to believe but what I let you loose on to him a-purpose. Jest to save *my* hide! Shucks! Moreover, ye may 's well realise y' ain't *popular* round these parts; an' first thing, when I wasn't lookin', somebody 'd be a-puttin' somethin' onhealthy into yer vittles, partner. We 've kind o' took to each other, you an' me; an' I reckon *we'd* git on together *fine*, me always havin' my own way, o' course. But there ain't no help fer it. Ye're too hefty a proposition, by long odds, fer a community like Lost Mountain Settlement. I 'm agoin' to write right off to Sillaby an' Hopkins, an' let 'em have ye back, partner. An' I reckon the price they 'll pay 'll be enough to let me square myself with Bill Smith.'

And thus it came about that within a couple of weeks Lone Wolf and Toomey were once more entertaining delighted audiences, while the settlement of Lost Mountain, with Timmins's prestige established beyond assault, relapsed into its uneventful quiet.

NINE YEARS OLD.

I 'D like to be tall like Mabel,
And clever like Clementine;
I 'd like to stay up for dinner;
But I can't, for I 'm only nine.

And nine 's such a long time going,
I think I shall never be ten;
And suppose, after all this waiting,
It isn't much better then?

Suppose I must stay in the nursery,
With bread-and-butter for tea;
Suppose I must still do lessons,
And go for a walk at three?

Suppose it 's like this for ever,
And my governess always comes—
Practising, singing, sewing,
French, grammar, history, sums?

I 'd like to go out in long dresses,
And pin up my hair on top;
I 'd like to see cook every morning,
And go to the village to shop.

I 'd like to carry a card-case,
And go to afternoon-teas;
Be announced by the servant as 'Mistress,'
And eat all the cake that I please.

My frocks are of serge or of cotton,
I want to wear satin and silk;
I want to drink tea and coffee,
And all that I 'm given is milk.

But then I 'm not old like Mabel,
Nor clever like Clementine;
And all the things that I want to do
I can't, for I 'm only nine.

Nurse says that the time goes quicker
The older and older you grow;
She says that the years are flying;
They aren't; they 're frightfully slow.

Most people, too, are so silly,
They say they would like to be nine;
They wouldn't, they wouldn't really,
If they 'd feelings a bit like mine.

Oh, I want to be tall like Mabel,
And clever like Clementine;
I want to stay up for dinner;
But I can't, for I 'm only nine.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

THE KLOOF OF THE CRYING CHILD.

By H. A. BRYDEN,

Author of 'Kloof and Karroo,' 'Nature and Sport in South Africa,' &c.

T was some years before the war, and Adriaan Stols and I were hunting in a country then and even now little penetrated by gunners, lying to the north-east of the Transvaal. Adriaan was a middle-aged Boer, who had all his life been a professional hunter, and was an excellent specimen of his sturdy race. He was a hearty, good-natured fellow, free from the small meannesses which disfigure the strong characters of so many of his fellows; in the hunting-veldt no better comrade could be desired, and in a tight place Adriaan, with his cool courage, resource, and activity, was absolutely to be relied upon. From early youth Adriaan Stols had followed the game far and wide over the remote interior of South Africa; and in the days when elephants were plentiful he had amassed much ivory and some little store of wealth. He had now settled down on a farm in Waterberg; but each season, as the rains ceased and African winter came round, the hunting-fever seized him and was irresistible. Leaving his wife and family on the farm, sometimes taking one of his sons with him, he trekked into the wilderness with his old wagon; and there, when game was plentiful, he enjoyed himself to his heart's content in pursuit of the various beasts of chase which came within his purview. I had met Adriaan two years before and had seen a good deal of sport with him, and this season we were alone and enjoying ourselves.

Upon the day which I have in my mind's eye we had been hunting koodoo and sable antelope in one of the fairest pieces of country which I have ever had the good luck to set eyes upon. The rains, which had been unusually heavy that season, had just ceased, and the veldt was literally ablaze with flowers. In many of the kloofs down by the bed of the river, wild irises, amaryllis, and lilies bloomed in all their wonderful beauty among the grasses. Here, nestling thick and deep up to the mountain base, were to be seen lovely pelargoniums, which, as we pushed our way through them, grew as high as our horses' shoulders. There you might see a hillside blushing pink and red with flowers. Not seldom the African mistletoe thrust its brilliant scarlet berries from the foliage of some stunted tree. Orchises—orange, blue, white, pink, red, and golden yellow—peeped shyly from the shoulders of the hills; and verbenas, clematis, and many another lovely flower were to be noticed far and wide. Out in the more open country the veldt was gay with oxalis, which in bright hues of white, red, and pink starred the soil. Never have I seen the country fairer—the wilderness, in sooth, blossomed like the rose; one's only regret was that beneath the hot sun of Africa the charm would soon be broken, and in two or three weeks the flowers would be vanishing and the veldt resuming its duller aspect of winter. The air was wonderfully clear and wonderfully bracing; one felt, as one rode abroad in this day of perfection, inhaling deep draughts of the champagne-like atmosphere, that one could live for ever.

Our first item of sport was found among a small troop of koodoo, which we espied beneath us as we came over the neck of a hill. The wind was right, and by a piece of good fortune we managed to drive them out into the open, away from the hillsides and deep covert which these noble antelopes so much affect. In open veldt the gallant beasts, which have not the pace and staying powers of some of the other antelopes, were fated to be ours, and after a smart gallop of a couple of miles we each turned out a good bull from the troop, rode it down, and secured it with a couple of shots. Mine was an unusually fine specimen, and carried magnificent horns; and the sight of the grand spirals, taping sixty inches over the curves, gave me intense satisfaction. Sending back a native 'boy' who rode with us to bring out more men and carry home the flesh, we went on our way. In another hour, riding very cautiously up to the remains of a rhinoceros which we had shot three days before, we surprised a magnificent leopard which, occupied as it was with its loathly feast, fell instantly to our rifles. Then came a long ride in search of sable antelope. We saw other game as we went along — waterbuck, impala, roan antelope, klipspringer, steinbock, and duyker; but not until late in the afternoon did we come up with a herd of sable, after a wonderful bit of spooring on the part of Adriaan Stols. From this troop we secured a grand bull and a cow carrying quite a good pair of horns. To skin them, take off the heads, and load our horses with as much meat as we could carry occupied at least an hour; and the sun was sinking gloriously behind a far-off chain of hills as we climbed to our saddles, and each carrying the head of a swart-wit-pens (as the Boers call sable antelope) on our saddles, set off on our

ride to camp. During our day's hunt we had circled a huge mass of mountain, which now heaved its vast shoulders and jagged crest exactly between us and the place where our wagons stood.

'Adriaan,' said I in Dutch, which I habitually spoke with my Boer comrade, 'we can surely find a way through the mountain yonder, and so make a short cut back to camp? The river seems to run right through the chain. It will save us some miles.'

'Nay, Johan,' he replied—my name, I should say, is John, and he always employed the Dutch equivalent—'I would not ride through the mountain yonder after dusk for a hundred English sovereigns, nor for two hundred!'

'And why on earth not, Adriaan?' I pursued. 'I never knew you afraid of lions yet. And the chances are fifty to one against any of the beasts going for you, even if they happened to be in yonder.'

'Nay, *kerel*,' he replied, 'I'm not thinking of lions at all. I never have feared them yet; though on a dark, stormy night I'll admit freely that a hungry lion is the very devil himself. You are quite right; there is a way through the mountain, and a short cut to the wagons; but that is Crying Child Kloof, and no sensible person goes in there after dark. Almighty! even in the daytime few people care to venture there. Ask the natives at the kraal, five miles away from the head of the kloof, what they think of it. Day or night they'll not venture their skins in the place for anything you like to offer them. As for lions, I doubt if there's one in the whole mountain. Game is never seen there, oddly enough. I once rode through the mountain in daylight, though I didn't half-like it, and I never saw a head of game the whole way. There's something evil and uncanny about the place, and even the beasts like it not.'

'But,' I said, laughing at the Boer's serious face, 'what is it all about, Adriaan? If it isn't lions, is it spooks?'

'I can't tell you what it is, spooks, or the arch-fiend himself, or what,' he returned. 'But the place is evil. Terrible things have happened in there, and no man is sure of his life if he goes through the *poort* after dark.'

'But tell me,' I said, waxing mighty curious, 'what's the yarn, and what's the matter with the place?'

'Well, the story is a long one,' returned Adriaan, still looking truly solemn as he gazed at the dark, bush-grown entrance to the deep *poort* or pass which led into the mountain, 'and I doubt if I'll tell it you now. Wait till after supper to-night, as we sit by the camp-fire comfortably, and I'll try to tell you all I know.'

Swinging round the flank of the big mountain, we rode on steadily, and about an hour after sunset saw before us the flickering light of our camp-fire. We rode on for the best part of another three-quarters of an hour, and then reached the wagons. How well I recollect that glorious evening! Our horses, by this time pretty tired, good beasts, were first looked after and fed. Then, having given directions as to the skinning of my trophies—I always preserved the scalps as well as horns in those days—we washed and prepared for supper, changing our boots for easy *velschoens*, and put on a coat apiece. Our cook, a 'Cape boy' of mixed descent, had prepared an excellent meal, and we sat down to delicious soup and stew compounded of guinea-fowls shot the day before, onions, and potatoes, with a flavouring of sauce and half a tumbler of red Cape wine (Pontac) added towards the end of the cooking. Here was a meal fit for princes, and how much more so for two hungry men who had been all day in the saddle, and had had nothing but a biscuit or two since breakfast at dawn! A tin of American peaches rounded off the dinner, and we always had good bread going, made every two or three days from Boer meal. A kettle of right good Java coffee accompanied our repast, and saw us well into our second and third pipes.

Dinner over, we spread our blankets on the sandy soil alongside the fire, filled our pipes with Mahaliesberg tobacco—the best smoke in the world—and then gently I suggested to Adriaan Stols, now as happy and contented a man as you would find in Africa, that he should tell me something of the mystery of the kloof. 'Why, by the way,' I said, 'do you call it Crying Child Kloof? It's an odd name.'

Adriaan lifted his old, battered, broad-brimmed hat from his head, replaced it, and ran his fingers through his thick brown hair in a way I knew so well. Then looking contemplatively at the fire, he stroked his big beard and patted his broad chest. I knew his mind was working.

'Yes,' he said in his deep, guttural Dutch voice, 'it's an odd name, and a *verdoemed* odd place too, I promise you. The first time I ever came near the kloof was thirty years ago. I was a lad of fifteen then, just beginning to hunt elephants with my father—elephants were plentiful here in those days; and beside my father there camped, close to where our wagons stood, old Piet Louw and one of the Besters, with their wives and families. We were then no more than a hundred paces or so from the entrance of the kloof, on this side of the berg. I can remember there had been some words with the natives who were spooring for us as to coming through the kloof. They refused point-blank to do so, alleging that the place was *m'tagati* [bewitched], that men died there unaccountably, and were found strangled, with swollen faces and broken necks. My father and Piet Louw were

much annoyed; but these natives were far beyond the Transvaal, and quite independent of us and our laws, and we couldn't, therefore, deal with them as we should in our own territory. Well, the upshot of it was that Louw and one of his after-riders, a Griqua boy, went hunting south of the berg, and ventured, in spite of the remonstrances of the natives, to ride through the kloof on their way back to camp that afternoon. I remember it as well as yesterday. It was sunset, and we were all busy about the wagons preparing for supper. Old Piet Louw had not come in, and his *vrouw*, a fussy, short-tempered old dame, was making her usual to-do if anything happened to displease or upset her.

'Suddenly my father cried, "Hark! what is that?"

'We all listened intently, and then we heard the steady, muffled tramp of horses galloping fast. The sound came rapidly nearer, and then, as we all gazed in that direction, we saw Piet Louw and his after-rider emerge from the mouth of the kloof and come flying towards us. There seemed to be something wrong, for the Griqua was galloping close alongside his master and appeared to be holding him in the saddle by one arm. We all stared open-mouthed at the spectacle, and then in another few seconds they reined up in the middle of us.

'"Almighty!" cried my father, as he ran up to Piet and helped him from the saddle, "what in the world is the matter?"

'There was something wrong with the man undoubtedly. He reeled as he reached the ground, and would have fallen if Jacob Bester and my father had not taken each an arm of him and helped him to a camp-chair. He was blue, almost black, in the face, and his right hand grasped his throat.

'"Give me brandy," he said in a choking voice. "I've had a *schrijk* that I sha'n't get over to my dying day. How I got out of the kloof alive I don't know."

'His wife, who for once in her life seemed to be stricken dumb with amazement, fetched him some Cango brandy and a *vatje* of water, and after a stiff pannikin or two Piet seemed to come round.

'"*Kerels*," he said at length, when he was easier, "the Kafirs were right. That kloof yonder"—he gave a shuddering glance in the direction—"is haunted, and the devil himself lies in wait there!"

'Astonishment, blended with fear, was in all our faces, as we stood there crowded round him, waiting for more of his tale.

'"I'll tell you exactly what happened," he went on, after another pull at the brandy-and-water; "and Ruyter here"—nodding at the Griqua who stood close by with the horses—"shall say whether I speak truth or not. I rode off, as you know, early this morning in search of elephants. About ten miles south of the mountain I came up with a troop, and after killing a good bull, with teeth going, I suppose, at about one hundred pounds the pair, nearly got caught by an old, wicked, barren cow, which chased and all but caught me in thick bush. By the time I had got rid of her—and I had a narrow squeak for my life in doing it—the troop had got far away; and although Ruyter—who had meanwhile killed another bull—and I rode some miles on their spoor, they were going too fast, and we never got up with them. Well, we chopped out the teeth and buried them, and then turned for camp. Coming along by the stream I shot a nice pallah ram for meat, and then about half-an-hour before sundown we came to the other entrance of the kloof, and rode our horses quietly along. At first I saw nothing at all to bear out what the Kafirs said about the kloof. 'Tis a wild place, but there's plenty grass and fine grazing. The place was littered with flowers, and the bottom of the kloof is broad and sandy and easy riding. The stream is clear and wide, and carries lots of water. It was a beautiful evening, and I quite enjoyed the ride, and began to think of my supper and the good *vrouw* here, and a pipe and a pleasant chat by the camp-fire. The place was wonderfully silent. I saw no game—in fact, no other sign of life than some vultures soaring up above the berg-top, and a black-and-white raven or two which croaked from the *krantzes* above us. I should judge that the kloof is nearly three miles in length, and we had got quite two-thirds of the way through when we both heard plainly the cry of a little child wailing as if in trouble. Well, as you know, I'm a fool about children. It seemed odd that a *piccanin* should be alone there in that desolate place, and I drew rein and listened. Again came the whimpering cry, this time as if the child were really in pain or fear. It seemed among the bush just in front of us. I rode on ahead, and there amid the shrubbery, on a piece of soft sand, lay a little black child crying and sobbing softly to itself. I looked around. There was not a soul in sight save ourselves. How, I wondered, in the wide world had the child got there, and what was it doing? Then the babe rolled over, and, catching sight of me, held up its little, fat, black arms and sobbed again bitterly. It was more than I could stand. I jumped off my horse, picked up the little thing, and was in the saddle again in a moment.

'"I was scarcely firm in my seat when a feeling of great uneasiness came upon me. I can't well describe it," said Piet, and I remember he gave a shudder as he spoke; "but somehow the presence of that child in my right arm, nestling against my chest, seemed to bring with it fear and loathing. Then it seemed, as the child crept closer to my breast and put up its arms, that it swelled and grew. I had

not ridden fifty yards before the creature's hands were at my throat, gripping me like a blacksmith's vice. For a second or two I could not believe my senses; but the thing grew and grew, the grip strengthened, although with my free hand I strove to release myself, and I was being fast throttled. I knew then that there was something devilishly wrong, and I cried out to the boy, 'Take the thing by the leg, Ruyter, and throw it off!'

'"Ruyter behaved like a man. He laid hold of one leg, and as I dropped my rein and tore at the hands about my throat he gave his horse the spur, and by a sudden jerk freed me from that horrible thing. I promise you I was by that time nearly suffocated. Our horses seemed as much seized with fear as ourselves; and, galloping like furies out of the kloof, we came on as you saw us. My friends," he added solemnly, "the fiend himself is in that place, and the Kafirs are quite right. The kloof is deadly dangerous, *m'tagati* [haunted]. I wouldn't go in there again by myself for ten wagon-loads of ivory. If I had been alone, with that horrible thing squeezing the life out of me, I should have been a dead man by this time! I know it well."

'Piet Louw got up from his chair, shook himself, and rubbed his throat. "*Kerels*," he said, holding up his chin, "are there any marks there?" We all looked intently. Upon the great, tanned, brawny throat of the man—and Piet was a stark fellow, I promise you—there were deep purple marks where fingers had gripped him. He stared at the two horses. "Look at the nags," he said; "they tell a tale."

'We looked. They were both in a muck-sweat and still trembling.

'"They were cool when we started galloping," said Piet, "and we came only half a mile, and it's a fresh evening. They have had a *schrijk* too, that's evident.—Now, Ruyter," he went on, turning to the Griqua boy, whose ordinarily yellow face was at this time a drabby green, "tell them what you saw."

'"What the *baas* has told is quite right," said Ruyter; "the child swelled in his arms. When he picked it up it was a little *piccanin*, so big"—he held apart his hands to describe the length of a small infant. "When I took hold of the *skellum* by the leg and helped to pull it off it was as big as a boy of twelve. My *baases*, it was the devil himself, and nothing else!"

'That was what happened to Piet Louw in the kloof yonder thirty years ago,' added Stols, as he reached for an ember and lit his pipe again.

'It's a strange yarn,' I said meditatively. 'But tell me, Adriaan, don't you think there is an explanation? Mightn't old Piet Louw, for instance, have picked up a young baboon, and when the beast began to struggle so got his fright?'

'That's just what occurred to my father,' returned Stols. 'He would have it that Piet Louw had picked up a *baviaan* in mistake for a black *piccanin*. Piet was mighty angry, and blurted out that the light had not gone when he and Ruyter came up to the place where he picked the thing up; and both he and the Griqua vowed that what they saw was a black child and nothing else. At least it *looked* like a black child. Next morning, when broad daylight came, nothing would satisfy my father but that we should all ride into the kloof and have a look for spoor and see really what had happened. Old Piet Louw didn't half like it; but as, with Bester and his sons, there were seven of us, and we were all armed, he plucked up his courage and said he would come. Well, we rode into the kloof. We spoored the flight of the two horses till we came to the very spot where the scuffle had happened. We could trace the whole story easily in the sand. Here was where the horses had started galloping; there, a little farther, was where Ruyter had ridden alongside his master; farther on the very spot where Piet had got off his horse to pick up the child or spook, or whatever it was. But of the thing itself which he had picked up there was not one trace either in the sand there or where Ruyter, as he and Piet swore, had taken it by the leg and flung it to earth. We searched about everywhere around, but there was not a trace of spoor of a child or a baboon or anything else. Only the spoor of Piet Louw, where he had descended and climbed to his saddle again, and of his and the Griqua boy's horses.

'We rode on through the kloof and saw nothing; and right glad we all were when we emerged from the *poort* at the other end and came into the open veldt again.'

'Has anything happened in the place since, Adriaan?' I said.

'Three years after the time I speak of,' returned Stols, 'a hunting Boer who was up in this country by himself, and knew nothing of the kloof and its evil story, was found dead there. He had ridden through alone, and next morning, when his people went out to search for him, they found him strangled, with a broken neck. They brought out his body, buried it, and went their way. The man's name was Jacobus Kersteyn. There was no explanation of his death, but that it happened I and others know well. I have only once been here since. I took a dislike to the country, beautiful though it is, and well stocked with game; and except one season when I trekked this way, twenty years ago, I have never, till I came here with you, been near the place since.'

'I should very much like to have a look at the kloof, Adriaan,' I said. 'Will you ride through with me to-morrow morning? Your story impresses me, I confess, immensely; but I should like to see with my own eyes this

place of such evil memories and such weird happenings. Will you come?'

'Not I, my friend,' returned Stols with decision. 'I have been through once, and I never want to see the place again. There is something evil about it. The power may yet remain, and I hold that any sensible man, after the terrible things that have happened there, not to one but to many folk, will leave well alone and take no risks. Man and beast I am always open to take my chances with; not so with the powers of darkness. If, as I see, you are curious to pry into this mystery yourself, let me beg of you to do nothing of the kind. Let the kloof alone, and never think of entering it. That is my last word to you. And now, Johan, I am for bed. May you sleep well, and don't dream of the crying child!'

After a hearty good-night, Adriaan and I climbed to our respective wagons and turned in. He was soon asleep; but for my part I lay awake for some time, pondering over the strange narrative I had heard that evening, and wondering whether it were truth or fiction. In front of me, as I gazed out of my wagon—it was a warm night and the fore-clap was not fastened—the wonderful array of stars, pricking the deep velvety indigo of the African night-sky, glittered before my eyes. Presently even these faded from my senses, and I sank into the sound slumber that ever welcomes the wanderer in the veldt.

Next morning it was my business to ride five or six miles to the native kraal which lay nearest us. We needed grain for the hunting-ponies, and I went to see if I could raise some. Stols was busy in camp repairing one of the wagons; and, taking my rifle for a chance shot, I cantered away in the best of spirits. The kraal lay some way beyond the north-east angle of the mountain, and I had no difficulty in finding my way thither. I spoke one or two native dialects, and on arrival at the village I interviewed the headman and made my wants understood. Natives are terribly slow hands at a bargain; they derive enormous pleasure in what to the Englishman is the hateful business of a long haggle over a deal; and it was not till a couple of weary hours had passed that I came to terms with the chief and arranged for a supply equal to three sacks of millet or Kafir corn, a provender which, in the absence of other grain, gives excellent feeding for horses. This business completed, I questioned the chief about the Kloof of the Crying Child. He was at first very reticent; but presently, opening up under the influence of a present of tobacco, he told me a good deal. What he said confirmed completely Adriaan Stols's tale. I asked if any deaths had lately happened in the valley. The chief thought for a few moments, and said, 'Yes, a native from another tribe up north had entered it on his journey south, whither he was marching on his way to Johannesburg. He had never quitted the kloof alive, and his friends who came after him had found his body, strangled, half-way down the place.' This had happened, as well as I could make out, some five years before. All my palaver ended, after a drink of milk I remounted my nag and rode off, taking a sweep round and beyond the mountain in search of game. We were in no need of meat, and I was only on the lookout for an exceptionally fine pair of horns if they came in my way. I saw a good many head of game, and thoroughly enjoyed my ride; but no record pair of horns came within my ken, and as afternoon deepened I turned my good horse's head and set my face for camp.

It was a little before four o'clock as I rode by the entrance to Crying Child Kloof on my way back. Facing the *poort* or pass that led into the mountain, I halted and gazed up the ravine, of which I could discern from this point some three hundred yards. It all looked very picturesque, very quiet, and very innocent, resembling, in fact, scores of passes I have ridden through in various parts of South Africa. I had been thinking about the place all morning and part of the preceding night. The mystery of the kloof obsessed me; I could not get rid of it. I am not a nervous person, and I had hitherto had no sort of personal experience whatever of apparitions, wraiths, phantasms, spooks, or whatever men choose to call them. In fact, I had a natural and hearty contempt for anything of the kind. I was strong, hard, in the rudest health; and here, in the broad and blessed daylight, what had a sane man to fear? My mind was suddenly made up. I cast the warnings of Adriaan Stols to the winds, and, fording the shallow stream which flowed out of the *poort*, emerged on firm and smooth ground and entered the kloof. It was, I knew, scarce three miles long, and I should be through the place and out on the other side in much less than an hour, at least half-an-hour before sunset.

At first I rather enjoyed my ride. It was a magnificent kloof, having a broad, smooth floor fully half a mile wide, from which the great, red, jagged mountain walls towered up grimly on either hand until their peaks were greeted and glorified by the sinking sun. There were many low trees scattered about the valley, mostly thorny acacia and wild olive, and masses of bush grew here and there; and the flowers, just now in their fullest luxuriance, were a perfect sight. But otherwise there was not a sign of life in all the vast, beautiful place. That, I think, was the oddest feature about the ravine—that and an air of preternatural solemnity, of weird, impressive stillness, as if Nature were standing expectant for the happening of some strange event.

I shook off the feeling of oppression which

somehow gathered upon me, and rode on. My good horse, striding along at a quick walk, showed no signs whatever of like or dislike to his environment. Occasionally he cocked his ears, but that was no unusual thing with him. We were getting along capitally, and I suppose had traversed more than half the kloof. I was becoming acclimatised, and the feeling of oppression was sensibly diminished, especially as the thought of Adriaan Stols came into my mind. In twenty minutes I should be clear of the place, and then—I smiled to myself as I thought of it—what a laugh I should have at Adriaan's serious face as I told him of my adventure, or rather lack of adventure!

The smile was instantly banished from my face by a sound which, coming from the shrubbery thirty or forty paces in front, seemed strangely, horribly familiar. It was the wailing, piteous cry of a child in pain. Again and yet again it was repeated, then silence. The tension, from which a moment ago I had thought myself free, was upon my nerves again. I was strung taut, almost to the highest point of human endurance. I confess that for a second or two my heart seemed to stand still. Then there flashed into my mind a coward thought—to turn my horse's head and gallop down the kloof by the way I had come! But, as instantaneously, courage, stiffened by a sense of shame, came to my aid. What had I to be afraid of? I would go forward. My horse had halted at the sound, and stood expectant. I urged him gently with my heel, and he moved on. Again came that soft, piteous, miserable cry, the cry of a little child in real pain. My skin crept, and my back and the palms of my hands were very cold, but I went on. My rifle was loaded and cocked, and I held it ready in my right hand. Then suddenly, passing a bush, my horse halted, and there, a few yards away, lay a little, naked, black child sobbing gently to itself. Strangely enough, now that I saw the thing before me, I felt perfectly self-possessed, and, leaning forward in my saddle, watched the child closely. Something within me warned me not to get down from my horse, not to touch the thing that lay there. It rolled softly this way and that, moaning gently to itself. Still I waited, I cannot say why. I had no intention of getting off my horse, and I have an idea that that resolution of mine passed unconsciously from my mind to the thing lying there before me. Then suddenly, for one fleeting part of a second, I caught a glimpse of the creature's eyes. Never can I forget what I saw there. It was a look so baleful, so terrible, so full of murderous hate, that, digging spurs into my horse, I sprang away, and was next moment galloping madly, furiously for the head of the kloof. As I rode there came from behind me a horrible, demoniacal, mocking laugh which lent fresh impetus to my flight.

I can remember little more of the rest of that whirling ride, except that I emerged presently at the northern *poort*, and, passing out of the hateful kloof, soon saw the welcome sight of our wagons outspanned a quarter of a mile away.

That is all I have to tell about the Kloof of the Crying Child. I have no theories to offer concerning what has happened there and what I myself have seen. I merely state the few plain facts of which I have cognisance. There is some dread mystery about the place; some ancient, evil thing haunts it—of that I am firmly convinced. Africa is a strange country, and in its heart there is yet to be found many a dark secret which all the boasted skill and knowledge of the white man is for the present powerless to explain or penetrate.

NELSON'S MONUMENT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE,

OCTOBER 21ST.

UNMOVED you stand above the trodden way,
With din of landward traffic in your ears—
You, for whom wailing winds and hissing spray
Made all your music in the far-off years;
You, who in life found seas on every side,
Watch now above the city's ebb and flow.
Nor is there aught within its restless tide
To tell you of the sea of long ago,
Save on that day when, by one impulse swayed,
Its wavering currents set towards your feet,
Bringing, in token of love's debt unpaid,
Pale, fragrant flowers, for death and victory meet.
Then, gazing down, you seem to see once more
The well-known waves break white upon the shore.

E. G. MOORE.

WHEAL CATHERINE OF TRENCROM.

By ALFRED COLBECK,

Author of 'The Secret of the Sebhah,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE girl's slight figure was balanced like a bird on the summit of one of the granite bosses on the top of Trencrom. Below her were the woods of Trevethoe, partially covering the softly curved hollow, with the chimneys of the Hall showing, and beyond them the park and the village of St Uny Lelant. In the distance, between the hills, with the full tide surrounding it, St Michael's Mount, crowned with its miniature castle, was clearly defined against the shining waters of the bay. This, as many a time before, was the view which entranced her, the view she loved, and she dwelt upon it while the southerly wind kissed her rounded cheeks and played with the strands of her dark-brown hair.

Northerly, too, the view was superb. Within its confining crescent of yellow and green, light-house-tipped, St Ives Bay gleamed opalescent; and beyond, the long, indented coast-line stretched, in savage cliffs and lonely headlands, as far away as dim Trevose. With Trencrom as the pivot, and slowly turning from Trevose to the Lizard, the vision could range over one-half of the Duchy of Cornwall.

North to south turning eastward the panorama was enchanting; but north to south turning westward there were only the nearer hills, high and stony, and but scantily relieved by the fading yellow gorse and the opening purple heather. One, indeed, directly westward, was crowned by a clump of ragged firs—the point of a granite pinnacle peeped above them. But that was an exception. All the other hills were treeless, and disfigured here and there by the gaunt shells of long-forsaken engine-houses and the rugged refuse-heaps of abandoned tin and copper mines. Aided by a kindly climate, Nature had done her best to redeem the desolation. Sloes were plentiful, and brambles, and woodbine, and wild-apple, and convolvuli; and but for the engine-houses, with their stunted chimneys, these great gray hills would have formed a magnificent natural rockery.

The girl, poised upon the boss of granite, swept the wider view and gave no thought to the other. And yet within the other—and well within it, only down the slope and across the depression—something was happening which presently interested her much more than the scenery. A sound reached her—a sound recurrent and unusual. She turned to ascertain the cause. A young man, a perfect stranger, was tapping with a small hammer selected pieces of the débris of old Wheal Catherine, and scrutinising the broken fragments through a powerful pocket-microscope. She watched him intently. Drawn unconsciously by the compelling gaze, he raised his head and looked at her for a moment, then bent again to his absorbing task. Caught by his look, and a little abashed at the thought that he might imagine she was spying upon him, the girl leaped from the rock and hid behind it, smoothing back the blown tresses and blushing slightly.

Why should she? The wrong was his, if wrong there were, not hers. She was the owner of the débris, and the empty engine-house, and the adjacent unprofitable wilderness, and the abandoned mine itself—she and her mother; and, without permission, this venturesome stranger was cracking the stones and popping the specimens that seemed to suit him into the wallet by his side. The stones were quite worthless. Not even as road-metal could they dispose of them. Other and better material was available, and less expensive to cart away.

In his neat Norfolk suit of serviceable tweed there was nothing to distinguish him from an ordinary tourist. But the ordinary tourist never came to Trencrom. A little farther back, hilarious picnickers were making merry over their gipsy fire and *al fresco* meal. They were not tourists; Trencrom was only a pleasant ramble from their own homes. But the young man of the Norfolk suit was a stranger—a tourist maybe, thought the girl, with a *penchant* for mineralogical research.

'Can you direct me the nearest way to St Ives?'

She turned with a little start, and there he stood before her, cap in hand and smiling. Why had he not gone a step or two farther and asked the picnic-party to direct him? He was a handsome fellow, tall, strong, his clean-shaven face tanned to an outdoor healthiness, and with a humorous gleam in his gray-blue eyes.

'The nearest way is through the fields,'

said she. 'Make for the steeple,' and she pointed at the granite tip peeping above the firs; 'but before you reach it turn to the right and go through the broken ground of Wheal Providence — the mine, you know,' she added by way of explanation, for she feared he might not understand the word 'Wheal.'

'Yes?' he responded deferentially.

'That will bring you to Treloyhan, and from there you can see St Ives.'

'Thank you!' said he. 'Your directions are very explicit. I cannot lose myself.'

'I don't know,' she replied doubtfully. 'To a stranger, the nearest way is not always the quickest. You might do better to keep to the high-road.'

'With the friendly steeple to guide me, I will risk the path through the fields. The high-road does not appeal to me, and Wheal Providence, as you call it, is rather tempting.' And his eyes twinkled. 'I am greatly indebted to you;' and, with a sweep of his cap, he strode away, deigning not to bestow a glance at the picnic-party, who, arrested in their merriment, had been watching them.

The girl passed through an opening in the rocks, and, concealed from view, stood there for a minute or two deeply reflective. Then she tripped down the hill, crossed the road into a coppice, threaded her way through it mechanically, and emerged into a meadow. A seldom-trodden path brought her to the front of a tiny villa, detached, with a small but luxuriant garden in front of it, and behind a bend of the road — the same road that she had crossed farther up. She opened the wicket, and the click of it brought a matronly figure into the trellised porch of the wide doorway.

'Quick, my dear!' said the matronly figure as she noticed her daughter's loitering footsteps and the dream-like look upon her face, both unusual and provoking a mild surprise. 'Tea is waiting. Did you go farther than the hill?'

'No, mother.'

'Are you tired?'

'Tired?' and she lifted her eyebrows. 'Why should I be, mother? A little stroll like that cannot tire me;' and she speared her hat with the pins which had fastened it, tossed it aside, and seated herself at the table. 'It's glorious, mother, on the hill!'

'I thought you were tired, my dear, because you were walking so slowly, and your face was —what shall I say?—quiet, meditative.'

'I was thinking—a rare occupation, mother, for me.'

'A penny for your thoughts, Kitty.'

'A penny, mother!' and she broke into a rippling, musical laugh. 'Nay, you might repent of the bargain; they're not worth it A little junket, please, and some cream, mother. Thank you!'

'Was there any one else on the hill?'

'A picnic-party. Oh, and a gentleman!' she added as a seeming after-thought, not quite easy in her mind at the idea even of an innocent concealment from her mother. 'He asked me the nearest way to St Ives.'

'A stranger?'

'Yes; I haven't seen him before. The junket is delicious, mother; but the cream is a trifle furzy, don't you think so?'

'The merest trifle, Kitty.'

'You rather like the tang of the smoke, don't you?'

'I don't object to it.'

'Then have some more.'

'No, thank you, Kitty; I haven't been out on the hill.' And the conversation—deflected from the stranger, as her daughter hoped it would be — settled down into commonplace channels.

After tea, when they sat by the lamp-light, the mother knitting, the daughter engaged with some filmy fancy-work, the silence was broken by a query from the latter.

'How much did grandfather sink in Wheal Catherine?'

'All he had, my dear, or practically so.'

'But how much?' persisted Kitty.

'Between thirty and forty thousand pounds, I believe.'

'It must have had a very capacious maw, mother, to swallow all that. And father—he was manager of the mine—did he sink anything in it?'

'Yes, when they made him manager; it was one of the conditions. My settlement was secure, Kitty; it was invested in Consols, and fortunately father refused to have it touched, or we should have had scarcely anything to live upon. We haven't much as it is—only that and what his policy brought us—but enough for our simple wants.'

'It is a good thing for us that our wants are simple, mother, and that the dreadful appetite of Wheal Catherine was appeased before it reached the Consols. What a voracious dragon it must have been! But how did we come to possess it, mother—solely, I mean? For others were interested in it as well as father and grandfather.'

'The others were bought out.'

'When the mine was paying?'

'No, afterwards. Father thought it would pay again.'

'Did it?'

'Slightly; then it ceased to pay, and was abandoned, and went to ruin. And we were left, you and I, Kitty, as sole proprietors—well, I was, and what I have is yours.'

'Wasn't it a gamble, mother?'

'A gamble, my dear? Nay, not quite that.

A speculation, perhaps, as all mining must be; but a reasonable speculation, and at first remunerative. The shaft is very deep—deeper by sixty fathoms than they thought they would have to go; but there, and at a lower level still, the lodes are rich, and yielded splendidly. So they would yet if we could work them—or, rather, if the price for copper were such that we could afford to work them. The mine is not exhausted, Kitty. It was not abandoned through the failure of the metal. If the ore down there were only "up to grass," as the miners say—on the surface, that is—we might be millionaires.'

'Then I wish some giant would raise it for us, mother! But the giants have gone from Trencrom.'

'Long ago;' and the mother smiled.

'But if the metal is there, mother, why was the mine abandoned?'

'Didn't I tell you? The prices fell. It wouldn't pay for the working. Tin and copper came in from Australia and South America. They found it nearer the surface. It was easier and cheaper to get. We couldn't compete with them—that was all.'

'Mother!'—and there was a new tone, appealing, vibrant, but very gentle, in Kitty's voice, which caused the mother to raise her head and glance at her daughter apprehensively—'the gentleman I mentioned, who asked me the nearest way to St Ives, was examining the débris of the mine, chipping it with a hammer and inspecting it through a magnifying-glass, and some of it he carried away with him in a leather satchel slung across his shoulders. What could he want it for, think you?'

'Was he young?' The question was a trifle irrelevant, and brought a deeper colour into Kitty's face.

'Yes—that is, not very. Under thirty, I should say. But his age does not concern us. What matters it, mother, whether he was young or old?'

'I was only wondering, my dear.'

'Foolishly, mother. You haven't answered my question.'

'Oh, about the chippings? I really don't know. I should think he must have been searching for stray specimens of tin or copper ore—or mundic, perhaps—or pitch-blende. What was he like, Kitty?'

'Tall, and bronzed, and clean-shaven, like hundreds of other men, except'——

'Except what?'

'His eyes—they were different.'

'How different, Kitty?'

'Well, it's hard to say; but they were different—a grayish-blue, very steady, and with a kindly gleam in them—half-serious, half-humorous, rather expressive eyes.'

'You must have been very observant, Kitty.'

'I couldn't help seeing him, mother. He stood directly in front of me, and wanted to know the *nearest* way.'

'Was he dressed like a gentleman?'

'Mother!' she remonstrated, and then went off into a peal of laughter. Secretly her mother rejoiced to hear it. How could she laugh like that if her heart were stolen? 'He was dressed like a tourist, quietly, mother, in one of those pleated jackets, with a loosely buttoned belt about him. His manners were gentlemanly, and manners are more than dress. You are very inquisitive. Anything more?'

'No, my dear. I am satisfied. I don't go out much. I like to see what you have seen—through your eyes, Kitty; and your impressions, too, I like to feel—when you are able to transmit them. I am growing older. My life is centred in yours.'

'Older! Nay, mother, you are young yet, and there are many years before you;' and she rose and tenderly kissed her. 'There! Who was it that said the other day you were like my elder sister? And, indeed, you are! You've scarcely a wrinkle; and your hair is brown, a richer colour than mine and quite as plentiful; and your eyes are lovelier. Yes, they are!' as her mother faintly protested with an answering smile; 'and you and I, if ever we do grow old—a very remote possibility, mother—must manage it gracefully together.'

Kitty's rosy description was not all affectionate flattery. Her mother was certainly good-looking, younger in appearance than her years warranted, matronly, and inclined to stoutness; but, apart from this, wonderfully like her daughter, and more beautiful, perhaps, in the days of her prime. For her daughter was slim and willowy, not quite so tall, with a face more piquant and an expression less resposeful—a girl of quick, mercurial temperament and nerves highly strung. And in their quiet, sequestered life, with the husband and father gone, and no other members of the family, these two had become all in all to each other.

A secret fear sometimes assailed the mother, which, in the nature of things, she could not share. Responsive to a lover's call, her bird-like daughter might fly away. She was far too sensible to set herself against her daughter's marriage—always supposing, of course, that the right man came and Kitty loved him; but she hoped the nest would be near her own. It would be hard, terribly hard, to part with Kitty if the call should come from some distant place. It was this which had led her to question Kitty about the stranger, to ascertain exactly what had passed between them. She was thankful for Kitty's laugh, and more thankful still when she went singing light-heartedly to her bedroom.

[*Christmas Number.*

But the stranger — what was he thinking? How had the vision of Kitty affected him?

CHAPTER II.

HIS wallet was heavy, but his head was light. The thought of the mineralogical specimens had been driven clean out of his head by the vision of Kitty. He recalled the first glimpse of her, poised on the rock, with the soft, white draperies floating back, and her face uplifted in welcome to the kisses of the southerly breeze. How quickly she had vanished! And what a charming expression of surprise when, asking his way, she turned so suddenly and confronted him! In contrast with the shouts and laughter of the picnic-party—stilled, however, when he appeared and spoke, and inquisitively interested in their interview—her voice was like the breathing of delicate music. She was not of their company, for when they parted she disappeared beyond the rocks, and the picnickers became hilarious again.

Ere he came to the steeple he must turn, she had said, to the right, and work his way toward Treloyhan through the broken ground of Wheal Providence. There was the steeple, directly ahead of him, with its protective copper-tipped point projecting above the firs; and here were the workings of the mine, disused, neglected, like a big open scar on the once fair face of the earth. Whatever the name might be, the workings which the name denoted were far from tempting; but he plunged into them and made his way through them, associating the name, as he had associated the thought, with Kitty's radiant vision. Not the broken ground, but her words of direction, were his Wheal Providence. Who could tell what that chance encounter might mean? He turned to the right, and kept to the right till he reached the open road, and straight before him he saw his destination.

He was too light-headed to moralise. Enfolded in the turn to the right and the keeping to the right, as in a simple parable, lay the trueness and happiness of his life; but of that he thought not—could not think—because he knew not what was coming. The vision had affected him—or was it the tonic properties of that wonderful air?—like a draught of old and mellow wine. He was strangely light-headed for a sober scientist—a man of learned research, with a privilege, granted by many diplomas, of placing at the end of his name a whole row of mystic letters. At the foot of a carefully drafted report on the mineralogical specimens with which he had weighted his wallet those mystic letters would appear in a day or two. But specimens, and report, and letters, and everything else connected with them, were forgotten, lost in the light of the recollection of Kitty; and when he gained the open road and saw St Ives below him, a ridiculous nursery-rhyme suggested itself, and began to dance fantastically through the avenues of his brain. He soliloquised:

> 'Kits, cats, sacks, and wives—
> How many met I going to St Ives?

No difficult problem that, for the one man met possessed them all. Seven wives! I pity him; unless, indeed, he was a greedy chap to appropriate all the seven. He left them behind him—sacks, and cats, and kits, and all the multiplication of sevens—and came out quite alone. And no wonder! Now, what put that silly thing into my head? Going to St Ives, I suppose. And yet—and yet—it must be the girl at Trencrom. Seven wives! H'm—seven is the perfect number; and she would be seven in one—perfect! But who is she? I cannot name her. I know not where she lives. Strange that a girl seen at random should so affect me, when all these years my heart has been as hard as the nether millstone—very strange! Shall I meet her again? I hope so.' Musing in this way, he reached the hotel.

The specimens were left in his bedroom for closer examination on the morrow. He dressed for dinner, and after dinner strolled into the town. A local band was playing loudly on the Malakoff. Visitors and residents were promenading round the bandstand and up and down the terrace to the lilting strains. The music had no attraction for him. He descended the steep and narrow street to the Passmore-Edwards Library. A map of the neighbourhood hung upon the wall. The obliging librarian brought him a directory; and, aided by this, he carefully inspected a part of the map, asked a question or two, and pencilled a name and address in his pocket-book. Then he returned and indulged in a meditative smoke, overlooking from the open veranda the beautiful beach of Porthminster, and dreamily watching the shimmer of the moonlight on the moving waters of the bay.

His first business the following morning, after a plunge at Pednolver and a substantial breakfast, was to write a formal note and despatch it to the name and address he had copied in his pocket-book. Then he gave himself to a long and leisurely examination of the mineralogical specimens. He did not attempt to crush them. Only by reduction and a prolonged scientific process in a properly fitted laboratory could their intrinsic value be finally determined; but he was more than satisfied by the scrutiny he was able to subject them to, and packed them up in a box he had bought, ready to send away by registered parcel-post.

'Heigh-ho!' he exclaimed, glancing at his

watch and stretching himself; 'I've half the day before me. What shall I do? It's no use writing the report until I've interviewed this Mrs Vivian; so that must wait, and this'—and he tapped the box—'until to-morrow. Shall I go to Trencrom? For a sight of the girl I would, and farther. But will she be there to-day? And if she is, what then? I could not ask her again the nearest way to St Ives without giving her the impression that I was a lunatic. Nor could I ask her the nearest way to anywhere; it would be too utterly transparent an excuse for another word or two. She would resent it. My presence, even, a second time in a place so sequestered might alarm her. No, that would never do. She's like a bird—a combination of dove and gull, gentle, but ready for flight, and not to be caught by open approaches. I must trust to chance to meet her. This oxide of uranium may do it'—and he tapped the box again—'for, should all go well with an accommodating Mrs Vivian, I shall have to stay a fairly long time. Goodness! what shall I do? I'll run over to Lelant. The links are good, they say—eighteen holes in rabbit-cropped turf, and sandy hollows, and spike-like bents, with capital sporting hazards; and, yes'—as he looked out of the window—'the breeze is off the sea.'

So away he went to Lelant, and met with company there—golfers like himself, who were glad to include him in a foursome; and he played well, recalling the image of Kitty and wondering if she were a golfer too, and never gave a thought to the formal, business-like missive to the unknown Mrs Vivian, nor dreamt of the effect it was producing as she and Kitty excitedly discussed it in the garden under Trencrom.

'You will see him, of course?' said Kitty.

'I cannot refuse, my dear,' returned her mother.

'Who can he be?' mused Kitty. '"Porthminster Hotel" — that doesn't enlighten us much; all sorts of people stay there. "Mr Cecil Lambert" sounds well; and he "presents his compliments," *et cetera*, and "understands that Mrs Vivian is the owner of Wheal Catherine, a small mining property near Trencrom," and asks for an interview to-morrow at three. H'm—he might have written a little more; there's a blank half-sheet. It's rather tantalising, mother, isn't it, and almost curtly correct?'

'He's a stranger, Kitty.'

'So he is, and we must wait till to-morrow at three. What can he want? To reopen the mine, or explore it, or purchase it, or what? Oh mother!' she exclaimed quite loudly, and fixing upon her incredulous eyes.

'What is it, my dear?'

'I know who he is.'

'You do?'

'Yes—at least, I think so. You remember the gentleman'—— and Kitty finished her remark by an elevation of the eyebrows.

'Who asked you the way to St Ives? Yes, it is not unlikely. But what should he want to see me for?'

'To apologise, mother—that's it. It must be!' and Kitty's eyes sparkled with mischievous excitement. 'He appropriated your property. I saw him. His wallet was bulging with the output of Wheal Catherine—positively bulging, crammed with it—and all collected without permission, and carried away with no word of thanks. It's a visit of reparation, mother. He's made inquiries and discovered the owner; and now he's coming to ease his conscience, and restore the specimens, and prevent prosecution, and'——

'Kitty!' she remonstrated, covering her ears.

'Yes?' returned Kitty demurely.

'You're like a rattle.'

'Because I'm shaken, mother, and the noise I make is proof that there's something in me.'

'Only nonsensical guesses, I fear.'

'Well, we shall know to-morrow at three.'

To-morrow came, and three, but no visitor. At a quarter-past Kitty knitted her brows, and said he was very unpunctual. At half-past she became severe, and declared he wasn't worth waiting for. At a quarter to four she gave him up, and with a resigned expression—a trifle forced and tinged with disappointment—resumed her filmy fancy-work and relapsed into silence.

The gate swung open, and rapid footsteps were heard on the gravel. In response to the bell—jerkily pulled, as if the ringer were in haste—the maid ran to the door and showed the visitor into the drawing-room. She brought back with her a visitor's card. Mrs Vivian glanced at it, started a little, nodded a dismissal to the maid, and glanced at it again. Kitty never raised her head. She pretended to have lost all interest in the visitor. The intricate pattern materialising under her nimble fingers seemed to be absorbing all her thought.

'Kitty!' breathed her mother. The tone, low and insistent, and with a touch of surprise in it, compelled attention.

'Yes?' said Kitty, dropping her work and taking the card. 'Oh—why, he's a savant, mother, distinguished and scholarly! I must be mistaken. This cannot be the gentleman I mentioned to you, but some one older—much older. However, you'll soon see. Don't keep *him* waiting;' and she settled to her work again.

'But, Kitty, you'll come too?'

'There's no need.'

'If there is, I'll call you. Shall I?'

'If there is,' repeated Kitty doubtfully; 'but he's called to see you, mother, not me.'

She was disappointed that the visitor, as she supposed, was not the man she expected. But

relieved, nevertheless, to be able to keep the man she expected in her good graces as a man likely to be prompt. That it might not be dilatoriness but a quite excusable delay never suggested itself to Kitty, nor did it strike her that the stranger she had spoken to was ignorant of her name and unaware of her connection with Wheal Catherine.

He was standing, hat in hand, as Mrs Vivian entered the drawing-room. She knew at once that it was he, and not some older man, despite the fact that he had left the Norfolk suit behind him, and was dressed faultlessly for the call. She took the change of attire as a delicate compliment to herself. His face was flushed with rapid walking, and a dewy perspiration covered his brow.

'Mrs Vivian?' he queried, afraid, after all, that he had made a mistake. He was looking for the appearance of a lady considerably older. 'This is Renowan, I believe?' And she gave a silent assent to both the queries by the suggestion of a bow. 'I have to apologise for the delay. I hope it has not inconvenienced you. I thought your residence, Renowan, was in the village of Lelant. The postal address misled me. So I booked to Lelant and inquired of the stationmaster there, and found, too late to remedy the delay (for there was no conveyance to be had), that it was quite on the outskirts of the parish. Pardon me!'

'I am sorry you have had so long a walk, and so discomforting, too, in this heat. Sit down, please. Our nearest station is Carbis Bay.'

'Yes; it was very stupid of me not to make sure of it before I left St Ives. Then I should have been here in time.'

'It was a natural mistake, Mr Lambert.'

'I must not detain you after keeping you waiting so long. I have called about Wheal Catherine.'

'Don't mention it. The specimens are valueless to me; and if they were not, you are heartily welcome to them.'

'The specimens!' echoed he, at a loss for the moment to understand so inconsequent a rejoinder. 'Oh, I see! You mean those with which I filled my wallet the day before yesterday. I helped myself, certainly,' and he smiled; 'but the place seemed deserted. Was I trespassing? If so, I am sorry, and must apologise again.'

'I thought you meant the specimens when you referred to Wheal Catherine,' said Mrs Vivian, a trifle disconcerted. 'My daughter saw you, from the top of the hill, collecting them.'

'Indeed! Was that your daughter who kindly pointed out to me the nearest way to St Ives?'

'Yes, that was Kitty.'

'It was the mine itself I came to see you about,' said Lambert after the slightest perceptible pause. 'Would you sell it?'

'Sell the mine!' exclaimed Mrs Vivian, completely taken aback by such a proposal.

'Yes,' returned Lambert. 'Would you be willing to enter into negotiations for the disposal of the property? It is yours, I believe, and freehold. You could sell it, couldn't you?'

'Outright, do you mean?'

'That would be preferable to a lease; but in case you do not wish to sell'—and here he hesitated a little—'in case you are advised not to sell, a lease might be arranged, perhaps, on mutually profitable terms.'

'I scarcely know what to say, Mr Lambert. I never expected to receive an offer for it. I thought it was worthless. You must give me time to think it over. I must consult Kitty about it. You see, it is my daughter's almost as much as mine—that is, it will be hers; and she should have some say in the selling of it—or in the leasing of it, if it can be leased. Shall I call her in?'

'If you please.'

He was really delighted, but did not dare to show it, and awaited the appearance of Kitty with a measure of gladsome, nervous excitement. The name, when first it was spoken, had clinched itself into his brain. 'Kitty—Catherine!' he mused while the mother was out of the room. Instead of summoning Kitty, she had excused herself and gone to fetch her. A word of warning was necessary, and a word of explanation, to save Kitty from embarrassment and surprise. 'The name of the girl,' said Lambert to himself, 'and the name of the mine are alike. But the mine is older than the girl; it cannot be named after her. It is older than her mother. It must have been named after some previous Catherine. I wonder what the history of it is.' But the wonder was cut short by the mother's return, accompanied by her lissome daughter.

'We have met before, Miss Vivian,' said he, standing and bowing, 'though informally and without introduction: I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting you again to-day.'

'My mother tells me that you want to buy Wheal Catherine,' said Kitty with a swift and radiant smile.

'Not exactly that;' and the humorous twinkle in his eyes kindled at Kitty's direct and personal method of putting it. 'I called to make inquiries only—to ascertain, and not for myself, but for others, whether you would be willing to sell it, or'—and again he slightly hesitated—'to lease it, if that would be better for you.'

'Come, mother, what do you say?' asked Kitty, waiting.

'Say, Kitty! What can I say?' returned Mrs Vivian helplessly.

1909.]

'That our willingness may be taken for granted,' said Kitty.

'Yes,' she assented; 'I can say so much.'

'And that is enough, I suppose, to begin with?' and Kitty appealed to their visitor.

'Quite,' said he. 'I cannot reasonably expect anything more.'

'We cannot dispose of the mine as we could of a crate of broccoli,' laughed Kitty. 'And we cannot lease it, can we—that is, if we decide to lease it—without a deed of some sort, and signatures, and witnesses, and provisos, and all that? We shall have to consult a solicitor.'

'One you know, and can trust, and who has acted for you before,' put in Lambert.

'Old Mr Kitto,' said Mrs Vivian.

'Is he your family lawyer?' asked Lambert.

'He was, when the family needed one,' and she smiled pathetically; 'but I and Kitty have seldom troubled him. The documents of Wheal Catherine are lodged with him.'

'And he lives——?'

'In Penzance.'

'Then, when you have decided whether to sell or lease—and I would advise you to consult Mr Kitto about that—negotiations can be opened between him and the solicitors for the syndicate.'

'Oh, it's a syndicate?' said Kitty as Lambert rose and prepared to go.

'Yes; but I 'm not a part of it, Miss Vivian—only the servant of the syndicate for the time being.'

'We are having tea in the garden,' said Mrs Vivian. 'Will you join us?'

He glanced at Kitty, noted the tender flush upon her face, and with a joy in his heart like the springing of a fountain, expressed his thanks and readily consented.

CHAPTER III.

'THIS is a premium on delay,' said Lambert as he sat in the shadow of a gigantic fuchsia and watched his hostess pouring tea.

'Coming or going?' asked Kitty archly.

'Both. I was late in coming, and you invite me to tea; I shall be late in going, and carry away with me the recollection of your kindness. It is very good of you to treat me in this fashion, but rather dangerous.'

'Why?'

'Because it is a temptation to repeat a fault of which I am seldom guilty.'

'This is our usual hour for tea,' said Kitty—'five or thereabout; so you can time your next interview, Mr Lambert—there will be a next, of course, and one after that—to join us again.'

'If you will allow me!'

'We shall be delighted,' said Mrs Vivian. 'Sugar and cream?'

'Three pieces of the first, please, and'—

'Oh, Mr Lambert, and in such a tiny cup!' and Kitty laughed and shook her head in playful remonstrance.

'It brings out the flavour,' he returned gravely, but with glinting eyes—'well out, almost to disappearance—and I prefer it so. That is why I said three pieces, and was about to say cream in proportion.'

'Why, you will never taste it at all,' expostulated Kitty, 'but only the sugar and cream!'

'Which are more to my taste, Miss Vivian, much more, than the tea,' he said as he sipped it; then, to make amends, 'The tea is delicious. What a charming view you have from here!'

'Isn't it lovely?' said Kitty.

'It is indeed!' and he allowed his eyes to wander over the wide prospect and to rest at last upon the castle-crowned crag of St Michael. 'It would be difficult to beat. Whoever built the house had an eye for the beautiful.'

'My grandfather built it—he who opened the mine, you know; but his wife selected the site,' said Kitty.

'So he called the mine Wheal Catherine?' observed Lambert reflectively.

'Yes, after his wife.—Isn't that so, mother?'

'It is, my dear,' responded Mrs Vivian. 'Others did the same. There are lots of them about—mines called after women, long since gone, whose names were supposed to be lucky; and now, alas! the mines are as silent and perhaps as forgotten as they.'

'Wheal Catherine may be an exception,' suggested Lambert.

'If the syndicate works it,' added Kitty.

'Oh, they 'll work it,' returned Lambert, 'if you 'll give them the chance.'

'For copper?' asked Mrs Vivian.

'As a by-product, perhaps,' said Lambert thoughtfully; 'but, no, not for copper. That wouldn't pay as prices are now ruling, except as a by-product. But they 'll work it. Copper didn't pay in your father's time, Mrs Vivian?'

'Not always.'

'And he lost money by the mine?'

'Much.'

'Ah!' He refrained from further questioning, wishing to avoid the appearance of inquisitiveness—in fact, in his present mood (a troubled one, deftly concealed), willing to remain in ignorance—and changed the conversation to a lighter vein. The ladies responded, and all too soon for him and them the time came for his departure.

He crossed the meadow and passed through the plantation; but, instead of climbing over Trencrom and taking the nearest way, he kept straight on. This led him into the main road.

[*Christmas Number.*

Quiet as it was, and, after the turn, direct to his destination, he crossed it, and sauntered down a narrow pathway to the eastern extremity of Carbis Bay. Here a high, sloping promontory known as Carrack Gladden thrust itself boldly into the sea. Westward, where the turf ended above the precipitous black rocks, he turned into a thread-like path along the cliffs, used by hewers and coastguardmen, and followed it slowly, in all its dips and rises and all its windings in and out, in the direction of the quaint little town.

He was thinking deeply. No necessity now was there to hide his troubled mood. With brows knit, and picking his way mechanically, he went, nor allowed his eyes to rove among the beauties of his surroundings. His vision was inward. He was working his way mentally toward an irrevocable decision, and, as he came nearer to it, marking out the steps he must take to render it irrevocable. He wanted information. Something he knew; but he wanted fuller information to clarify his purpose and strengthen him in it, and somehow he must get it. But how, and where? He thought of Mr Kitto and smiled. He was an old man, discreet, doubtless, and faithful; but before Lambert could see Mr Kitto, he must secure his independence and be free to act without reproach.

He devoted the evening to the preparation of his report, and in the morning despatched it with the box of specimens. He was confident that the pitch-blende picked from the débris of Wheal Catherine would amply confirm every word he had written. Laboratory tests were to follow, scientifically exact; but he was not afraid of these. He was sure, indeed, that the results would exceed his estimate. His reputation was at stake, and he was careful that the error—if error there were—should be on the right side. Included in the report was the information he had been requested to obtain: that the mine was freehold; in the possession of Mrs Vivian, Renowan, Lelant, to whom it had come by inheritance, and who could doubtless show an indefeasible title; and that she was willing to negotiate through her solicitor, Mr Kitto of Penzance, for its acquirement by the syndicate—if not by purchase, then by lease. He inserted of set purpose the solicitor's name.

The report was accompanied by a letter. It began in a purely formal manner, but ended with a paragraph quite personal, and, to the syndicate, disappointing and unexpected. He thanked them for the offer they had made him of a seat on the directorate, which, however, he begged respectfully to decline. He was not free to take it. Moreover, with the acceptance of the report, and its verification by the testing of the specimens, he must sever his connection with the syndicate. The work he had undertaken would then be completed.

The chairman wired him to reconsider his decision, to which he replied by wire that his decision had been arrived at deliberately, and must be regarded by the syndicate as final.

Several times during the next few days he asked himself, 'Am I justified in this?' Then, when a full week had passed, he said, 'I will call on Mr Kitto.'

Guided by the name on a brass door-plate—from which, however, it had been almost polished away—he presented himself in the lower office and sent up his card. The elderly clerk reappeared at the top of the stairway and beckoned him to ascend. In an upper office, fronting Market Jew Street, lined with deed-boxes, and containing an old-fashioned escritoire, surmounted by a glass-fronted bookcase full of leather-bound volumes on the law, he was received in a stately but courteous fashion by a gentleman, small in stature, very erect, with a thin, sharp face and deeply sunken but very bright brown eyes. He was dressed entirely in black, relieved only by the whitest of white stocks and the gleaming crystals of a gold pince-nez dangling in front of him. Lambert's card was in his fingers.

'Mr Lambert, I believe,' said he in a dry, clear tone as he put up the pince-nez and glanced at the card—'the gentleman mentioned to me by my client, Mrs Vivian? Take a seat, please. You have called, I suppose, about the proposal to buy or lease Wheal Catherine of Trencrom?'

'It is out of my hands now, Mr Kitto.'

'Indeed!' and he raised his bushy eyebrows. 'Does that mean, Mr Lambert, that the proposal is withdrawn?'

'No; it only means that I am no longer the servant of the syndicate. The negotiations will be opened and carried on between you, if you are acting for Mrs Vivian'—— and here he paused for a reply.

'Oh! yes,' returned Mr Kitto, 'Mrs Vivian has instructed me to proceed.'

'Between you,' said Lambert, picking up the thread again, 'and the syndicate's firm of solicitors. My work is finished.'

'Then to what am I indebted for your call?' asked Mr Kitto, a trifle puzzled, but quietly awaiting developments.

'I am seeking information, in the first place,' replied Lambert; 'and in the second, I am ready to give it, if necessary, up to a certain point, that the interests of your client may not suffer.'

'Yes?' returned the solicitor guardedly and in a non-committal tone.

'You know the history of Wheal Catherine. Would you mind telling me something about it?'

'In what way, Mr Lambert?'

'Whether your client has lost or gained by it?'

'Lost, and heavily—not directly, but through what her father might have left her if he had not devoted all his wealth to the exploitation of the mine.'

'His wealth was considerable?'

'A fair fortune, sir, as fortunes go in a district so remote as this'—and Mr Kitto allowed his features to relax into the semblance of a smile—'enough to have provided well for my client and her daughter.'

'Did the mine ever pay?'

'The dividends which accrued from my small venture in it point that way.'

'Then you were interested in it, Mr Kitto?'

'At one time, and to a very limited extent. Mr Vivian, my client's husband—not her father; he was dead—paid me out, and others also, and worked the mine alone.'

'Successfully?'

'Alas! no.'

'The mine is now considered worthless?'

'That's as may be,' returned the solicitor cautiously. 'It depends upon the views of the purchasers. They wouldn't propose to buy it if it were worthless.'

'In the opinion of your client, I mean.'

'She cannot utilise it. Not a single penny has she got out of it since her husband's death, nor will she, perhaps, if the syndicate decline to purchase it; but that is no reason why she should sell it for "an old song."'

'None whatever,' responded Lambert. 'But I take it, Mr Kitto, you will act under instructions; and seeing the property is unproductive, and likely to be of no use at all, in fact, to Mrs Vivian, she may be inclined to let it go for a very small sum, or to lease it to the syndicate on terms so low that she will derive from the transaction no appreciable benefit. That, considering the amount sunk in it by her father, and her husband's unremunerative toil, would be a pity.'

'More than a pity, sir,' said Mr Kitto with the nearest approach to warmth he had yet shown—'an injustice, if there is money in the mine. A fair return, or as near as we can come to a fair return, for the outlay of her father's wealth and what her husband expended on Wheal Catherine should be secured to Mrs Vivian. Her inclination to deal too easily must be checked. She must be protected against herself. She is a simple-hearted lady, sir—confiding and generous, unacquainted with the ways of the world, and as good as the Gospels, if I may reverently say so; and Miss Vivian is her mother's daughter, brightly reflecting all these gracious qualities, with something superadded of vivaciousness and intenser life.'

'I quite agree with you, Mr Kitto,' returned Lambert gravely; 'and I thank you.'

'Thank me! Why?'

'For the words you have just spoken. They confirm my own ideas of the lady and her daughter, and express them in language better than I can command; and behind them, in your case, to give them weight, is a long and intimate acquaintance that I cannot boast of. I have only known them a few days.'

'I can see we understand each other, Mr Lambert,' said the solicitor with a kindly gleam in his eye, 'and so I may venture to put a plain question to you—more than one, perhaps, if you will allow me. Answer or not, as you please and in any manner you please. Information such as you can give me—or hints, even—will clear the way and assist me to serve my client to the best possible advantage. I naturally object to work in the dark. What would you advise—a sale or a lease?'

'A lease, Mr Kitto.'

'Long or short?'

'Short.'

'Thank you. Your advice is based, I believe, on very sound reasons, and with a view to benefit Mrs Vivian. I lean toward a long lease myself, but you are better informed than I am. Mrs Vivian would sell outright and invest the purchase-money in gilt-edged securities—make sure of it, that is, and give up Wheal Catherine gladly.'

'Her income would be larger eventually by retaining her rights in Wheal Catherine, and quite as safe.'

'She informed me in the interview I had with her of what you had said about the syndicate—that the copper, except as a by-product, was not what they were after, but something of greater value.'

'The copper will scarcely count.'

'Indeed!' and Mr Kitto forgot himself, opened his eyes widely, and stared at his visitor in genuine surprise. 'What is it, then, that will make it worth their while to reopen Wheal Catherine? It is one of the deepest mines in the county; the levels are all flooded; new machinery will be required. All this, Mr Lambert, as you very well know, means an enormous initial outlay. What is it they are hoping to find? Gold?'

'Not hoping, Mr Kitto, but certain to find: and not gold, but something far richer. Nor, for a time, will they have to trouble themselves about the shaft and the levels underground. The extensive refuse-heaps upon the surface will furnish them with ore sufficient for their purpose for some years to come.'

'You surprise me, Mr Lambert!'

'Wheal Catherine is particularly rich in a special quality of pitch-blende, or, to give it another name, oxide of uranium. It was rejected and dumped upon the surface by the miners of forty or fifty years ago. They were ignorant of its properties; so were the scientists of that day. But knowledge has advanced, Mr Kitto; and in the rubbish of the miners of Wheal Catherine is concealed a valu-

[*Christmas Number.*

able product—so far as we know, the most valuable and the most wonderful of all the products of Nature's mysterious laboratory. It will be difficult to get it; but it is there, as a residuum after the extraction of everything else, in payable quantities, too—at sixteen thousand pounds per gramme, its present price, or if the price should fall considerably below that figure.'

'Why, you mean'—— But Mr Kitto held his breath in his amazement.

'Radium.'

'And you would still advise a short lease?' asked the solicitor after a full minute's silence, during which the clock ticked audibly.

'Certainly, and for this reason, Mr Kitto. No one knows whereunto this may grow. Around the mines of the Erzgebirge, in Bohemia, controlled by the Austrian Government—the only source as yet whence radium has been obtained—a spa has sprung up, supplied by the curative waters from the mines. Wheal Catherine is flooded, you say; and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a similar spa may spring up at Trencrom. No finer situation for a sanatorium than the granite-capped hill behind Renowan could be found in the whole of your beautiful county—a sanatorium, too, which would speedily become famous because of the curative properties of its radio-active waters.'

'An alluring prospect, Mr Lambert,' returned the solicitor—'a very alluring prospect. If what you say is true, or the half of it, many another beside myself will greatly regret that ever we parted with what we supposed to be our worthless shares.'

'But Mrs Vivian will be provided for—and her daughter.'

'Handsomely.'

'They ought to be, considering what they have lost,' said Lambert, 'and that is my chief concern.'

CHAPTER IV.

MANY months passed away. The short winter of the far west came and went, with its high saline winds and its low-drifting rains; and the spring burst upon the land in fits of gleaming sunshine and a bewildering profusion of blossoms and flowers. Men were at work upon the débris of Wheal Catherine. A seven years' lease had been dexterously drafted by Mr Kitto and reluctantly accepted by the syndicate, and with its wafers and signatures now reposed, crisp and clean, among older and mustier documents, in the deed-box of the mine.

Mrs Vivian and Kitty were no longer poor. In prospect they were rich, but they were not one whit the happier. Kitty was not so happy; she sang less; her footstep lost its spring, her cheek its perfect curve, her eyes their sunny radiance; in her lap, unheeded, lay the fancy-work, and her fingers, once so nimble, glancing in and out among the threads, drooped inert or plucked at the pattern, while a pensive expression crept into her face, and she looked out, seeing nothing except the shadowy pictures in her own brain.

Spring had come, and the garden was ablaze with colour; all the banks were primrose-strewn, and the golden gorse glorified the rocky slopes of the great gray hills; the woods were breaking into every shade of russet and green, and all around them the birds were wildly calling. But the charm of it was lost upon Kitty. She seldom climbed Trencrom; and yet the views from the top of the rough old hill were lovelier now, gleaming with colours more wonderful, than at any other period of the year. The silvery distances, through an atmosphere rain-washed, pellucid, and magical, would not repeat themselves until another spring; nor would the air be quite so sweet, nor the sea so glorious, nor the tide of life (in all things warm and sentient) so full and strong. And Kitty knew it and cared not, but sat at home with a sad face, thinking, much to her mother's concern.

'Mr Lambert has not written you?' Kitty remarked in the first of these solitary months.

'No, my dear. Everything is being arranged through Mr Kitto and the solicitors for the syndicate. Mr Kitto told me at our last interview that Mr Lambert's work was completed.'

'He has severed his connection with the syndicate?'

'I suppose so, if we may call it a connection, Kitty. His name is not on the directorate, and never was, Mr Kitto says. He was simply sent down to investigate and report as an expert, and recommended Wheal Catherine as the most suitable mine for the commencement of the syndicate's operations. He was not a member of the syndicate, but only a temporary professional adviser; and, with the payment of his expenses and his fee, his connection with it, such as it was, would naturally cease.'

'Then why did he assent to my playful suggestion,' said Kitty sharply, 'that a second interview with you, and possibly a third, would be necessary?'

'Did he?' and Mrs Vivian glanced at her daughter apprehensively.

'Yes. Don't you remember? I told him he had better time them to take tea with us;' and Kitty blushed a little. 'It wasn't very nice of him to say nothing if he knew that he would not come again.'

'He may have passed it by and answered you, Kitty, in keeping with your own jocular humour. I remember it. But I thought no more about it. Nor did he, evidently. You

shouldn't be piqued, my dear, at a small matter like that.'

'I am not piqued, mother; only I like people to be frank and not leave behind them a false impression. I certainly thought—so did you, mother; now, didn't you?—that he would have to come again, and more than once. And he went away and allowed us to think so, taking no trouble to correct it, and knowingly leaving behind him a false impression.'

'Kitty, you are regarding it altogether in too serious a light. Mr Lambert was a stranger; he rendered us an excellent service, it is true, but true only because we happened to be the fortunate possessors of Wheal Catherine. Still, he was a passing stranger, and you are speaking about him as if he were an old and familiar friend.'

'I wish we had never seen him!' said Kitty bitterly, after a long pause.

To this outspoken regret her mother made no response except by a repetition of the apprehensive glance. There was something wrong with Kitty. Too readily, perhaps, she had given her heart to this passing stranger; and he, unaware of the gift, or despising it, had left them without even a word of farewell. Had Kitty's heart gone with him, or would she recover it? Her mother hoped—prayed almost—that it might prove to be an evanescent fancy; but as the months went by and Kitty became increasingly reserved, apathetic, listless, absorbed with her own reveries, the radiance dimmed in her eyes, the sprightliness gone from her movements, she began to be afraid that, after all, Kitty's heart was irrecoverable, even though it might be less to the scientist than a piece of pitch-blende from the débris of Wheal Catherine.

Kitty never mentioned him. After that first brief conversation she remained resolutely silent, a sign to her mother that her heart was really gone.

Distressed, and scarcely knowing what to do, Mrs Vivian consulted Mr Kitto.

'Have you called in a doctor?' asked Mr Kitto after he had heard of the change in Kitty's appearance and demeanour—a change which he had noticed himself.

'What's the use?' returned Mrs Vivian. 'She would decline to see him.'

'Then take her away. Let her have a little more life—a month in London, say, and then a run on the Continent. You can easily afford it.'

'If that would cure her. But, Mr Kitto—you are an old man, a friend of my father, and of mine, and Kitty's friend too, and I can speak to you—it is not a question of health; not entirely, that is, and she cannot be cured in that way.'

'Then what is it, pray?'

'It is the old question, Mr Kitto—the oldest of all—and one that a woman, the woman concerned, must be silent about, and will hide sometimes from those who are dearest.'

'Ah!' The exclamation was almost a sigh. Mr Kitto was suddenly perturbed, and began to polish the crystals of his pince-nez with nervous rapidity. 'I see! I see! But how can I advise you? Until it comes to settlements and matters of that sort, I am useless; and I gather from what you say that the—the—question, if I may call it a question, is in quite an incipient stage. Who—who—is he?'

'Mr Lambert.'

'Bless me!' and his manner changed entirely. He lifted his flashing eyes to the ceiling and seemed to gather therefrom a sudden illumination. He was no longer perturbed, but alert and decisive. The clue to Lambert's conduct, which, as he thought it over, had considerably puzzled him, appeared to be in his fingers at last. A faint smile softened his features as he said, 'He doesn't know of this?'

'How can he?' returned Mrs Vivian. 'He led us to think that he would call again, and then—without excuse, without explanation—he vanished completely. Rather strange, wasn't it, Mr Kitto?'

'Rather,' murmured the solicitor, almost lost, however, in his own reflections. Then, rousing himself, he said, 'Leave it with me.'

'May I? Thank you! It's a secret, of course—yours and mine. Do what you think best—best for Kitty, who needn't know, and best for him. It's a great relief to me to tell you.'

When Lambert tapped the box of specimens and expressed the hope that the oxide of uranium would keep him in the locality for some time, he was quite sincere; and, until after his interview with Mr Kitto, he fully intended to call at Renowan a second time, and a third, and indeed as often as he could find a reasonable excuse for. It was only upon reflection that he decided to flee. Kitty would have none of him now—so he imagined. She was likely to be rich—if all went well, sure to be rich. To cultivate her acquaintance now, and wait for its ripening, and then propose, would be taking an advantage of a position he had not foreseen—a position, too, of his own creating—when, with no ulterior motive, but out of a simple desire to secure for her and her mother the fruits of an investment and an industry which they were both entitled to reap, he had revealed to Mr Kitto the intentions of the syndicate and the possibilities of Wheal Catherine. He was conscientious to a fault, and extremely sensitive. Rather than expose himself to a charge of self-seeking, and run the risk of a scornful refusal of his offer, because, as many would say and Kitty might think, he had cunningly worked for his own ends, he went off with a sore heart and said nothing.

bearing in silence the greatest disappointment of his life.

'Mr Kitto!' he exclaimed, springing from his chair in the London office and extending his hand in welcome to the old solicitor. 'It is very kind of you to look me up! Are you in town on business?'

'I am,' said Mr Kitto somewhat grimly, but with a humorous gleam in his deep brown eyes; adding, after a pause, 'With you.'

'With me? Well, sit down and tell me what it is, unless we may postpone it and discuss it over dinner. What do you say?' For Mr Kitto was visibly tired after his long journey.

'Thank you, that will be better. After dinner, however, not over it—when my pipe is alight. It is not exactly professional business; and if it were it could wait, at any rate, for an hour or two.'

Across the hearth in Lambert's comfortable quarters they faced each other—the solicitor with his pipe, the scientist with his cigar. Between them, softening the features of both, were the faint gray wreaths of fragrant tobacco. They had dined excellently. Lambert waited for his visitor to begin.

'I want you to go back with me.'

'When?' asked Lambert in surprise.

'Immediately—by the night mail, if you can.'

'Why?' And Lambert's surprise increased.

'For your own happiness and the happiness of another. Listen!' for Lambert was about to interrupt him. 'I am an old man and very lonely. Once, when I was younger than you, I made a mistake—a costly mistake. I am paying for it now, as I have paid for it continuously through fifty long years of loneliness and a regret impossible to overcome. A super-sensitiveness, the fear I had that my motive might be impugned, deterred me from a venture prompted by my heart. I shrank from it and kept silence, fool that I was—if you will pardon my saying so, for I am aware that my words have a double edge. I could have borne it better if I had suffered alone; but I didn't. Another suffered, and from worse than loneliness; and when I discovered it, alas! there was no remedy. I have come to tell you this, and to prevent, if I may, the recurrence of a similar catastrophe.'

A long silence fell between them, broken at last by Lambert, who said, 'You have a good reason for coming?'

'The best.'

'I am greatly indebted to you;' and he stretched out his hand to clasp that of the older man. 'We will catch the night mail.'

The brightness of the afternoon tempted Kitty to the top of Trencrom. She settled, like a brooding bird, upon her favourite rock. The sunshine was all about her. In the distance, divided by the undulating land, the sea shimmered like a pair of burnished silver mirrors. Far above her, invisible in the blue, a skylark sang in exultant ecstasy; his heart was full, and the music fell in a long, thin shower—a sparkling cascade of delightful sounds—to his listening mate below. So insistent was the song that Kitty was compelled to share the joy of his mate, and listen also. Presently, across the shrillness of the skylark's song, came the flute-like piping of a blackbird, notes wonderfully deep and mellow; and Kitty raised herself a little, and searched the higher branches of the coppice in the hope that she would find him. Like the skylark, however, he was invisible.

But some one was walking through the coppice—on the home path, too; not toward Renowan, but from it. And as she watched, startled, he stepped into the high-road, crossed it, and began to climb the hill. Her heart bounded, and the warm blood rushed over her cheeks and brow; she nestled closer to the surface of the rock. He might pass her, unaware of her presence; traverse the top of the hill; and quietly disappear. She hoped he would, then she feared he would; and hope and fear not only alternated, but mingled, as he came steadily upward, rounded the rock, and halted at the foot of it.

'Kitty!' he ventured quietly, after a moment's silence. Her face was turned away from him. She was gazing over the woods, seeing nothing, but endeavouring to steady herself, to grip the nervous emotion that swayed her and master it. His voice helped her. 'I don't deserve it, I know; but have you no word of greeting for me?'

'If you had said "Miss Vivian" I might have had,' she replied coldly and in a tone of disapproval. She turned slowly and fixed her eyes upon his face. Its sadness smote her. 'Where have you come from?' she asked in a softer tone, remembering his approach through the coppice.

'London, *viâ* Lelant and Renowan.'

'And Renowan! You have been home? You have seen mother?'

'Let it be home, Kitty, for both of us, and mother to me as well as you. She desires it, and I with all my heart.'

'And I,' whispered Kitty, yielding; and in a moment he was beside her, where he had seen her first, on the topmost granite boss of old Trencrom.

THE INVISIBLE NUN.

BY W. SHAW SPARROW,

AUTHOR OF 'OLD ENGLAND,' 'THE ENGLISH HOUSE,' &c.

'WE shall be comfortable here till midnight,' said Kellaw, as we settled ourselves in a large bay-window of the long gallery. He spoke in awed tones.

'What comfort after midnight?' I asked.

'None.' His manner was suddenly abrupt and impatient.

'Well then, Kellaw, we have about twenty minutes of enjoyment, and I wish to make the most of it. At present I don't believe in ghosts.'

'Lucky for you! My family has lived with one here in this Jacobean long gallery since the Commonwealth times.'

'What happened then?' I demanded, and our eyes met across the narrow table in our bay-window.

'Heaven knows! A tragedy of some kind, but that's all I can tell you.' He spoke uneasily, and then switched on another bulb of electric light.

'You might tell me what you know about it,' I suggested rather nervously, for at that moment the hoot of an owl came to us from above the chimney-stacks.

'There's a family legend,' said he, 'but you'd not make head nor tail of it. However, here's the story. The Kellaws, under Cromwell, were fanatics, red-hot Puritans, and the owner of this old Hall, Patrick Kellaw, was a ruthless savage. His cruelties were notorious. He had a determined hatred for his eldest daughter Kate, partly because she went over to the papists, and partly because she fell in love with a Royalist, Sir Charles Carew. This man Carew died of fever in 1640, when the king advanced from York to Berwick with his ragged army; and poor Kate took her sorrow so much to heart that she went mad. She dressed herself up as a nun, and wandered about this house at all hours of the day and night chanting prayers. Patrick Kellaw tried to lock her up in her own room; but some servant or other always opened the door, and this rebellion in his own household enraged the savage fool. Servant after servant was sent away, till at last only four persons remained in the Hall: an old cook, Patrick himself, poor mad Kate, and the son and heir, Rupert, a lad of ten, who never left his father's side. One morning it was rumoured that Kate had run away, and the whole country-side went out for days in aimless and useless pursuit, led always by Patrick Kellaw, who swore that his tenants and neighbours were leagued against him, and were determined to hide his daughter. After the search was given up Patrick joined the Cromwellian army, and was shot through the head at Marston Moor. Rupert was brought up by a maiden aunt in London, and this old place was in the hands of caretakers for about twelve years. Poor Kate was forgotten meantime.'

'And the ghost?' I asked. 'When was it first seen?'

'It has never been seen. It is *heard*. Rupert heard it the evening of his arrival here, for I have among the family papers a letter that he wrote to his *fiancée*, Mary Lilburne. But Rupert and his wife don't interest me at all. It is Kate that sticks in my mind; she seems very near to me, and I have a very real and curious affection for her. Can you understand that?'

'Perfectly,' I answered.

'It happened so long ago,' he continued, 'and yet it seems but yesterday.'

'*What* happened?' I asked quickly. 'Have you any guess?'

'I feel—yes, I feel that she was killed, murdered somehow, anyhow,' he replied, looking towards the window. 'And yet I've nothing to go upon.'

'You think about her too much perhaps,' I suggested in a low voice.

'I began to think of her when I was quite a small boy, and now I wouldn't get rid of that habit if I could. Sometimes I awake suddenly in the night, and believe I hear a voice outside my door chanting the *Libera me, Domine*. Then the voice goes downstairs, and presently it comes to me in faint, sweet tones from the great hall. That voice, d'you understand, is my Ophelia'——

Was he mad? Yet something in his tone as he said the last words turned me cold.

'The big clock will strike in a minute,' he went on quickly; 'the boom of it from the great hall is heard here quite distinctly.'

We turned towards the long gallery and listened.

'There it is!' I whispered.

'That clock was made for Patrick Kellaw.' My friend spoke with a vehemence that showed how much he hated Patrick.

'What shall we do now?' I asked, rising from my chair.

'We 'll go into the gallery. I 'll stand at one side, and you at the other, facing me. It 's well to have company.'

We chose a position in the middle of the gallery. Between us was a polished floor about eighteen feet wide; and to the right and left of us the gallery stretched in a dim perspective for rather more than forty yards. The walls, panelled in oak, were hung here and there with old portraits in black frames; and from the ceiling of modelled plaster hung little pendants of electric light just strong enough to illumine everything vaguely.

'A time and place for conspirators!' I suggested.

Tom Kellaw frowned. 'Patrick Kellaw hangs behind you!' he exclaimed harshly, and I jumped around to the panelled wall, startled and dismayed. A portrait met my eyes. It represented a clean-shaven face, with a long, thin mouth, slanting eyes set very wide apart, a broad nose having very large, round nostrils, iron-gray hair closely cropped, and a chin angular and ruthless.

'Hush! Here it is!'

Kellaw's words came in the silence almost like a pistol-shot. In an instant I turned about and looked at my friend.

'You hear it?' he asked, pointing down the gallery.

I listened, and at once distant footfalls were heard, very soft and even-stepped, as if some one walked lightly and thoughtfully. They came nearer and nearer, till at last I could detect the rustling of a dress of some heavy and soft material.

The footfalls passed between us and went on and on; but all at once they became hurried, and a wail of song broke upon the ear, and the words of a Latin prayer trembled in the soprano of a girl's voice. How long it lasted I do not know, but the voice grew fainter and fainter till at last it slipped away from my hearing and was altogether lost. Yet I had a feeling that the prayer was still chanted in some hidden retreat unknown to us.

For a moment I leant against the wall-panelling with my eyes shut, and a wish not to open them. I dreaded to meet the eyes of Kellaw.

'You lean against Patrick!' he cried suddenly, and I sprang forward to his side. 'Come to our bay-window,' he continued, turning from me and leading the way there.

In the recess we sat for several minutes without speaking. Then he said, 'Did you *see* anything?'

'No.'

'But you heard her steps and voice?'

'Oh yes. Very wonderful!'

'Terrible too,' said he; 'for it happens every night, yet I know nothing.'

'Do the footfalls always begin at the same place in the gallery?' I asked.

'Always,' he replied.

'Do they return during the night?'

Kellaw looked at me in surprise. 'What do you mean?' he asked eagerly.

'Why, this. Perhaps the footsteps do return night after night, since they start always from the north end and go to the south.'

'I've never tested that point,' he answered excitedly. 'Shall we do so now, this very night?'

'Of course, old man; and let me suggest another thing. You are more harassed than you like to own by this old family trouble. Why not try to solve the mystery? Something terrible occurred to that unhappy girl, who went mad with sorrow and fancied herself a nun. What that something was may be found out perhaps.'

Kellaw shook his head. 'Not possible,' said he.

'We can try,' I persisted.

'Oh yes, we can try,' said Kellaw wearily.

'My plan is quite simple,' I continued. 'To-morrow night I 'll stand at the far north end of the gallery quite close to the panelled wall, and try to find out precisely where the footsteps begin. If you take up your position at the far south end, near the wainscotting, you 'll see at which point or place the footfalls cease to sound on the oak flooring.'

'What then?' he asked abruptly.

'We 'll strip down the panelling at each end and see what lies behind.'

'I never thought of that,' he said reflectively. 'But the work will be difficult, because at each end of the gallery an old picture is let into the oak panels. They were there in Patrick Kellaw's time.'

'Those pictures, Kellaw, were, then, contemporary with the girl's unhappy life, and from the first they hung in a very bad light.'

'True; and I can't say that I've looked much at the pictures, though they are said to be portraits by Van Dyck.'

'Family portraits?' I asked.

'Yes; one of Patrick, the other of his wife. Both look black and dim. Perhaps they want cleaning and varnishing.'

'It 's light they need, Kellaw—direct light and air. It will be a good action to take them down.'

Kellaw nodded assent, and then asked abruptly, 'Why wait till to-morrow night? Why not begin at once? Unless you 've had enough.'

'As to that,' said I, 'you can trust me to go on. What do you suggest?'

'Listen. If the footsteps return, as you think they may, they 'll start from the south end. There I 'll take my stand, leaving the north end to you. And each of us will take a chair so that we may wait sitting down.

Nerves are apt to be very freakish and uncertain if one stands up to this kind of experience.' He laughed uneasily and stretched himself. The next moment he jerked his head upwards, and glanced at me with whimsical shrewdness. 'If we start at once,' he added, 'we sha'n't have pluck enough to draw back. So come along.'

A few minutes later we had taken up our positions. At my end I could see very dimly the portrait framed in the panelling—an equestrian portrait, with Patrick Kellaw seated on a black charger. I sat sideways, my chair touching the wainscot, and behind me the door into a library. Thence the ticking of a clock came to me, and from time to time the old furniture in the gallery creaked as if to remind me that good timber is always alive and active. Outside, a summer wind played in the ivy and jostled the leaves against window-panes. Then two owls began to hoot questions at each other, and a great longing for the dawn caused me to move restlessly in my chair.

An instant afterwards I started to my feet. What was that? Down the gallery I peered and listened. Yes, from the far end came the sound of a girl's voice singing; it grew nearer and sweeter; the Latin words rang out in full, rich notes; then the voice broke in a wail and stopped suddenly. At that moment it appeared to come from the middle of the gallery, and something—I know not what—set me thinking of Patrick Kellaw's portrait on the inner side-wall.

After the singing ceased I heard the patter of footsteps, and presently I saw that my friend was following them at a distance, treading on tiptoe, and bending forward with one hand raised above his forehead.

Step by step the unseen drew near to me till I could hear the soft rustling of the dress; and there I waited spell-bound, leaning with my shoulder against the portrait. One footfall was muffled, as if constantly in touch with the floor; and, as I wondered over this, the steps came up to the wainscot and stopped dead within a yard or so of my own feet. I gave a sharp cry.

'Don't lose the place,' said Kellaw huskily. 'Mark it carefully. I seem nearer to the mystery,' he cried. 'Where did the footfalls seem to stop?'

'There;' and I pointed out the place.

He fell on his knees and lit a match, and by its flame began to examine the wainscot below the portrait. His hand trembled with agitation and his face looked ghastly. 'Nothing unusual here,' he muttered.

'Kellaw, old man,' I said, 'we've had enough for one night.'

'Too much,' he admitted, pressing his hands to his forehead. 'Never mind, though,' he went on. 'Come, I'll tell you my experience as we go down the gallery.'

He got up from his knees and put his arm in mine. We walked slowly, and stopped here and there to switch off the electric lights.

'When the singing began,' said he, 'the voice seemed to penetrate a great thickness of wall. But it came closer and closer till it appeared very near to me and immediately behind the portrait. Then the footfalls began, as if a door had been opened unknown to me and some one had stepped out into the gallery. Anything more uncanny than that can't be imagined, and I was too afraid to move. The rest you know. The voice stopped singing'——

'Near Patrick Kellaw's portrait?' I interrupted.

'Just so,' he said, and pressed my arm nervously.

'Let's go to bed now,' said I. 'Better discuss the next move by daylight.'

Kellaw accompanied me to my bedroom door.

'If you can't sleep,' said he, 'just think over that next move. Eh—what?'

He was clearly suffering from nervous exhaustion. At breakfast he confessed that he had not slept a wink. 'Poor Kate was in my mind all the time. So I came down at six o'clock and went to the village and engaged two good carpenters. They started work at seven, and will be hard at it all day long. That old woodwork is not an easy thing to displace.'

'You've lost no time, Kellaw. Are we to watch the men at the job?'

He shook his head decisively. 'No; I couldn't stand it. The slow work would annoy me beyond endurance. Let's kill time pleasantly, old man.'

'How?' I asked.

'On the golf-links, eh? Some crack players will be there this morning. Shall we go? Tait's worth seeing—a tiptop man.'

So we spent the day on the links, returning home at seven o'clock. As we walked up the drive to the hall we met the carpenters.

'You've finished, then?' inquired Kellaw.

'The picters are down, sir,' replied one man; 'and as much panelling as we can get in a day's job.'

Kellaw looked keenly disappointed.

'Enough may be down,' I suggested, 'and the men can call in the morning for instructions.'

'True,' said Kellaw.—'Well, good-evening.'

The carpenters touched their caps and moved on, after taking a quick glance at Kellaw's excited face.

'We'll have dinner first,' said he to me. 'If we go now we sha'n't be able to tear ourselves away, and we need food. There's work to be done, old man.'

During dinner many orders were given that astonished the butler. Lamps were to be

put in the bay-windows of the long gallery, a chest of carpenter's tools was to be taken there, and a good pick from the coal-cellar, and no one was to enter the gallery without Kellaw's leave.

Then, turning to me, he said, 'We may need plenty of tools and plenty of light. Which wall shall we attack first—the north one?'

'Yes.'

'Then come along!' he cried, rising quickly from his chair.

It was a quarter to nine when we entered the long gallery, and the twilight of early June filtered through the blinds in the bay-windows. Everything had been prepared for us.

'Get a lamp,' said Kellaw, 'and let us examine the north wall.'

I did as he wished.

'See,' he cried, 'the only panelling which is down is that in which the portrait was recessed! Odd!'

'Why?'

'Because the other panels were more firmly fixed. The carpenters did the easier job first.'

'You think, then, that a part of this wall has been down before?'

Kellaw nodded. 'Cock-sure of it. See here, for instance; just examine this hard plaster.' He tapped the wall with his hand, and his eyes sparkled when he looked at me.

'Yes, yes!' I cried, becoming excited. 'A large hole has been made at one time through this plaster, and when the hole was closed up the workman did his job roughly and badly. The cement is uneven, ragged; it makes an ugly patch that bulges out a little beyond the rest of the wall.'

'Of course it does,' said Kellaw. 'Patrick had a hand in this, I wager,' he continued, hitting the plaster angrily.

'Here's the pick.'

He took it from me and began to strike vigorously. At the end of an hour's hard work we came to a very thick oak door put lengthways into the plaster, and heavily clamped with iron hinge-straps. Behind this wooden defence was a surface of cement, and I tapped it here and there.

'It sounds hollow,' said Kellaw.

'Hollow in places,' I replied, putting my hand on his arm.

For a moment his eyes searched mine; then he said, 'Can't we outline in pencil the space that rings hollow? It will save time. See?'

'Yes;' and we soon fixed the limits of an empty-sounding area of cement that measured about six feet long by four and a half wide.

'It's shaped like a tomb,' Kellaw muttered from behind my shoulder, and his voice and words unnerved me.

'Let's go; we've had enough,' I exclaimed; and I wished to move away; but Kellaw caught me roughly by the shoulder and pulled me towards him, saying in a hot, fierce whisper, 'We must go on. It's duty.'

We went back to our work without another word.

This time the cement was about two inches thick, and we found under it a coarse ground of thick carpet nailed firmly across an opening. It was hard to unfasten this textile fabric; and when at last it fell to the floor, wrenched nail by nail from the firm cement, we turned our backs to the mystery which had been sealed up behind it for many generations.

We were afraid to look; but inaction became worse than action, more unnerving, less bearable, and presently an irritable feeling of shame flamed up in my mind. Then I turned, went forward, and saw before me in the wall a long and shallow recess. On a couch a body lay face downwards. It was dressed in a nun's robe, and I saw that a strong rope was coiled over it and around the couch. All this was indistinct, for my eyes were fascinated by long waves of auburn hair that gleamed dimly in the light; and through this bright covering of beautiful hair I could see, clenched together, the skeleton fingers of one little hand.

A moment later Kellaw looked over my shoulder. His breathing startled me, for he gasped like a spent runner. In his left hand he carried the lamp unsteadily, and with his right hand he gripped my right shoulder. Then came a sudden cry, thick and hoarse, and the next instant the lamp fell crashing into the débris of cement. I expected an explosion, but the lamp went out, and I think the incident was good for both of us.

'Come,' I said to Kellaw, taking him by the arm; and with difficulty I led him to the bay-window where we had talked on the previous night. He fell into a chair, and then across the narrow table, and for several minutes I watched his hands as they twitched convulsively.

Then, with a quick movement, he pulled himself together and looked up. 'I'm cold,' he said. 'But—we—know now, old man; and that—that poor murdered girl'—— Suddenly he hesitated, faltered, broke off.

'Yes, Kellaw?'

'She shall be buried now.' And once more he hid his face from me.

I looked at my watch. In a few seconds it would be midnight, and I should hear again the distant boom from the old clock in the great hall downstairs. Kellaw made no sign that he heard the hour strike, but I believe he listened.

'You notice that?' he exclaimed a moment later, raising his head from the table. 'Hush!'

Through the silence came the pattering of feet, soft and even, and soon, as on the pre-

vious night, the Latin prayer trilled through the gallery, clear, sweet, and infinitely sorrowful. Breathless we listened till the voice trembled out of hearing.

Then Kellaw got up from his chair and cried with energy, 'Come, our work 's not finished yet. Bring that candle; it will do. A lamp 's too dangerous.'

On arriving at the south end of the gallery we found that there was very little to be done, for the carpenters had uncovered a narrow doorway which the portrait and wainscot had masked. The door was one of oak, and two steps led up to it. Kellaw turned the handle with difficulty, then pushed, and the door opened an inch or two.

'It 's not even locked,' he muttered.

'There was no need,' I replied.

Bit by bit the door opened, the old hinges making a great noise; and at last we were able to enter a narrow passage about four feet wide. On each side I could feel unplastered wall, and by candle-light we could see that it was about six feet long. Then it turned at a sharp angle to the right.

From the passage the singing voice could be heard indistinctly; but when we reached the bend it sounded much louder and clearer. Before us was another passage, and at the end of it a small window blocked up with entangled ivy stems and leaves. About four feet from the end, on the left-hand side, we found an open doorway, and there we stopped dead.

The voice now rang out quite near to us, and wondrously sweet. I held the candle at arm's-length into an open space of darkness filled with the music of a chanted prayer. Little by little the rays of light penetrated the darkness, and I saw dimly a little chapel with an altar, and upon the altar stood a tall crucifix of wood. It was there that the voice sang the *Ave Maria*, but I could not see the singer.

We stood there spell-bound. But all at once we shrank backwards into the passage till we touched the wall under the little window, for the song came towards us, and the Unseen moved slowly down the passage and vanished from our hearing.

'Will she ever rest?' I whispered to Kellaw.

'Will the daybreak come?' he replied under his breath.

Kellaw shuddered, and a great silence fell upon us both.

COLLEGE WATER.

My sire is the stooping Cheviot mist,
My mother the heath in her purple train,
And every flower on her gown I 've kissed
Over and over and over again.

The secret ways of the hills are mine,
I know where the wandering moorfowl nest;
And up where the wet gray glidders shine,
I know where the roving foxes rest.

I know what the wind is wailing for
As it searches hollow and hag and peak;
And, riding restless on Newton Tor,
I know what the questing shadows seek.

I know the tale that the brown bees tell,
And they tell it to me with a raider's pride,
As, drunk with the cups of Yeavering Bell,
They stagger home from the English side.

I know the secrets of haugh and hill;
But sacred and safe they rest with me
Till I hide them deep in the heart of Till,
To be taken to Tweed and the open sea.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 07499 3125